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REV. HENRY BACON AND MISS S. C. EDGARTON, EDITORS.

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*Helen Spang*

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*Elizabeth Sumner*



# THE Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

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No. 1.

## THE SEASON.

• JUNE.

Original.

*'These as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God.'* THOMPSON.

THE winter is past—the voice of storms is hushed, and 'the springing trout' exults in the liberated streams, lately bound in their icy fetters. The chill winds of spring have gone by; the cold blast of March and the showers of April have given way to the sunshine and the warm-breathed zephyr. Summer has opened, and merry June bounds laughing over the plains, scattering flowers in her path, and filling the heart of the husbandman with hope and joy. The earth rejoices like a prisoner released from his dungeon shackles. The green wood is budding and blooming, and the branches are putting forth their exuberant shoots. The green leaves are loaded with the morning dew, the tender grapes are rounding on the vines as their thick clusters swing in the breeze, or send forth their exhalations beneath the influence of the noon-day sun. Short is the reign of darkness, for nature is now beautiful to look upon; and late are the curtains of night drawn over the glorious scene, and early are they removed that the eye of man may luxuriate in the garlands of beauty with which the Creator has decorated his earth.

The morning sun has scarcely streamed through the lattice when we are awakened by the song of birds, as blithely they carol in the grove, or make the forest ring with their ceaseless melody. As we walk forth, we are greeted with the fragrance of flowers. The clambering wood-bine, the variegated garden roses, the peeping violet, and the daisies and butter-cups of the field perfume the morning air; and it needs no very deep skill in interpreting 'the language of flowers,' to understand their declaration that our God is gracious.

Young summer, attired like a bride, bedecked with the luxuriance of an eastern princess, is a standing reproof to those ascetic and melancholy believers who punish the body for the good of the soul; and who, while under the influence of the most gloomy and disheartening faith, would fain make every thing without correspond with the deformity within.

The beauty of the creation corresponds with the beauty of the Divine character. Wherever we turn our eyes, everything is lovely and pleasant. Even the meadows in their robe of green, so thickly bespangled with wild flowers, are charming to the lover of nature. Here and there the limpid current may be seen rolling over the pebbles, or leaping joyously from a small bed of rocks, sending the white foam into the air, while the roar of the little cascade lulls the observer to a forgetfulness of worldly care and strife. At length the stream appears to lose itself in a thicket from whence proceeds the song of birds, as they dance about, half buried by the leaves and clusters of many tinted berries, secure from the grasp of the fowler.

A little while ago and these things were not existing; a few weeks have passed since the naked limbs appeared dry and dead, the winds rustled through the few sere and half-folded leaves which remained in the wood, like the mouldered relics of a feast.

This resuscitation of nature, this springing forth of herbs, blossoms, grasses and flowers, which a short time since had no being, may be regarded as the annual commemoration of that great day when from nothing the Creator called this bright world into existence, and scattered throughout the plains of ether myriads of other spheres, marshalled and governed with the wisdom of Infinity. Use stifles curiosity, and from custom we regard the most striking events with apathy and cold unconcern; but it is truly won-



derful to see the tree which a little while ago was naked and bare, donning its garment of leaves, budding and blossoming; to see the green grass interspersed with wild flowers springing up around us where late there was no sign of vegetation to be seen, and the air filled with myriads of insects that the sun of summer has quickened into life.

Do not these things look like another creation? But we can trace it to its cause—yet not quite, for why should matter have motion, and why should there be any such thing as existence? But a little while ago, and we were ourselves a nonentity. In vain did the trees blossom for us, we saw not their leaves, and the perfume of the grove was nothing to us. The melody of the summer rills, the chant of birds, we heard not. The brightness of the sun could not penetrate the chaos which we inhabited, and the whispering breeze went forth, and we felt not its cooling streams. The Lord God called us up out of the depths, and behold we stand here like the green tree which the frost shall wither—like the blooming wild flower which survives not the winter's breath.

We now stand gazing upon the works of God as if we had lived forever. We have become, to a small degree, acquainted with the phenomena of nature, and pronounce with as much confidence upon her laws as if we had been present when the foundations of the earth were laid. Yet, after all our boastings and our selfish vanities, we shall soon depart like the rose of summer, and take up our rest like a man who has reached the end of his journey. Where is the summer that shall call us from our bed of dust? Where is the sun that shall again warm us into being? The sun sets, and we know he will rise in the morning; the moon goes down behind the hills, and we look for her re-appearance on the succeeding night; the flower fades, and we expect that summer will renew the glories of the field. But whence comes that day which succeeds the night of death? What other sun shall dawn on the winter of the grave?

An unbelieving writer remarks,—What can be more plain to the natural sense and reason of man, than that death finally ends our being? We see the man's reason giving way to disease; we see his intellect going to decay with his body; we, at last, see him lying before us without sense or motion. It is certain that the existence which he received at his birth is departed. If he neither thought, nor reasoned, nor saw, nor heard,

before he was born, how can it be expected that since death has destroyed everything that was born with him, he can now be said to exist, seeing that he is dead. He is put in the ground, and gradually becomes transmuted to dust; people live after him, but *he* lives no more.

All this may be considered *logical*, but not quite *reasonable*. We shall, indeed, die, and as we did not make ourselves, and know not how it is that out of nothing we should be created; even so we must not expect to understand the mystery of our second being. Enough has been revealed to us, in being instructed that we shall live again. How can we reason on the subject, since there is no data in this world from which to draw a conclusion? The laws of matter have no connection with the law of immortality and another life. We cannot, therefore, reason as the above writer has done with even a hope of coming at the truth. It would be as wise to imagine a being not yet created, reasoning about his existence in this world, as for us to decide while here that we shall exist no more after death. He who brought us into life while yet we had no sense or thought, can imbue us again with life when we cease to think and feel like mortal men. Worm of the dust, who cannot in a life-time discover the laws and organizations of the creation which is now before thee, wilt thou set bounds to the principle of existence itself, of which thou knowest nothing?

Look abroad on the trees once naked, now loaded with fruit, on the ground once bare, now spangled with flowers, and believe that the Sun of Righteousness will thus revive thy spring and thy summer, O man! But first must thou put off that which is mortal before thy June of flowers and music can be perennial. ARNELM.

Boston, Mass.

## TYPES OF HEAVEN.

—Original.

Why love I the lily-bell  
Swinging in the scented dell?  
Why love I the wood-notes wild,  
Where the sun hath faintly smiled?  
Daisies, in their beds secure,  
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew  
In the violet's bell of blue?  
Why love I the vesper star,  
Trembling in its shrine afar?  
Why love I the summer night,  
Softly weeping drops of light?



Why to me do woodland springs  
Whisper sweet and holy things?  
Why does every bed of moss  
Tell me of my Savior's cross?  
Why in every dimpled wave  
Smiles the light from o'er the grave?

Why do rainbows seen at even,  
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?  
Why are gushing streamlets fraught  
With the notes from angels caught?  
Can ye tell me why the wind  
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound  
Beauties of all form and sound,  
To the dreams that have been given,  
Of the holy things of heaven?  
Are they not bright links that bind  
Sinful souls to Sinless Mind?

From the lowly violet sod,  
Links are lengthened unto God.  
All of holy—stainless—sweet—  
That on earth we hear or meet,  
Are but types of that pure love,  
Brightly realized above.

How could beauty be on earth,  
Were it not of heavenly birth?  
Foul things perish, but the pure,  
Long as angels, will endure.  
Stars, and founts, and azure sky,  
Shine when clouds and tempests die.

Say ye that the rose decays?  
Ay, the flower, but not its rays—  
Not its color—not its scent—  
They were holy beauties lent;  
That may perish—'tis but dust—  
But it yieldeth back its trust.

Fragrance cometh from the air,  
And in time returneth there;  
Color cometh from the sky—  
Thither goeth ne'er to die;  
Foul things perish, but the pure,  
Long as angels, shall endure.

S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

## BURIAL CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT JEWS.

Original.

HISTORY does not present us with the record of any people more scrupulous and uniform in their care for the dead than the Jews. In no nation did the burial rites give rise to more peculiarities of thought and feeling, and these pervaded all the departments of life, and were used as powerful restraints against gross crimes. The thought of being denied a resting place in the sepulchre of their fathers, was as full of horror to them as is the idea of exposure to the solitary cell to the tempted one in our day; and one of the most awful figures that arrayed before a Jewish imagi-

nation the terrors of a judgment, was that which told them they should have no burial. David described the results of the enemy's persecution in language which was the most expressive when he said, 'Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.'\*

The relation that exists between this subject and correct biblical criticism, gives it a higher claim to our attention than the mere gratification of curiosity; and a christian community can never be indifferent to whatever promises aid to this important work. The greater part of our elder scriptures are written in a language that could have been formed only by a people of warm imagination, and many of its bold and extravagant figures find no great sympathy in occidental readers, whose imaginations are far more languid. As is universally the case, the manners, habits, and peculiarities of a people, have great influence on their language—on their mode of speaking. So apparent is this, that some persons familiar with the inhabitants of all parts of the union, can very easily distinguish to what state or section of the country strangers belong by their speech. Of a consequence the manners and customs of the Jews affected their style of language; the sacred writers, in order to be understood, were necessitated to write in harmony therewith; and, therefore, whatever increases our means of acquaintance with their peculiarities as a people, affords us advantages to familiarize ourselves with the right meaning of scripture.

Some illustrations of this may not be uninteresting, before we proceed to describe their funeral rites. In the book of Chronicles we read concerning Ahaz,† 'And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem; but they brought him not into the sepulchres of the kings of Israel.' Here the writer is particular to state that Ahaz was buried in a city, which was an honor; and that the city was Jerusalem, which was more honorable; but he was not permitted to have a place in the king's sepulchres. This becomes eloquently expressive of the feelings of the Jews toward him, when we connect with it their customs in reference to the burial of their kings. From them we learn that the Jews were accustomed to honor with peculiar tokens of respect the memory of those who had

\* Psalm cxli. 7. Eccl. vi. 3. Jer. xxii. 19, and xxxvi. 30. Psalm lxxix. 2.

† 2 Chron. xxviii. 27.



reigned in justice and equity; but when monarchs of an opposite character died, they followed them with some significant marks of posthumous disgrace. In Jerusalem was the proper place of burial, and some of the kings of Israel were not permitted a resting place in the city, but as a mark of deep disgrace they were buried in some other situation. But such a severe censure was not pronounced on Ahaz, for he was buried in the city, yet was in a degree condemned by not being admitted into the sepulchres of the honored kings. This, undoubtedly was a great restraint on the succeeding sovereigns, as on their course depended their posthumous fame; and to be execrated by succeeding generations, was a doom no king could covet, or anticipate with composure. The Egyptians had a custom very similar. A formal trial was held soon as a man was dead, and his life and character judged. If the public accuser proved him to have been a good man, he was honored accordingly; but if a bad man, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of the honors of sepulture. The sovereign was not exempted from the public inquest after death, and judgment was pronounced with all the coolness of a common opinion in law; and if that did not award them an honorable character they were deprived of public burial, or a resting place among the virtuous kings.

We select one instance for illustration also from the New Testament. Addressing the Pharisees the Savior said, 'Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness.'\* This becomes a very striking representation of the care of the pharisees to appear outwardly pure while their hearts were full of corruption, when we consider the custom observed of keeping all their sepulchres and tombs clean white-washed and beautifying them in various ways. We might add a great number of illustrations, but we hasten to describe in order the rites and ceremonies in respect to the dead, and in the course of the detail other illustrations of scripture will be apparent.

Visiting the dangerously sick was observed with great delicacy among the Jews. Certain hours were allotted as the proper time, and words were few and fitly chosen at such visits. They had a strange custom of changing the name of the dying, praying that God would receive him under his new name, and forget all that he was

under his old name. This was, probably, while they regarded as an expiation of all sin the death of a person. A belief in a prophetic spirit imparted to the dying was very anciently entertained, as Jacob called his sons to his dying bed to tell them of the future; like to the idea of Aristotle, that 'the soul foresees and foretells future events when it is going to be separated from the body.' Socrates declared the same to the Athenians just before death. The first office after death was the closing of the eyes by the nearest relative, who kissed the dead. To have this office performed aright was anxiously desired; and hence, to encourage the aged Jacob to venture a journey into Egypt, it was told him that then he would have Joseph to do this rite for him—'Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.'\* And we read that when Jacob died, 'Joseph fell on his father's face and kissed him,'† which was an ancient custom among many nations. The Jews also washed the corpse, as was the custom among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; and near the same time rent their garments, which custom was observed with particular reference to the relation existing between the persons and the dead, for while the nearest relation tore the upper garment from head to foot, the spectators tore but a hand breadth on the left side. A dismal cry was now raised by all in the neighborhood, and this lamentation is called in Mark's gospel '*a tumult*.'‡ That this was done with great vehemence is evident from many allusions to the custom in the scriptures, and from the fact that the historian Suetonius, in describing the lamentation made at the death of Julius Cæsar, says that a number of foreigners from various nations expressed their sorrow according to their own customs; but that the mourning of the Jews exceeded all the rest, that they continued around the funeral pile whole nights together. Persons were hired to sing and howl; they sang melancholy ditties, in which they sufficiently honored and praised the dead. This was to increase the grief of the mourners, as we read in Jeremiah, 'Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come; and let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters.'§ From Jeremiah we also learn of some singular

\* Matt. xxiii. 27.

\* Gen. xlv. 4.

† Gen. l. i.

‡ Mark v. 38. Matt. ix. 23.

§ Jer. ix. 17, 18.



customs of mourning, as thus,—‘Therefore my heart shall sound for Moab like pipes, and mine heart shall sound like pipes for the men of Kirheres, because the riches he hath gotten are perished; for every head shall be bald, and every beard clipped; upon all the hands shall be cuttings, and upon the loins sackcloth.’\* This picture presents us with a strange and melancholy image, but its marks of grief are increased when we connect therewith other customs which are implied in the instructions given to Ezekiel as to what he should not do in case of a certain person’s death,—‘forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips.’† These last directions find an illustration in Addison’s account of the mourning rites of the Jews in Barbary; he says, ‘The relations of the deceased, for seven days after the interment, stir not abroad, or if by some extraordinary occasion they are forced to go out of doors, it is without shoes; which is a token with them that they have lost a dear friend.’ ‘When they return from the grave, after the burial, to the house of the deceased, one, as chief mourner, receives them with his jaws tied up with a linen cloth, after the same manner that they bind up the dead.’ And by this the mourner is said to testify that he was ready to die with his friend. Thus muffled he goes seven days.’ This explains very clearly what Ezekiel was commanded not to do; and a similar rite of covering the lips was observed by the leper when pronounced such by the priest,‡ as he was considered ceremonially dead.

After the body was washed with a warm infusion of camomile flowers and dried roses, to restore life if suspended, and make the perfume enter the pores more easily, they embalmed the body. This embalming was according to the rank and wealth of the deceased, or the wishes and abilities of friends, and vast quantities of spice were used upon one individual. Nicodemus, we read, brought a hundred pounds weight of myrrh and aloes,§ which is thought by some to be an incredible quantity, while in fact it was small in comparison with what was sometimes used upon distinguished persons. Pliny says, that Arabia does not produce in a whole year so much spice as was consumed by Nero at the funeral of Poppæa. Plutarch mentions that at

the funeral of Sylla, 210 plates of exquisite perfumes were used. The custom of embalming was very ancient among the Jews, similar to the method of the Egyptians, from whom they seem to have learned it. Joseph commanded the physicians to embalm his father,\* and it appears that the process then took forty days.† Those who were engaged in preparing the body for burial were regarded as ceremonially unclean for seven days; a similar custom prevailed among the Romans, as Virgil, in the *Æniad*, alludes to the ceremony of a person going round to purify the attendants; and we also discover traces of a similar custom in regard to pollution in touching the dead in the third voyage of Captain Cook, in which he speaks of a walk he took in Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and says, ‘We met with about half a dozen women in one place at supper. Two of the company being fed by the others, I asked the reason; they said, *taboo matee*. On further inquiry, we found that one of them had, two months before, washed the dead corpse of a chief; and that on this account she was not to handle any food for five months. The other had performed a similar office to the corpse of another person of inferior rank, and was now under the same restriction, but not for so long a time. At another place, hard by, we saw another woman fed, and we learnt that she had assisted in washing the corpse of the above-mentioned chief.’

When we consider with what a profound reverence the Jews regarded their dead, the care and labor expended in preparing them for burial, the skill and expense employed in preserving them from putrefaction, and the diligence with which they adorned their graves, it is singular that they should consider so much pollution entailed by touching or being near the corpse. Till the time of burial the body was laid out in greater or less state, according to rank; the rich in magnificence, the poor in plainness—but the majesty of death was alike seen in both, and death’s equalizing power reminds us of the Sultan and Dervise; a sultan walking out saw a dervise sitting with a human skull in his hand, in profound reverie; and the sultan asked the dervise wherefore his deep study? Sire, said he, this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have, from that moment, been endeavoring in vain to discover whether it is the skull of a pow-

\* Jer. lxxviii. 36, 37. † Lev. xiii. 45. Numb. xix. 11.  
‡ Ezk. xxiv. 16—18. § Luke xix. 39.

\* Gen. l. 2.

† Gen. l. 3.



erful monarch like your majesty, or a poor der-  
vise like myself.

The funeral processions were generally numerous. When Jesus came near the city of Nain, on one occasion, we are told that a funeral of a widow's son was passing out, and much people of the city were with the bereaved mother.\* On the coffin of a Rabbi books were laid; a sword was buried with a warrior; and a stone was either placed on the bier, or thrown into the grave of one who died under sentence of excommunication. The corpse was borne by men, the relatives and hired mourners following, uttering doleful sounds, accompanied by instruments of soft music. The melting tones of the voices and instruments were irresistible; the tears would come, and the sighs heave the breast; while the appearance of the singing women was that of deep grief personified, with disheveled hair, and sorrow written on every feature and manifested in every action, unmindful of the thrilling eloquence of the silent grief 'which shames all clamorous sorrow.' The poorest had some minstrels, for to be without any would be an intolerable weight of poverty and sorrow. Women skilful in lamentations are hired at the Moorish funerals, as described by Dr. Shaw, who says, 'they perform their parts with such proper sounds, gestures, and commotions, that they rarely fail to work up the assembly into some extraordinary pitch of thoughtfulness and sorrow.'

When arrived at the grave, the body was laid down, and the people walked round it seven times, repeated a prayer, and sometimes an oration on the virtues of the deceased. Coffins were not in general use in Judea. The body was wrapped in cloth, according to the process of embalming. Coffins were very ancient in Egypt, and as a mark of honor in the account of Joseph's death,† it is said, 'they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.'

After the entombment an entertainment was given to the company. Josephus states that 'Archelaus, after he had lamented Herod the Great seven days, gave a magnificent entertainment to the people, (independent of that usually given after common funerals,) and that a similar custom ruined many Jews, who were not able to bear the expense of these feasts, and yet they would have been accounted atheists if they had not.'

The time of mourning was various. Moses

and Aaron were mourned thirty days,\* and this became the most common period. The first three were called 'days of weeping;' these were marked with peculiar grief, and during them the grave was frequently visited; they were not permitted during these days to do any servile work; and if any one saluted them they might not return it. It is said that according to their philosophy, the soul fluttered invisibly around the body till the third day, and then it departed from its companion; this accounts for the answer given Jesus by the relations of Lazarus; the three days had expired and all hope was gone. During thirty days their traditions forbade them wearing any garments expressive of cheerfulness; nor were they privileged to sew the rent made in their garments. Suicides, apostates, atheists, epicureans, and libertines, as also the excommunicated, were not mourned.

We are in conclusion of Jewish customs of burial to speak of their sepulchres and burial places. With but a very few exceptions, the dead were buried without the towns and cities. Every city had a public cemetery for inhabitants who had no sepulchres of their own, and we are told of the purchase of a field for the burial of strangers,† outside of Jerusalem. Dr. Shaw states in this relation what is probably true of ancient times, that 'Burying grounds occupy a large space, a great extent of ground being allotted without their cities for the burial of their dead. Each family has a proper proportion of it, walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors have remained undisturbed for generations. In these enclosures the graves are all distinct and separate, whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved with tiles.' Other travellers add, that 'those who bestow a marble stone over any, have a hole, a yard long and a foot broad, in which they plant an evergreen, which seems to grow from the body, and is carefully watered.' Similar customs have obtained generally in the East; Buckingham tells us that when the Turks bury a relative, they are as careful to 'provide a vessel of rich earth and a healthy sprig of cypress, as any other part of the ceremonies. The nearest of kin is to do this, and after the body is buried, a hole is dug at the head of the grave, the rich earth deposited, and the cypress planted. So long as the planter lives, he is bound to care for the plant, to water and

\* Luke vii. 12.

† Gen. i. 26.

\* Numb. xx. 29. Deut. xxxiv. 8. † Matt. xxvii. 7. 8.



nourish it; and all the accusing epithets that can be thrown together, cannot more than equal the taunt to the unfaithful—*The cypress at the head of thy father's grave is withering!* The care thus bestowed causes these cypresses to rise to the height of 120 feet, while the highest in the cultivated park of a celebrated horticulturist in England is but 30 feet. In relation also to the Turkish burial places, Mr. Stephens tells us, that all the tomb stones are flat, and contain little hollows which hold the water after a rain, which attracts the birds, who resort there to slake their thirst, and sing among the trees. The Jews had various monumental inscriptions. Sometimes on a stone at the grave, or over the sepulchre, engraved with chisels, or stained on hard plaster put on. We cannot expect to be in possession of any of the epitaphs of the ancient Jews, the oldest is A. D. 300. The most ancient practice was to engrave on the sepulchre memorials alluding to particular actions in the lives of great men, like what Tully states of the tomb of Archimedes, that a sphere and a cylinder were put upon his monument.

The tombs of the great and opulent were hewn in a rock, some very high from the ground.\* These were very extensive, containing many chambers, finished with stucco work, and covered with hieroglyphics. The roofs of these were generally arched, and in some instances so extensive as to be supported by colonnades. All round the sides were cells for the reception of the sarcophagi. The cave admitted no light, being closed by a great stone, which was rolled to the mouth of the narrow passage or entrance. The 'tombs of the kings,' were magnificent specimens of art. Maundrell gives an account which may here be properly quoted,—'The place itself discovers so great an expense both of labor and treasure, that we may suppose it to be the work of kings. You approach to it on the east side, through an entrance cut out of the natural rock, which admits you into an open court of about 40 paces square, cut down into the rock, with which it is encompassed instead of walls. On the south side of the court is a portico, nine paces long and four broad, hewn likewise out of the rock. This has a kind of architrave running along its front, adorned with sculpture of fruits and flowers, still discernible, but by time much defaced. At the end of the portico, on the left hand, you descend to the passage into the sepulchres. The door is

now so obstructed with stones and rubbish, that it is a thing of some difficulty to creep through it; but within, you arrive in a large fair room, about seven or eight yards square, cut out of the natural rock. Its sides and ceiling are so exactly square, and its angles so just, that no architect with levels and plummets could build a room more regular; and the whole is so firm and entire, that it may be called a chamber hollowed out of one piece of marble. From this room, you pass into (I think) six more, one within another, all of the same fabric with the first. Of these, the two innermost are deeper than the rest, having a second descent of about six or seven steps into them. In every one of these rooms, except the first, were coffins of stone, placed in niches in the sides of the chambers. They had been at first covered with handsome lids, and carved with garlands; but now most of them were broke to pieces by sacrilegious hands. The sides and ceiling of the rooms were always dropping with the moist damps condensing upon them; to remedy which nuisance, and to preserve these chambers of the dead polite and clean, there was in each room a small channel cut in the floor, which served to drain the drops that fall constantly into it.'

This gives us an idea of eastern splendor in the mansions of the dead. In these dark chambers were the most exquisite specimens of sculpture, and the whole finished with the care that is bestowed upon a palace. What some thousand years ago was kept with filial diligence free from all opposite to their sacred purpose, have now become the home of wild beasts, and the tarrying place for shepherds, and the lowliest lies down where the great and the proud sleep. With kings and warriors, their emblems of office and dignity were buried; much treasure was also sometimes deposited with them; and Josephus tells us an incredible story of the immense wealth, as he states that Hyrcanus, the high priest, when besieged by Antiochus the Pious, took from one room of David's sepulchre 3000 talents,\* as he could not otherwise raise the money, and gave this sum to Antiochus to raise the siege. He also states, that a few years after, Herod, the king, took from another room 'a great deal of money.' This treasure was probably, in great part, deposited there in troublous times for security, and had there accumulated, through death

\* In dollars, 4,560,000. A talent of silver being valued at \$1,520, and Josephus again mentioning the circumstance, says, '3,000 talents of silver.'

\* Isaiah xxii. 16.



or departure of the owners, and became in time the property of state; and Josephus himself, in treating of the life of Herod, speaks of a secret visit made by that king to the sepulchre, with some aids, in search of treasure, and that he found no money, 'but only some furniture of gold and precious goods, *that were laid up there*, and all these he took away.' Tombs in the East are even now made the repository of precious goods, and to violate the sanctity of the place to take them away is regarded, even by the most despotic princes, as sacrilege.

As persons in travelling might unexpectedly come near a tomb, in going to the national feasts, and thus contract ceremonial pollution, there was a law that required all on the 15th of the 12th month, Adar, to paint their tombs and sepulchres white, with chalk and water; and as the rains were then past, and the dry season of six months commenced, the white-washing would make them visible afar till the three great festivals were over. In visiting, at the proper seasons, the resting places of their kindred, the Jews were fond of strewing around over the graves and tombs green leaves, branches of palm and myrtle, and surrounding them with shrubs and flowers. It was a virtue with them to carefully keep these 'homes of the living,' as they termed them; and the same feeling still exists in the East, where lamps are kept burning to light the gloom of the sepulchres; carpeting the floor, furnishing incense to give an agreeable smell, and preserving the finish of the walls from any defilement, are considered meritorious acts. 'The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him,' is the language of Job,\* which has been thought to express the supposition that the buried person may partake in some respects of the prosperous state of the tomb that contains him. How ancient is the beautiful custom of paying careful attention to the homes of the dead—the resting place of the body that contained the departed spirit. The customs of the ancients are approving themselves to modern taste, and ere long, we trust, an Auburn, or a Laurel Hill, will be prepared by every city and town; and not, as is too often now the case, appropriate the most barren and desolate region to that use, where, as the mourners come, they find much that adds to their gloom of soul, and but little to elevate their thoughts to God, heaven, and eternity. Even the ancient Greeks, with no light but philosophy, could teach us, and their

\* Job xxi. 33.

customs, through history, do teach us, to make cheerful the city of the dead, and cause beauty, bloom, and fragrance to reign around.

'There, through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by.  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love-tale, close beside the cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming-bird.  
I would the lovely scene around,  
Might know no gloomy sight or sound.'

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### TO A YOUNG FRIEND UPON LEAVING HOME FOR THE SOUTH.

Original.

A wish is in my heart for thee!  
O shall I breathe it?—'tis, that thou,  
In after years, may be as free  
From every sully stain as now.

I know the blighting hand of time  
Must dim the freshness of thy youth;  
But may it ever leave behind,  
The heart's first purity, and truth.

I know that fine and ample brow,  
Must wear the trace of thought and care,  
When other years have taught thee how  
Delusive youth's bright visions were;

But 'mid the toils and cares of life,  
Its cold and heartless selfishness,  
Ambition's feverish, restless strife:  
O let thy high resolve be this,—

That, whether fortune smile on thee,  
Or dark clouds o'er thy path are thrown,—  
At virtue's shrine, thou'lt bend the knee,  
And ne'er forget her power to own.

Virtue! bright emanation from  
The glorious fount of life and love!  
Thy bright progressive course is on,  
E'en to the realms of bliss above.

But O my friend, there is no fear  
For thee, if this bright shield be thine:  
Though far from home, and all those dear  
Fond hearts that round thine own are twin'd.

And now farewell! may blessings crown  
Thy labors in that sunny clime,  
To which thy eager steps are bound—  
Now fare thee well, dear friend of mine.

C.

Hartford, Ct.

CONSIDER well, who you are, what you do,  
whence you come, and whither you go.  
CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the  
idol of fools.



## A RAINY DAY.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

Original.

*'It rains! what lady loves a rainy day?'*

THE long warm days have been cloudless and lovely for nearly a fortnight; the luxuriant grass has fallen beneath the hand of the mower, and the first hay-making, which may certainly be called the poetry of farming, is over; the bearded rye and golden wheat wave upon the upland, and the silken tassels of the corn are lengthening as it ripens in the valleys. A smiling company of flowers have each day opened to the early sunlight, turned drooping away from the hot breath of noon and thirsted for the dew-fall, and none of the 'multitudinous' leaves have yet faded or fallen. And now the summer rain comes down, to wash the green foliage, moisten the dry earth, and fill the waiting flower-cups. How gladly they all welcome the dancing rain-drops! the leaves grow greener, and we can almost see the young clover springing up where they fall. May our hearts be full of gratitude, O Lord, for thy countless blessings; Thou crownest the year with goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. Thou sendest rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our mouths with food and our hearts with gladness.

Such were the pleasant and pious reflections of Allan Grenville, the young pastor of Doveton, who, having been absent for a season, now passed along the quiet and almost deserted streets of the village for the purpose of making a few friendly calls upon some of his parishioners. He was one well worthy the love of those to whom he statedly and faithfully ministered the words of truth and holiness; and though 'our minister' is always a paragon of perfection, yet in giving a sketch of his character I will endeavor to keep my partiality from leading me into exaggeration. Though many years had not lent him their experience, he seemed to have learned all that was necessary to be known from rules laid down in that book of life which was his constant study, and to him especially belonged the blessing which was pronounced by our Savior upon the pure in heart; for he seemed to walk ever with an abiding consciousness of being in the presence of God. He did not point out the way of virtue to others, and choose for himself a different path; but his sabbath-day sermons were exemplified and practised throughout the week, so far as frail mortality with the help of Heaven could over-

come temptation. Was his text charity? he shared his own small salary with the destitute; was it faith? he seemed to have imbibed the spirit of him who was caught up into the third heaven, and spoke of that far off land as one who had dwelt among its shining palaces, and only sojourned upon earth for a season. Did he preach forgiveness? the sun never went down upon his wrath, and if smote on one cheek he turned the other also. He taught us not to neglect or despise the perishing things of time; but while mourning over its fast fading flowers, to let our grief be mingled with a joyful hope in the amaranthine bloom of eternity. With piety so pure, and simplicity so unaffected, he was deservedly a favorite of all. The aged smiled approvingly upon his efforts, the young failed not to do him reverence, and even his theological opposers, respected him as a man, and loved him as a brother. His voice was deeply melodious, his countenance pleasant to look upon, and his large melancholy eyes were full of poesy. There was a story of the blighting of some heart-cherished hope in very early life, ere his studies were completed, whether by death or inconstancy, I cannot say; and the memory of youthful sorrow softened by pious resignation, no doubt gave to those eyes their sad but sweet expression.

Having left our minister thus long in the rain, we will now follow him to the residence of squire Laight, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the village; but, alas! the two fair daughters of the house had not thought of receiving calls upon such a stormy morning, and gave him a somewhat uncordial welcome; for their sitting-room had not been 'put to rights,' their dresses were rather untidy, and worst of all their hair was in papers; this was certainly unfortunate, though I do not see how a lady can wear ringlets unless she keeps them rolled up part of the time; but to be so caught by one of the 'lords of creation,' is sadly provoking. To be sure all the heroines of romance are gifted with naturally curling tresses, but it is seldom we meet them in everyday life; and you may be sure, young man, that the curls which adorn the brow of your mistress are either false or have been screwed up in papers. Now I do not reveal this secret of the toilet to make trouble in the world, but merely that you may not be surprised should you happen in at an unlucky time, as did our minister; who, poor man! could not divine the reason of his cold reception from two who,



he had thought, were really pretty and sensible girls, but who now made themselves disagreeable by venting their vexation in uncharitable remarks upon the weather. He soon took leave, and having made several other calls was proceeding on his way to the widow Huntley's, when he overtook and accosted young Amy Stewart, who was tripping lightly along with a small basket on her arm, carefully holding up her neat calico dress from the wet grass with one hand, and carrying an umbrella in the other.

'Good morning, Miss Amy; are you, too, out in the rain? I thought myself almost the only pedestrian our village afforded. Allow me to relieve you of your basket, so far as our road is in the same direction. I shall call at Mrs. Huntley's.'

'My errand is to the same place, Mr. Grenville, and you may take the basket if you please, though it is not at all burdensome. It is so pleasant to day—you smile to hear me call it pleasant, I mean the showers are so refreshing and delightful, I longed to be out with the glad birds and blossoms, so persuaded mother to let me take a few biscuit to the poor widow; for she always seems pleased to see me. She often speaks of you, and will be so glad that you have returned—let us hasten, I am impatient to witness her joy.'

The poor woman was indeed rejoiced. She thought no one would take the trouble to visit her lonely cottage on such an unpropitious day; but her favorite Amy, and dear minister, spent two whole hours there—and she was so happy, she could live a week on the recollection of it. How often is it in our power to confer such happiness without any sacrifice of our own enjoyment.

It had been the pastor's intent to call at Mr. Stewart's; he therefore accompanied Amy to her home, which was humble in comparison with some he had that day visited, for wealth was far from being the portion of her parents, but the purest domestic affection and heaven-smiling content, was their better inheritance. One laughing boy met them at the door, exclaiming, 'O, sister Amy, father has made me a beautiful wooden horse! and I have been in such a hurry to let you see it—what made you stay so late?' Another had been picking berries and saved half for sister, and all had something to claim attention; so throwing aside her bonnet, she sat down upon a low stool while the smiling group clus-

tered around and she became so amused with their childish talk as almost to forget that any one else was present, till a younger sister slyly whispered that the minister was looking at her; she blushed at the idea of being thought neglectful of their guest, and immediately arose and entered into conversation with him.

Meanwhile Mrs. Stewart had persuaded him to take tea with them, and he thought the evening meal which was so neatly and expeditiously prepared by Amy and her mother, the sweetest he had partaken for many years; and while the fair girl stood at the table to wash the tea-cups and saucers, which she laughingly handed the little ones to arrange in piles, he came to the conclusion that no domestic employment could be unbecoming a lady; and that as much grace, and more good-nature, might be displayed in dish-washing than in fingering a piano. He left the happy family with regret, and his first act on reaching his study was to read and make application of those true and simple lines of the poet Brainerd's from which the motto of our sketch was chosen.

There are some people who are always prying into their neighbor's concerns; and those who were on the look out for news soon observed that the pastor called oftener, and tarried longer, at Mr. Stewart's, than at any other house in the village; and it was accordingly reported and commented upon wherever two or three were gathered together.

'Now, Fanny,' said the eldest Miss Laight to her sister, while drawing on her gloves for church, 'you need not spend so much time arranging your new hat, for it will make no impression on Mr. Grenville's heart; and you have lost all chance of being a minister's wife if the report is true that he has been led captive by the charms of Amy Stewart. I wonder he did not look higher, for he might have had his choice among the lambs of his flock.'

'O, Soph, you need not suppose there are any evil intentions against our minister in the tie of my bonnet strings; for though I love him with my whole heart—and who that knows him will not say the same?—and have always given him my sweetest smiles, except upon one unlucky occasion, which you doubtless remember; I had never a thought of his being other than my friend. I am too proud—with shame I confess it—for a minister's wife; I could never smile and courtesy to every old codger, or shake hands, and say,



'how do you do, sister?' with all the women-folks, high or low, rich or poor, in the parish. If the report is indeed true, and I wish from my heart it may be, he has chosen wisely, for I can think of no one better calculated to fill so responsible a station, than the humble and pure-minded Amy.'

Allan had hitherto thought little of the bright looks that dwelt upon his countenance while he occupied the pulpit, and now when he sought to read approval in one fair face, its owner seemed conscious that she should meet his glance, and from her modest eyes the curtain-lash was seldom lifted.

Tears stood in the eyes of Amy's fond parents when Allan Grenville besought permission to take their beloved daughter to himself. He spoke of her rare qualities and his own unworthiness, and lamented his poverty for the first time; but though poor in purse he was rich in love, and all that he had was hers.

They forbade him to speak of his poverty—was he not wealthy in comparison with the one he sought? for they could give her nothing more than she already possessed—a good education, virtuous principles, and an uncommonly sweet disposition. Though they could not resign their dear child to another without regret, they were proud and happy that she should become the wife of one so worthy; and when he brought her to church as his bride, all smiled upon them, rejoiced in their union, and from many a heart went up the aspiration that Heaven would bless them.

This prayer has been granted; for years have passed, and their affection, like fine gold upon which no rust can gather, is still the same; and he often tells her with a happy smile, that she came not portionless to his dwelling, but brought sunshine as a dowry, though he had chosen her for his wife on a rainy day.

Hartford, Ct.

## INDIAN WORSHIPPING THE RAINBOW.

Original.

GOD, in the rudest of his children's hearts,  
Has placed a hope that lifts the soul to heaven;  
And in the bright and beauteous things of earth,  
The savage's eye can read the language clear  
Of the Good Spirit's care and love. And though  
He trembles when the thunderer's car is heard,  
And the fierce lightnings gild the sombre clouds,  
And the wild storm-king reigns in awful might,—  
Yet when the winds are hushed, the sun unveiled,

And o'er the wide expanse 'the bow of peace'  
Is thrown, he kneels and worship's God, and feels  
The presence of a being great and good.

It is a sight that well may wake up thought  
Within the human heart, to see the wild  
Untamed, untutored, nature's child, bow down  
On some high rock that overlooks the sea,  
And silently adore the gorgeous arch,  
That seems a pathway from our earth to heaven.  
'Twere a rich boon to look within his breast,  
And read the thoughts of his adoring soul—  
The feelings of the heart, that soften all  
The features of his face, and make his eye  
Burn with the light of love, as brightly pure  
As ever met the human gaze. As there  
He kneels, like as a prayerful child at eve,  
Calm, passionless, and meek, O who would dream  
That eye could flash with hate, those features wear  
The look of deadly vengeance, and those hands  
Be crimsoned with the blood of foes? Too soon  
The lesson of 'the bow' is lost! and as  
The angry sea waked by the storm no more  
Reflects the quiet beauty of the sky,  
Wild passion stirs the elements within  
The soul, and mirrored there no more doth lie  
The beauteous forms of love and peace!

We all

Too soon forget the silent lesson taught  
By all the changing beauties of the skies,  
And the bright world of loveliness and grace.  
From the sweet flowers—wise ministers of love—  
From balmy dew, unfolding bud, each ray  
Of light that warms, the glorious clouds, the songs  
Of mating birds, the gliding streams, the hush  
Of evening's calm, the stars, the hallowing moon,  
We learn that beauty dwells with peace. And as  
Wild winds and storms shroud all these charms, so will  
The rage and shades of anger, dark revenge,  
And hate, cloud human loveliness, and change  
The child of God into a fiend. We are  
Too much the savage with his bow and axe,  
Too seldom like the rainbow worshiper!

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

## MIND AND MATTER.

Original.

By unassisted reason mankind discovered, long ago, that there was some distinction between the material world, and that thinking principle which enables us to mould, arrange, and adjust, matter as we see fit to do.

There have been philosophers, and we have a few of them now-a-days, who taught that everything was material. They declare that that which is not material does not exist, and to speak of a thing which is immaterial is a contradiction in terms. Now this is to say that what is not palpable to one of our corporeal senses, does not actually exist; because in their confined view of substances, there can be nothing which our five senses do not betray. Even the organization of animals in this outward world should have taught



them better. There are animals which have not so many senses as we ; and we might as well deny the existence of colors, of the sun and stars, because moles and persons born blind cannot see them. The same may be said of sounds in connection with persons who are born deaf. By the aid of our five senses, we discover what we term matter. How do we know that if we had more senses we should not discern other substances besides those which come under the observation of the few senses which we have ? Is it certain that every thing which exists must be palpable to our five senses. There are some things, like the wind, which are palpable only to one or two of our senses, while other things are palpable to the whole five. If by matter these philosophers mean only the substances which we discover by the aid of our senses, then are they greatly at fault in deciding that there can be nothing in existence which is not material.

It may be considered sufficiently made out that there *may be* substances—for we will give them that name—which are not to be seen, heard, smelt, felt, or tasted. When we declare that it is impossible to have any other senses than those which we possess, we say that which we know not. The brute has instinct which discloses to him facts which our senses can never discern. Here, then, is a sense even in this world, which we do not possess.

Wildly and foolishly, then, does the materialist argue, when he denies that there are no substances in existence which cannot be made out by the five senses proper to man. We know that the brute has instinct, and that by means of this instinct he discovers things which we cannot learn ; yet it is impossible for us even to tell how this instinct operates upon the brute, and what feelings it produces in him.

Perhaps that if we had other senses, we should discover in the material world uses, and designs, and natures, that we never dreamed of. Where we hear only the voice of winds, we might hear angels—and where we see clouds, we might discern hosts of intelligent beings.

But rashly have some philosophers judged that there is no *spirit*, because our corporeal eyes cannot discern it. As well might the brute say there is no beauty in poetry because he cannot read it, and no harmony in the mathematics because he cannot understand them.

If there is nothing like mind independent from matter, it is somewhat singular that a nonentity

should exercise so much influence over matter. There is a power, call it what you may, in human intelligence which levels mountains, changes the course of rivers, and piles the granite half way to the clouds. There is a power in human intelligence that brings food up out of the ground, prepares it for the most fastidious taste, and which makes beverage of every description to cool the thirst of man. There is a power in human intelligence which builds cities, and places a wall around them which no being destitute of reason can penetrate. By the aid of his intellect man can circumvent and destroy the most powerful of the brute creation.

Yet, is this intellect, which so powerfully operates upon and governs matter, less than matter itself—or is it only a quality of matter ? Is there no such thing as mind because it cannot be seen by the material eye ? How can the material eye survey and contain a power that is so different from, and so superior to itself ? The eye can see the operations of mind, and we can all feel its workings in our own breasts, yet we would deny the existence of such a principle, because it is not personally visible to the few senses which belong exclusively to matter.

It may truly be said that it requires more credulity to be an atheist than to be a christian.

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### PUNISHMENT.

Original.

HOWEVER necessary may be the infliction of punishment for crime, still is it not better that the attention of government should be called and its countenance be given to such institutions, public and private, as best tend to imbue the hearts of youth with a regard for moral virtue,—to instil into their minds such principles as will restrain them from the commission of crime, and lead them in the paths of conscious rectitude and peace.

To encourage and promote virtuous actions is among the means that may be used to lessen crime and consequently the infliction of punishment ; this is, as has been justly remarked, the best police that can be established in any country. Many, very many, of the violations of law may be traced to ignorance ; not an ignorance of the penalty thereby incurred, but that want of early instruction which left the impulses of nature unrestrained, and thus permitted them to fasten on evil courses when the individual was too young



and uninformed to distinguish between the tendency of such courses and those of an opposite character, or to estimate the very opposite results to which they must inevitably lead. Hence the importance of our schools, and the greater importance of selecting teachers from the most exemplary class of citizens—men and women practically moral as well as professedly pious.

E. W.

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### THE PEN.

Original.

Mock not at my subject, gentle reader, I beseech you. To be sure, the theme which I have chosen for the present article, appears to be *rather* uninteresting and unimportant at a cursory glance; but still I should be exceedingly sorry to see any person who has proved his or her superior intelligence by the act of subscribing for the Repository, display an unnatural want of discernment in sneering at an article simply because its subject is a *pen*. Reflect a moment, thou who hast deigned to follow me thus far in my mental wanderings along the present narrow path, and tell me, or rather ask yourself—Has not the *pen* been the all in all (so to speak) of the very best articles which have appeared in the occasional pages of the work you love so well to peruse, whether of poetry or prose, and whether written by an S. C. E. or an M. A. D. or a C. L. E.? You must needs see that this is a correct and necessary conclusion. Had it not been for the *pen*, simple instrument as it is, the brightest initials which have adorned the Repository, would have remained in obscurity, and the esteemed names for which they stand, themselves all sunshine, could not have developed their radiance. Compare the mind to the *sun*, and the *pen* must needs, in its figurative capacity, occupy the place of the *atmosphere*. It is the *medium* by which the mind is able to make its energies manifest and felt, through which it answers a certain end for which it was bestowed—to enlighten and revivify. Place but the pen in the hand of a Paley, and how do the morning mists of scepticism depart, widely scattered into invisibility; and how glisten the bright and wide fields of christianity in the undimmed brilliancy of truth. Let a Milton, or a Shakspeare assume it, and poesy's fair spring comes dancing gaily over the expanding pastures of literature, banishing their wintry aspect, decking them anew with its roses, its lilacs, and its jasmines, and causing even the

evergreens of immortal intellect to shake off the bleaching frosts, and assume a fresher hue. Let the pen, too, but execute the decree of a Scott, or a Cooper, and how sweetly blend truth and imagination in union, beautiful and harmonious, painting on the theatre of life, scenes at once thrilling, delightful and sublime, and absorbing the mind ecstatically when reality around stands frowning gloomily. Thus is the pen the nigh companion of the sage, the poet, and the novelist, enabling their minds to act in their various spheres, accompanying their hands, and mainly instrumental in enabling them to make permanent and useful record of their thoughts. And indeed, what would the historian, the divine, or even the correspondent do without it? Vast is its utility, nor, insignificant as it is esteemed by some, is it without its poetry.

What can be more poetical than a pen! Moves it not in the very sphere of poetry—doth it not define and describe the poetry of all things else? We have had the poetry of the moon, of the mountains, and even of *woman*, portrayed in brilliant colors, and the pen has been chiefly instrumental in defining or portraying it. Why, then, should not the pen have some poetry of itself? It has! It is surrounded with poetry; and poetry as well as utility is its very essence.

There is poetry in the pen, when, in the silent solitude of her chamber, perhaps at the dead hour of midnight, and when no eye but one is open to scan her employ, the tender virgin indites an epistle to her far distant beloved. How ably then does the pen second her yielded affection; how readily does it convey the secret emotions of her twining heart to a sheet as pure as that heart itself; and how gracefully does it record them there in polished lines most worthy of the love which they proclaim; and its soft, rustling motion is a most appropriate accompaniment to the softer sigh which steals from the bosom of the fair writer as she thinks of the wide distance which separates her from her beloved.

Again has the pen its poetical associations when the divine wields it in describing the glories and the bliss of another state. 'Tis then that it seems like some strange visitant from unseen worlds, filled with the fire of immortality, which it sends forth in mighty volume to break away the barriers of corruption and the tomb, and to illumine the undiscovered void beyond. How seems it, at every stroke, to scatter the night shades which envelope the grave, to shatter the impris-



oning walls of death, to rend in twain the veil which separates the terrestrial from the celestial; and as by a telescopic or magic power, to expose to view the portals of Elysium. Almost can we seem to hear the songs forever resounding through that blessed habitation of redeemed immortals, as the pen, in the hand of one who is master of the subject, moves with celerity on to the completion of the work of description; and its very onward motion seems significant of the fact, that we are hastening forward to realize at last the glory and incorruption of which it treats.

I might further speak of the poetry of the pen, but the limits which I have assigned to this article will not permit any enlargement. But I cannot close without appropriating to the old, tried friend in my hand, and with which I have written this article, a few remarks. Poor thing; it hath, like a faithful servant, suffered itself to be worn out in its master's service, and the reader must needs pause with me till it is mended. There! it goes better now!

Insignificant as is the pen now addressing you, dear reader, and humble, it nevertheless, like most other pens, affords a *moral*. In the outset, when it was first introduced into active life, it was brittle and hard, if I mistake not, and appeared very little inclined to conform itself to my wishes and become a decent pen, fit for use. Thus it resembled the stubborn man, whose opposition to everybody, whose determined obstinacy in pursuing his own unadvised course, unfits him for being of service to society, and tends to destroy himself. Such is the man whose rough edges and brittle temper affliction must whittle down, or smooth away, and then, as was the case with my pen, after a similar operation, he may be of some advantage to such as should receive benefit from him.

Thus had my pen an applicable moral at its beginning, and so hath it now, that it hath about reached the latter end of its usefulness. Like it, we must at last become useless. The substance of our life will be gradually wasted unto its root, by those who now claim our services; and those in whose service we are now spent, will be obliged to resign us, and deposit us in a place where we shall be no more disturbed—where we shall resolve back silently and slowly to the original of our formation. Well, then, let us be useful while we may. Shall I not strive to do this, when the very writing implement which I am using, admonishes me that the term of my usefulness is fast

expiring? It is conscience and a sense of duty which whisper me to reply in the affirmative. And my present wish is, that when death shall close my labors and my days, should a friendly pen see fit to record aught concerning me, it may be in justice able to say—he lived not in vain.

D. J. M.

Bangor, April 1839.

### THE PLAINT.

Original.

*The following stanzas were written for a lady who has been so unfortunate as to lose not only her father, and other relatives and friends, but also husband and all her children, by death; but yet, who mourneth not as one that hath not hope; for the peculiar quality and strength of her faith in the complete accomplishment of Jehovah's universal promises, makes her serene and cheerful under so great a loss.*

Oh! in the lonely midnight,  
And often in the day,  
I think of those whose life has passed,  
Like vapor, swift away—  
For husband, children, friends have gone—  
Stern death hath made them all his own.

Ah! memory doth wing me  
Back to my halcyon hours;  
Those who are gone were with me then,  
And life seemed crowned with flowers;  
My heart was light, for they were here,  
Life's rugged path with smiles to cheer.

But now I miss them ever,  
I miss them from my home,—  
I miss them in each well known scene,  
Where they were wont to roam;  
I miss them from each favorite spot,  
And know the world contains them not.

'Tis then not strange that sorrow  
Sometimes pervades my breast,  
When death hath banished from my path,  
Those whom I loved the best,—  
'Tis nature all that bids me weep,  
For ah! my heart doth never sleep!

Yet is my lot, though hapless,  
Not altogether so!  
The grave hath not my *all* enclosed,  
Nor snatched all solace,—No!  
Friends still are round me, tried and known,  
And faith, warm seraph, is my own!

Ah! faith alone has power,  
Were all my kindred dead,  
And friends all gone, to wipe my tears,  
And raise my drooping head;  
The heart would point to where they lie,  
Faith gives them life beyond the sky.

It tells, too, of reunion,  
When earth shall be no more,  
When sin shall all have passed away,  
And death have lost its power;—  
In brighter worlds where bliss shall reign,  
It shows the lost restored again.



Thus oft in lowly midnight,  
And often in the day,  
I think of those whose life has passed,  
Like vapor, quick away ;  
And though with tears my cheek is wet,  
I have a balm for my regret !

D. J. M.

Bangor, Me.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

### I. ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

IN the articles we are designing upon the subject of education, we aim rather at enforcing old truths than establishing new theories. We arrogate no claims to the distinction of a reformer—though the truth is palpable enough that reformation is needed. We do not even make pretensions to the dignity of a teacher. No, Heaven forbid such assumptions in us ! We are ambitious of one thing only—to enlist the sympathies, the affections, the zealous co-operation of the young ladies of our christian denomination in particular, of our sex in general, in the good cause of intellectual cultivation.

Our hopes are ardent for the regeneration of mankind through the influence of Universalist females ; and why should these hopes be untenable ? Does not female influence lie at the very root of all moral reformation in society ? and is there any doctrine save ours that can make holy the spirit of that influence ? One thing only is wanting—a proper cultivation of our minds and hearts for this greatest of all earthly enterprises. We must *feel our divinity*—feel that we are not subordinate agents in the high providence of Heaven—that our mission is one of toil, of danger, and blessed be God ! of great and glorious reward.

It is in the hope, and an earnest hope it is, of impressing the great truths of christianity upon the hearts of our sisters—of winning them, by illustrations of the power and the glory of the gospel in the practical life of woman, to turn from the frivolous idleness and insignificance of fashionable *existence*, to those high paths of moral and intellectual emprise that lead up our Zion to the temple of the Shechinah ; it is in this hope that we have turned our own mind from the more fascinating haunts of romance to the sterner and loftier poetry of woman's calling—her duties, her

influence, her mental and moral culture, her social ministry to the human heart.

Let us not be misunderstood. While we would have woman sensible of her own capacities, and constantly exerting her influence to elevate the tone of society, we would have that influence 'more *felt* than *seen* ;' there should be no display, no visible consciousness, no pompous proclamation, no *show* of power. Like Desdemona,

'A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blushed at itself—'

So should woman ever be—quiet, modest, gentle, and full of tranquil firmness. We urge and insist, again and again insist, that she never allow her native refinement to degenerate into masculine exhibitions of her talent. Her sphere of operation is within the *heart*, where she must enter with a still, soft tread, alarming no pride, awaking no jealousy of power. The moment she *displays* her influence, that moment it eludes her possession forever.

But our introduction is growing tedious. Didactic reasoning may operate upon the head, *facts* and *scenes* appeal to the heart. If the characters introduced in our first illustration exhibit either a defective education on the one hand, or a correct and reasonable cultivation of feminine capacities upon the other, we feel confident our suggestions will not be entirely disregarded.

Delia Bradford was the only child of an independent, but not wealthy farmer. Her *school* education had been completed at a distinguished seminary in one of our inland cities, in company with the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, named Julia Sheldon. Their term of instruction continued four years, at the end of which they were supposed to be *finished* in all scientific attainments and graceful accomplishments. But very dissimilar had been the course of studies prescribed by their parents. Julia had been gifted by nature with remarkable beauty of form and feature ; her complexion was brilliant, and her voice rich and melodious. Feeling the full force of outward fascinations, her parents were constantly encouraging her in the acquirement of personal graces. One year was devoted exclusively to music and dancing, another to the study of French and Italian, and the remainder of the term to a superficial investigation of the lighter sciences. The aim of her education was *display*—to amuse society, not to improve it.

Mr. Bradford had marked out a very different



system of instruction for his daughter, and the excellent principles in which she had been trained at home, gave her a disposition to fit herself for the performance of high and holy duties in the world she was about to enter. She studied the philosophy of the human heart, that she might discipline her mind to reform its errors. She felt that her mission on earth was a nobler one than to amuse merely—it was to improve, to elevate, to refine. And to this end she cultivated her intellect in all its departments—not in the memory of acquired sciences alone, but in its reflective capacities, its innate energies. Every mind has original powers whose exercise and development should form a distinctive and important element in mental culture. There should be more effort to bring out these original capabilities, and less forcible instillation of foreign intellect. But we will not theorize. Having pursued their different systems of education through the term prescribed, the young ladies returned to their homes, each the object of delighted admiration to her friends; and thither we follow them, to learn from the practical application of their several attainments in subsequent life, which had ‘obtained the more excellent ministry.’

Fashionable young ladies in the country must make as regular a *debut* as our metropolitan damsels—though usually with a less brilliant display. But squire Sheldon was rich, and his daughter beautiful and accomplished; he, therefore, in conjunction with his wife, resolved that Julia’s ‘coming out’ should exceed any exhibition of the kind ever known in Greenville. Invitations were accordingly given for a numerous party; and a fortnight of unceasing preparation, and hundreds of dollars expenditure, succeeded in getting up a scene worthy of so brilliant a *debutante*. Julia’s only brother was now at home, and with him a collegiate friend—the son of a distinguished southerner.

Mahlon Clayton needed few recommendations of fortune or rank to admit him to the higher circles of society. He carried his ticket with him, in his countenance, manners, and conversation. He had high talents, and a heart still more excellent; fine dark, piercing eyes, (dangerous things!) and a form of perfect elegance. Moreover he was just twenty-two—that most vivacious and susceptible period of manhood. He was greeted very cordially by the parents of his friend Willis, and Julia looked forward to the party with anticipations tenfold more delightful

since he was to be an attendant star. There would be something really *distingue*, in having the company of a *southern* gentleman—one so handsome, graceful, and gifted, as Mr. Clayton; and Julia thought, and Julia’s parents thought, that with such an attendant she could not fail to create an astonishing sensation.

There is usually a great eagerness manifested in country balls to observe the selection of partners in the first dance; and the company at Greenville was not an exception to this rule. The dance was led by Mahlon and Julia, followed by her brother Willis and Delia Bradford. The different tastes of these young ladies were as correctly evinced in their style of dress, as they had previously been in the pursuit of their studies. Julia shone in gems and silver tissue; Delia was simply adorned in white silk, with no ornament but one small, white, natural rose, worn amid her soft brown curls. Willis’ partiality for Delia had been long known to the villagers, but it was not so certain that she returned it. This evening she seemed unusually restrained in his presence; received his attentions coldly, and seemed pained by the increasing fondness of his manners. She had heard that his habits were too free—she could not smile upon him.

Julia, meanwhile, was receiving all the admiration her young heart could desire. Her beauty and grace were commended by every tongue, and what was dearer to her than all these praises, young Clayton’s eloquent eyes told a tale of far deeper admiration. He claimed her hand again and again in the dance, and retained his seat by her, in defiance of all competitors, through most of the evening. Ah! beauty has many allurements to win the heart from judgment—and a ball-room is the most dangerous of all places for that heart to read its first essay on love.

From the hall the company adjourned to the drawing-rooms, and music was introduced to beguile the time. Julia was called upon for a song. Clayton attended her to the piano; here he could admire her beautiful hands while his ear was enchanted by the rich melody that rose from her lips. He yielded himself without thought to her fascinations—and perhaps it was not in human nature to resist the sweet flattery that spoke from her expressive eyes. He could not mistake the intelligence of their glances, and his own were too bright not to reflect some rays of the same sentiment.

Murmurs of applause ran through the sur-



rounding circles as she ceased, and Clayton whispered some soft words that brought a blush of gratified vanity to her cheeks. She retired to a corner of the apartment where Delia sat, and begged her to supply her seat at the piano. This request was earnestly seconded by many voices, and Delia, covered with modest confusion, and protesting her inability to perform any thing to their acceptance, was led by Clayton to the instrument. It was some moments ere she could gain confidence to commence, and through the first lines her voice was scarcely audible. It was a little pathetic ballad that she attempted, and at the commencement the contrast with the brilliant performance of Julia was almost too great to be pleasing. But at its conclusion every one was in tears. There was no applause, no expression of admiration—nothing save the dewy eyes to tell that they had been pleased. Could she have received a more gratifying compliment? The secret of her skill lay in the warmth and tenderness of her heart. She practised no art—she knew none. Her voice drew its melody from a sweet temper—its expression from deep and fervent affections. Her music paused not to enchant the ear, it entered in to subdue the heart. She was urged to continue; but observing the young southerner's eyes fixed almost too tenderly upon her, she retreated to Julia's side. Clayton followed, and continued sitting by them in conversation till the company dispersed.

A few evenings after, Willis Sheldon invited his friend to accompany him to farmer Bradford's. It was an invitation gladly accepted. They found Delia at home and alone. She received them gracefully, and the conversation soon turned upon the party where they had lately met. Clayton inquired if she were fond of such assemblies.

'I confess I am not,' she replied. 'It is seldom I attend a ball to gratify myself, though I am very fond of the dance, and love company as well as any belle. I think there is generally too much levity indulged; there is nothing either to improve the mind, or refine the heart.'

'Yes, Miss Bradford, when some one sings a little ballad that draws the tears to all our eyes, I think I may say, even in a ball-company the heart may be refined. But pray can you not devise some method by which these assemblies might be made worthy of your countenance?'

Delia blushed. 'O, sir, I do not know. You would think my opinions very odd, and very im-

practicable—perhaps harsh, and unreasonable. But so long as I must meet there, and smile upon the gambler, the fop, and the betrayer of innocence, though fashion may excuse me, my conscience pleads no acquittal.' She ventured to look toward Willis, and saw that he blushed painfully. 'I would meet there the virtuous and intelligent poor, and exclude the ignorant and vicious rich. I know it is useless to hope for such a change in the regulations of society—yet I cannot help thinking it *should* be so.'

'And what would you do with those who cannot be properly embraced in either of these classes—the educated rich of rather irregular habits, rather questionable virtue?' In propounding this question Willis fixed his eyes rather keenly upon Delia, but she did not falter.

'Their intelligence and cultivation would entitle them to a place from which their evil habits would debar them; but the moral portion of the company should teach them, in an expressive manner, that cold civility could alone be yielded to them while their unjustifiable practices continued.'

'And do you think this rule would have a tendency to reform them?' asked Willis.

'Perhaps you can better answer the question.'

'Delia,' he replied, and he spoke tenderly, 'Delia, I think it would.'

While they were conversing, Clayton was mentally contrasting the fair moralist with the gay and fascinating Julia. The little song at the party had showed him how much more heart she possessed—the present conversation developed the superior moral energies of her mind. In his whole acquaintance with (Miss Sheldon) he did not recollect to have heard her utter one striking moral sentiment, and he wondered wherein consisted her peculiar fascinations. She had conversed upon no subject of interest that he could recall; indeed, she seldom conversed at all—other than to speak of some new novel, or piece of music, or express her delight in the soft, flowing accents of the Italian tongue. He remembered that her own language was very much interlarded with French, which, from associations with the rabble of New Orleans, was to him peculiarly disagreeable. He was pleased with Delia's plain, unembellished English—he was pleased with the grace and dignity of her conversation, and more particularly was he pleased with the high moral sentiments that she so boldly uttered. She was not so beautiful as Miss Shel-



don, but the longer he gazed upon her animated countenance, the lovelier did she appear. Every holy thought beamed through her clear blue eye, every benevolent feeling played upon her delicate mouth. He felt that her *mind* was very beautiful—that her heart was very pure.

Clayton saw that his friend Willis loved her; he saw that unless that love worked out a regeneration of principles and practice, it was utterly hopeless; and he fell into some cogitations upon the probability of such a result, which were shortly disturbed by Delia's reading aloud a passage of Cowper, upon the subject she had been discussing with Willis. Her elocution was exquisitely melodious; it was the music of thought. She read as those only can read who throw their own feelings entirely into the language of the author, and yield themselves quite to the impulse of the heart. 'Oh,' thought Clayton, 'it is worth a thousand of Miss Sheldon's Italian quotations.' He resolved to bring some of his own books to read with her, and again fell into a reverie in conjecturing what would be most agreeable to her taste, till at length feeling himself rather a dull companion, he rose and took leave, and pursued his way back to squire Sheldon's alone—leaving Willis to palliate his faults, and plead his cause without interruption.

He found Julia as he seldom had seen her, deeply interested in a book. He sat down beside her, and took up the volume that lay idle in her lap. 'Lady Blessington!' he exclaimed; 'do you like her as a woman or as an author?'

'As an author,' Julia replied, 'I think there are few so delightful; as a woman she is said to be very fascinating.'

Clayton's lip *almost* curled with scorn; but he remembered that he was speaking with a lady, and of a lady; so he merely sighed; 'Do you not esteem Miss Edgeworth much more chaste and sensible?' he inquired.

'O, she is too sensible. Her portraiture of passion are not half so vivid and real as those of the Countess. Her loves are too reasonable, too much under the control of the judgment to be natural, I think.' Here she bestowed upon him another of those speaking glances, that free from vanity as he really was, he could not but interpret as expressing a degree of the passion of which she spoke.

'Perhaps Lady Blessington portrays love more as it exists when uncontrolled; but I think the rational affection described by Miss Edgeworth

more what love should be in the hearts of moral and intellectual beings.' Julia sighed, and the conversation was directed to another subject.

Early the next morning Willis entered Clayton's apartment looking very wretched. 'I can remain at home no longer, Mahlon; I am a miserable being; my follies have ruined me. Delia despises me.'

'Did she say so?'

'She said she pitied me, and that is the same thing.'

'O, no! "pity is akin to love," they say.'

'She told me she had loved me once—in my boyhood; that my subsequent dissipation had alienated her affections, and that, though my future good conduct might win back her esteem, her love could never be regained. So I am without hope, a wretch, an outcast! I shall leave this place to-morrow; I care not where I go, if it be only where I am not known.'

'To-morrow! so sudden? Well, I go with you. Louisiana shall be our destination. I have a—no matter what. Go with me to my own southern home, and I will see how I can "minister to a mind diseased." Absence may soften Delia's heart.'

'Never! she is the most unchanging of mortals—and I am wretched forever!'

The young gentlemen departed at the appointed time, and Greenville seemed to Julia the most dreary spot on earth. There was no one to listen to her music, no one to admire her dress; her walks were lonely, and as for riding she perfectly detested it. The only manner in which she could at all amuse herself was poring over stories of love-lorn maidens, and dreaming herself the most wretched of them all. At length she sunk into such a moping melancholy that her anxious mother insisted that she should be sent to the city to pass the winter, where the constant succession of amusements would draw her mind from its too dangerous sensibilities. The idea was very pleasing to her, and in the bustle of preparation she forgot her *deep* sorrows.

Delia was as tranquilly happy as heretofore. Her mind was always employed in study or on useful industry—her heart never wanted for objects on which to lavish its tenderness. If she sung, her parents were the only auditors she desired; if she danced, it was to amuse her little cousins—and hearty delight she found in it for their sakes; if she walked, they were her constant companions. Her rides were never lonely



—she had the communion of nature, and the presence of its God. Nor did her mind tire of its frequent solitude. It had infinite resources of thought within itself. Her books grew never dull, and her pen never weary. Her mind sometimes recurred to the captivating stranger, but it was as a bright dream come and gone forever. She thought more frequently of Willis; he had been the favorite of her childhood, and she felt a deep interest in his reformation—but she did not love him, and knew that she never could. She had never seen but one person whom she deemed it possible she ever could regard with deep affection; why should it be Mahlon Clayton? Was not his path a lofty, and hers a lowly one on earth?

The winter over, spring entered the pleasant valleys of Greenville in her wonted freshness and beauty. Julia returned to her home with a new and accepted lover—one as rich and graceful, but neither as gifted nor as good as Mahlon Clayton. He had all of Julia's accomplishments, and it was thought 'a fine match' by every one, themselves more especially. Everything yields to yankee enterprise in these days; even courtships are despatched with somewhat of railroad velocity, and Delia was not a little surprised one morning in the first of May, to receive a summons to the wedding. It may be thought perhaps, that we are disproving the long established philosophy of woman's unalterable affection; no, no! Julia's romance for Clayton was but the morbid effect of excessive novel reading. Her heart had never been cultivated for love. It had wasted its affections upon earthly and perishing things—and *self* had grown the all-exacting idol. She had accepted Mr. Norton because he was rich, and would indulge her in extravagant amusements; he flattered her, and she thought she loved him.

A few days before the wedding, Delia's cousin flew into the apartment where she was sitting, crying, 'News! news!'

'What news?' inquired Delia, with less curiosity than is usually betrayed at the sound.

'O, Miss Sheldon is to be married next Tuesday!'

'That is nothing new—I have an invitation to the wedding.'

'Well, her brother has returned.'

'Willis? ah, has he?' and she looked serious.

'Yes, and brought his wife.'

The shadows all fled. 'His wife! Is it possible he is married?'

'Yes, I saw her myself; she is a beautiful looking woman—not handsome, though.'

'Beautiful looking, and not handsome,' repeated Delia, laughing.

'Yes, beautiful looking—good, you know, and bright. I'll tell you—she is sister to that southern gentleman he went away with.'

Delia blushed, she scarcely knew why, and her heart beat strangely. 'How do you know?' she asked, unconsciously.

'O, he called her sister, himself.'

'He! Who?'

Why, Mr. Clayton, you know. He came with them, and some folks think it will be a great disappointment to him to find Miss Sheldon so nearly married.'

Delia did not belong to the 'some folks' of this opinion. She could never have looked so happy in the belief of any person's disappointment. She changed color, and changed her seat; her needle grew dull, and she flung her work aside. 'News' sometimes affects the nerves very strangely.

Our readers who have any *ideality*, (and few will be our readers who are quite destitute,) will readily imagine the result of this arrival. The more Clayton saw of female society, the more firmly was his high opinion of Delia established. He observed in most of the circles to which he was introduced, that female talent seemed to have been cultivated exclusively for display; that the attention had been devoted to those lighter and more brilliant accomplishments, which must be thrown aside as useless when the heavy mantle of age is put on; while those loftier and more enduring accomplishments of the mind and heart, which make *old* as beautiful as youth, were regarded as *humdrum* and *homespun*—fit only for *blues* and old maids.

Mahlon Clayton soon made an offer of hand and heart, and both were accepted; and he has grown weary of his wife's accomplishments, the most delightful of which he thinks she plays in the kitchen. He often tells her there is more witchery in her 'lullaby,' than in all of Julia's grand 'marches,' 'waltzes,' and 'bravura' songs. Willis, too, is happy with his southern bride. He says he owes it all to Delia's bold, yet kind and earnest condemnation of his follies; since, without the better character which it produced, he never could have won his



pure-hearted Amelia. Mr. and Mrs. Norton endure matrimony as well as a thousand others who wear the yoke ;—aye, a yoke it is where law is the only bond of union, and indifference fills the vacuity of all warm and holy affections. Julia detests her music—her health is too feeble to permit walking, or dancing ; she has learned that novels are indeed fictions, and really believes that love is but a poet's dream, while her children are confided to the care of about a dozen teachers to be instructed in *accomplishments*.

*Shirley Village, Mass.*

### SHE LOVED MUCH.

AN ALBUM TRIBUTE.

Original.

SHE loved much ! the Savior said,  
Of one who knelt low at his feet,  
And dearer words for woman's ear  
Can ne'er the sense of hearing greet.

She should love much—how else can she  
Meet the dark hours that come to all ?  
How else can she her sorrows bear,  
And yield life's treasures to God's call ?

She should love much—'twill teach her soul  
To wear the humble garb of truth,  
And be declining age's child,  
The friend and guardian of the youth ;  
'Twill close her ears to flattery's voice,  
And chasten rightly all her speech,  
'Twill make the law of kindness hers,  
And goodness by example teach.

May'st thou love much—thy better Friend,  
And know the sweets of his dear love,  
And like a pure and joyous stream,  
Thou'll in the path appointed move,—  
Duty will be thy dearest joy,  
Thy pleasure to extend kind aid,  
And many a voice shall breathe thy praise,  
When in the grave with tears thou'rt laid.

### WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY.

Original.

WHILE men appear to be the most devoted to other systems of religion, it must be remarked that woman clings tenaciously to Christianity in Christ ; and that a female unbeliever is rarely to be met with in a christian land. There is so much the case, that we are accustomed to look with horror upon the woman who openly avows herself an infidel.

There is a powerful argument in favor of the christian religion, connected with woman. We may look back on the page of history, and find that women were formerly regarded as mere toys,

and that one man could have a great number of wives—a circumstance which too plainly shows the slight estimation in which they were held. Christianity came, and reached a helping hand to the oppressed and degraded sex, bidding her rise to that primeval condition, and to sustain that relationship to man which she held when, in Eden's blissful garden, she came forth glorious from the hand of her Maker, to be the companion, the solace, and friend of man. Then, indeed, it was thought that one woman was sufficient for one of the opposite sex, and that one wife was all that one man required. After sin entered the world, men took advantage of their superior physical strength, and reduced the other sex to a state of complete vassalage. A woman could no longer claim the exclusive devotion of the man she loved. Her heart must be yielded up to him, while he rioted in a variety of concubines and mistresses.

But the second Adam, who came to restore all things to their original beauty and excellence, was remarkable for his gentleness to women. He gave us, by his example, many lessons touching the dignity of the female character ; and hence we perceive that while Mahometans have continued to degrade the sex, the christian knights exalted her from the condition in which she had so long remained. Of course, everything connected with chivalry was wild, and verged upon extremes ; yet it was under the banner of the cross, that this trampled flower reared its fallen head, and grew, and flourished. If woman is not now treated with the same romantic idolatry which was bestowed upon her in those days, still her condition has been steadily improving ; and among civilized nations of the present day—where the gospel is preached—she enjoys many solid advantages that chivalry did not extend to her. Under the reign of chivalry, the politeness addressed to woman, and the honors which were paid her, were still regarded more as a *gift* than as a *right* ; and depended much upon her personal attractions and her pedigree. Now, woman is looked upon as a rational, responsible being, who has a mind to understand as well as a heart to feel. She is neither a drudge nor a toy—but the equal of man ; different, it is true, in constitution and in personal strength, but equally necessary and equally important in the performance of her own duties, with man in the performance of those duties which are better calculated for his more robust and enduring frame.



If, in the days of chivalry, it was considered the duty of a true knight to rescue distressed damsels from the hands of their enemies, let it be remembered that it was regarded as no mortal crime for a true knight to carry off a damsel as his own prey. If a knight would risk his life freely to gratify the vanity of his lady love, yet he would accept a lady from her father in marriage, although he knew that it was nothing but 'filial duty' which induced her to wed him. In short, chivalry was a rude mixture of kindness and barbarity—of high-toned gallantry and downright violence offered to the fair sex. Yet it was an improvement, and a long step toward christian civilization. But let not any imaginative young damsel sigh for those days; since she would find herself cut off from many privileges which she now enjoys, were they to return. The condition of woman is much changed for the better, since the days of chivalry. She is now under the protection of equal laws; and if a female scream is heard in the street, gentlemen do not fly to her from a sense of gallantry, and in consonance with an oath of knighthood, but from a conscientious sense of duty, which operates on all occasions.

I believe that this change in the condition of woman has been wrought by the spirit of christianity; and this alone is a powerful argument in favor of its divine origin. If one half the human race has been elevated from a condition little better than that of a common slave, by religion, that religion must be a true one—for no other faith has ever produced so great a result. We may not wonder, therefore, that woman holds fast a faith which has been so beneficial to her; and we must continue to look with wonder and distrust upon her who denies the Savior, and steels her heart against the very religion which has placed it in her power to exercise any influence whatever upon society. While other great men of antiquity—and even some of modern times,—have pretended to be too *lofty* to take notice of female opinions and interests, Jesus universally extended to them the same attentions which he bestowed upon his own sex. He frequently conversed with them, sought their company, and held them up as examples to others. Of Mary, he said, 'she hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.' He rebuked the proud pharisee, when a poor sinful woman fell under his censure even in thought, and told the self-righteous man that she had done more than he—'I entered thy house, yet thou gavest me no

kiss,' &c. When the woman was brought before him to be judged worthy of death, Jesus cuttingly reproved the Jews for their readiness to punish a poor helpless female, after their cruel manner, by saying, 'Let him among you who is without sin, cast the first stone'—while he simply said to her, 'Go, and sin no more.' He gave Lazarus to his weeping sisters, healed all those women who applied to him, and on no occasion assumed that despotic authority, which some are so fond of doing, by sending them home to attend to their domestic concerns, and keep in 'their proper sphere.'

Of all the apostles, Paul is the only one who draws broad distinctions between men and women; and it is worthy of remark that Paul, unlike the other apostles, had not enjoyed the advantages of the Lord's example during his sacred mission on earth.

We have many examples of the devotedness of women to the Savior, while he walked among men. It was they who anointed his feet and his head, who cared for his necessities, and bewailed his misfortunes. A woman was first at the sepulchre, and the first to bewail his absence, crying, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' Then he appeared to her, in order to banish her suspense and incertitude, and she went forth to proclaim a risen Savior. None so deeply mourned the martyrdom of Jesus as the daughters of Israel; and none had more cause; for his benign religion was calculated to raise them from their down-trodden condition; and it has, at length, placed them on the honorable stand which they now occupy.

This is, indeed, one of the most beautiful traits in the christian faith; and well is it for woman to study it well. Let her, indeed, give the praise where it is due; for Jesus is the author of the advantages which she now enjoys; and let her never spurn and trample upon that bleeding Savior who first taught men the equality and moral excellence of the fair portion of the world.

For none has christianity done so much as for woman; for it is a remarkable characteristic of that divine religion to guard the weak against the aggressions of the strong, and to extend its bright shield over those who have none to help them.

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WHAT ecstatic and healthful joy does the morning sleeper lose, in not rising early to quaff the odor-scented perfume all nature is teeming with!



## ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

UNDER this head we propose to offer to our readers a series of concise comments on the gospels, taking them up in regular succession, and pausing at each passage that we may deem as needing comment for the general reader. We shall use every critical authority within our reach, and aim simply to be useful. One thing we wish to impress on the minds of all, and that is—the great importance of reading with the bible in hand what we may write, so that direct reference may be made to the passages quoted or designated by us as proofs or illustrations of what we advance, and the reader may satisfy himself with the correctness of the appeal.

Before we proceed directly to our work, we propose to offer some explanations of terms commonly used, but not always understood.

The word *Bible* is from a Greek word signifying book; hence *the bible*, or *the book*, by way of eminence.

*Scriptures* from a Latin word signifying *writing*; hence *the writings*, or *the scriptures*, by way of superiority.

*Holy bible*, or *holy scriptures*, because from a holy God, to make mortals holy and instruct in reference to holy things.

*Testament* is from a Latin word signifying *will*, or *covenant*; hence we speak of old and new testaments or covenants, Jer. xxxi. 31—35. Heb. 8. These are also called *dispensations*—the old and new; the law by Moses, grace and truth by Jesus Christ. *Dispensation* signifies the dealing out or distributing out any thing. Col. i. 25.

*Gospel* signifies *good news*, or *glad tidings*. The evangelical histories of the Savior are called *gospels*, as exhibiting the ministry of him who preached glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

*Italicised words*. Those words which in our English bibles are printed in *italics*, have none corresponding to them in the original, but were supplied by the translators in order, in their opinion, to complete the sense. They are not always just, and are by no means binding upon us.

ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL. Matthew, called Levi, Mark ii. 14. Luke v. 27. 29, was by birth a Jew. His occupation was that of a publican or tax-gatherer, under the Romans. He was early called to follow Christ, was made an apostle, and was an eye and ear witness of most of the things he relates. His gospel is generally, if not universally, conceded to be the first written. It was written sometime after the resurrection, as is evident from chap. xxviii. 15. Some date it as early as A. D. 37 or 38; others, 41; and others as late as between 61 and 65. It is, however, most probable that it was written near the first mentioned time. It was written in Hebrew, but soon after translated into Greek, from which the common version was made. It was designed for the Jews; and as by their sacred writings they were impressed with the truth that the Messiah was to come of the race of Abra-

ham and family of David, he seeks first to satisfy them on this point by beginning with the genealogy of Jesus. He is particular to attend to those things which served to impress the Jews the strongest in reference to the admitting the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship. He is chiefly distinguished for the distinctness and particularity with which he has related many of our Lord's discourses and moral instructions. Of these, his sermon on the Mount, his charge to the apostles, his illustrations of the nature of his kingdom, and his prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, are examples. He has, also, wonderfully united simplicity and energy in relating the replies of his Master to the cavils of his adversaries, and has introduced more allusions to the customs of the Jews than either of the other evangelists. And truly has Wakefield remarked that, 'as a piece of history, it must be acknowledged the most singular in its composition, the most wonderful in its contents, and the most important in its object, that was ever exhibited to the notice of mankind. For simplicity of narrative, and an artless relation of facts, without any applause or censure, or digressive remarks on the part of the historian upon the characters introduced in it—without any intermixture of his own opinion, upon any subject whatsoever, and for a multiplicity of internal marks of credibility, this Gospel certainly has no parallel among human productions.'

Chapter i. verse 1. *The book of the generation of Jesus Christ*; some critics refer this to the whole book, and others to the first seventeen verses of the chapter; hence Wakefield translated it, 'A history of the life of Jesus, the Christ,' but Campbell rendered it, 'The lineage of Jesus Christ.' The Jews carried to excess their fondness for genealogies, and as these were carefully preserved, it was necessary to trace out the ancestry of Jesus in order to satisfy the minds of the Jews that he was of the proper line and family.

*Jesus Christ*; *Jesus* signifies *Savior*, verse 21, as did the name of Joshua, which is twice rendered *Jesus*, in Acts vii. 45. Heb. iv. 8; *Christ* signifies the *Anointed*, and answers to the Hebrew *Messiah*; hence the common translation of the name, *Jesus the Christ*. 'The name of Jesus so often added to the name of *Christ* in the New Testament, is not only that Christ might thereby be pointed out as the *Savior*, but also that Jesus might be pointed out as the true *Christ*, or *Messiah*, against the unbelief of the Jews.'

23. *Immanuel—God with us*; the quotation here made from the prophet was originally applied to the times of Ahaz, Isaiah vii. 14; and by the name *Immanuel* was signified the divine interposition in favor of that prince. Thus when Christ came, God was with man in a manner peculiar and more glorious than ever before. As the evangelist has here used a prophetic passage by way of accommodation, or in a secondary sense, it may be well here to remark, that it is by no means our duty to regard all the passages quoted from the Old Testament by the New Testament writers as having had an original application to what they referred or applied them. Campbell substitutes the word *verify*, or *verifying*, for *fulfil*, or *fulfilling*; as 'a declaration of any kind may be said to be *verified* by any incident to which the words can be applied.' When we read such expressions as '*that it might be fulfilled*,' it is not to be understood, as the words seem literally to import, that an event was brought about because it



was predicted by a prophet, but that there was as complete a conformity between the event and the passage quoted as there could be if the event was brought about merely to make good the prediction. In John xix. 24, we read that the Roman soldiers cast lots for the Savior's coat 'that the scripture might be fulfilled;' certainly their object was not to make good a prophetic saying they knew nothing of, nor did the historian intend to assert it.

Chapter ii. verse 1. *Bethlehem of Judea*; a city situated about six miles south of Jerusalem; it was the birth-place of David, and is called Bethlehem of Judea to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in Zebulun. It is in our day the great resort of pilgrims, and highly honored as the birth place of the Prince of peace.

*There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem*; These were *eastern Magians*, philosophers in Asia devoted to the study of astronomy and natural science. Some regard them to have been Jewish proselytes, because they deem it unlikely that a revelation of the birth of the Messiah would so soon be made to any heathen. Others contend they were Arabians, and that they might have drawn the idea that the strange light they saw denoted the birth of a great prince in the land of Judea, from the prediction of their countryman Balaam. Numbers xxiv. 17.

2. *Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.* This was an inquiry made in Jerusalem for knowledge of the birth of an illustrious personage, as they wished to pay him due homage. The homage of prostration signified by the Greek word here rendered *worship*, says Campbell, was, throughout all Asia, paid to kings and other superiors, both by Jews and pagans. When God is the object, the word denotes adoration in the highest sense.

3. *Herod—was troubled*; i. e. lest he should lose his kingdom by the birth of a right heir, as he was an usurper and foreigner.

4. *Chief priests*; by this term in the New Testament is commonly meant, not only those who were and had been high priests, but also the heads of the twenty-four courses, or sacerdotal families, into which the whole priesthood was divided. 1 Chron. xxiv. 6.

*Scribes*; i. e. the men of letters, interpreters of the law and instructors of the people. 'The scribes of the people frequently mentioned in the gospels, were public writers, and professed doctors of the law, which they read and explained to the people.' Compare Matt. xxii. 35, and Mark xii. 28.

11. *Fell down and worshiped him*; i. e. when the wise men, or Magi, came where Jesus was, they paid him the homage of prostration. Gen. xlii. 6.

*They presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.* The eastern people never came into the presence of their princes without gifts to present; and these were the most valuable they could obtain, or that their country afforded. The gifts the wise men brought were such as became them to offer to a royal child.

23. *Called a Nazarene.* Nazareth was a place contemned by the Jews, so that it became a proverb that no good thing can come out from thence. John i. 46. vii. 52. By Jesus being brought to this place, what was spoken of by the prophets was verified in effect. *He shall be called a Nazarene*, i. e. he shall appear in mean circumstances, and be treated with

reproach. Psalm xxii. 6. lxix. 9. Isaiah lii. and liii. Zech. x. 12, 13. The precise words used by Matthew as a quotation, are not to be found in any of the prophets, and it is supposed that 'by the prophets' he meant the general sense of the prophecies, and not particular prophets.

### TO MARY E. B\*\*\*\*.

Original.

SWEET 'blue-eyed Mary,' love's choice blessings on thee!

In weary moments how I yearn for thee;  
How oft in 'lang-syne' days thy smile hath won me  
To drop my book and lift thee to my knee.  
And thou hast taught me, dear angelic creature,  
A richer lesson than the wise divine—  
A sacred lore, that, gilding every feature,  
Steals from thy heart and enters into mine.

Mary! thy name, thy hallowed name will speed thee  
All safely through the toils of dangerous years,  
Or if youth's follies for an hour mislead thee,  
Like Magdalen, thou 'll turn again in tears.  
Come to me, prattler, for my heart is pining  
To hold communion with such truth as thine;  
I long to feel again thine arm close twining  
Around my neck, like some soft clinging vine.

'At dawn, deep noon, and falling eve,' sweet Mary,  
For thee I lift a fervent prayer above—  
That time, however much thy form he vary,  
May leave thy heart its purity and love.  
Deathless affection spreads her mantle round thee,  
For thee the mother weeps, the father prays,—  
O while these richest gifts of heaven surround thee,  
To heaven yield up the sweetness of thy days.

S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

### THE RAMBLE. A FRAGMENT.

BY J. M. AUSTIN.

Original.

By yonder stream

Where beech and elm along the bordering mead  
Send forth wild melody from every bough,  
Together let us wander; where the hills  
Covered with fleeces, to the lowing vale  
Reply; where tidings of content and peace  
Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun,  
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,  
Diffuseth glad repose!

\* \* \* \* RAMBLING on from field to field—  
now plucking a sweet wild-flower which looked  
modestly up, as though conscious that it was  
worthy of admiration and a place in the bouquet—  
anon directing an inquisitive glance into the nest  
of the loquacious bob-o-lincoln, who, meantime,  
was winging its circular flight above, and pouring  
forth with its wonted volubility, a strain which it  
was difficult to interpret, whether as demanding  
praise for its eccentric melody and gaudy plum-  
age, or beseeching the intruder to harm not its



new-fledged brood—now watching with delight the speckled trout, as with meteor-flash he darted from pebbly bank to bank up the silvery rill—anon stooping down to quaff repeated draughts of nature's ambrosial nectar, which ran cool and bubbling by—at length I gained the summit of a lofty elevation. The sun was high in the heavens, and weary with my prolonged saunter, I sought the friendly shade of a neighboring tree, and threw myself down to repose upon the velvet green-sward. A scene of surpassing loveliness presented itself to my view. A broad champaign was spread out before me, chequered over with every varied feature of rural beauty. Here was a field of waving grain, over which the scarcely perceptible breeze wantoned with childish dalliance—there a clustering orchard loaded with its tempting fruit—here wide spread meadows were scattered over with snowy flocks and banqueting herds; there neatly white-washed cottages reposed beneath a cloud of over-hanging vines; while far away, the prospect was closed with the blue mountain, whose indistinct outline seemed blended with the skies! From this Eden vale there came up a thousand commingled sounds of peace and satisfaction. The joyful songs of the reapers—the merry whistle of the plough-boy—the happy shouts of scattered groups of children, as they erected the mimic water-wheel, or launched the tiny ship, or chased the sonorous humble-bee in his mazy flight from butter-cup to daisy, from cowslip to dandelion—the lowing of cattle, the shrill watch-cry of chanticleer, the call of the black-bird, the plaintive and oft-repeated song of the little wren, the hollow drum of the woodcock, the murmur of the stream,—all these mingling together in general harmony, fell upon my ear with a soothing, dreamy melody, that is indescribable!

While gazing upon this beautiful landscape, my mind, as by intuition, arose to Him who had spread it out before me, and painted its fair pictures; and my communing spirit thus embodied its thronging thoughts: 'In contemplating the works of nature—in studying the characteristics of the Divine One, as inscribed upon the productions of his power—who could believe that evil intermingles with his disposition; who could believe that hatred, or malice, or revenge, or any of those base passions which degrade man, could find a resting place in his bosom! As the eye rests upon this lovely scene, rich with heaven's favors, abounding in a profusion of objects to

please the eye, the ear, and the appetite, overflowing with blessings for man, and beast, and fowl and creeping thing, how can the human mind form the conception that its Author cherishes dark and fearful purposes in respect to the workmanship of his own hands?—how can the reasoning soul fail to perceive the indications of his impartial goodness?—how can the susceptible heart avoid the warm promptings of returning gratitude and love! Is it not the abundance, the very exuberance of God's blessings which surround us day by day, and from year to year, that renders our hearts so callous, our susceptibilities so dead, to their testimonials of his goodness, their evidence of his love? Oh! mind of man! how strangely art thou led astray by the passions of thy fleshy tenement, strengthened by the poor wisdom of this world! While dwelling in the midst of scenes of unsurpassed loveliness—while luxuriating upon bounties infinitely surpassing all thy deserts, how astonishing that thy natural promptings should become so thwarted as to educe evil from good, as to persist in attributing to their Author, designs the most dark and terrific!' 'Would,' continued my musing spirit, 'that I could listen to the testimony of some being whose heart had not been hardened by contamination with this cold world—one whose mind had not been biassed, and embittered, and poisoned, by the sophisticated doctrines and narrow systems of men—one who could gaze upon this fair prospect, and with child-like simplicity, declare the impressions which it makes upon his soul—one who——'

My meditations were interrupted by approaching footsteps. On turning my eyes in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld drawing near, a man apparently still in youth, but his face was overspread with the pallor of death, his hair was prematurely grey, and his faltering steps plainly indicated that his limbs had been tasked with unwonted exertion. 'Stranger,' he exclaimed, in accents broken and imperfect, 'pardon this intrusion, and listen to me, for I have much to say. Oh! tell me, where am I?—into what strange world have I entered?—what is the meaning of the ten thousand objects which present themselves to my view? But first learn my brief and melancholy history. In yonder gloomy edifice, whose moss-covered turrets you behold rising beyond the intervening woodland, have I passed all that I know of existence. In a deep and narrow cell, with a dim taper-light



barely sufficient to enable me to behold the utter nakedness and desolation of my contracted prison, have I been incarcerated for some unknown purpose, from the earliest moments of my existence to the present hour. No sound has struck upon my ear amid my awful solitude, save the harsh voice of the unrelenting jailor, as he doled out the scanty pittance of coarsest food which prolonged my wretched life; and with scarcely any other emotion than wonder from whence I came, and why I was in being, have I passed the long and weary years of my confinement—having but an imperfect consciousness of the existence of an outer world, and not the remotest conception of any of its characteristics! But suddenly my prison doors swung open, and I walked forth into a new world, a new existence. Instead of the feeble rays of my prison taper, floods of brilliant light beam upon my weakened vision; instead of the chill and damp and heavy atmosphere of my cell, a bland and elastic air breathes soft and warm upon my brow, and steepens my every sense with ecstasies all unknown before!

Surprise for a moment chained my tongue. My wish, thought I, has been granted; here is a stranger to all the Creator's glorious works, and one, too, whose mind has never been tinctured by the bias of man's narrow sectarian theories! Now let me watch the impressions which are first enstamped upon his soul in regard to the character of that God who is the author of all the loveliness spread out before him. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, he again broke forth in a torrent of inquiries, every word marked with the utmost wonder.

'Look! look! what vast flame is that burning so brightly high up in the air? Who placed it there? who kindled its glowing beams which fall upon my eyes with such blinding intensity, and for what purpose have they have they been lighted?'

'Young man,' I replied, 'I am happy to be able to answer these inquiries. Listen and allow my words to make a deep impression on your mind. Yonder luminary is called the Sun. It has been formed by God, a wise and skillful being, mighty in strength and power, who dwells far, far beyond the reach of mortal sight, in the heaven of heavens; but although in that happy abode he reveals the effulgent glories of his nature, yet his presence is not there confined; unseen, except in his works, he fills immensity of space, he is every where present. He is the

Creator not only of the sun, but of this world, of our bodies, our minds, and of all objects, whether animate or inanimate.'

'But for what purpose did he kindle up that immense fire, which you call the sun?' he exclaimed.

'He caused its beams to shine,' was my response, 'to give light, and warmth, and beauty, for the enjoyment of his creatures. Had he not made that sun and allowed its beams to fall upon us, we should have been involved in a darkness far more palpable and blinding than you experienced in your gloomy prison—an atmosphere would have surrounded us more chilling than that which accompanies the severest Siberian winter; the earth would have been barren and sterile, and the existence of a living thing could not have been prolonged for an hour. But to prevent these manifold evils—to give light to direct us, and warmth to cheer us, and to cause the earth to put forth her rich stores of blessings, did he light its flame. Yea, more than this, look through this prism. What do you behold?'

'I behold every variety of color diverging from a common centre, each by itself, separate and distinct.'

'These are the colors which the Creator has collected, commingled, and embodied, in the light of the sun. And he evidently made this provision solely to add to the pleasure of man, by giving beauty to the objects he has formed; for did the rays of light possess but one color, it would then have answered every practical purpose, but all objects around us would present one and the same dull, lifeless, monotonous hue. To obviate this uninteresting sameness, he has infused every conceivable variety of color into the sun's glorious light; and to this wise and beneficent forethought are we indebted for the carnation which dyes the cheek of woman, the beautiful robes of the rose and the lily, and all the loveliness of hue which adorns the workmanship of God's hands!'

'What a wise being this God must be of which you have spoken! And surely he must also be good. How benevolent, how kind in him, thus to have formed that sun, and cause it to become the source of so many blessings; how much affectionate solicitude for our welfare does it exhibit, thus to sustain its flame so constantly in the heavens, and allow it from day to day to bestow so many advantages and enjoyments upon us. And how peculiarly does it indicate his love that he should take so much pains to constitute



the sunlight in such manner as to beautify and adorn the objects presented to our sight !'

'But,' he continued, 'my amazement is yet unabated ; I behold around me unnumbered objects of wonder ! Shall I still continue my inquiries ?'

'Most assuredly, I rejoined ; 'speak freely, and so far as my knowledge extends, I will as freely enlighten you.'

'What are those slender spires in yonder field, which, with bending heads, wave in the passing breeze ? what round objects are those, blushing with commingled rosy and golden hues, which load the trees and bend their branches to the earth ? for what purpose is this beautiful carpet of green spread out wide over field and meadow, hill and valley ? why does this little stream run and leap along its channel with a gurgling, sonorous sound, now whirling in an embosoming eddy, now rushing down some mimic cataract ? what beautiful productions are these scattered around, in which every color seems to strive to put forth its brightest hue ; the red, the golden, the purple, the white, the crimson, the green, all mingling freshly and harmoniously together ? and O, this fragrance, this delicious fragrance which perfumes the air, and which I inhale with the most delightful sensations, from whence does it proceed, and why is it infused so copiously into the atmosphere ? Every living thing around me, too, seems to possess an enjoyment for which I cannot account ; why do yonder herds repose so quietly upon the sloping hill-side, or beneath the shady tree, or stand calmly and drowsily knee deep in the rushing stream ? why do those snowy lambs gambol from knoll to knoll with such apparent glee ; why do these thousand birds skip sprightly from branch to branch, or swift-winged skim the air, while pouring forth such rich, euphonic strains of melody, such a universal chorus of rich sounds ? Tell me the object, the cause, of all these things !'

'How much have you yet to learn of the Creator and his works !' was my response. 'Know that all these things have been formed by the same mighty Being who made yonder sun. His numerous creatures are all subject to the sensation of hunger, and without sustenance they could not exist. To supply this want, to gratify this unhappy sensation, he caused yonder production, which is denominated grain, to shoot in abundance from the earth, to become food for man—food which would gratify his appetite, and impart

the pleasing sensations of health to his body. But it was not enough for the Creator barely to give food to sustain the existence of men ; he desired to impart pleasurable sensations to them ; and with him who possesses all power, to *desire* is to *design*, to *design* is to *accomplish*—and lo ! he caused yon trees to become loaded with that blushing and luxurious fruit which has attracted your attention—not to sustain life, but solely to gratify the taste ; he bade those flowers which you so much admire, to come up from the earth, and with the skill of the master Artist curved them in every variegated form, and dyed them with all those gorgeous hues for no other reason but to please man's sight—and taught them to breathe forth their aromatic fragrance upon the lambent air, simply to impart pleasurable emotions to our inhaling sense ! Nor has he forgotten the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air. This green, far-stretching carpet, is composed of tender grass, and juicy herbage, with which God has clothed earth's surface, to be a rich and continued banquet for the flocks by day, and a soft and sweet couch for their repose when night's dewy shade envelopes the world. But both man and beast are often parched with burning thirst. Has the bountiful giver provided no supply for this want ? Behold, with his wonted care, he has opened a bubbling fountain, cool, and fresh, and pure, at the foot of that far distant mountain ; and lest all could not conveniently approach it, he has led its clear stream gently along in graceful meanderings, throughout the entire length of this elysian valley, that all may come and drink its cooling beverage and be satisfied ! These are some of the provisions which nature's God has furnished for the support and enjoyment of his creatures. And their influence upon those who partake are manifest. The cattle recline at ease, and 'chew the meditative cud' in peace, because they have feasted to repletion on the food their Creator kindly placed before them. The innocent lambs frolic around their timid yet affectionate dams, because he who dwells high in heaven has condescendingly stooped to supply all their little wants, and caused a full flow of enjoyment to thrill through their tender frames. The liquid strains of melody which strike so charmingly upon the ear, are hymns of gratitude and praise expressed by airy songsters in nature's own sweet notes, in thankfulness to the beloved One whose eye so carefully watches over them, that not one of the least of their number falls un-



noticed to the ground, and whose hand scatters so profusely and impartially those thousand minute seeds and atoms, which abundantly supply all their wants !

Ceasing to speak, I cast my eyes upon my strange inquirer, and beheld wonder, surprise, admiration, depicted upon his countenance. 'Is it possible !' he exclaimed, after musing for a moment ; 'is it possible that all these blessings, all these means for the support of living creatures, all these countless sources of enjoyment, have been provided by one and the same Being ? Is it possible that he has been so peculiarly and abundantly kind, as to provide not only what is necessary to support the existence of his creatures, but of his own accord, entirely unsolicited, to superadd so many beauties, so many luxuries, for their gratification and happiness ? And does he ask no remuneration, does he demand no reward for all he has done for his creatures ?'

'It is all possible,' was my answer, 'it is all certain ; your eyes see, your ears hear, your senses realize, that all these things are both possible and certain ! They are all the gift of one God. He asks no pay, no reward for his blessings—for they are gifts ! and in the fullness of his resources, it is even more grateful to him to give, than for us to receive. All the return he requires of his intelligent beings, is gratitude and thankfulness. And now allow me to inquire what are your impressions of the character of this bountiful Giver ? Do not these surrounding objects betoken hatred and evil in his nature ? do not all the blessings he thus daily lavishes on his creatures, indicate that he harbors malicious and cruel designs towards them ? do they not clearly prove that he will one day pour out a never ceasing storm of wrath and fury upon those who now rejoice in his smiles ? Do they not'—

'Hold !' he impatiently responded ; 'why these fearful inquiries, these unjust, ungrateful, wicked suspicions ? You cannot be serious in uttering them. I answer you No ! no ! I see no indications of this character—but all that I behold teaches me another lesson. The lovely prospect before me, teeming with life and animation, with beauty and enjoyment—the numerous indications of a paramount, unvarying purpose in the Creator to bless his offspring to which you have directed my attention, are to my mind the most convincing evidences of his goodness ! And O how great, how infinite, how impartial, must that goodness be, which pours delight in

copious streams into the hearts of its objects ! How much benevolence, how much kindness and love must he cherish towards those who are dependent upon him, in causing them thus 'to live, and move, and have their being,' in the midst of his manifold blessings. Surely that unchangeable God of love who follows man with an overflowing goodness all his days—yea, who reaches down to warm with his beneficence the smallest, meanest reptile he has formed, can cherish none other than the most holy, benevolent and merciful designs, towards that intelligent race whom he has so honored as to create in his own divine image ! I feel the flame of gratitude and love kindling in my soul toward this great and good Being. O that I might behold him ! that I might fall before him in adoration and praise ! that I might express unto him the deep thankfulness of my heart in allowing me to come forth amid this beautiful scene, and in permitting me to obtain a knowledge of his great goodness, his loving kindness ! O that men would forever throw aside all their sinful doubts and suspicions respecting the extent and duration of his love, and be willing to entrust to his keeping and disposal the destiny of their race !' \* \* \*

I started up from my grassy couch—my visitant had disappeared—night's shadows were gathering around. Reader, the gentle hum arising up from the valley, had lulled me into sleep, and my interview with the stranger was all a dream. But to me it was an instructive dream. May it not be less to you.

Danvers, Mass.

#### LABOR PERFORMED BY FEMALES.

Original.

I HAVE been pleased to perceive by an article in a Philadelphia paper, that a memorial has been circulated in that city for signatures, the object of which is to petition the Legislature to grant an act of incorporation to a manufacturing and clothing establishment, to be exclusively designed for the benefit of poor and industrious females who may have no other regular means of support.

Every thing that concerns the welfare of the female portion of the community must be interesting to the benevolent mind. It is not generally known how many destitute women there are, some of them with families to support, who have not the means of procuring even an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. Poverty is



the author of more degradation among the humbler classes of women than is generally known ; but we are inexcusable if we do not seek out misfortune in its lowly abode. We may write very prettily about the mercy and love of our Father in heaven ; we may express ourselves in the smoothest manner possible, and extol the benevolence which has covered our earth with beauty, but we are strangers to the genius of Universalism if we do not descend into the haunts of misery, though vice may dwell there too, and hold converse with those who are trampled upon by the wise and the great of this world. The Redeemer in whom we profess to believe, never sought a seat at the tables of the rich ; he was never a parasite who flattered the pride of the great. It was his meat and his drink to do the will of his Father in heaven ; and that will was exemplified in raising the lowly, in binding up the broken heart, and in preaching the gospel to the poor.

There is no portion of the poor which has higher claims on our attention than indigent females. Many employments open to men are closed to them. The numerous facilities that are afforded for masculine enterprise, render it comparatively easy for poor men to procure employment ; but how shall a lonely widow thrust herself forward ? How many obstacles lie in her way ; and how can she carve out a path for herself, when the present age is so fastidious in respect to the retiring modesty necessary to the female character. Because woman is strong to suffer, she seldom complains until driven to the last extremity ; and even then the proud and the heartless can find some fault in her language or her appearance, unused as she is to business, which affords them an excuse for closing their hearts against her.

We daily meet with a great deal in the journals of the day in praise of women ; and many writers are loudest in their plaudits who care not how great are the sufferings of the sex so much extolled by words, and so much injured in fact.

Beautiful women, talented women—especially if they are wealthy—receive the meed of praise ; while those whom nature has not endowed with personal charms, and who are surrounded by want, and who, perhaps, hear their children crying for bread, are left alone in their helplessness, are wholly neglected or despised. If they procure employment, how are they paid ! How does it happen that in a civilized land, the gentle

sex, the weak who are unable to protect themselves, are turned off with a miserable pittance for performing the same amount of labor which is performed by men, and for which the latter receive liberal wages. Is woman to be trampled upon because she is not beautiful, because she has not learned to express her words with affected precision, and because she knows nothing of the frivolous accomplishments that show so well on the surface of character, while all within is vulgar, unintellectual, and unfeeling ?

I am glad to perceive that one individual has at length begun to *act* upon this subject ; that he has opened his heart and his purse for the relief of suffering women, and is about to rear a fabric for their special benefit. I hope that it will be the means of snatching hundreds of poor females from ruin, by furnishing them with a plenty of employment and with good wages. The poor widow who hears her children cry for bread, is more to be pitied than censured, if she seeks to supply their wants with the wages of sin. Yet it is to this extremity that such women have been driven. It avails nothing to say that every person who is industrious and prudent can obtain a livelihood in this country. Such may be the case with a majority of our poor men ; but such cannot be the case with indigent females. The extremely low price at which their services are estimated would alone prevent them from earning a comfortable support, even if they were continually supplied with work.

I know that this is a homely subject ; but let it be borne in mind that the sorrows of our fellow creatures, at least many of them which may be relieved, are homely subjects. It is not in the gilded saloon that we can hear the cry of human misery ; it is not among the butterflies of fashion that we are called upon to perform our duties as men and as christians. The favor of the great or the patronage of the wealthy will not constitute us the followers of him who had not where to lay his head. Duty calls us into the cabins of the poor, the abode of disease, poverty, and squalid misery ; and it is in vain that we make profession of Universalism, while we do not show by our deeds that we have been with Jesus.

Let us see what can be done for poor females in this part of the country, not by enacting laws to punish their errors and crimes, but by reaching forth the hand of benevolence to raise them above those errors and those crimes ; and let us



bear in mind that unless we do good to the worthy and the unworthy, to the base as well as the noble, we are not worthy to be called the children of our heavenly Father, who sendeth his sun and his rain upon the just and the unjust.

Boston, Mass.

BENEVOLENCIA.

### THE SPIRIT'S JOY.

Original.

MR. EDITOR :—Should you deem the following Hymn worthy of a place in the Repository, an insertion of it would probably afford comfort to many into whose hands it may fall. It was referred to by the late Mrs. Raymond, whose decease I have noticed, in another article ; and who, in her last moments, derived such unspeakable consolation and support from a firm faith in 'the common salvation.' The hymn breathes throughout the very spirit and triumph which filled the soul of this amiable and excellent woman, at the solemn moment, when the world, and all she held dear in it, were fast fading before her vision, and she felt herself rapidly sinking into the embraces of death. The value of such a frame of mind, at such a time, is truly incalculable. In comparison with it, 'rubies, and the gold of Ophir,' yea, the choicest of sublunary possessions, and, indeed, the whole beautiful world in which we live, become mere baubles.

S. S.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,  
Jesus, to hear thy name ;  
My spirit leaps with inward joy ;  
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,  
When love inspires my breast,  
Love, the divinest of the train,  
The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
Must sound from every joyful string  
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay ;  
Let love refine my blood ;  
Her flame can bear my soul away,  
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,  
And hasten to my home ;  
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,  
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,  
Let sin and death remove ;  
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,  
And death must yield to love.

He is sufficiently well learned that knows how to do well, and has power enough to refrain from evil.

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.

Wisdom adorns riches and shadows poverty.

### THE MISSIONARY.

Original.

SCENE I.

It was a tropic island—beautiful Owhyhee. The sun set upon the waters as upon a bed of roseate crystal, and the soft, spicy breezes flitted along through the fields of cane, like invisible angels, thrilling small harp-strings in their flight, and taking upon their wings the crimson rays of evening as they passed, then shaking them off with a shower of tiny diamonds—rich offerings to the flowers and thirsty earth.

Ada Carlton was dying. Her slender frame reclined upon a couch, her head upon her husband's breast. A beautiful Owhyhee maid knelt beside her. The room was decorated with the richest of tropic flowers, and the air almost dense with their fragrance.

'Miaki, sweet sister, lift the curtain, if you please, that I may look once more upon the beautiful earth. It is a blessed hour to die. Oh, Grenville, think you my spirit will not pass more blissfully away on these golden airs ? It seems quite as though heaven had come down to meet me. Why will ye weep, my loved ones ?'

'Ada ! Ada ! I have done this. I took you from a happy home—tender parents—all the refinements and luxuries of a civilized land, and brought you to this barbarous isle to—die ! Oh beloved, forgive me !'

The sweet bride lifted up her dark blue eyes with an expression of tender reproach. 'Grenville, why will you wound my heart with regrets like these ? Have I not ever declared myself happier a thousand times in the midst of the toils and privations of my missionary life, than I ever had been in my northern home ? Believe and treasure my dying words, beloved—happiness is found most unalloyed in the path of difficult duty. 'He that loveth father or mother more than me,' said our Master, 'is not worthy of me.' You have rendered my lot tenfold blest, dear Grenville ; I shall be better fitted to reward your love in heaven than I have been here. Why grieve that you brought me here ? Was it not my own heart's choice ? What were any other land to me, if *thou* wert not there ? Oh I have been so happy here, feeling that I was doing service to my fellow mortals, and above all, mitigating thy toils, and brightening thy lonely hours ! Heaven bless thee, and send thee a Comforter when I am gone.' 'There is *one* pang in death, *one only*—leaving thee !' Miaki hid her face in the folds of the



ceuch, and wept passionately. Ada pressed her hand. 'Miaki, thou art making my spirit less willing. Wilt not thou be a guardian angel to my husband in his lonely griefs? Watch over his health—breathe peace into his heart—repeat to him some of the sweet gospel lessons that he has taught thee, and urge him on in his holy toils by thine own beautiful example.'

The maiden did not lift her head, but the rich blood stole over her olive cheek and graceful neck, not unobserved by Ada's watchful eye. She turned it from Miaki to her husband.

'Grenville!'

He bent his lips to her brow. 'Grenville, promise not to grieve for me long. Forget your sorrow in devotion to the cause of heaven. There are many here to love you, when I am gone. Take care of Miaki. She has been more than a sister to me—she is an orphan, without a home—without friends, save you. Oh Grenville, if you only knew what is in my heart!'

Miaki fixed on her a most imploring look, and again buried her head. The missionary sighed heavily, and kissed the pale brow that rested on his bosom. A long silence followed. The spirit was preparing for its change, its glorious and mysterious change. The sunlight had disappeared from the sky, and the radiant stars of the tropics were stealing out one by one over all the cloudless heavens. The beautiful singing birds of the island had gathered upon the branches of the young tamarinds that grew beneath the windows, and were calling the spirit away on strains of the most bewitching melody. Surely, as Ada said, it was a blessed hour to die!

They who watched in such bitter agony the countenance of the dying bride, saw that the eye was fading away into a dreamy haze—that the heart beat slower and slower, and that the lips were gathering more rigidly over the pearly teeth.

'Ada! Ada!' exclaimed the missionary, pressing her to his heart, as though to detain by physical strength the life that was departing forever from the earth; 'Ada! Ada! speak to me once more—tell me I may follow thee!'

She heard the voice, opened her eyes brightly for a moment, smiled, moved her colorless lips, and then—all was gone! Ada was but dust!

#### SCENE II.

Beneath a group of beautiful palms, glimmered a white tombstone in the light of an autumnal

moon. It was upon the sea-shore. The waves dashing fitfully upon the hollow rocks, sent a mournful and subduing melody to the ears of Miaki. She was kneeling upon the mound that covered the remains of the beautiful Ada. The moonbeams fell upon her sylph-like figure and upturned countenance—her clasped hands and soul-filled eyes, making her appear like the embodiment of some exiled divinity pleading for restoration to the stars.

Her soul gushed forth in words, low and soft, yet distinct as the voice of a sky-lark, when winging his way to the clouds. More and more earnest did she become, till she seemed to have forgotten that there were any other beings in the universe than herself and the Deity she addressed. But there was one—a mortal too—who listened to her prayer, as though it embodied the only words of life and hope left to him upon earth. It was the missionary. He had been weeping upon his Ada's grave till the fountains of his heart had no waste waters longer for tears; then, in returning to his desolate home, had thrown himself upon the ground beneath one of the palms, and remained to become an involuntary auditor to a prayer for his own peace.

'Father of christians! Father of the universe, hear me! Let me pour forth my heart to thee ere it break with its griefs. Let me pray for him I love—for him who has brought me unto thee, in humility and love. O give him peace, and strength, and hope. Save him ere he perish! Increase his faith in thy goodness—reconcile him to thy dispensations—send unto him the Comforter. Oh Father! hear me for myself. Help me to subdue this strange idolatry of my heart, this sinful and sorrowful love that would lead it away from thee. Its curse is upon me, it eateth upon my vitals, it is hopeless, heedless, agonizing! Help, Lord, or I perish!'

The missionary rose and sought her side. She shrieked upon beholding him, and fell to the earth. He raised her in his arms, knelt with her upon the green turf, and solemnly invoking the presence of his sainted Ada, and the witness of the High God, vowed to fulfill the dying wish of his bride, and devote his future days to the service of heaven and the happiness of Miaki. He remained gazing upon the bright sky till he seemed to have witnessed the registering of his vow, then rising with the bewildered maiden, linked her arm in his, and led her home.



SCENE III.

The morning sun shone brightly through the branches of the tamarinds, and fell upon a group of beautiful children clustered about Miaki's knees. Her husband stood fondly playing with her curls. She held the bible in her hand, and was reading them the 'sermon on the Mount.'

One little bright-eyed girl stood leaning her elbow on her teacher's knee, and gazing up into her face with devout earnestness, till she read the verse, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.'

'The christians do not so,' she exclaimed. 'Last evening when my poor mother was sick and hungry, I begged of a missionary's wife bread for her supper. She refused me, and said she had none to spare. I went to one of our own people, and Altiah gave me all I wished. Why do not the christians do as their Master told them?'

Miaki did not reply. She lifted her eyes to her husband and sighed. 'Miaki,' said he, 'that is a sad question to be asked of us. Why, indeed, do not christians follow the precepts and practice of their Master? Because, Miaki, they do not correctly understand his doctrines. When he tells them to be perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect, they turn to their creeds, and learn there that God will leave the heathen to perish utterly; that he hates and will never forgive his enemies, and a thousand other notions more vile than paganism. Now if they would but believe what Jesus tells them, that God causes the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends his rain upon the just and the unjust, do you think they would imitate him by refusing succor to the afflicted? O, Miaki, I sometimes think it would have been better for me to have taken a *home-mission*, and reformed the christians before coming to convert the heathen.'

'O, say not so, Grenville. What should I have been now?'

'And I?' 'And I?' exclaimed several of the children, clinging to his hands.

'Does, then, the God of the christians forgive those who hate him?' inquired the bright-eyed little one.

'Yes, Wyhemee; he loves all mankind, and forgives all who do wrong.'

'Then I ought to forgive Oharie for destroying my roses; come, Oharie, let me kiss you,' and the little creature threw her arms about the

young offender's neck, and kissed her as fondly as though no injury had ever been received.

'God will be good to you for this kindness, Wyhemee,' said Oharie, softly, wiping off the tears of joy and gratitude that moistened her cheeks. 'God will be good to you for this.'

Miaki turned to her husband. Tears of love were in his eyes. She rose and threw herself upon his bosom, exclaiming, 'Heaven bless you forever, Grenville, that you left your own beloved home to teach me a faith so precious as this!'

'Miaki,' he replied, 'tenfold be those blessings on your head, for devoting your youth and talents to the practical ministry of its holiest spirit. And Jesus bless these little children who are receiving his precepts into their hearts, and so beautifully exemplifying them in their lives; "blessed," indeed, "are the pure in heart; they see God."'

S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

UNIVERSALISM TRIUMPHANT IN  
DEATH.

BY REV. S. STREETER.

Original.

It has often been said, that a belief in the salvation of all men will do to live by, but not to die by. This faith, it has been thought, may suffice very well for the more sunny seasons of life, those of health and prosperity; but when sickness and adversity come, and more especially, when the great waster approaches and demands his victim, it will tremble and give way.

Such an opinion has heretofore prevailed very extensively in the religious world, and many cling to it with singular tenacity even at the present day. The utter groundlessness of this notion has been proved times almost without number, by an appeal to the nature of the case, to argument, and to the testimonies of revelation; but still the prejudices of some are so inveterate that nothing short of ocular demonstration can possibly subdue them.

They will not be satisfied with the solemn asseverations of those who have often witnessed the sustaining influence of this faith in those trying extremities, and in whose word they would, without hesitancy, confide with respect to any other matter, even of the gravest interest. They must repeatedly stand by the bedside of a dying believer in the salvation of all, and see for themselves that his faith supports, and soothes, and



gives him triumph, before they can admit that such a thing is possible.

But the friends of this most holy faith have abundant cause of thankfulness to God, that in this community those misguided and doubting minds are furnished with multiplied instances of such triumphs. Quite a number have recently occurred, one of which I shall briefly notice in this article.

I refer to the case of Mrs. Caroline L. Raymond, wife of Mr. T. R. Raymond of this city, who departed this life on the 14th of March last, aged nineteen years. Destined to a short career in the world, the powers of her mind, which seems to have been constitutionally of a contemplative and inquisitive cast, were early developed. They reached a state of maturity at a period of life very rare even in females. Blest with a temper prominently marked by mildness and equanimity, and a disposition remarkably sweet and confiding, she was admirably qualified to fill with propriety every sphere in which Providence called her to move. To the character of the child, the sister, the wife, the mother, the friend and the christian, she did equal honor.

At the age of about seventeen, she was married to Mr. Raymond, the fruit of which union was one daughter and a son, the former thirteen months, and the latter only ten days old at the time of her decease.

But in the midst of these and many other tender associations and ties, her Savior called for her, and this lovely woman, surrounded by almost every charm and prospect which can bind the human heart to the scenes of the present world, resigned up her life, with all its endearments and hopes, without a single murmur or complaint.

Mrs. Raymond had been educated in the Calvinistic Baptist faith, and felt for it, no doubt, the kind regard and veneration which are common in such cases. Her husband, however, was a devoted Universalist; and this circumstance, it would seem, led her to examine with care the claims of this belief upon herself. The consequence was, she shortly became a firm and happy believer in the salvation of all men through the mediation of Jesus. This filled the measure of her felicity. The adoption of this faith it must be remembered, was the result of her own investigations.

No restraints were imposed upon her. She was allowed freely to choose her place of public worship, and no particular exertions were made

to effect a change in her religious opinions. She preferred to attend her husband's meeting, and the great and blessed change of which I have spoken took place.

And now came the trial of her new faith, the time to know whether it would, or would not, sustain her in the day of affliction, and on the near approach of death. For something more than a week after the birth of her second child, she was quite comfortable, and her friends greatly encouraged, when she began rapidly to falter, and shortly her case became alarming and even hopeless.

All which kindness and the best medical advice could effect was done; but to no purpose. The fell destroyer had marked her for his victim. She herself was aware that, in all probability, her end was near.

And what was the state of her mind and feelings at this solemn moment? Did her faith lose any of its sustaining and soothing power? Was she distressed by doubts and fears? Had she any misgivings of conscience that she had renounced the dogma of interminable misery, and embraced the faith 'of the common salvation'?

Was she afraid or unwilling to die? Did she find that her newly espoused faith was less adapted to her wants in the hour of death than amid the scenes of life? In a word, did she find that a belief in God as her Father and Savior, and the Father and Savior of her race, would not do to die by?

No, kind reader, the facts of her case were the very reverse of these. She was perfectly ready and willing to die. In her view, death, and the destinies of eternity had no terrors. They had been reft of their repulsive aspect, and of all that could inspire alarm and dread, by the power of her faith.

She looked them in the face without a discomposing emotion. A deep sorrow had taken hold of her husband and other friends who surrounded her bed. They were overwhelmed with anguish.

But not so the dying sufferer herself. A smile of complacency beamed from her waning eye, and played sweetly upon her countenance. All within her appeared serene and bright as a morning without a cloud—calm and placid as the ocean unruffled by a breeze, resting peacefully without a ripple upon its bosom. The devotion of her soul seemed to have neutralized the



pains which were so rapidly wasting her bodily strength.

O what moral sublimity and grandeur, what a soul-subduing inspiration in such a spectacle? What heart could resist its power? After witnessing such a triumph of our faith, what tongue could repeat the groundless assertion that a belief in Universalism cannot sustain its subjects at the hour of death?

Here was a dying Universalist, in the very vigor of her days, in the full possession of her senses, surrounded by wealth, by a doting husband, by children of tender age, by father and mother, by all, indeed, which could give force to the charms of the present life; and still she was self-collected and calm, perfectly resigned to give up all and go home to her Savior.

If such a faith will not do both to live and to die by, can we form a conception of one that would? This leads to certain victory and triumph. It makes us 'more than conquerors through him that hath loved us and given himself for us.' To the possessor of it there is truly 'peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' during the fluctuations of life, and at the all-absorbing moment of death.

But is it certain that it was a belief in the eventual salvation of all men, which imparted to this excellent woman the resignation and peace which so prominently marked her last moments? Of this there can be no doubt. But a few hours before her exit, she stated the fact to her parents, who, as has been intimated, were of an opposite belief, and told them distinctly, and in the presence of many others, that she wished to make this statement to them herself, that there might be no mistake respecting her religious views after she was no more.

She was careful to add, moreover, that she thought she should have been very miserable, had she been left to believe differently. And as a proof that she had subdued the prejudices of her education, and risen above their dominion, it may be remarked, that at the time of making the foregoing avowal of her faith she requested to have her children formally dedicated to God—a service to which the Baptists, in whose opinions she had been educated, are strongly opposed, and which is practised, I believe, only by Universalists.

But I must bring this article to a close. The instance here referred to, is only one among the many of a similar character which have occurred,

and are constantly transpiring around us. Let those, therefore, who have any doubts with respect to the sustaining and comforting power of our faith at the close of life, go frequently and commune with the dying subjects of it; and like Thomas of old, they will find their scruples all removed.

May God direct them to this happy result, and richly pour down the spirit of consolation upon the surviving companion, the little ones, the connexions, and the numerous friends of the worthy sister whose virtues and triumphant faith are here imperfectly recorded.

*Boston, Mass.*

### REFLECTIONS ON A MOTHER'S DEATH.

*Original.*

If tears, and emotions of bitter grief—expressions of sorrow too strong for earthly power to suppress, are ever admissible to their full extent, it is at the death-bed of a virtuous mother. Impressive scenes pass before us—life's visions fading with the wasting form, tie after tie breaking asunder, associations of thrilling interest rushing in from the past upon the minds of the waiting group around; fond looks, low whispers, expressive signs, watchings of the pulse and breath, till the flame of life flickers and goes out in silence and in peace! Then the outbreakings of grief, its ebbings and flowings, and the subdued decorum, the noiseless movements that follow, these are death-room scenes; sad scenes—and yet their sadness may be turned into joy.

How? By knowing that it is not only a mother's death, but a christian's victory! I have just witnessed such a scene, and it is yet before me, where death's sadness was overspread with the beauty and loveliness of christian faith—where the grave had no terror, death no sting; where amid the sighs and tears of living mourners, the serene countenance of the christian is lighted up with immortal hope; and where, as if in defiance of the tyrant king, not even a look of fear or repining can be traced. Such, thought I, is the death of the righteous.

'— Night dews fall not more gently, nor  
Do weary, worn out winds expire so soft.'

When other members of the family group are taken away—the kind father, the fond brother or sister—if the faithful mother shall remain, with her wisdom and love to counsel and direct, the loss seems not so heavy to be borne. But when the lot falls on the best of all, and she whose lips



first spake peace to the infant spirit, and whose affection has never grown cold, departs—here is a wound that earthly skill cannot heal. There is nothing in this wide world like a mother's love; and there is no event of more grievous import than a virtuous mother's death.

And yet, why grievous? Mothers cannot live here forever. The strongest ties in the family circle must be sundered; the path must be left for others who come after to walk in. All die; and if all, why not mothers? Cold reasoning we know, but yet true. Let us take a brighter side. Are not the associations connected with our past friendships among the dearest of all on earth? and when the friends of our heart are gone, do not these associations linger around, blessing us, and making our hearts more pure and holy? Do we not love to live in their influence, and rejoice in their bliss? Yea. Then if all friends must go, and the mother is to be numbered among them, is it not a wise ordination of heaven that her sweet, sacred, subduing influence is felt with the children—that her undying friendship is cherished and kept ever burning on the altar of the soul? Who but God could have caused a mother's influence thus to live, long after her earthly form has faded away? Ah, it is the work of that love seen in the mellowing glory that streams abroad in the heavens long after the orb of day has gone down in the west. Yet moral splendor is 'above the brightness of the sun.' And when the christian mother dies, her moral beauty gladdens the earth below, and causes the redeemed above to rejoice; because no holier being enters the region of 'cherubim and seraphim' from beneath the portals of the sky! \* \* \*

Reader, have you a fond mother? If you ever stand at her bedside when she bids the earth adieu, you will afterwards look back on that scene as one of the most eventful of your existence. May God prepare you to abide it.

Malden, Mass.

J. G. A.

### ROMANCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Original.

In defence of fictitious histories, or works of romance, Blair quotes the sentiment of Lord Bacon: 'He observes very ingeniously, that the objects of this world, and the common train of affairs which we observe going on in it, do not fill the mind, nor give it entire satisfaction. We

seek for something that shall expand the mind in a greater degree; we seek for more heroic and illustrious deeds, for more diversified and surprising events, for a more splendid order of things,' &c.

Now the human mind gives form and consistency to these aspirations, and in the most unnatural romances there is always much that 'breathes more of heaven than of earth.' We are told on reading a romance, that the author has made his hero perfect; that he has endued him with a combination of graces and of splendid qualities, such as never met in one man; and that, therefore, the tale is strained and unnatural. Yet the human mind is to be honored, and not blamed, which can conceive of this splendid order of things, and which pants for such glories as our world has not exhibited since our sorrowing parents went forth desolate from Eden, to seek an asylum without its happy bowers. The romance of our day appears to be principally confined to literature. We have a great many works filled with surprising incidents, wonderful escapes, generous deeds, and love cemented by bravery and magnanimous disinterestedness. But among our forefathers, the case was different. They then enacted what we write about. During the dark ages men sought to perform gallant deeds, and those who could not even read, could win glory and deathless fame. The same impulse which induced them to fight, induces us to gild the popular page with love story and high exploit. That was a barbarous age when people's minds could not be amused but by the actual shedding of human blood. Now we can convey the *idea* on paper, and it answers the same purpose at a much cheaper rate; both spring from that immortal principle in man—the desire for something higher, greater, nobler than earth affords. Among the warlike and demi-barbarous people of the middle ages, cause for war was easily found; but as if this was not sufficient, the enterprise of Peter the Hermit, whom we now regard as a raving fanatic, received the hearty approval of prince and people; and the rush of horsemen, the dancing of the plumes, and the glitter of steel were seen on the plains of Palestine, while all Europe threw its soul into the ranks of the crusaders. Here was romance enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic of earth's erring children. Here the noble, the rich, and the poor, threw away their lives like dross, until the blessed emblem of our faith waved over one



immense charnel house, and the smoke of human blood went up in clouds to heaven.

That mind must be blind indeed, which does not see in all this something more than mere nature teaches. This love of romance—and what is more bewitching to the mind that has not become wholly wedded to mammon than romantic story?—proves that we are designed for something higher than our present existence affords. And it does not in the least change the argument, that there are some men who are not capable of being warmed by high wrought tales of fiction. The romance, the unearthly principle has only assumed a different shape in them. Take the miser, for instance. Tales of glory and of love may be distasteful to him; but his romance is shown in his attachment to gold and silver. Can any one pretend that the fervid love with which he regards his coin is such as that coin naturally inspires? So far from that, he deprives himself of those advantages which would spring from its natural use. There is nothing in the virtues of the coin which can inspire such veneration, such idolatry, so far beyond its worth. Although he can only become benefited by parting with it, yet he holds on upon every cent as if it were to be the companion of his destiny throughout eternity. This is more than natural. This is the miser's romance. All those immortal energies designed to be engaged in a higher and a nobler cause, are tied down and prostituted to gold and silver. The romance exists in the heart of the miser; It is only that the object of his regard differs from that of the young and poetical mind. This principle of romance consists in giving a fictitious value to earthly and finite things—in enrobing perishable things with an immortal garment; but this garment does not fit them, and we ridicule one another for their monomania, while we may perhaps have a failing of the same kind, but branching out in another direction.

In fine, what can be thought of the man who places all his affections, hopes, and desires, upon any thing earthly? Have not those who have arrived at the highest dignities at which they aimed, acknowledged that the fruition has been like bitter ashes, and that they had spent their money for that which is not bread? This has been because, while they have rendered unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, they have not rendered unto God the things which are God's. They have given away those powers which naturally belong to the truth as it is in

Jesus, for the accomplishment of their earthly wishes; they have sold their high and holy birth-right for a mess of pottage. It is not strange that a false gilding is put upon sublunary things when the powers of the immortal mind are concentrated upon temporal matters—when the mortal puts on immortality, when the robe of angels is thrown over the nakedness of perishable joys. This is the reason that people love the world beyond its deservings—it is thus that we carve unto ourselves gods and worship them in the place of the everlasting Jehovah.

BETHA.

Boston, Mass.

### THE BANNER OF LOVE.

Original.

*'He brought me to the banqueting house,  
And his banner over me was love.'*

SOLOMON'S SONG.

O, SERAPHIM! Seraphim! stoop from your chamber,  
And lend me a lute whose soft wires are strung  
With blossoms from vines that in bright bowers clam-  
ber,

Where minstrel-nymphs warble as ne'er mortal sung!  
This frail harp of rushes with prairie-flowers braided,  
Alas! hath no chord but too harshly would move,  
To warble the song of my spirit while shaded,

Beneath the broad flame of the banner of love!  
The far-streaming banner, the life-beaming banner,  
Immanuel's banner—the banner of love.

When the day-star of boyhood was spreading her pin-  
ion,

And bathing her plumage in hope's welling fount,  
The eye of my spirit beheld that dominion,  
Reserved for the ransomed in God's holy mount.  
And amain sorrow sprang, like a cat-o'-the-mountain,  
Through the frost-work of pleasure wild fancy had  
wove,

But she sunk in the bosom of Lethe's dark fountain,  
When o'er me came streaming the banner of love!  
The rose-tinted banner, the peace-printed banner,  
Immanuel's banner—the banner of love.

O, chill were this heart had it not on that morning,  
When youth's scintillations were mantling my cheek,  
Been wrapped in the folds of this soft silken awning,

Where earth's fitful zephyrs ne'er come to it bleak!  
For my lone plank hath floated on life's restless waters,  
Where often frail bark without pilot hath stove,  
And rock'd where a dark-frowning storm-spirit loiters—

But rocked 'neath the wave of the banner of love!  
The wide-spreading banner, the storm-shedding ban-  
ner,  
Immanuel's banner—the banner of love.

Far sweeter is life to the birdling that flutters,

On featherless wing from its nest in the brake,  
Than the spirit whose pinions pale doubt holds in fet-  
ters,

Where earthquakes of wo its bleak tenements shake.  
And why will men turn to the 'glare of false science,'

And fall in the meshes vain sophists have wove,  
When Messiah is pleading to gain their reliance,  
And mantle them o'er with his banner of love?

The bright-curling banner, the ne'er-furling banner,  
His dear-blessed banner—the banner of love.



Like a prairie-rose blushing where thistles embrace it,  
Is faith that looks up to the partialist's God ;  
Like an aspen leaf falling where autumn winds chase it,  
Is hope that is kissing the infidel's rod.  
But the half-concealed tints of a morning are peeping,  
When serpent's dark coil hath no charms for the dove—

The sun draweth nigh in whose beams will come sweeping,

O'er Jew and o'er Gentile the banner of love !  
The high-sailing banner, the joy-telling banner,  
Immanuel's banner—the banner of love.

Shall my spirit now follow false meteors darkling,  
And diet on husks with the beast of the field ?  
Or be lured by death's glow-worms at eventide sparkling,

When lamps of salvation such radiance yield ?  
O, no ! I will reck of the spirit that sought me,  
And pointed my soul to its palace above !  
I'll remember the name of the Shepherd that brought me

To the banqueting house 'neath the banner of love !  
The far-streaming banner, the life-beaming banner,  
The heaven-gleaming banner—the banner of love.

*Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

*D. K. L.*

### DUTY OF EVANGELISTS.

*Original.*

It is the duty of every christian to be a minister of the gospel. When our Lord sent forth his disciples as lambs among wolves, commanding them to preach the gospel to every creature, the command was not more imperative upon them than upon every one who heard and embraced that gospel. The reason that they were sent to testify of the kingdom of heaven, already at hand, was not because they were peculiarly qualified to preach as regarded worldly wisdom, eloquence, or natural powers of persuasion ; they were sent to preach because they were believers who had received the truth in the love of it. Every such man is ordained of God a preacher of the gospel. These are the only evangelical gifts required, and all ordinations but this are the inventions of men.

Every man who does a righteous act, is, so far, a preacher of the gospel. Every man who suffers loss for the truth's sake, is an eminent minister of Christ. Every one who forgives an injury, preaches Christ and him crucified. He who persuades the evil doer to turn from his sins, and he who convinces his fellow-man that God is just and merciful, are preachers of the gospel.

But a man may study divinity, and may be appointed by his fellow creatures to stand up in the pulpit and preach regularly to the people. Yet he may be no true minister. Every thing which

he says that he does not at the same time feel and realize in his own heart, is but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. If he has become a preacher for the sake of obtaining money, he is a minister of mammon. If he has become a preacher for the sake of exhibiting his talents, and gaining the praise of men for his eloquence, he is a minister of himself. So, if he has entered upon the clerical profession because he deems it respectable, and a means of becoming intimate with those who are deemed the pride of the land. Such are clouds that hold no water, who speak great swelling words of vanity ; and the truth is not in them.

It is said that a majority of the British clergy are unbelievers ; and well they may be so—since ambition is frequently their main-spring of action. They take holy orders as one buys a commission in the army. How should men who preach, not because they are compelled by a sense of duty, but because it is a profitable business, know anything of the power of truth ?

### LINES ON HEARING MURRAY PREACH.

THE following lines spoken extempore by a young lady on hearing Mr. Murray preach, were originally published in the Boston Centinel to gratify the wishes of a female correspondent.

If truth, sent down our hearts to fill  
With 'love to all mankind,'  
Comes 'like the dove from Zion's hill,'  
Or 'heavenly dew refined,'—

Then rectitude's on Murray's side,  
Though scoffers strive to tease,  
The truths, spontaneous from his tongue,  
Are pure and soft as these.

*Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1785.*

**HYPOCRISY.** THERE is much hypocrisy in affecting to give up the pleasures of the world from religious motives, when we only withdraw from it because we find a greater gratification in the pleasures of retirement. 'My dear children,' said an old rat to his young ones, 'the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance in a narrow and lonely hole, which I have lately discovered. But let me not interfere with your enjoyment ; youth is the season for pleasure, be happy, therefore, and only obey my last instructions—never to come near me in my retreat. God bless you all.' Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wiping his paternal eyes with his tail, the rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when the youngest daughter, moved rather by filial affection than by that curiosity which is attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole made by his own teeth in an enormous Cheshire cheese.



## Notices.

**SALUTATORY.** We make our best bow as we present our patrons with the first number of the eighth volume, and hope it will receive their approbation and continued favor. We enter upon the new year with increased confidence that we shall be able to furnish the friends of our work with an interesting and valuable periodical, and believing that we have not slackened our efforts in the past, we trust we shall have their confidence for the future. New contributors enrich our list every month, and we feel confident that a generous patronage will encourage us to go on our way rejoicing.

*Punctual payment* is a virtue very amiable in the sight of a publisher, and we hope our subscribers will be emulous to merit it. If, reader, you owe the publisher of the work your eye now rests upon, ask yourself seriously, can I not, should I not, and will I not pay him? Peace to thee if the answer is, Yes! emphatically, and thou doest as well as resolve.

Our numerous punctual paying subscribers are entitled to our hearty thanks, and we tender them our grateful acknowledgments.

✍ All notices, &c., that have no initials attached to them, may be attributed to the elder editor; our associate will affix her initials to whatever paragraphs she may have cause to pen. Let this be remembered.

**A CARD.** Form demands from us a 'good day' to our readers, and the cordial wishes of our heart impel us to the expression of a hope, that the editorial association we have formed with our brother may result altogether in blessings upon their heads and hearts. We appeal to our own sex particularly for encouragement. Sweet as manna to fainting Israel, will be to us the countenance and support of the beloved sisterhood; and with most affectionate earnestness we entreat the sunshine of their smiles on the path we have timidly entered. God, in our behalf, reciprocate unto them the blessing!

Not less earnestly, and not less hopefully, we also appeal to those ladies of our denomination in whose right hand Heaven has placed the pen, and in whose hearts the inspiration of holiness is strong, and active, and urgent, unto good works. If they will, they can assist us immeasurably; and feeling assured, as we do, of their heart-interest in the doctrine of love, and their personal friendship for ourselves, we invite, in all earnestness and confidence, the contributions of *all* female writers in our denomination—those in the bud, and those in the blossom of their genius. Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. J. H. Scott, Mrs. S. Broughton, Mrs. N. T. Munroe, Miss M. A. Dodd, Miss L. M. Barker, Miss E. J. C., and Calista, (whose lyre begins to sound very sweetly,) all these, and more whose names we have no space to enumerate, will, we know, occasionally at least, gladden our hearts by tokens of kindly interest. With their aid we, and what is far more worthy of their consideration, the gospel of their Savior must, will, *cannot* fail to prosper.

S. C. E.

'**THE UNIVERSALIST MANUAL**; or, book of prayers and other religious exercises, adapted to the use both of public and private devotion, in churches, Sunday schools, and families; by Menzies Rayner. New York, P. Price; Boston, A. Tompkins; Utica, Grosh & Hutchinson, 1839.'

This is a volume of devotional exercises now in press, which deserves to be generously supported by those for whose good it was written. The capability of Br. Rayner for the work has been acknowledged by all whose opinions we have heard expressed, and that

it will be useful when adopted as intended, there can be no doubt. Such a work has been extensively called for, and we are confident that the execution will receive the warm approval of every devotional mind. The work contains a large variety of exercises, adapted to all the occasions of public and private devotion, and the solemnities of the communion, baptism, infant dedication, &c. Each of the divisions is prefaced with some very judicious observations, and the whole is introduced by appropriate and just remarks on prayer and public worship. It will soon be published, and we hope it will receive, at least, the candid attention of our friends.

'**LETTERS TO THE REV. STEPHEN REMINGTON**, in review of his lectures on Universalism, first published in the Universalist Union, by T. J. Sawyer. New York, P. Price; 1839.' pp. 184. We are glad to receive these letters in book form, as they are evidently the production of care and studious reflection, and are highly creditable to the author, and will be serviceable to the cause of truth. They are in reply to a book published by Mr. Remington, a member of the Episcopal Methodist ministry, and as a volume, this work is worthy to rank side by side with the best that have yet appeared in vindication of the Restitution. It were needless to add to those acquainted with Br. Sawyer's style as a writer and manner of reasoning, that he is one of the most finished writers in our order; and the literary and logical character of the volume before us will sustain a high reputation. It is bound in a very neat style, but our copy is quite dimly printed, which is a defect that should have been avoided. We commend it to the attention of all who wish a truly valuable work. It may be had at this office; price 50 cts.

'**THE UNIVERSALIST PREACHER**, and Evangelical Repository.' This is the title of a new monthly publication, the first and second numbers of which have reached us, edited by Rev. George C. McCune, and published at Dayton, Ohio. The design of the work is good, as it is intended to embrace all the best, most valuable articles that are published in support of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. The numbers before us we esteem as highly useful, and discover good taste and judgment in the editor; and regarding them as fair specimens, we hesitate not to recommend the work as among those of the highest value in the order. We are exceedingly pleased to find such a work springing up in the West, and believe it will exert a wide and beneficial influence. We hope it will be fully sustained. If we might offer a suggestion to the editor, we would suggest the propriety of excluding all such doggerel stuff as the 'Last Separation,' as it can do no good, and clashes wretchedly with the serious and excellent articles that form the number.

The work is published in monthly numbers of 32 pages, fair type on good paper, at \$1 50 to mail subscribers. Address George C. McCune, Dayton, Ohio.

**TWO LECTURES**, by A. B. Grosh. We received a copy of this pamphlet last month, but it was overlooked when our last number went to press. It is a well digested production, containing two parts thus entitled: 1. Partialism not taught in the Bible; and, 2. Scripture proofs of Universalism. These lectures were delivered in Utica, N. Y., during a time of religious excitement, and are published by request. They are well deserving attention, and the pamphlet is admirably adapted for a gift to those who are inquiring for aid to know the truth, and to those who deem that there is no sympathy between the scriptures and Universalism. The work can be had at this office; price 12 1-2 cts.



**THE CHILD'S CATECHISM**, by O. A. Skinner. This is a new class book for the younger scholars in our sabbath schools, and supplies a want long felt. It is a doctrinal catechism, simplified to the humblest capacity, and is worthy of adoption. A. Tompkins, publisher.

**'A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY**; a tale, by the author of "Letters to a Mother," "Ellen," "Happy Valley," etc.' So runs the title of a new juvenile work from the press of William Crosby & Co., of this city, a firm that always publishes works in a style creditable to any house, and of a character highly commendable. We received the above too late for a careful perusal, but from a cursory reading we judge it to be a pleasant affair; the style is chaste and interesting, and its impression on the young reader's mind cannot but be good. It is bound in a very neat manner, is embellished with a very fine frontispiece, and is printed in a clear, handsome type. pp. 132.

**AN ESSAY ON THE LAW OF KINDNESS**, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Utica, Grosh and Hutchinson. We acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet, (pp. 27 small type,) with the above title, devoted to the illustration and enforcement of the law of overcoming evil with good. Many apt illustrations of the superior character of a course of conduct according to that righteous principle are herein given, and the array of facts and lessons cannot but be beneficial in their effects upon every mind that will attentively consider them. The essay is written in an energetic and lively style, and is a performance creditable to its author. We ask attention to it.

**CHEVELEY, OR THE MAN OF HONOR**. By Lady Bulwer. This novel is creating a great sensation, it is said, in the fashionable circles of England, as well as among the vast novel reading class in our own land. Nor do we wonder, since it ministers to the popular taste by exhibitions of the private characters of public living men; and in a manner, too, which cannot fail to gratify the benevolent promulgators of scandal. Lady B. dedicates her work to 'No One Nobody, Esq., of No Hall, Nowhere'—the *only* man of unimpeachable integrity and unvarying friendship she ever knew. Sad life, indeed, must be the high life in England if this be true; and whatever woman believes Lord de Clifford to be a correct portraiture of (we fear) the most popular novelist of the day, should sooner bind her brows with poison ivy, than bring her mind in contact with those plague-spots of literature by which the author of 'Pelham' has corrupted the world.

Independent of the interest derived from its somewhat malignant portraiture of living characters, 'Cheveley' is an interesting work, written with power and boldness, and exhibiting not only an intimate knowledge of the human heart, but also of political creeds, and the intrigues of ruling partizans. There is much in these volumes to commend, and bating a spirit of misanthropy ill-consonant with the christian feeling otherwise manifested, nothing seriously to condemn. We are indebted for a copy to our friend B. B. Mussey, by whom the work is offered for sale at 29 Cornhill.

S. C. E.

**EVANGELICAL UNIVERSALIST**; Macon, Geo. This weekly periodical commenced a new volume on the first of May, improved in appearance, edited by Brs. Andrews and Brownson. It is one among the many laboring in the same field of usefulness—to spread abroad the true knowledge of God and duty, and we trust it has a generous support. We are pleased with the number before us—regard it as a good beginning; and believe that if the future numbers are as free from light, foolish anecdotes as this, and are guarded from indulging in undue severity, it will be a work worthy of extensive circulation.

**THE STAR IN THE WEST**; Cincinnati, Ohio. This excellent periodical commenced a new volume early in

April, and has uniformly sustained a high standard as a useful and interesting religious publication. Br. Gurley has done well for his patrons, and deserves not only commendation, but honorable and extensive patronage. By *honorable* patronage, we mean the patronage of those who make it a point of honor to *pay for their paper*. We wish him abundant success.

**GLAD TIDINGS AND LADIES' UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE**. We feel ourself under great obligations to the conductors of this work for their generosity in publishing our prospectus *entire*. Occupying as it does a column and a half of their paper, it is more than we could have expected; but it shows their friendliness, as their own work is intended, like our own, in part for the ladies.

**GOSPEL BANNER**. We tender our thanks to Br. Drew of the 'Banner,' for the friendly notices he has taken of our work, and especially of the new arrangement. We are grateful to him for speaking in our behalf to the ladies of Maine, and more particularly as Br. Burr of the 'Amulet,' has expressed his long continued grief that the ladies and youth of our order were destitute of reading suited to their taste!! How he can justify his language with the knowledge he has of the Universalist and Ladies Repository, is to us a marvel. We cordially reciprocate Br. Drew's good opinion, and hope we shall be enabled still to make our work, as he expresses it, 'a decided favorite with the ladies.'

**TRUMPET AND MAGAZINE**. This veteran in the field of spiritual warfare will enter upon a new yearly campaign on the 22d of June next, and with, we are informed, some additional aids to success. The character of Br. Whittemore's paper is too well established to need commendation from us, and doubtless it will receive, as it should, a very generous support. We trust that the proprietor will find cause from an enlarged and good subscription list, to continue with vigor in the cause of truth, and maintain the true interests of Zion. The Trumpet and Magazine is published at 40 Cornhill. \$2 per annum in advance. We should be happy to do any business for the same.

**UNIVERSALIST MANUAL**. Since our former notice of this new work was written we have received a copy. It is got up in good style—is printed in a neat manner, and presents a fine appearance. pp. 191, with 92 additional pages of hymns. For sale at this office—price 50 cents.

Br. Grosh of the 'Magazine and Advocate,' Br. Price of the 'Union,' and Br. Gurley of the 'Star in the West,' will accept our thanks for their kind notice of our work and of the new arrangement.

**AGENTS—REMITTANCES**. Those agents for the Repository who may have moneys on hand belonging to this office, are requested to remit the same as soon as they can. We wish to settle up as much as possible at the commencement of the year, and want all the money that can be collected for the expenses of the new volume. Will our agents oblige us by giving immediate attention to this request?

Br. Grosh and Hutchinson—send Magazine and Advocate, (back numbers of current volume,) to Hazen Brickett, Boston, Mass.; or him, and charge A. T.

**A MARRIAGE**. Presuming our friends are interested in all that relates to one so familiar to them as an excellent writer as the author of the articles under the name of Miss N. Thorning, we insert her marriage, and shall be happy to do the same for any other of our esteemed correspondents. Married, in Charlestown, April 30, by the editor, H. B., Mr. Edwin Munroe, Jr. to Miss Nancy Thorning, both of Charlestown. As the husband is the brother of our own companion, we take great pleasure in calling her by



the endeared name of sister. Our readers will join us in good wishes on their behalf.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** We regret exceedingly that a communication from our esteemed sister Mrs. N. Thorning Munroe, (late Miss N. Thorning,) did not come to hand in time for this number. It is entitled 'A Woman's Revenge,' and shall appear in our next. 'Reflections on Death,' from Br. Calvin Gardner, in our next. Mrs. Broughton's article was mislaid by the printer, it shall appear in our next. Several other articles are on hand, which we shall decide upon before our next.

'The Pleasant Mount,' intended as a poetic companion of the most beautifully descriptive poem entitled 'Bow Brook,' is respectfully declined. The author has some poetic talent, but it needs great cultivation before he can write for the critic's eye.

We hope to hear from D. K. L. often. His article in this number has the true elements of poetry well combined. M. A. D., Calista, E. W., E. J. C., and others, who have heretofore laid us under obligations, will please continue their valued favors.

We regret that two beautiful articles from *Eveleen* and *Calista* have been crowded out from this number. The former is a new correspondent, and we welcome her to our columns, and hope to hear often from 'Glen-Viola.' Calista will be ever greeted with a warm welcome.

Volume IV., due Br. D. Wadsworth, New Bedford, awaits his order.

## Monthly Record.

Under this head we intend to gather those items of intelligence that may be deemed of interest to our readers, so that they may have a book of reference to apply to at any time. Whether our record may be regarded as valuable or not, time must decide; at least, we hope it will serve to increase the variety of reading to our patrons, and give information that some otherwise might not receive.

**INSTALLATION.** Br. Asher Moore, late of Hartford, Ct., was installed pastor of the society in Roxbury, Mass., April 18. Sermon by Rev. H. Ballou; charge, &c., by Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, the former pastor; fellowship, by Rev. O. A. Skinner; and address to the society by Rev. S. Streeter. The society in Roxbury is now in good state; their house has recently been newly fitted up at an expense of \$1200, and there is a union of feeling between pastor and people which we trust will long continue for mutual good.

**MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.** This conference met at Medford on the 10th of April; and a rule was adopted by the members which is worthy of consideration by all other like associations; which is, to give out certain difficult passages of scripture, or scriptural questions, and appoint a committee to write essays thereon to be read at the next meeting; after which reading the questions to be laid open for discussion. We have no doubt but that much mutual information might be thus elicited. The preachers of the day were Br. E. G. Brooks, A. M., and Br. H. Ballou, P. M. In the evening a very interesting conference meeting was held. The conference adjourned to meet at Holliston, 2nd Wednesday in July next.

**DEATH OF BR. HOLLIS CHAFFEE.** This brother in the ministry, whose late residence was Stafford, Ct.,

died on the 15th of April. By an obituary notice in the 'Trumpet,' we learn that he was a faithful servant of our Master, and departed this life supported and comforted by the truth he had taught to others. 'All beyond the grave is bright, exceeding bright!' was his testimony. He was in the 28th year of his age—full of promise, and much beloved.

A FAIR for the benefit of the Mariners' House, was held in this city on the 24, 25, and 26th of April, by the ladies of Boston, which produced upwards of \$5000. A noble work, worthy of lasting record.

**REMOVAL.** Br. Z. Thompson has removed from Lowell, Mass, to Westbrook, Me. It is expected that Br. A. C. Thomas of Philadelphia will succeed him at Lowell.

**CHURCH IN NEW YORK.** The church occupied by the society under the pastoral care of the late much beloved and esteemed Rev. Edward Mitchell, New York city, has been re-opened by a new society under the ministerial care of Br. Wm. Whitaker, late of Hudson.

**ORDINATIONS.** Br. John F. Dyar, of this city, was ordained as a minister of the reconciliation, May 5th, in Boston. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner. Br. Joseph Baker was ordained at South Shrewsbury, Mass., on the 24th of April. Sermon by Br. T. J. Greenwood. Br. G. G. Strickland was ordained at Middleton, Mass., May 14th. Sermon by Br. J. M. Austin.

**INSTALLATION, AND RECOGNITION OF CHURCH.** On Wednesday, May 15th, A. M., a church was publicly recognized in connection with the first Universalist society in Lynn, Mass. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner; address to the church by Br. M. H. Smith. In the afternoon, Br. Lemuel Willis was installed pastor of the society; sermon by Br. S. Streeter. A conference was held in the evening. Meetings were also held by the second Universalist society in Lynn on the next day.

**NEW MEETING HOUSES.** A new house is being erected by the Universalist society in Bath, Me. It is to be of the gothic order; 65 by 44 feet, with a belfry and spire. There is one also to be erected in Denmark, Me., by the Universalist society there. An elegant one is to be erected in Belfast, Me., of which the 'Banner' states, 'We are assured it will be the most elegant meeting house in the state.' Others are being built in the towns of Union and Washington, Me. There is one to be erected in Gibson, Susquehanna co., Pennsylvania. A new one was lately dedicated in Pottsville, Pa. One also, is in progress of building in South Reading, Mass. Another is about to be erected in Waltham, Mass.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending May, 27, 1839.*

A. M. K., Wilmington, \$10; J. H. G., Heightstown, \$5; J. H., Ludlow, \$6 50; E. D., Saratoga Springs, \$4; M. B., Benington, \$2; S. A., Cherryfield, \$1; G. L. P., Athens, \$5; S. N., Hardwick, \$2; J. S., Holliston, \$10; R. P., East Clarendon, \$12; C. A. A., Windham, \$1; R. C., Andover, \$4 50; W. L., Springfield, (we have appointed him agent,) \$8; R. C., Anson, \$5 50; C. C. H., Greenfield, \$2; J. K., Waterbury, \$7; W. B. G., Lowell, \$8; J. B., Middleton, \$2; J. G. T., Middletown, \$2 50; S. W., Shirley Village, \$2; A. R., Athol, \$2; T. C. E., Fredonia, \$10. A. B. Is informed that we have not any recollection of receiving the \$2 alluded to. To make matters all right we have given her credit \$2. She now owes for one vol.



# When through life unblest we rove.

*Slow.*

*p* When through life un-blest we rove,

Losing all that made life dear, Should some notes we used to love in days of boy-hood meet our ear,

Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak-ing thoughts that long have slept, Kin-dling for - mer

smiles a - gain In fad - ed eyes . . that long have wept.

2

Like the gale that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flow'rs,  
In the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,  
Though the flow'rs have sunk in death:  
So when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in music's breath.

3

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell;  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are e'en more false than they,  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe and not betray!



THE

# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 8.

For July 1839.

No. 2.

## 'SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.'

Original.

WHAT an eloquent eulogy is embraced in the few words which are placed at the head of this article, spoken by the Savior in reference to Mary, the friend of Jesus. She was among the first of the gentler sex who treated the Redeemer as worthy of human love and reverence—who were willing to abide the scoffs of a malignant world, and cling to the humble Nazarene as a true teacher from God. It required no slight sacrifices to then acknowledge the Christ in Jesus, to vindicate his slandered name, and openly profess faith in the doctrine he taught. But there were some ready to meet these sacrifices; and the sorrows of 'the man of mighty woes,' were often soothed or softened by the ministering tenderness of woman. The sisters of Bethany will be remembered for their love and labors for the Savior so long as his history is preserved; and so of the devoted Mary. 'Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.'

From this declaration we are permitted to infer that Jesus would have the teachers of his truth in all parts of the world allude to the commendable conduct of her who anointed the head of the Redeemer, and draw from it a persuasion to influence the heart of woman to devotedness in the cause of the Master. They who serve his truth serve him; and his approving smile will rest on such labors, as he smiled when the hospitable board was spread for him after the weary journey from Jerusalem. He cannot in personal form enter our homes; him we cannot shelter from the storm and the cold; his famishing body we cannot feed; nor offer for his wearied limbs the soft and downy couch. No. The man of sorrows is released from them all; and no more is he the lone and homeless pilgrim despised by those he

loved, and persecuted by those for whom he toiled; but exalted above angels, archangels and seraphim, he is the King of glory, and yet man's Intercessor. But his truth—the cause of his spiritual kingdom, demands our zeal, and woman may still be the lover and friend of Jesus.

'She hath done what she could!' Would that all of us could merit such approving words from the gracious lips of the Savior; would that we all might feel that we have done what we could for Jesus and his truth—to vindicate and commend to others his all embracing love, and the impartiality of his grace and salvation. It is the requirement of Jesus that we commend the devotion of the approved in the text; and O that we had that skill of description, that touching and moving pathos of speech, that are requisite to delineate the nice points in the picture which are essential to its beauty and power of winning the admiration of the heart.

Jesus was sitting in the house of a pharisee at meat when a woman entered to manifest her love and gratitude toward him. With tears she performed those acts which in the Jewish social customs were expressive of the most ardent and sincere affection. She bathed his feet, as expressive of her humility and submission to him; she kissed them, as a token of her reverential love; and she anointed with precious perfume his head, as significant of her acknowledgment of him as the Sent of God. She heeded not the cold eye of the pharisee; nor the rebuke of the menials around; but discharged her mission, and the Savior acknowledged it as a preparation for his burial.

She was not a *fashionable woman*. There were there and then, as in our country and day, too many all devoted to outward show and ceremony. Punctilious to all the nice attentions to dress, speech, and courtesies of social life, but at the same time negligent of nourishing that warmth of



sympathy and heartfelt love, that make woman charming in the sick chamber as in the festal hall—that make her the soothing companion in the lone hour of sorrow and bereavement, and cause her to be true to friendship's vows in the adverse, as in the prosperous hour, remembering 'a friend loveth at all times.' She who acknowledged her reverence for Jesus, shew that outward show and circumstance were not supreme in her mind; she could leave all the pleasures of the hall and bower to kneel at the feet of Jesus, and tell him she loved him. The many might seek the great temple of splendid decoration and dress, but she would rather go with the few and humble, if few there must be for the Divine Teacher. And better to her was it to listen to his gracious words of tenderness and love while he taught upon the mountain, than to hear in the popular synagogue the corruptions of divine truth.

Here is a trait of character for imitation in our day. The pride of the eye is too much sought for in connection with religion, and the eloquent voice and gorgeous temple have stolen many hearts from the altar of truth, especially in our cities. Of many we could say—They have done what they could—but not for religion—not for the cause of the all blessing Jesus, but for fashion's tyranny and blighting power. They have done what they could to have the temples of the Savior of the world deserted, and swarm the fashionable house. They have done what they could to win the heart from admiring the example of Mary, and like her making his truth supreme in their devotions. Ah! many, we fear, who think they are christians, would scorn the humble Jesus were he in his lowly garb and meek manners to visit our quarter; and when invited to hear and follow him, would answer as of old—'*Have any of the rulers believed on him?*'

Mary was not a *timid* woman. Timidity is a graceful quality in the female character when it does not become a weakness; and when we say that Mary was not a *timid* woman, we mean she was not in want of moral courage when courage was needed. She felt in her inmost soul a prompting to do something that should be an unquestionable proof of her affection and reverence for the Redeemer, and when the fitting season was offered, she unshrinkingly embraced the opportunity, and eloquently manifested her love. It was no doubt a struggle with her to do her work, for the haughty pharisee's frown must be

braved, and the searching eyes of the assembly met. Perhaps she knew that her Lord had not received the affectionate respect due him from the pharisee Simon, who had not paid him the customary courtesies, as Jesus himself said in the affecting conversation he held with Simon—'I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.' Luke vii. 'She loved much!' he added; and in our day there is need of a similar devoted courage, for often Jesus as revealed in his truth, receives not that affectionate respect due him; his doctrine of illimitable grace is slighted, and carelessly spoken of; and instead of the kiss, the angry blow is given. When such things occur, when the lover of Jesus as the Savior of the world, hears the taunt and the jest and the accusation thrown out against the truth, it befits her not to be timid and fearful—it becomes her not to fear the frown of the pharisee, but be courageous for Jesus, for truth, and for God.

She who would do what she can for the cause of the truth as it is in Jesus, will always have need of much moral courage. The days of slanderous reports—of scorn towards the generous faith we cherish, have not yet passed away. And woman can do much in social converse by patient reasoning and affectionate persuasion, in lessening the prejudices of the enemies of our faith and awakening in their hearts a desire to hear, know, and understand the principles of the doctrine we maintain and love.

It is beautiful to see woman at the bedside of the sick, ministering with deep sympathy to the wants of the weak and afflicted; it is lovely to behold her mingling her tears with the tears of the bereaved, and striving with the soothing voice of the trusting christian to speak comfort to the mourner, and pour the oil of consolation into her sorrowing heart; but it is equally beautiful to see her patient and persevering in affectionate endeavors to win the sister mind from the errors of doctrine that blight the spirit's bliss—that rob earth of its beauty, and dim the glory of the sacred page; and cause that mind to understand and feel the worth and extent of the exceeding great and precious promises—to recognize God as the eternal Father of his intelligent creatures,



and heaven as the happy home of all earth's wanderers. O how much happiness can woman thus create! How many hearts might thus be gladdened! How many crushed and broken spirits might thus be raised and healed! How many devoted ones led to bend the adoring knee at the altar of illimitable grace, that now worship in fear a partial divinity!

Mary was not a selfish, or covetous woman. She exerted herself to honor the Savior; she braved the struggle demanded; she brought the precious ointment and with it perfumed his head. We are told the perfume was very precious, and read that some of the disciples said, 'Why was this waste of ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.' But she did not deem the most precious as too dear for him, but poured it out that its rich incense might in some faint degree betoken the love and gratitude of her heart. And wherever exists sincere and strong love for the Savior, there will also be a willingness to make exertions and sacrifices in his behalf, for the honor of his doctrine and the success of his cause. And she who yields a portion of her time to the advancement of the interests of the sabbath school; who is willing to be with the unpopular rank, if truth must be unpopular; or in any way makes exertions and sacrifices for the advance of the doctrine of universal love;—such offer to Jesus incense of love and gratitude very precious and acceptable.

It is a high eulogy on a sister when we can apply fully the two eloquent remarks of the Savior—'She hath done what she could'—'She loved much.' The first seems a natural fruit of the other; she who loves Jesus much, will do much by the exhibition of those meek graces of the christian character, and by that attention to the sweet charities of social life, which commend to others the character of the gentle-woman and the christian. And why should not woman still love much and do all she can for the prosperity of Zion? Let the voice of impartial history speak, and who will it declare to be her first great champion? Jesus of Nazareth! And what will it declare has raised her in the scale of intellectual and moral being? Christianity! When she ceases to love him, she forsakes her great defence. When she proves recreant to his religion, she forsakes her guardian angel—the power that has elevated her to her station as an

equal in society with intellectual man, and she forgets, criminally forgets, what was the condition of her sex ere the benevolent and love creating doctrine of Jesus was proclaimed.

It was not till Jesus taught that woman was honored aright. We need not ask what she is in barbarous countries now, or what she was in ancient times; but look into the far famed world of the Greeks and Romans, where the arts flourished in great perfection, and where the mind was enlightened by the rays of philosophy and the light of learning, and what was woman there? In her highest estate she was honored only when she had cast aside those feminine graces that give the dearest charm to woman's character, and lead us to identify her with all that is amiable, gentle, and kind. She was in general but a mere object of sense; and all the light of genius and philosophy could not reveal how closely connected with man's true honor was the moral elevation of woman.

Look into the history of the new era when chivalry made woman a goddess, and what then was woman? The lay of the poet has too often drest that age up in false colors, so that woman has been blinded to the truth, and led to imagine that that was the golden age of her sex—the brightest page in her history, and many a maiden has sighed for its return. But the picture has not been shaded so dark as truth would shade it—its less lovely and charming features have been placed too far in the back ground, and the whole put in a false and deceiving light. True, youth and beauty were made an idol when united; the fair one's chosen colors were worn on the mailed arm; and her name upon the sword was a talisman to quicken ardor and prompt to daring deeds. But is this outward reverence what woman most desires? Yet impartial history informs us that in the age most distinguished for chivalrous devotion to woman, there was a necessity of associated effort to guard the sex from abuse. Beauty alone cannot kindle a tender and delicate passion; the favored gallant was all devotion, but the rejected all fierceness. In the height of chivalry in France in the 14th century, an order of knights was formed to protect the gentler sex from the lawless spoiler; and this shows us that it is the purifying and restraining influences of christianity which alone afford woman that defence which she needs.

It is the province of christianity to make love not mere passion, but to hallow it so that it shall



survive the decay of outward beauty and the departure of youth ; awaken feelings of tender sympathy in sickness, and that mild forbearance that sweetens all social intercourse and makes affection lasting. That form of christianity which we reverence as the right, embodies love as its soul ; it presents a God of love ; a Savior who is the image of that God ; a system of morals which has love for its foundation ; and points with a steady eye to a heaven of love for all. There is no other form of christianity fitted for the gentleness, fidelity, and love of woman ; that can give food for her hope, or present to her mental vision a prospect fitted to satisfy her aspirations. For I have seen the mother watch with untiring faithfulness the sick and sinful child ; I have seen her minister to his wants, listen to his faintest whisper, and with swift and noiseless step move at his wish, forgetful of every thing save that he was her child and needed her nurturing tenderness ; I have seen her follow him to the narrow house, and as she left the hallowed spot look up to heaven as though she were sure she should meet him there. It is christianity as we recognize and love it that alone can be her comforter ; all other doctrines come with shadows dark and fearful, robbing her soul of its light and her heart of its hope. They have no sympathy with that tenderness of her nature that leads her to forgive all ingratitude and love with the strongest affection even the most sinful child of her household.

Happy are those who have known and believed the love that God hath to us ; whose minds have understood and whose hearts have felt the glories of the gospel ; and who are enabled to cherish a faith that claims kindred with all that is lovely, tender, and happifying ; that has sympathy with all ardent hopes for the purity and happiness of our race, and that is full of comfort to console the afflicted and bereaved at all seasons of sorrow and mourning. This will fit them, and all who embrace it, for all the duties of mother, wife, sister, and friend, and make faithful and affectionate. O be true, sisters of the faith, to those dear relations of domestic and social life, and thus seek woman's highest honor and most perfect praise. And as your elevation in society to sit with man as equal on virtue's throne, is closely connected with the religion of Jesus, do what you can for its advancement and triumphs, that its pure and benign principles may be fixed in the hearts of all, and mutual

love, charity, sympathy, and compassion bind the community of hearts together as one. H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### LINES IN A WOODLAND BORDER.

Original.

I sit beneath young leaves and fragrant buds,  
Amid the sad, soft murmurs of the trees ;  
It is a solemn and a quiet woods !  
Quiet—save when the wandering western breeze  
Sighs through the pines, like some far-off cascade ;  
Quiet—save when the birds with mournful notes  
And startling shrieks awake the sylvan glade—  
A music, wild and strange, poured from a thousand throats.

A small, deep-bedded lake curves around the hill,  
Dimpling and glistening in the sunset rays ;  
A thousand starry gems its bosom fill,  
And many a shade upon its surface plays.  
Along its borders droops the dark green pine,  
Mingled with clusters of young pale-hued birch ;  
And red-leaved maples o'er the waves incline,  
And hide the early flowers from the botanic search.

Around me—at my feet the violets bend,  
And tufts of laurel glitter in the light—  
And pale anemones a fragrance lend  
To the young zephyrs in their northern flight.  
The wood-birds sit upon th' o'erhanging boughs,  
Borne by their gentle weight within my reach—  
While at my side, the sober-looking cows  
Crop the sweet verdant grass, or stroll along the beach.

It is a lone, wild spot—so full of God,  
That the deep heart scarce holds its fount of bliss ;  
The gushing tears have wet the scented sod—  
How can the bosom hide its sweet excess ?  
My Father and my Friend ! with Thee, alone,  
I know no sorrow, and I feel no grief ;  
In thy felt presence every pain is flown—  
And every aching wound abides in sweet relief.

Alone with Thee, this very earth is Heaven !  
All seems so pure I scarce can dream of sin ;  
A heavenly light to all without is given—  
Angelic peace makes melody within.  
My Father and my Friend ! I have no prayer,  
No earthly wish for aught more rich than this ;  
The glory of thy presence ever there,  
Is more than rest or peace—'tis ecstasy and bliss !  
*Glen-Viola, May 1st.* EVELEEN.

### A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Original.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

'And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet as real  
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.'

REVENGE ! it has fired the spirit of the dark savage, and nerved the soul of man to deeds of infamy and crime ; it has covered plains with blood, and is a dark and fearful passion. But does woman ever lay aside the meek forgiveness



of her nature, and let the baleful fires of revenge burn within her heart? Does she who can tame the haughty spirit of man, and soothe his angry passions, ever cherish this angry spirit in her own bosom, and foster hatred towards a fellow being? alas! the mournful truth tells us that it is sometimes so. And most assuredly, that revenge is deadly and quick and crushing, and as certainly does it prey upon the spirit which cherishes it. Yes, woman may nerve her arm for dark and daring deeds, she may indulge the fearful passion till it rushes maddening and unrestrained in its furious course, and its raging fires burn upon the altar of her best and holiest affection. But then, even then, there is a deep and bitter misery in that heart, a something which preys upon the very soul, and she may gaze upon the complete success of her scheme, and yet feel no joy therein, for some of the woman's forgiving spirit lurks even beneath the dark feelings of hatred, and this forbids the heart to rejoice over its work of desolation.

Woman was made by the all wise Creator a creature of feeling. Deep, pure and holy those fountains of feeling sometimes are, casting a sweet and hallowing influence on all around. And yet, oft even from the very depths of a woman's affection springs the dark spirit of revenge. It is the overmastering feeling enshrined within the heart, which rushes furious and uncurbed, bearing woe and desolation in its path. Even as the lake is deep, calm and still, yet the source of the dark and impetuous cataract is there. *rephrased*

Agnes Lawrence, the heroine of my story, like other heroines was beautiful. All the woman's finest feelings dwelt within her heart, and all her pride too. You could see that pride in the haughty step, read it on the broad forehead, and in the 'dark resplendent eye, for the aspect of woman at times too high.' And yet she was meek and gentle to those in whom she confided, trusting wholly and undoubtedly; but rouse the deeper feelings of her heart, make her sensible that she had been wronged, that her trust had been betrayed, and the result was most justly to be feared. Her noble and generous feelings were strong, and it was even so with those less pure and high.

Agnes' lot was cast in the higher walks of life; her father was a dark, stern man. The wife of his bosom had long been laid to rest, and since that mournful event, the brow of the stern man had grown sterner, and his words fewer. His wife had been a meek and gentle creature. It is strange how often the gentlest of human beings

cling fondly and lovingly unto the sternest. Yet though always stern, and it might be proud to others, yet to his gentle wife he was ever kind, the haughty brow would unbend before her bright smile, and to her he ever spoke in the meek tone of affection.

Agnes possessed much of her father's spirit, which was all too haughty for a woman; a temper not easily subdued, but persevering in its object, whether or no that object were praiseworthy. Such was Agnes Lawrence,—much of the woman's living spirit and gentle affection dwelt in her heart; but it was mingled with too much of pride and uncontrolled passion, for one who was placed on the earth to be like the sunbeam of summer unto its desert places.

Music and revelry reigned in the spacious and well lighted rooms of Mr. Lawrence, and Agnes was queen of the festival. There were many beautiful forms flitting by in the mazes of the dance, and there was the joyous step, and the silvery laughter like to the music of the sweet spring birds. And Agnes stood apart to view the scene unobserved. Her eye wandered among a group of dancers, but the form she sought was not there. A party, gathered around one who was singing a low, mournful strain, next met her gaze, and then a sudden flush passed over the brow and cheek of the beautiful girl, as her eyes fell upon the form of Eugene Falconer. He was bending to catch the words which fell from the lips of the sweet songstress. He turned, and saw Agnes standing alone, and advancing, offered his arm to conduct her to their musical circle. The song was now finished, and a murmur of applause ran through the crowd as the songstress arose from her seat. She was a fair, young girl, with soft, blue eyes, shaded by long, drooping lashes. She looked round upon the group as she arose, and saw Eugene with Agnes upon his arm, and then the bright blood sprang to her transparent cheek, and like a startled dove she shrank back among the crowd of spectators.

'Will not the fair queen of the evening favor us with a song?' said Eugene Falconer. Many joined in the request, and Agnes seated herself at the instrument; she sung, and many listened with admiration, and when she had finished, Eugene offered his arm to conduct her to her seat; he whispered a few words of praise in her ear, and the pride of Agnes was gratified. But from amid the throng a pair of mournful, blue eyes followed the two as they left the crowd, and then



again that painful, burning blush overspread the cheek, the lip quivered, and then that fairy form was lost amid the blaze of beauty.

Eugene Falconer was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. But she had not been left to struggle with the cold grasp of poverty, for her husband had amassed a large fortune, and she with her only son were the sole inheritors. If Mrs. Falconer was proud of aught on earth, it was of Eugene, he was so like his father, when he wooed and won her youthful heart—the same dark, clear eye, and the same bright smile about the dimpled mouth. Eugene possessed a noble, gifted mind, and a generous soul, but there were faults even there. He was an ardent admirer of beauty, and was too apt to forget, in his admiration of the outward appearance, to study the heart and learn the principles of conduct. He was besides, a little coquetish, for even men are sometimes coquettes. But still his manner was one to win a young and inexperienced heart, and such a heart he had soon. Annette Lincoln was an orphan. Her parents had died poor, and left her to the charge of her uncle. This uncle was very rich, and withal a very noted man in his own town. But Annette was not happy in her home; her uncle was not harsh nor unkind, but he was a man of the world, and engrossed in its cares, and she missed her mother's loving tone, and the poor girl pined in very loneliness of heart. No wonder then, that her heart leaped gladly at the tone of affection. She had first met Eugene at her uncle's. There was a melancholy in her appearance, a sadness in the tone of her sweet voice, which pleased him; and when again he met her in one of her lonely walks, his heart rejoiced in the favorable circumstance. Annette was easily affected, she had been so unused to the tones of love and affection that his words were treasured up in her heart more fondly than they should have been; for she was inexperienced in the world, and knew not that they were oft but hollow and unmeaning phrases. He wove full many a charm around her heart, which was wholly his; but he could not appreciate its full worth, he knew not the depth of that affection which poured forth on him alone. Perhaps he might have formed bright visions of future happiness, and Annette might have been the reigning deity there; but then Agnes Lawrence in her dazzling beauty burst upon him, and the meek, the gentle Annette faded gradually away. It was the brilliant beauty

of Agnes, mingled as it was with pride and haughtiness, that caused Eugene to turn from the shrine to which he had bowed, to one more enchanting.

Agnes knew not of the love which had existed between the two, or she would have turned proudly from Eugene. She was all too haughty to listen to vows of love from lips which had breathed those same words in other's ears. But as it was, Eugene's attentions were favorably received, and Agnes' proud heart was bowed, and to him she was as meek and gentle as Annette herself. For she loved, and love to a heart like hers, is oftentimes a fearful thing. And in the heart of Eugene, the image of Agnes in her brilliant beauty, rose above that of Annette. Yet still her soft and hallowing influence was round him; still he seemed to hear her sweet voice singing some mournful strain, and see her blue eyes gazing fondly on him, as in days when he had loved to listen to that voice, and gaze into those azure eyes. Annette saw that her bright visions were fading, but she made no effort to win back the heart which she had lost; she uttered no complaint, she breathed not a word of reproach, but still walked on her pathway seemingly as before, striving hard to school her heart to submission, and there was still a holy joy in that heart as she heard the widow and the fatherless call down the blessings of heaven upon her young head.

\* \* \* \* \*

The blessed light of morning shone brightly in the chamber of sickness and of death. The flush of fever had passed from the cheek of the sufferer, and the paleness of death was there. She was young, and had been beautiful, but sickness makes sad ravages with the lovely of earth. It was Annette Lincoln who lay upon that bed of death; and ere the sun had reached its meridian, her spirit had passed from earth. True, hers had been a lonely fate—it is sad so to long for the tone of affection, and yet so seldom to hear it, so to feel the fountains of feeling springing up in the heart, and yet have nothing on which to pour their freshness forth.

And Eugene heard the tale of her death, and gave a sigh to the memory of her he once professed to have loved. And Agnes too, heard the tale, she heard now for the first time, of the love which had existed between Eugene and Annette. This roused the pride of her heart. Eugene had proved false to one; the hopes of one young and trusting heart had been blighted by him, and she



was now numbered among the dead. A woman's sympathy mingled with her feelings of anger, and as she thought upon the fate of Annette, her resolution was taken.

When next Eugene met Agnes, a cloud was on her brow, she seemed not the same she had been, for he had yet to learn the pride of her heart.

'Eugene Falconer,' said she, as she proudly rose and stood before him, 'we must meet no more as we have met. The tie that has bound our hearts is forever severed. I have heard of one whom you once loved, who is now no more; she loved you well—you wove full many a charm around her heart which lived for you alone, and then you left her! Her bright visions faded, her young life became a painful dream, and then, all silently as die the summer flowers, that young girl went from life. Dost think I will accept a heart that has wrought a deed like this? No, Agnes Lawrence is too proud to listen to vows that are so easily broken. Go, pour thy words of love into another's ear, to one who knows not of the heart that thou hast blighted. But, Eugene Falconer, thou never canst be happy. The thought of her whom thou hast wronged, will haunt thee. And mark me, neither will I be forgotten. Thou dost not know how deep the feelings of hatred may burn within a woman's heart, nor how she will revenge such wrongs as these. Thou knowest her only as a gentle, trusting one; but yet thou wilt be made to feel, and then will learn, that she can revenge even where she once has loved.'

So saying, Agnes left the room with a proud, unfaltering step; she retired to her chamber, but she wept not, she but pressed her hands to her heart, as if that heart were bursting, and then flung herself upon a couch, and buried her face in her hands.

Suffice it to say, that Agnes was fully avenged. We need not tell how the work was done, but it was wrought by woman's hand. Eugene was a wretched, a lonely one. His mother was dead, and there was none now who loved him, none whom he could love; and he journeyed on through life like the traveller deprived of his guiding star. But as real torture was in the heart of Agnes. The woman's finer feelings could not be stifled, and she faded, her very soul was sick, she seemed as one consumed by thoughts of melancholy and sadness. And she too died, but not as died Annette. She passed from life, but bitter thoughts

came in her parting hour. And in that hour all the pride and haughtiness of her heart was bowed, and she prayed for forgiveness from Him who is both able and willing to forgive.

*Charlestown, Mass.*

### THE CONTRAST:

OR, UNIVERSALISM WILL DO TO DIE BY.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Original.

'SING no more to-night, love, for I am weary,' said a low, melancholy voice. Little Emma hushed the murmuring melody that rang like the silvery breathings of a seraph lyre, and looked inquiringly at the speaker. There was sadness on the beautiful brow—a sadness bordering on misery, and Emma longed to offer consolation; but she remembered how often she had attempted it, when sighs and bitter tears had been her only recompense. Still she could not retire in peace, and leave her best earthly friend a prey to grief.

'You are not well, aunt Elizabeth,' said the gentle child, 'can I do nothing for you?' 'No, my dear, I am perfectly well.' 'Then what can make you so sorrowful on so beautiful an evening as this? See, was it not just such an evening when my poor ma died?' And the crystal drops ran down her rosy cheeks, as she gazed at the western sky now glowing like the emerald gates of paradise. 'But she is happy now. Papa said she lived in a brighter world than this, where the gloom of night never veiled the beautiful horizon, and the wild-sweeping tempest should never make us afraid; and pa said he was going to that happy land to dwell forever with my mother, and that I should come and live with them when the Savior called me, and join the shining throng of saints and angels, who worship in the all-glorious presence of our heavenly Father. And I was singing the sweet song that ma learned me only a few days before she died.' She had become so engaged, that she had forgotten her slight sadness, and was surprised when she turned her mild blue eye, beaming with love and animation upon her aunt, to see that she was weeping. 'Go to bed, my love,' said the lady, 'for the twilight is short at this season, and do not forget your evening prayers for the Divine protection over your slumbers.'

Emma Walton was an orphan of about twelve years of age. Her father was the only brother



of the lady who now supplied the place of a mother to her. She was young when her mother died, but she well remembered the scene of her death. The god of day was wheeling down the crimsoned west, and the gorgeous banners of gold and purple were waving and curling in majestic glory above his declining chariot, and the limpid expanse of the mirrored lake seemed changed to sheeted gold beneath his mellow glance, while the descending waves of the foaming cataract leaped and sparkled in his setting beams, as if the light and hues of Eden in its primal bloom, had visited once more the sin-darkened scenery of time. 'It is sweet,' murmured the dying one, 'to look upon the face of nature thus calm and lovely, and think how much brighter is the happy land which shall soon greet the wearied vision. How have I loved to gaze upon the lofty-pillared sky, when evening's diamond lamps with sparkling lustre gemmed the cerulean dome ; and the pensive queen of night in lonely grandeur wheeled her silver chariot over the shining plains ; while faith's strong pinions wafted the aspiring spirit to brighter climes, where cloud nor frowning tempest ever wake the din of elemental strife. How often have I listened to the seraph-voices that sang amid the whispering leaves, and the air-harp's thrilling, unearthly melody seemed but the dying cadences of an angel's lofty lyre ; while the soul entranced, seemed floating on the music-billows of the vast and shoreless sea—the living undulations of the fathomless ocean of love. I see in the shadowy vistas of futurity, the pure and spotless ones that worship in the serenity of His presence, who from the curtained pavilion of his glory, looks forth upon the shining myriads of worlds that throng illimitable space ; and humbles himself to behold the creature man, and provide for all his wants. He hath looked with compassion upon our frail state, and sent the Redeemer, the well-beloved of his bosom, to testify his boundless grace to us, and in his image shall we rise, on that resplendent morning, which shall dawn on the dark dominions of death, whose gloomy, mouldering sceptre shall fall from his nerveless grasp, and his tottering, crumbling throne be annihilated by the brightness of Immanuel's glory, when he shall bring again his countless jewels from the lone and silent chambers of the grim monarch, and set them in unfading brilliance in the flaming coronet of eternal glory. O glorious, life-giving hope ! Death, where is thy dreaded sting ? O grave, where is

thy boasted victory ? Jesus hath conquered, and death and sin must be forever destroyed.'

Could any one listen to the rejoicings of that enfranchised spirit, and still say that unlimited faith in the promises of God, could not sustain the soul in nature's mortal hour ? Could any one fear that the spirit which ascended on wings of love to the throne of Him who called it into being, should be sent from his presence to the realms of endless despair, to bewail through eternity's countless circles its hopeless doom ? Yes, there was one who did fear for the welfare of this gentle being of whom the world could say no ill, and that was the lady already mentioned. Her young and tender spirit had been warped by a false education. To her the God of the universe was a being of power and almighty vengeance, whose own offspring were exposed to the terrible outpourings of his vindictive ire. There was terror in the sound of his name. The deep-voiced thunder that rolls the solemn bass in nature's lofty anthems, had no music for her ear ; for in its reverberating peals she almost fancied she heard the awful tones of eternal malediction. The swift-pinioned hurricane that moans along the verdant plains, or sends its wildly thrilling tones through the dim ancient woodlands, whose giant sons bow down before its mighty breath ; the strong winged whirlwind that lashes the roaring billows until they mount in chainless fury to battle with the frowning forces of the sky, while its wild-voiced harp wakes up the echoing wail of craggy cliff and caverned rock that bar the swelling waves ; these seemed the terrible ministers of his vengeance, sent to scourge the world for the disobedience of man.

To her the scene of her sister's death was agonizing in the extreme, for she fondly loved the high-souled and beautiful being over whose features the death-shade was passing. She was the incomparable companion of her only brother, and her joyous death confirmed his wavering belief in the boundless love of God. He survived her but a year, but never for an instant did he doubt that he should meet her on the hallowed shores of immortal beatitude, where the congregated family of man, redeemed from the black and jarring passions of humanity, shall join the unending song of praise to heaven's King. This glorious theme was the subject of his rejoicings while health remained, and when the mildew of disease shed its blight upon the life-cords and admonished him to prepare for the summons of the pale king, then it



became an anchor to the soul, and it reached beyond the veil. It enabled him to meditate with joy upon that hour when angels should lift the dark curtain of humanity, and bid the worn spirit to rise on immortal pinions to the realms of unclouded light, where sin can no more darken the longing vision, or veil with its gloomy mists the radiance of unchanging love that beams from the throne of the Most High. 'Dear brother,' said the sorrowing Elizabeth, as she stood by his dying pillow, 'do be prevailed upon to renounce this delusive error. It is terrible to think that our parting here shall be an eternal one. O, I could even be contented to part with you, could I see you awake from this dreadful delusion, and plead for mercy at the foot of the cross.' 'If it were the Lord's will,' said he, 'that I should remain with you to cheer you in life's journey, and especially to protect my little Emma, I would be thankful. Could your faith be so enlarged as to believe the record which God gave of his Son, I would be more thankful still. But for myself I long to go. This weak and wasted tenement of mortality is fast verging toward its final rest, but the soul is mounting upward; it aspires to a higher communion than that of earth, even with the spirits of just men made perfect. And can I fear to trust myself in the hand of Infinite Goodness? Can I for a moment suppose that unchanging goodness will inflict ceaseless torment on any of his helpless offspring, since the frailties and wanderings of all earth's children were present to the unclouded vision of Jehovah before the foundations of the earth were laid, or the cerulean arches of the lofty aerial chambers were inlaid with diamonds of living lustre? No, no, I feel that my trust is in One who does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; but as children of his grace, chastises them for their profit, that they may be made partakers of his holiness. Though the shadows of the tomb are sweeping around me; and by the chill and misty twilight that is gathering over my spirit, I know that I am entering the dark valley of death; yet I am supported by the everlasting arms; and though the dim veil of mystery rests on the wave of the dark rolling Jordan of death, I see on the starry shore beyond, a glorious company of blest intelligences tuning the golden harps to anthems of praise and glory, to God the Father of all. And now, dear sister, by the love that has ever made our interests one, by that holy affection which made life's sunny places seem more lovely when

enjoyed together, will you grant my last, my dying request?

'I will,' said the weeping girl.

'Well, then,' said the pale sufferer, as a smile passed over the wasted features, 'Lead my beloved child in the ways of purity and virtue. Imbue her mind with principles of piety and love toward every human being. Teach her the omniscience and omnipresence of her heavenly Father, and that sin shall ever meet its just reward at his hand, who has declared that iniquity shall not go unpunished; but never, O never cast the veil of doubt and sadness upon her confiding spirit. Shroud not her young and merry heart in worse than heathen gloom; let her cheerfully enjoy life, and ever impress it upon her mind, that none can be happy who are not virtuous.' Wearied with speaking, he sank back upon his pillow, and fell into a quiet repose. Morning dawned fair upon the awakening world, and its busy millions went forth to their various callings. There was grandeur and glory in the flood of light, that beamed over the frowning heights at whose foot the twilight still lingered; there was melody in the zephyr's breath, as it wooed the damask leaf of the rose's folded bud to display its velvet beauty, and offer its breathing perfumes upon morning's holy shrine; there was joy in the early carol of the woodland warblers, who sang their matin hymn of praise to the great Creator; but there was sorrow and unmixed bitterness for Elizabeth, for her brother was not. The gently beaming eye was forever closed; ivory paleness sat on the noble features, the last fitful life-pulse had ceased to vibrate the quivering heart strings, and the soul had winged its viewless flight to the mysterious spirit-land, whose secrets no eye hath seen.

Elizabeth's cup of affliction was now full: she was one of those gentle beings whose filial love leads them to receive and treasure up as sacred, every precept of parental teaching. Her heart had been moulded by maternal tenderness; in infancy she had learned the cheerless songs of wo, and in womanhood she could not forget the impressions of early years, when hand in hand she walked to the sanctuary of worship with a kind mother, and there listened to the denunciations of wrath upon a great part of mankind. Her grief was not wild, but deep; and the impression of utter desolation that came over her features, as she saw her brother consigned to the house for all living, the dark and silent chambers of re-



pose seemed tinged with the darkening hues of despair. He had now been some years dead, and she had faithfully kept her promise concerning Emma. She was herself a respected member of a Calvinistic church, but she never taught her principles to her little niece; and it would seem that this was one source of her inward grief, that this lovely relic of hallowed memories should grow up beneath her eye, without the teachings which she considered necessary for her eternal weal. A short time after the conversation which begins our tale, a revival preacher came into the place, and after a series of ranting, distracting meetings, succeeded in convincing many that the reason with which God had endowed them, was a worse than useless gift. Elizabeth was among the number, and though for many years a church member, and a most excellent christian, yet she now became persuaded that her hope of salvation was groundless. Despondency succeeded to doubt, and soon deepened into despair; and then the kind in heart, the pure and benevolent in life, became a thing to be pitied and feared; a moaning, wandering maniac.

I should fail to give even the slightest idea of the wretchedness of this outcast of reason. I will, therefore, be brief; for this is not fiction, but a melancholy fact, which many living could attest to, and the wildest flight of fancy would fall far short of the reality. She became an inmate of an insane asylum, and after awhile seemed partially restored, when she was suddenly missed one morning, and though diligent search was instantly made, she could not be found. A week afterward, as a child was passing, it discovered a human hand projecting from the stone-work of a barn. The alarm was given, and there, to the horror and astonishment of all, was the miserable Elizabeth, worn to a skeleton, smothered and disfigured with the damp and mould of the confined earth that had been her bed for a week, and to all appearance, breathing her last. Every care was bestowed upon the poor sufferer, but in vain; she lingered a few days, and then expired, a true and fearful illustration of that creed, which teaches that the God of heaven will doom to ceaseless wo, a great part of the souls he has made. O what were this existence worth, if it brought only such misery as fell to the lot of this poor daughter of affliction? And yet this would be nothing, compared to the appalling torments that are weekly taught to the credulous as existing in the realms of darkness and despair. I will

close with one question. Are Universalists generally sufficiently careful that their children should be thoroughly instructed in that sublime and glorious faith, which shall fortify their minds against every evil, by teaching them to rely with child-like confidence upon the promises of Him, who sent his Son to testify his great love to man; and that whether in life or death, they are the children of his grace, and shall be redeemed from death and sin, and exalted to an inheritance of incorruptible glory, in realms of light beyond the gloomy confines of the tomb?

Malone, N. Y.

### STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

Original.

*'Bring flowers! thus said the lovely song;  
And shall they not be brought  
To her who link'd the offering  
With feeling and with thought?'*

Oh who shall pluck bright flowers for thee,  
And strew them o'er thy lonely grave!  
That grave, far o'er the dark blue sea—  
Why wert thou borne across the wave,  
Far from the cherish'd land which gave  
Thee birth?—was it to droop and die  
Beneath a sultry foreign sky?

Oh who shall bind the broken strings  
Of that sweet lyre now all unstrung?  
The memory of its rich tone brings  
Fresh to our minds the fair, the young,  
The 'glory-crown'd,' the gifted one,  
Whose earthly sun has set to rise  
On fairer worlds, in brighter skies!

We know that thou wert only given,  
But for a season to illumine  
This dreary world—thy home was heaven;  
Where thou art holding sweet commune  
With that dear kindred spirit,\* whom  
Thou'st loved and mourn'd—methinks I hear  
The mingled notes in that bright sphere.

Yes, ye have found a land more fair  
E'en than your own green native isle!  
Yes, ye have met where pain nor care,  
Nor one dark sin, can e'er beguile  
Your brows of that all radiant smile  
Which clothes them now—beyond the tomb,  
Perennial flowers for thee now bloom.

But we must mourn, although we know  
Our loss is untold gain to thee:  
Mourn the sweet minstrel now laid low:—  
Although it was not ours to see  
Thine earthly form of symmetry,  
We know that it was passing fair—  
Fit temple for a mind so rare.

Tell us blest spirit! for no eye  
But the omniscient one was near  
In thy last hour of agony—

\* Mrs. Hemans.



Was all around thee bright and clear?  
Did no dark doubt, nor trembling fear  
Disturb thy soul?—in that dread hour,  
Oh didst thou feel *His* saving power?

Was the glad song of victory  
O'er sin and death, and pain and wo,  
Upon thy pallid lips?—did he  
Who conquer'd man's last dreaded foe,  
The radiance of his glory show;  
Unveiling scenes more bright and fair  
Than thy poetic visions were?

Alas! we may not, cannot know  
The mysteries of the parting soul  
In its last conflict here below;  
Until with us, the 'golden bowl  
Is broken,' and our earthly hold  
Is loosen'd in the powerful grasp  
Of death's all stern and icy clasp.

And there are other secrets, which  
That lonely grave must ever keep:  
We ask, O did a heart so rich  
In warm affections, ever meet  
Its kindred one?—If so, how sweet  
That blest communion must have been  
E'en here on earth with such a friend!

But thou art gone! thy name is now  
Enroll'd among the gifted dead—  
Yet the fresh laurels on thy brow,  
Shall live when long, long years have fled—  
For thou to deathless fame art wed—  
Upon her brightest page shall dwell  
The cherish'd name of L. E. L.

Hartford, Ct.

CALISTA.

### OLD AGE.

Original.

*'Tis not with a vain repining  
That the old man sheds a tear;  
'Tis not for his strength declining,  
He sighs not to linger here;  
There's a spell in the air they play,  
And the old man's eyes are dim—  
For it calls up a past May-day,  
And the dear friends lost to him;  
From the scene before him shrinking,  
From the dance and the merry laugh,  
Of their calm repose he is thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff.'*

It has been discovered that that sentimentality, if I may use the word, which comes nearest to truth, and the experience of every day life, is the most abiding, remains the longest in our memory, and touches the heart more nearly; while the pictures of extraordinary deeds and adventures, even if consonant with the experience of some, can durably affect but few readers. We may, indeed, be amused and affected, for a time, by high-wrought fiction, but as the generality of mankind do not expect to pass through these wonderful trials, or enjoy those splendid triumphs

depicted by the romancer, they feel almost as if reading about a world which they do not inhabit, when perusing the wild stories of imperishable affection and of happiness resulting from earthly circumstances, which earth never has afforded since the bowers of paradise grew dim to mortal vision.

For this cause, such poems as Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Gray's *Elegy*, and Cowper's *Task*, continue to affect the mind after the bravery of sanguine youth has become dull, and the gilded dreams of inexperienced hearts have vanished before the waking realities of human life.

Of that class of sentiments which are calculated to remain through life, are those which induce the thoughtful man to ponder upon the changes of life—to seek the resting place of the dead, and sigh alone where sleep the beloved objects of youth, those who have long been hushed in the silence of death, whose lively footsteps were heard in the halls of our childhood, and whose merry laugh rung on the plain where our infancy wandered.

The lines which I have quoted, at the head of this piece, represent an old man visiting the festivities on the first of May. Around him are gathered the merry youths and maidens of the village, and with blithesome hearts they career around the staff entwined with flowers, and their varied voices mingle in the jocund song. Youth and beauty are there; wit and good nature add to the delights of the occasion. Why should not all be happy? Ask the aged veteran, for he can tell you. He has had his day of joy; but it is over now. Is it because he can no longer dance and sing with the same animation as the rest, that he droops his head, that he leans upon his staff and drops the stealthy tear? Is it because his eyes have become so dim that he cannot recognize the flowers of which the wreaths are composed, that he fixes his gaze upon the ground? No, it is not that. Is it because the youths and maidens weary of his presence, that he turns his head away and weeps? No—no—for they are unsophisticated children of the wild, and have not yet learned that wrinkles are disgraceful, and that grey hairs are a nuisance. So far from that, they emulate each other in their civil attentions, and are more anxious to acquit themselves with grace, because he is a spectator of the revels. Why, then, is he not happy? It is because experience has wasted the rosy ties which bind man to earth; it is because he has lived long enough to discover that the pleasures



of this world are brilliant only while they are new: and now that his worn heart can derive no solace from them, he recurs to the time when he did enjoy the gay world, when budding hope promised a flower whose bloom should be perennial; when he knew not that this world was deceptive, and that the grave was a place of rest. But those seasons of delight do not crowd on his memory alone: with them come the companions of his joys, for they are intimately connected, in his mind, with the delights which they shared with him. They are the tangible objects around which departed pleasure clings, even as the blossoming vine clasps the oak. Similar scenes he may now witness—the dance he may now attend—the sound of the lute may still salute his ears, and a chorus of voices may fill the air with melody; but the friends of his youth he shall see no more: the songs of his childhood are, indeed, sung anew; but the voice that he loved, mingles not in the strain. The unearthly tones of the lute come floating over the waters of the moon-lit lake, but a stranger's hand governs its notes.

Earthly love cannot flit from object to object, like the bee that mingles the sweets of many flowers. The old cannot form new attachments. The greenness of the heart is gone, and the enthusiasm of the young finds no echo in the bosom of age. Then does the old man think of the past, for there was a day when he too could smile. He remembers that he was young and happy; and he knows that the spring of life has shed its vernal blossoms for aye. The morning sun is as bright as ever, but it warms not the frost of his age; the birds sing as sweetly in the spring, but the voices are hushed that greeted him in the grove. The little rills leap through the meadows as joyously as ever, but she who drank with him at the fountain has passed away. Her grave is green, and there is moss upon the stone which chronicles her name. There are many light hearted damsels before him, and as they move up and down on the green, he remembers one whose step was as elastic as theirs, whose smile was as brilliant, and whose brow was as pure. But what sympathy hath youth for age, and what is he to the maidens around him? Once it was not so; for the loveliest rejoiced in his smile, and many a tender heart fluttered at his approach. The heart that loved him is cold in the grave, and his unshaken constancy has survived the lapse of many years. But there is comfort for the heart of the aged. Through the dark shadows of the

lengthened night, the streaks of dawn appear. The weary watcher shall, at length, realize the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. The soul never grows old, and when the earthly house dissolves in ruin, believe ye not that a brighter spring shall cast its broad and refulgent sunlight upon the gathered snows of winter? Cherish, then, in youth, the faith and the hope which will prove a sure refuge in age. Hold fast to that innocence which no cloud of sorrow can obscure. Be not conformed to the world in youth, nor in middle age, for then indeed, the bands of death will be strong, and we shall find nothing to console us for the loss of those joys that were never meant to be lasting, which reason itself declares are finite, and which are perishable in their very nature. Can an immortal soul love the world where the gospel has unveiled the truth of futurity, and bidden us hope for imperishable enjoyments?

Sanguine youth, when first awaking to a knowledge of earthly pleasures, may, for a while, drink of the frothy cup—but it must array the world's beauty in drapery borrowed from the skies, and give its dull realities a hue which belongs not to time. Happy is the man who emerges from the dreams of romance into the hope of the gospel; and wretched, indeed, is he who, when experience has divested the earth of its alluring brightness, still clings, with a sordid baseness of soul, to the barren realities of a common-place existence. His manhood *must be* contemptible, and his old age wretched. There is more hope of the gay man of pleasure, the votary of dissipation, than of the plodding mercenary whose heart has become wedded to the material world, and forces his mind to a union with the baser metal, after the abrasions of many years have exposed its sordid quality.

BETHA.

Boston, Mass.

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### REFLECTIONS UPON DEATH.

Original.

*'Like crowded forest trees we stand,  
And some are marked to fall!  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.'*

COWPER.

It is verily so. As Job feelingly expresses the sentiment: *'When a few years are come, then shall we go the way whence we shall not return.'* And yet, we do not always like to indulge the reflection, and sometimes shrink back from it, with fear and trembling. Why is it so? Doubtless,



there may be some reasons assigned why we thus dread to reflect upon the subject of death, and why we are so anxious to put far from us the evil day; and perhaps we may profitably occupy a few moments in presenting some few of them to the mind of the reader. At least, we are strongly prompted so to do, by our present feelings, and we are not disposed to resist their influence.

Let us in the outset observe, that we are not so ignorant of the common feelings of humanity as to suppose that any person can reflect upon the period of his departure from time, without emotion, and without some feelings, perhaps, of instinctive dread. It does not seem to be consistent with the teachings of our nature, that a person can view the event of death, and especially its near approach, with the same perfect resignation and composure with which he can view many of the ordinary evils of life. Every one feels, doubtless, as the Savior felt, that if it were possible—if it were consistent with the will of God—he would have the bitter cup pass from him, untasted. And we believe that heaven has implanted these feelings in us for wise and benevolent purposes. They set up a guard in our minds, and over our conduct, for the preservation of that existence which the Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, and restrain the indulgence of a self-sacrificing spirit, which might otherwise lead us, in a moment of perplexity and trial, to destroy our own lives. We cannot doubt, therefore, not only that every man feels an instinctive dread of taking into his hand the 'cup of trembling,' as the event of death has been significantly represented, but that he thus dreads it, in order to answer the great ends of heaven's appointment. No doubt, that in this arrangement of things, as in all other circumstances and events, the greatest good of man has been consulted, and will be ultimately promoted.

But in this particular, as in everything else, there is a just and proper medium to be observed. Because it may not be proper, even if we could, to exclude from our minds every apprehension of death, it does not of course follow, that it is right to render our lives wretched, in our reflections upon the subject. And it is the object of these remarks, to guard against the evil, which too frequently arises upon this quarter. We are anxious that all should view death, not without such feelings as nature would dictate, but apart from all that deep-settled gloom and

horror, which long standing habits and customs may have created, or which may have been produced by erroneous religious sentiments. Correct views and impressions of the subject, would, we think, in a great measure, disrobe the event of death of its chief gloom, and dissipate most of its fearful horrors.

In the first place, we think there have been unnecessary apprehensions created in the mind, on the subject of death, by the usual method of conversing upon it. We would not wish, indeed, to have any one speak upon that subject in a careless, thoughtless, insensible manner; and few there are, who would have any desire so to do; but at the same time, we think there is sometimes an unnecessary solemnity manifested, when it becomes the topic of conversation. If it is but incidentally introduced, you will not unfrequently perceive at once an entire change upon the countenance, in the tone of voice, and in the whole appearance of the speaker. It is of course perceived, and especially by children, that he has touched upon a subject, which places him under restraint, and which he manifestly regards as peculiarly solemn and painful. And when this is observed in older persons, it is not at all surprising that the younger part of the community, in whose hearts there is a lively and generous flow of spirits, should wish to crowd it from their minds, as well as from their conversation. They do not wish to think or speak upon a subject, which they have been accustomed to perceive so carefully avoided, by older and more enlightened persons. And we do not doubt, that this reservedness upon the subject, and these manifested feelings of peculiar dread, have hung around it much of that gloominess and horror, in which it has hitherto been deeply enveloped. We do not doubt that it has been productive of much of that aversion, with which the great body of the community, both old and young, have approached its contemplation.

Besides this general restraint, as well as unnecessary solemnity with which people are apt to speak upon the subject of death, there is an evil arising, as we think, of the character of which we are now speaking, from many of the modes of expression, or figures of speech, in which our ideas are presented. We are apt to speak of the cold and icy hand of death, and of the damp and cheerless prison house of the grave; and these figures of speech, as well as many others of similar import, are calculated to fill our



minds with fearful images of death, and make us dread our final departure from the world. We have sometimes thought, that upon this point, the ancient Hebrews were far in advance of the world, at the present day ; even of those, who bear the name, and take upon themselves the profession, of christians. They were not accustomed to speak of death under such figures as were calculated to associate with it ideas of a gloomy and oppressive character ; but they represented the dying man as going to sleep with his ancestors, and kindreds and friends ; as retiring to rest from the labors and cares of life ; as returning from a strange land to his peaceful home. And we cannot doubt that these delightful images produced upon their minds the most pleasing anticipations, and in no small degree reconciled them to their departure. Nor can we doubt that if death were now represented under these beautifully expressive figures, people would be much more inclined to reflect upon it than they now are. If they could be impressed with the idea, that when their appointed time shall come, and the number of their days be ended, they would go *home* and *rest* with those that have gone before them, they would not dread to go ' to the house appointed for all the living.' With these bright and cheering impressions upon their minds, they could calmly reflect upon the coming period, when they must quit their hold upon the earth, and enter the world of spirits. They could, indeed, under such circumstances, look their last enemy boldly in the face, and even defy his power. Nay more ; they would regard his victory over them, in the providence of God, as a means of introducing them to those bright scenes, which they had long enjoyed in prospect.

But further ;—we think the habits and customs of society, in relation to funeral rites and practices, have created gloomy images upon the mind, and caused it oftentimes to start back from the contemplation of death. We would not speak, of course, against any of those forms and ceremonies, which are observed by the community, calculated either to manifest a becoming respect for the dead, or to alleviate the sorrows of the living. We all feel strongly, if not naturally inclined, to show proper tokens of respect for deceased friends ; and to do so, gives a relief to the feelings, which could not otherwise be obtained. But there is something in the solemnities of a funeral occasion, something in the measured tread of the slow moving procession, something

in the sable pall which is thrown over the last relics of mortality, something even in the mourning apparel of surviving relatives and friends, which impresses strongly upon the mind gloomy ideas of death and the grave. We have sometimes thought, that while we, as christians, profess to believe that our departed friends have been gainers by the exchange of worlds, we manifest no little inconsistency in continuing practices, and using emblems, which denote deep sorrow for their departure. In former times, when people mourned over departed ones, as having no hope of meeting them again, in a brighter and better world, the sable weed, the cypress shade, were fit and proper images and objects to be connected with death. But christians, as it seems to us, are hardly consistent in the selection of these emblems. It would seem to us, that the *white*, used by the Chinese, as it was by the ancient Roman and Spartan women, indicating a hope that the departed had gone to a purer world, would be more consistent with the profession they have made. Or we may add, the *blue*, used by the Turks, representing the sky, and expressing a belief that their deceased friends have gone thither ; or even the *brown*, or the *gray*, used by the Ethiopians, denoting the color of the earth, from which man was taken, and to which he returns ; or the *yellow* of the Egyptians, likening the decay of life to the seared and fading leaf of autumn. But the habits and customs of the community in which we live, are favorable to the practice of using emblems in funeral rites, which are far from expressing hope for the dead, and which are calculated to fill the mind with the most gloomy images of our final exit from the world. And although we are not particularly desirous of making innovations upon these long established practices and emblems, yet were the sentiments and feelings of the community favorable, we could wish that such practices might be observed, and such emblems used, as would render the contemplation of death less fearful and appalling. We would have everything, connected with the subject of death, consistent with the bright and cheering hopes, presented to the believing mind, in the glorious gospel of the blessed God. And we believe that, when this change should take place, people will dread less to reflect upon the period, 'when they shall go the way whence they shall not return.'

It may perhaps appear to some, who have not seriously thought upon this subject, that we have



attached an importance to the habits and practices of the community, in this particular, which is not entirely apparent. But if any one should doubt the influence of external objects upon the mind, in lessening its apprehensions of death, let him visit that 'garden of graves,'—Mount Auburn Cemetery. In all his rambles through its rural walks, he will find nothing to create in his mind dark and fearful images of death; but while everything is calculated to produce a pleasing melancholy emotion, he will oftentimes be led almost involuntarily to say, that if he could sleep in that lovely spot, he would hardly dread to die. He could not fail to reflect upon death with far more cheerfulness, and with a heart more reconciled to his departure, than if he were surveying a sterile spot, which the avarice of the living seems to have regarded only as a fit place for the graves of the dead. It could not fail to exert a hallowing influence upon his soul, and disarm death of more than half its terrors. And we cannot but believe, that in process of time, the whole community will perceive something of the influence arising from this quarter, and will render the place of burial a place of cheerful contemplation. We cannot but believe, that they will ere long perceive the advantages of disrobing death, and the place of the dead, of those gloomy emblems, which have hitherto pained and oppressed the human heart. We believe, indeed, that the time is not far distant, when, instead of those barren and desolate mounds, now generally beheld, in the place of burial, flowers shall bud and blossom upon the graves of departed friends, and the voice of deep wailing and lamentation shall no more be heard in our borders; when, instead of the dark and gloomy cypress, the heaven-aspiring myrtle shall be the emblem of mortality. Only let our conversation upon the subject, be of a cheerful and contemplative character, and all our practices and emblems consistent with the high hopes and rich promises of the gospel, and we shall no more dread the reflection, that we are soon to sleep in the dust of the earth, and be here no more. We shall then regard death as did the ancient Hebrews, as a friendly messenger, calling us from our labors and perils upon the earth, to rest with our fathers and our loved ones, who have gone before us to the land of spirits. Indeed, we may thus take from death its sharpest sting, and gain a victory over the gloomy power of the tomb.

C. G.

Waterville, Me.

## DEATH IN SUMMER.

Original.

SUMMER is o'er the earth, yet death is here,—  
Without is brightness, but within is gloom;  
And mid earth's joyousness the heart is drear,  
And finds but sadness in the life and bloom.

O why is this? Why is the victor death  
Thus in our midst while nature is so fair?  
While now life-laden sweets, like angel breath,  
The wings of every zephyr to us bear!

O is it not to learn our hearts to blend  
The solemn thought with all the beauty round,  
And to the heavenly world our feelings send  
With every lovely sight and joyous sound?

To us would not in summer's glorious things  
So many types of spirit's joy be given,  
Did not the shadows which dark sorrow flings,  
Come o'er the heart and wake to need of heaven.

## SUNRISE:

A SKETCH.

Original.

THE night had been sultry, and the little tormentors from the neighboring low grounds had been busy.—Their hum had rendered the darkness animate—and under cover of night, they had charged and retreated, wheeled and enfiladed, or advanced in solid column with the agility and address of winged Parthians—spooming in full career over the clarion nose of some prostrate sleeper—but only to return with gathered force and most blood-thirsty assault upon the face, neck, and bosom of the restless slumberer.

But the darkness was fast fleeing away, and a broad crimson streak that belted the eastern horizon, announced that the day was preparing to make his approach with unusual splendor. I emerged from the valley in which I had passed the night, and ascended the highest hill in the neighborhood in order to welcome the dawn. The long grass and daisies—the many-hued wild flowers around me, were just moved by the balmy breeze of the morning as it scaled over the hills and shook the tops of the highest trees on the plain. Far off were to be descried the tops of several farm houses, with the barns and other out-buildings lying so near that a stranger to our customs might have imagined that but one roof covered them all. Here and there a tall solitary tree towered toward heaven, at a distance from the woods and groves which whiskered the face of the country. The fields of corn and wheat looked green and luxurious; and many a silver stream had begun to shine in the



growing day. At length, the early peasant could be seen slowly moving from the house enclosure and wending his way through orchard and grove—now hidden behind some cumbrous stone wall; now emerging into view as he came in range of a gap in the fence or aperture in the grove—until he was observed preparing for the day's toil in his own meadow land. The light chaise seen at still greater distance darting along the narrow line of the serpentine road is the vehicle of the village doctor, who has spent the greater part of the night in vigils beside the bed of some rustic sufferer, and is now returning home to recruit his exhausted powers. Silence still dwells in the valleys and upon the hills, except the shrill cry of the early cock which goes round like a sentinel cry from farm to farm, and the harmonious roar of a cascade obscured by leaves, shrubbery, and overhanging branches.

The beauty of the landscape, and the impression which it made, when thus seen as if night had been surprised in her empire by the light of day, is not to be conveyed from one mind to another by language. All that I can hope to do, is to awaken in the memory of the reader some scene of the kind which he has witnessed.

Before the sun had made his appearance, the fields and meadows were sprinkled with the dusky forms of men. The sweeping scythe was demolishing the beautiful livery of nature, and teams were moving along the road in frequent succession.

But now the eastern clouds put on their golden robes—the king of day was at hand; and like a huge diamond emerging from the bosom of the mountain, he came gradually up to view. For a while the gorgeous clouds veiled his burning rays; but he soon asserted his majesty, and his naked brow, like a crest of fire, expanded above the translucid mists, until he stood alone and disrobed in heaven, blazing in transcendent glory. All nature waked. The air was filled with music; the streams glittered; the dusky aisles of the old wood were penetrated with a beam of light; and merry voices came up from glade and glen. It was no longer a season for meditation, and I descended from the hill-top to greet the husbandmen on the plain.

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To preserve a friend three things are required; to honor him present, praise him absent; and assist him in his necessities.

## MATERIALISM.

Original.

THERE is, about this time, a class of unbelieving philosophers, who seem to imagine they have made great discoveries, and such as are calculated to give the death blow to the teachings of christian revelation. They are displaying, with no little triumph, the arguments in favor of materialism, and these they deem very conclusive, and altogether unanswerable.

It matters little, comparatively speaking, whether materialism be the true doctrine or not. It cannot affect the truth of gospel revelation. It is therefore, little more than ridiculous to make such a boast of it, and thus to exalt poor human reason above that knowledge which descendeth from on high. Even admitting that the mind cannot exist without the body, this proves nothing against the resurrection of the dead, and the transformation of these corporeal frames into more glorious bodies. Let them continue to be material bodies, and the great difficulty still remains; for man may live forever, after undergoing this change. Even as the body of Jesus was raised up, so it is in the power of God to raise up our bodies. If we cannot exactly define *how* we shall live again, it proves not that we shall perish eternally, and that our individual identity will be annihilated.

The infidel materialists tell us that all thought is in the brain—that there is no mind but the brain; and that when the brain perishes, or dies, the body alone remains, a decaying carcase. Now to a man who has not become wholly insensible to the plain and intuitive suggestions of reason, this theory presents a most singular and strange inconsistency. Yes, we are told that it is the brain which thinks. Here we are required to believe something which would be, in itself, miraculous. We may see this without plunging into metaphysical research. It is contrary to all our experience. Who would imagine that a tree could think or reason—that gold could possess fancy, or that the winds should show understanding.

Shall we be told that it is animal life which gives the intellectual power to matter? Let us pause and examine this point a little. Let a man stretch out his hand before him, and ask the question. This piece of flesh is alive—can it think? It is not so much alive—so delicately sensitive as the brain, but it is nevertheless alive to a certain degree, yet who ever imagined it could think or



reason? It is no answer to say that the peculiar manner in which the brain is formed, gives it the power of thought—for we are now upon another point—vitality the author of thought, reason, and judgment. It may now be answered, that we do not feel as if the hand thought, but we feel that the head thinks. Our thoughts seem to proceed from thence. This is, however, a false view of the subject. We do not feel that thought proceeds from the head, but we feel that our animal life is principally centred there. We instinctively raise our hand to defend our head, for the sensorium is the seat of feeling—of animal feeling. This way of looking at the subject has also led people sometimes to speak of the thoughts in their own *breasts*. Is it because the breast thinks? Certainly not. But it is because the vitals are situated there—and the breast is a great depot of animal life. If thought is in the brain, it cannot be in the breast. I maintain that it exists in neither place.

Let us have this part of the subject understood, before we go any further. The materialist says, that thought seems to proceed from the head or brain. Some emotions are principally felt in the breast; and because such is the case, people often speak of the thoughts of their own breast. Conscience is often spoken of as seated in the breast. Now if thought and conscience be in the brain, they are not in the breast; and it is the same illusion which makes people ascribe thought and conscience to the breast, which leads us into the error of supposing that they are located in the brain. We are led to suppose that the breast is the depository of thought and conscience, because we feel that animal life is powerful in those vitals there centred—the heart, lungs, &c. Now the brain being the very seat of animal feeling, and being so extremely sensitive that every emotion, however trifling, palpably affects it, we are much more inclined to attribute thought and reflection to the brain. If a union exists between matter and mind, that union must be more especially felt at the sensorium, which may be regarded as the animal man himself. The idea, therefore, that thought proceeds from the head, is nothing in favor of materialism; for if there is a union between the animal man and thought, the union must be principally felt at that point where animal existence is principally felt.

It will now be asked me, how there can be a union between a material and an immaterial thing. If we should go about to prove such a union, we

should not pretend that it was of the same nature as a union between two material things. Although I have used the word union, yet it must be understood differently from those unions which exist between the heart and lungs, the brain and the different members of the body. Although we, as animals, are more particularly interested in these bodies, yet there is also a union between the mind and other portions of matter. If the mind was wholly dependant upon the body for existence, this could not, of course, be the case. Who can deny that there was a union between the mind of De Witt Clinton and the Grand Erie Canal? Had not the operations of that great man's mind upon that canal been manifested, it would have had no existence. Yet that canal might have been destroyed, and his mind would have been never the less.

It may be objected that matter has an influence over mind—that sickness, or violence done to the body, exercises a powerful effect on the intellect; and that, therefore, the brain must be the power which thinks, reasons, and judges. This is a favorite argument with materialists. They throw it up on all occasions, and triumphantly exclaim that they have proved the mortality of the human soul! It is a most singular manner of reasoning, and would not be allowed even on ordinary topics. Even where matter meets with matter, it will not hold good, on every occasion. The passenger in a ship is tossed up and down with the motion of the vessel, he does not die. Put him ashore upon an island or a rock, and let the vessel go to pieces. He is not injured by the destruction of the ship. So long as he is in the ship, he is affected by its motions; but separate him entirely from the ship, and he may go where he lists.

We say that the mind is influenced by the body, when temporary illness destroys or weakens the power of the outward senses—but this only prevents the mind from manifesting itself to others, or acquiring a knowledge of surrounding facts through the medium of those organs. We will compare the mind to a quantity of quick air in the centre of a rock. Five holes—to represent the five senses—are bored through the rock as deep as the cavity in which the air is confined. The air rushes violently out at these five apertures—but three of the holes are now plugged up. The air then rushes with far greater force out of the two remaining holes. Thus when two or three of the five senses are destroyed, the oth-



ers are rendered far more acute and active, as in the case of persons who are blind, or who are deaf and dumb. But now if you stop up the two remaining apertures—which is equivalent to destroying all the senses, which is death—does not the air still exist in the rock? It is true, that to us, who are on the outside of the rock, the air does not exist. We see none of its manifestations. We neither hear nor feel it. But the air is not destroyed.

Now at death, the five senses are destroyed. But the power which manifested itself through them, in the form of intellect, is not destroyed.

When a man receives a stunning blow on the head, he lies like one dead; and it is generally believed that the mind does not operate during that period. But this proves nothing against our doctrine: for the mind is not disconnected from the body—and having been accustomed to act with the bodily organs, cannot be supposed capable of entering upon immediate action, as soon as it is deprived of its accustomed materials to work with; but even if the mind were removed into another sphere, as soon as the senses were paralyzed, it would not, on its return to the body and to animal consciousness, be likely to bring back to earth its experience in another and higher condition.

These are a few remarks thrown together for the purpose of convincing the reader that something may be said in opposition to materialism, and the triumphant boasts of its advocates.

### AWAY FROM THEE.

A SONG.

Original.

THE sun is bright—its golden rays  
Gild mountain-top and flower;  
O'er rock, and wave, and vale it plays,  
From morn till evening hour.  
But ah! no beauty in its beams  
My weary heart can see,  
While rocks, and vales, and glancing streams,  
Keep me away from thee!

Away from thee! The rose-bud smiles,  
The bright bird sings its hymn;  
But when I count the weary miles,  
The birds and flowers grow dim.  
Away from thee! What thought of heaven  
Can be more sweet to me,  
Than but to know 'twill there be given  
To dwell fore'er with thee!

The waves to others wear a light  
More glorious than the sky;  
To me earth's hues are only bright  
Reflected from thine eye.

The world may deem me dull and sad—

I care not how that be;

I never can, nor will be glad,

My love, away from thee!

Boston, Mass.

E. W. S.

### BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Original.

I HAVE been much interested by the perusal of a piece in the last No. of the Repository, relating to the Jewish customs of burying the dead. By the page of history we are taught that the ancients honored the dead. Alas! how are they honored now! We have other customs; and when we bury up our friends, and even forget the mound of earth that rises over their remains, unless it has been marked by a slab or block of marble, we also turn from their memory, as too gloomy a subject to dwell upon. It is not because the recollection of the departed would open the fount of regretful tears that we endeavor to chase them from our memory; but because we dislike to think of death. But why is this? Is it an event which may never happen to ourselves? Is it so unusual a thing to die, that we should banish the thought of death from our minds? Yet sooner than to suffer so dark a thought to obtrude on our minds, we are willing to forget our dearest friends, our most liberal patrons, our nearest relatives.

Is this natural or right? No. Because it is natural to die; and we ought to regard those who are taken from us as even *more alive* than those who remain. We are dead to the glad truths of the gospel, if we do not regard the graves of those we love as a link connecting us with eternity; if we do not consider those who have gone home before us as friends beyond an ocean of tempests, who cannot return to us, but to whom we shall shortly go.

Is it because our faith tells us that the soul is the real person, while the body is a worthless shell, that we shun the subject of death, and carelessly put the cold corse in the ground, and leave it there? No. It will answer for a worldling to pretend that he is governed by this abstract principle of cold calculating reason. But how would it operate, if the body were preserved from corruption and planted in a glass case in one corner of his room? Would he, during the long winter nights, sit quite at his ease, when left to his solitary reflections with the body at his elbow? Would he then pursue his train of thought



with undisturbed calmness, because convinced that the untenanted frame with which he was closeted, possessed neither sense nor motion, but was a worthless shell undeserving of the least notice?

It is a common proverb that 'a rule which will not work both ways is good for nothing.' But, perhaps, I shall be answered, that although a person should feel rather timid when left in the night with a dead body, it would still be a *weakness*. Admitted. I will then, if it please you better, admit that in honoring the dead, we are guilty of a weakness; and then I will ask, which is better, an amiable weakness or an unamiable one? Which is better, to fly in terror from the tomb of one we loved while he lived, or to go thither in twilight's hallowed hour, and shed roses on his dreamless couch? Oh! sacred is the memory of the dead; and his good feelings may well be doubted, who laments that his beloved one is departed, and is at the same time afraid of seeing the spirit of that departed one. Alas! it reminds me of those who cling to their friends while in health, and dread the contagious atmosphere which surrounds them, when the burning pangs of fever are scorching their vitals. Shall we forget our friends because disease has consumed their energies—because the dreaded monarch death has done his worst, and laid their fair frames in ruin? Do we fear even the uplifted dart of the adversary; and then shun our friends who have felt the force of the blow? It is unchristian, it is inhuman, it is monstrous to forget the dead—to shun the mention of their names, or to hasten from the theme as if it were a disagreeable one.

I think that the neglect which has attended the dead, may be attributed, not to abstract reasoning about the worthlessness of disorganized matter, but to the gloomy terrors which a false and barbarous religion has hung about the chambers of death. Most christian professors cannot see a dead body without thinking of evil spirits. It is not strange that death is a gloomy subject, with such minds. It is not wonderful that such people dislike to think of their departed friend, while they are not sure but he is suffering under the eternal wrath of their vindictive Deity; it is not strange that they fear to sing cheerful hymns around his tomb, when they are not quite sure but his ears are filled with the wailings of fiends. Why should they adorn his sepulchre while not certain that they are free from the crime of com-

memorating a damned spirit; and why should they scatter roses on his grave, who may be, at that moment, regaling his nostrils with the flower of brimstone!

Until within a few hundred years, it was almost universally the custom to strew flowers, and to plant them on the graves of deceased relatives. But the blighting spirit of Calvinism has withered all those delicate oblations, and the mildew of a vindictive religion has left nothing but the deserted willow to sigh alone in the breeze, or the grateful daisy which springs up around the repose of the dead, when those who ought to visit the spot, have forgotten the beloved of years that are gone.

Washington Irving justly observes, 'It is greatly to be regretted that a custom so truly elegant and touching, has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learnt to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages by studied form and pompous ceremonial.'

This is, indeed, so much the case, that when a youth or maiden evinces natural genius, her friends fling her into the fashion mill, and she comes out ground over, shorn of her luxuriance, her heart's warm emotions iced down to zero, her heaving breast encased in iron, and her sparkling lustre smouldered forever. I sincerely hope that the late Miss Thorning, whose free lines now breathe 'less of earth than heaven,' will shun the killing influence of would-be-critics, will continue to draw inspiration from the living fount in her own pure and angelic soul, and recollect that the heart of genius is its own best counsellor. In the moment that Universalist writers suffer themselves to be conformed to the spirit of this mechanical, artificial, and 'respectable' world, the cause will stand in more jeopardy than if the combined influence of all the orthodox sects in the world was exerted for its overthrow.

To conclude—let not the believers in our holy faith forsake those who once stood, side by side with them, in defence of the glad tidings that first gushed forth in melodious song on the evening breeze at Judea. Let them not turn a cold and abstracted eye on the green graves of their friends who have passed to our father-land.



Green as the turf that blooms over them, be their memory in our hearts ; and sacred as the slumber of death, be those names to which echo alone replies.

Shall an immortal being shun the gate which leads to paradise ? Shall not death be swallowed up in the coming glory, and the flashing streams of light from the eternal world kindle the black river into a second Bethesda's pool, illumed by an angel's wing, through which we pass and come out washed of the sins and infirmities of mortal nature.

Boston, Mass.

BETHA.

### SEAT OF HAPPINESS.

Original.

I HAVE seen a man prosperous in business. He has gone on conquering and to conquer, until he has turned everything around him into a machine for making money. He has harnessed every living thing to the car of his fortunes, and he has been whirled over streets paved with gold, and the sound of his wheels was like the ringing of silver. Yet the basest menial, who contributed to his grandeur, was more at ease than he. He sometimes smiled, but it was in haste ; and whenever he doffed his cap to feel the refreshing breeze, his brow was red with fatigue. He hurried to one spot, but to exchange it for another. He gained much, but appeared to enjoy nothing. Yet I wondered that a man should labor so hard to obtain what he had found, by experience, to yield no pleasure.

I have seen a youth stretch himself upon a couch of down, and throw his arms about as if a fever was seated on his vitals. Yet health beamed in his eye, and his form was sound and vigorous. He was surrounded by wealth which he had not labored to procure, yet melancholy forever sat on his countenance.

I have seen a pensive wanderer going forth to survey the beauties of nature, when early summer had spread a rich carpet of green for his feet, the birds sang joyously among the foliage of the trees, and the silvery torrents leaped and gambolled about his path. He sat down beneath a hoary oak, to enjoy himself. He looked abroad upon the face of the earth, and sighed, and wondered that he found no delight in the prospect. Everything was there, about which poets have sung, and everything which had filled his imagination when, moving in the throng of the city, he

had panted for a view of nature's paradise. Yet he felt not happy as he gazed. He felt the irksomeness of solitude, and hastened back to the metropolis to divert his mind with the cares of this world.

I have seen a party of pleasure. The excitement of preparation was over, and they had met to pass a merry day together. They entered a gilded boat, and spread her canvass wings to the breeze. Serenely and proudly did the little vessel career over the glassy expanse of the lake, and the rude trees on the skirts of the placid waters bowed to the voyagers, as they went by, till they dipped their green arms into the silvery flood. The sun was unclouded, and shone forth clear as the eye of a seraph, and the wakening zephyrs that gently roared among the tops of the hemlocks, sounded harmonious to their ears as the distant chariots of a retreating foe. The young people exchanged smiles which said, as plainly as words could express it—how happy we *shall be* ! The day is past. They have sailed on the lake ; they have traversed the wood ; they have dined and sung under the shade of a green wood inwreathed with woodbine clusters ; they have done all they intended to do, and while on their journey home, they recapitulate all that has happened, in order to persuade themselves that they have enjoyed a day of pleasure. Without being able to decide whether they have been happy or not, every heart replies that fatigue and restlessness is now its portion.

Happiness which depends on circumstances of an outward nature, cannot survive the absence of those circumstances. But even if happiness could be conferred upon the mind by outward circumstances, the full conviction that such happiness was precarious and of finite duration, would prevent us from reposing in security upon it. Here thieves break through and steal ; and even if they did not, we could hardly have time to say, 'Soul, take thine ease,' before the mildew suggestion would come, 'This night my soul may be required of me !' Will the sons of men never learn that there is a real, solid, and enduring happiness within their reach ? Will Universalists never learn that if the *heaven* in which they believe is not worth seeking in this world, it is not worth accepting hereafter ? It was to mortal men that the Savior came—he was not sent to angels. He took upon him our form that he might save us here ; that he might set us a pattern here. If the bright example set by him in this world, is



not alluring to your minds, why do you wish to be where he is, after you die? Let us say nothing about future salvation, unless we love the appearance of the Lord Jesus; for most assuredly, no sinner will ever enter the kingdom of heaven. Misery, sorrow, and tribulation will always be the portion of the ungodly.

After death, we are no longer *men*. The nature with which we are then clothed upon, is a new one. Our state of existence is wholly different. What we have of God—what we possess of a heavenly and angelic nature, must survive the wreck of temporal things. It is the begotten of God—the spiritual life that knows no destruction and no end—being immortal as the Divine Essence, of which it constitutes a part; but every sinful and earthly feeling and desire, must perish with the body, being mortal and finite, like all other imperfect and earthly things. Consequently if a carnal-minded man have an idea of heaven, it is a gross and perishable idea, which he will never realize. The hopes of that man will perish. He may talk of the heaven which is to come, but he will never see that place which his imagination has framed. If no ‘man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost,’ neither can any man say there is any heaven after death, unless he has dwelt in it while in the body. ‘The kingdom of heaven is within you;’ and if we find it not *there*, no elementary substitute will create solid enjoyment for us in this world. Wealth, pleasure, the beauties of nature, are all lost upon the mind which has not been anointed by the great Architect which made them. Dry husks, miserable comforters are they all, if the mind is not a partaker of the divine unction by and through which nature and earthly beauty were created. Purity of heart is the great key to the storehouse of nature. The human soul is a scintillation from the Rock of Ages, and ceases to sparkle when removed from the shadow of the Rock from which it was hewn.

There is an immediate connection between the things of heaven and the things of this world. All that God created, he declared to be good; and that Adam’s heart responded to this is certain, since the world was to him a paradise. Yet it was the same world which we now inhabit; and the works of nature would be as much an Eden to a sinless man *now*, as they were to Adam before he sinned. Eden is within, and the seat of paradise is in the heart. Adam would have found gardens of Eden all over the world, had he trav-

elled while in his innocent state. Sin made the world a howling wilderness, by changing the nature of man, and not by changing the outward world. Hence those who have felt the presence of the Lord in their souls, have frequently declared, that all the world looked more beautiful than their imaginations had ever conceived of before. Had these persons gone on to greater and greater degrees of purity, the earth would have looked still more beautiful.

The seat of happiness is within; and the soul that seeks after perfection, and enjoys the presence of its Creator, will find that a new firmament and that a new earth has been created, and that there is no need of any sun, for the Lord God is the sun which shines continually in the midst thereof.

R. N.

Charlestown, Mass.

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### THE CHOICE SPIRIT.

Original.

Oh who will deny that sprites dwell in the air,  
That they make young maidens their favorite care—  
That they paint their soft cheeks with an airy brush,  
Then call the bright rose-tint a beautiful blush?

And who will deny that they breathe in their eyes,  
And make them as dreamy as soft summer skies?  
That they sit on the breasts of the innocent girls,  
And twine their soft hair into beautiful curls?

O who will dispute that the fairies descend  
To the sweet little vales where the willow trees bend,  
And teach them the graces by dancing about  
To the music from wild-birds and brooklets borne out?

And who will dispute that they steal to their hearts,  
And weave little nets for coquetry’s arts?  
That they twist up the chords, which love only could  
wake—  
And when they would free them, they shiver and break?

Away, naughty fairies! give place in those breasts  
To the angel that cometh on love’s gentle quests—  
To win their soft hearts to the shrine of God’s truth,  
And bear to his altar the incense of youth.

That angel is pleading for rest and repose  
In bosoms all bright with the hue of the rose;  
And if for that rest they should ask a reward,  
She will give it in gladness—the love of the Lord!

Her name is Religion—her home is above;—  
But she dwelleth wherever they thirst for His love;  
She guards the broad entrance that leads to the heart,  
And bids wily fairies to turn and depart.

Then seek her, young maidens, and bid her to come,  
And make in your bosoms her own quiet home;—  
That when the dark shadows steal over your sky,  
She may melt them away with the light of her eye.

S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.



## ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 23.]

Chapter iii. verse 1. *In those days came John the Baptist.* Compare Mark i. 1-8. Luke iii. 1-14. for a more full account of John the Baptist's ministry. Consult Luke i. 5-25. 57-80. for account of his birth and family. He was called *Baptist* because of his peculiar office to baptize.

*Wilderness of Judea*; the term *wilderness*, as also *desert*, applied to a region mountainous, woody, and thinly inhabited, not well fitted for culture. There was scarce a town but what had attached one of these uncultivated places—common land—and that in which John preached, began near Jericho, and extended to the mountains of Edom.

2. *Repent*; this does not convey the force of the original, which signifies a change of character—of mind, disposition, and habit, better conveyed by the word *reform*. Repentance may be good or evil, it may be such as needs to be repented of, while the Baptist's burden was thorough reformation of life; not only sorrow for sin, but neglect of sin—not only desire to be good, but ardent strivings after goodness of heart.

*Kingdom of heaven*; i. e. the reign of the expected Messiah. Dan. vii. 13. 14. The religion of truth is called a kingdom, because it has its laws, subjects, and king. John was the forerunner of the great Teacher; when he declared the kingdom of heaven was *at hand*, he announced the speedy approach of the Messiah, God's Anointed, who was to set up a spiritual kingdom that should never end.

3. *Prepare ye the way.* Allusion is here made to the custom of monarchs, who on a march or journey sent pioneers before them to clear away all obstructions, level eminences, fill up valleys, and remove all impediments to a rapid progress through the country. Some fine and extensive roads have had their origin in this custom.

4. *John's dress and food.* John was drest like the poorest part of his countrymen—as the ancient prophets, with a coarse woolly garment. 2 Kings i. 8. Zech. xiii. 4. Locusts were deemed palatable, and were commonly eaten in the East. *Wild honey* was that which was obtained from the deposits of wild bees in trunks of trees, clefts of rocks, &c. Psalm lxxxi. 16. Deut. xxxii. 13.

6. *Baptism* was common among the Jews before John's time, whenever a heathen became a convert to Judaism. It signified the change of belief, and consequent practice following the adoption of the Mosaic religion in lieu of the Gentile. It was an outward token of an indwelling feeling, and did not—could not—in itself have any purifying or sanctifying power. It is our opinion that the Lord's Supper takes the place in the christian church that baptism once occupied. Paul expressly declares there is but *one baptism*, Eph. iv. 5; there is not in all the apostolic writings, a single precept in favor of outward baptism; and what is worthy of remark, the apostles baptized whole *households* when the master or mistress became a believer, while now none are deemed fit subjects for baptism but such as have experienced conversion—regeneration of heart. When the jailor became a believer, we read, Acts xvi. 33. that *he and all his* were baptized, which embraces the idea that all his children and dependants were baptized; but *now* because a father becomes a convert, that is not considered a good reason for bap-

tizing all his children with him. Acts xvi. 15. another case.

7. *Pharisees and Saducees.* These were the two principal sects among the Jews at that time. The *pharisees* or *separatists* had the most influence, and were distinguished by their reverence for traditions as equal to the written law—and for their observance of the forms and rites to the neglect of the spirit of the Mosaic religion. The *Saducees* rejected the traditions, revered the Pentateuch or Five Books of Moses, and denied the immortality of man. They were, it is said, mostly of the wealthy class. These two sects were always directly opposed to each other in doctrine, but could unite to forward measures against Jesus and his truth.

*O generation of vipers!* expressive of the character of these two classes, as our Lord applied similar terms to them.

*The wrath to come*, i. e. the approaching vengeance. The desolation about to come on the Jewish nation. Mal. iv. 6. Clarke says: 'This wrath or curse was coming; they did not prevent it by turning to God and receiving the Messiah, and therefore the wrath of God came upon them to the uttermost.' So Lightfoot, Pearce, and Hammond.

8. *Fruits meet for repentance*, i. e. the proper fruits of reformation, becoming a new and holier life. There is here an evident allusion to their hypocrisy.

9. *Abraham—our father, &c.* i. e. Do not think of saying that because ye are the descendants of Abraham, ye are accepted of God. The Jews boasted greatly of their being the descendants of faithful Abraham, and presumed on their relation for many favors from God.

*God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham.* By this he intended that God's purposes did not depend on the Jews for fulfilment, but that he had illimitable means for their accomplishment. Some of the fathers thought there was an allusion to the Gentiles, whose insensibility was represented by the stones.

10. *The axe is laid, &c.* This metaphor or parable was drawn from the wood-cutter's work, who having selected a tree, lays his axe near while he prepares for the felling—the Jewish nation like a barren tree was to be destroyed. It was the custom of the sacred writers, when God employed the army of one nation to punish thereby another rebellious nation, to describe that army as an instrument in his hand for the execution of his will,—as his *axe* with which to hew, his staff with which to break, his rod with which to chastise. 2 Saml. xii. 31. 1 Chron. xx. 3. Compare Isa. x. 15. and verses 5. 6. 12-14. Jer. li. 19-24.

*Cast into the fire.* Very common figure as denoting judgments or punishments. The destruction of the Jews by Nebuchadnezzar is similarly described, Jer. xxii. 6-9. The judgments of God were the *fire*, the messengers or instruments of his wrath were the *axe*, and the iniquitous nation the *forest* hewn down.

11. *Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear.* This alludes to the custom of putting off the sandals from the feet, and leaving them in charge with servants. On entering the house of the great, the sandals were loosed from the feet at the door by a servant, and left with him. To unloose the sandals, was the office of the lowest menials; and it was a saying with the learned, that all that a servant did for a master, the disciple should do for his teacher, *excepting the unloosing of his shoes.* Hence, John's meaning was,



that he deemed it too great an honor to do for Christ—him that was coming—what was deemed too mean for a disciple to do for his master. An expressive figure to set forth his veneration of the Lord's Anointed.

*Baptize with Holy Ghost and with fire.* John always kept clearly before the people that his was a preparatory work, that his power, dignity, and success, deserved no comparison with the coming Messiah's—that his mission was to awaken them to repentance, and fit them by the regenerating power of godly sorrow for sin and high resolve for future obedience, to receive the spiritual benefits of the Christ's ministry. *Holy Ghost*, or *Spirit*, i. e. the spiritual influences of christianity, including its divine truths, its holy character, and the miraculous gifts bestowed on the first disciples.

As *fire* is used in scripture as significant of punishment, the word is explained in this connection as relating to the same. Compare text with verses 10 and 12. The coming of the Messiah was to be signalized by the greatest blessings and sufferings, to be visited upon the people of the nation according to character; those who received him would be blessed with the rich spiritual benefits of his truth, while those who rejected him would be involved in the ruin of the country. Others consider *fire* in this text, to be the symbol of the Holy Spirit. Acts ii. 3. compared with Acts i. 5 and 19. ii. 3. as fire was one of the three elements used by the Jews to denote purifying agencies.

12. *Whose fan is in his hand.* More properly, 'Whose winnowing shovel is in his hand.' Campbell. This was the instrument commonly used in Judea, to throw up the grain against the wind, which would blow away the chaff. The *fan* was more complex, and being contrived for raising an artificial wind, by the help of sails, could not be very easily used by the hand. Similar figures were used by the prophets in reference to national judgments. Jer. xv. 7.

*Unquenchable fire.* A fire was put to the chaff, lest it be blown back again and mingle with the grain, which fire crept on till all was consumed—till the work was fully accomplished; hence it was an *unquenchable fire*. Jer. vii. 17–20. xvii. 27. Isa. xxxiv. 10. 11. lxvi. 24. This expression, in this relation, must have reference to the utter overthrow of the Jewish nation.

13. 14. *Jesus came to be baptized, but John forbade him.* He would not have Jesus assume the character of his disciple, but doubtless having received an inspired intimation who he was, desired to be baptized of him—to become his disciple.

15. *Suffer it to be so now.* This implied that there was peculiar meaning in the rite as applied to him; and as John's baptism was the baptism of repentance, for the remission of sins, our Savior's baptism must have had a signification different from the common, as he knew not sin, and was undefiled. His baptism must relate to his induction into his office as the Anointed, according to the law he 'was made under,' Gal. iv. 4. Lev. iii. 23. Jesus had not yet acted in a public capacity, and was said to be at this time thirty years old—the age required by the law as the earliest for induction into the priestly office. Numb. iv. 23. Jennings in his *Jewish Antiquities* quotes Exod. xxix. 4. and thus comments on it;—'Aaron and his sons thou shalt bring unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and shalt wash them with water.' From hence some explain

those words of our Savior to John the Baptist, when he desired to be baptized of him,—*Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness*; i. e. being about to enter on his priestly office, it became him to be baptized, or washed, according to the law, which he was subject to, or 'was made under.' The ceremonial washing of all priests was, doubtless, designed to be typical of that purity of heart and life, which is declared to be essential to the minister of the gospel.

Chapter iv. verse 1. *Led by the spirit.* This introduces us to what is usually called the *Temptation*, and will receive, as it should, particular attention.

Parallel passages—Mark i. 12. 13. Luke iv. 1–13.

Four methods of interpretation have been adopted.

1. Real Temptation; 2. Symbolical Vision; 3. Parable spoken; and 4. Exercise of mind.

1. Devil must have appeared personally—Jesus must have known him, and this therefore destroys the force of the temptation. Ascribes too much power to him—that of removing Jesus from place to place.

2. Represents the whole as a dream—but a dream is no temptation, and there is no intimation that it was a dream or trance.

3. Supposes it to be a parable spoken to warn his disciples of trials, &c. But it is recorded as a part of the Savior's life, and not of his discourses, and when read, an impression is made that it was a trial of faith and character.

4. Regards it as temptation in mind—the spirit of selfishness warring against the spirit of devotion to duty and good.

He was 'tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' Heb. iv. 15. How are we tempted? Ans. We have power to do an unlawful thing—we desire to exert our power—thus we are tempted;—We do not exert it, and do not sin; so with Christ.

'Whatever is calculated to seduce *men to sin*, is represented by the sacred writers under the figure of a living agent. The name given to satan in the 3d verse is very emphatic—the tempter or *trier*, from a word signifying to *pierce through*. The quality and goodness of many things are proved by piercing or boring through, for this shows what is in the heart.

*Interpretation.* Having arrived at the proper age, Jesus was inducted into his office as Messiah by baptism and the voice from heaven, he was impelled, by an impulse he recognized to be the will of God, to retire to a solitary place for calm and solemn meditation and thought—to think over what he was to be, and what he must meet and withstand. Near six weeks he was alone, subsisting on the scanty food of the forest, and the physical system became weak—needed nourishment; he knew his miraculous power; he was tempted to turn stones into bread—to exert his power to gratify his appetite, but remembered the word of God, that he must trust in him, and repulsed the tempter and sinned not. His gifts were not given for mere selfish ends.

Temptation returned in another form. Did he but appear before the people in some way to attract wonder, he would be hailed as the Messiah. Vain-glorious confidence he fostered not, and he provoked no needless manifestation of God's protection.

It came as ambition—he might go forth and attain a temporal kingdom. But ambition was repelled as appetite and vanity had been, and he triumphed.

We are not, probably, made acquainted with all his trials in that season when his principles were



fixed, and his soul made resolute to do the will of God in all things. These three may be classes of temptations, and regarded as an epitome of the trials that would rise up to distract his mind from duty; but he went forth prepared, and was without sin even to the last.

This portion of the Savior's history was secret, and must have been communicated to the disciples by him, for a wise end. He directed them thereby to what they needed;—Want, Vanity, and Ambition, would beset them and they should *prepare* to meet and conquer; this could and can be only done by fixed principles of right and duty, unreserved confidence in God, and persevering on in obedience to the divine will.

*The devil.* This term, and that of satan, in the New Testament, bears the general sense of adversary or tempter. See Matt. xvi. 23. John vi. 70. In 1 Tim. iii. 11. the original word is rendered *slanderers*.

2. *Fasted 40 days and nights.* We are not to understand an entire privation of food, but of his usual food. For though it is said, Luke iv. 2. 'he did eat nothing,' yet similar is the account of John the Baptist, Luke vii. 33, when we are told that he had food—what the wilderness afforded. It was so with Jesus;—there is no reason to believe that a miracle was performed to sustain him, and it is unnecessary to suppose one.

4. *Men shall not live by bread alone;* i. e. 'life does not depend on the usual methods of support; but God can in any other manner he sees fit, preserve me alive.' John iv. 32.

6. *Cast thyself down.* This would be a signal proof to all that he was the Messiah, and the assurance is recalled, Psalm xci. 11. to give strength to the temptation. It is said the Jews expected some such evidence when the Messiah should come.

7. *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God;* i. e. 'thou shalt not by rash exposures, which he has not enjoined, ask for the interposition of his providence for thy rescue, nor seek for more evidence of thy divine commission than he has afforded.' Deut. vi. 16.

8. 9. *Sheweth him all kingdoms—all these will I give thee.* The Jews expected the appearance of a conquering and not a suffering Messiah; they anticipated the full restoration of the former glory of Israel, and were ready to hail one who would lead on to triumphant achievements, and give evidence of his divine mission. Ambition would tempt Jesus to do this, but he was strong to resist.

10. *Get thee hence, Satan.* In Mark it is, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' the same as his language to Peter when he opposed him, Matt. xvi. 23. Campbell translates *satan*, in this verse, *adversary*, and in the first verse of the chapter chooses the term *traducer*. To God he gave up his cause, and in his strength resolved to be pure—to never exert his miraculous power to favor vanity, ambition, or selfishness.

11. *Angels came and ministered unto him;* i. e. he received miraculous refreshment. Whatever means are used by God to forward the designs of his providence, are called angels or messengers.

Who follow not virtue in youth, cannot fly sin in old age.

## BEAUTY WITH DECAY.

Original.

THERE'S beauty in the fading hues  
Of sunset's glorious hour!  
There's beauty in the breaking wave  
That dies upon the shore!  
There's beauty in the melting rays  
Of rainbow brilliant dyes!  
There's beauty in the dying storm,  
As swift each dark cloud flies;  
There's beauty in the passing year,  
When autumn holds its reign;  
There's beauty in the flight of birds,  
And in their farewell strain.

But beauty blended with decay,  
Is brightest when we see  
The christian parting from our earth  
In meek humility,—  
With trust as firm as giant hills,  
Reposed in boundless grace,  
With hope, most precious to the heart,  
To look on Jesus' face;  
Unearthly light beams in the eyes,  
A smile the features wear,  
And as we gaze our souls confess  
Beauty beyond compare.

D. P. R.

Boston, Mass.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

### II. THE MANTUA-MAKER.

AMONG the many errors that sway the public mind in regard to education, there is perhaps none more injurious to the progress of mental cultivation, than the idea that *learning* is to be obtained only from practised teachers in regularly established seminaries. But a little observation would be necessary to convince any person of intelligence that neither schools nor experienced teachers are *very* important to the promotion of true wisdom. Man holds the key of knowledge in his own mind—the store houses are before, around, above, beneath him.

Many persons apologize for their ignorance by appealing to the fact that, in their early days, schools had not attained their present high standard of excellence—that books were not so abundant, and education not so fashionable. All this may be true, yet we cannot discover wherein it will justify a neglect of mental culture. Mind should progress with mind—and individual intellect keep pace with the great mass of human knowledge in its rapid accumulations. We are never too old to learn—and indolence alone, in a



free country like ours, can seal up the mind in its ignorance of useful knowledge.

The first step in the progress of human intellect must be a deep consciousness of the value and importance of education. Such a consciousness is of more avail than years of discipline under a thousand teachers. Females especially, whose sphere in human life confines them more to the domestic circle, who can less conveniently spend years away from the homestead roof in pursuit of scientific and literary knowledge, should consider the obligations they are under to their Creator as well as to their fellow-beings, to cultivate the whole powers of their intellects and of their hearts; and to do this through those opportunities which are afforded to every woman in our land. We are wearied and out of patience with the pleas that are offered in extenuation of ignorance.

'No opportunities for *schooling*—no money to buy books—no time to read them.' We do not believe that a *great many* books are necessary to a proper cultivation of the female mind—at least to that degree of cultivation which will prepare it for the highest improvement in domestic virtues. It is the quality, not the quantity of reading which makes people wise; and if the same money which is individually expended for worthless articles of finery, or what is perhaps even more deleterious to an ardent mind, popular modern novels, were saved for the purchase of valuable and *instructive* books, should we not have reason to be proud of the intelligence, instead of blushing for the follies of our sex?

Nor is the apology of want of time more plausible. No time for the improvement of the mind! Is its mortal vesture then, worthy of all the cares and toils of life? Is there no time to be expended on the only thing that survives time? No time for the adornment of the only true temple of divine worship? There is, there must be, in the economy of God's providence a season for the development of our spiritual natures—a development that can be only effected by study and reflection—by discipline of the mind and cultivation of the heart. There are few females in our land who cannot avail themselves of evening leisure for appropriation to the holy pleasures of reading and meditation; and even those who are confined by their labors till an hour long past the midnight, have at least the sabbath day for the rest and refreshment of the soul.

Fanny Lovell was a *true* woman;—true not

only in language and feeling, in the deeds of her life and the unshadowed beauty of her faith, but also in the earnest and unfaltering perseverance with which she met the difficulties of her lot, and fulfilled, in the face of a thousand discouragements, the law of God written upon her moral and intellectual nature. No arguments that we could possibly devise, would so successfully refute the pleas of ignorance, seeking its own justification, as the simple story of her life. But if it shame woman's deficiencies, it will also vindicate her possibilities; and from showing her what she is not, will teach her what she ought to be to fulfil the plan of her creation.

Fanny was the eldest daughter of an indigent farmer, whose family consisted of ten children younger than herself—sixteen being the measure of her years. Too poor to maintain his numerous young family by his own industry, he had 'bound out' his two oldest sons, and procured Fanny a situation in a dress-maker's shop in the city. Here she was left entirely to the guardianship of the moral principles which had been instilled into her mind by a pious mother. And they proved unto her ministering angels—more vigilant in their watch than the argus eyes of a dozen prudish duennas whom a little maiden art could easily deceive.

Fanny entered upon her arduous labors with a full consciousness of the privations and strict confinement that would await her, but with a firm resolve to allow no toil of the hands to destroy the active energies of her mind. Because poverty and unremitted industry were to be her allotments in life, should they be rendered still more burdensome through ignorance and mental imbecility? She had treasured in her heart the instructions of the wise man; she remembered that he had said, 'Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding it is established; and by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with *all precious and pleasant riches*.' 'How much more then, than all others,' she would say, 'ought we who are poor in worldly goods, to fill the chambers of our souls with the imperishable riches of knowledge—a wealth that will support us through every adversity—that will minister to the longings of the soul, when the animal frame disdains all the luxuries that gold can purchase;—how much—how very much ought we to labor for the undecaying stores of wisdom.'

Perhaps there is no class of female artisans in our country who have so few and so brief respites



from labor, as the city mantua-makers. They are true martyrs to their profession—sacrificing health and ease and peace of mind to the gratification of their customers, and stealing from wearied nature her hours of repose, to minister to the all-exacting caprices of fashion. Fanny's mistress was one of those ambitious and indefatigable workers, who deem all innocent and healthful recreations, so necessary to supply the very fountains of human enjoyment, a waste of time, and a loss of money. She indulged her assistants in no relaxations whatever—confining them from the dawn of day to a late hour of night, and in the busiest seasons of the year, often till one and two o'clock in the morning. But thanks to the wise institutions of God, they had the Sabbath days for rest and peace.

Fanny rose on this blessed day an hour earlier than was her wont on those appropriated to manual labor; her toilet was completed for church before the clear dawn of day, and the whole intervening hours between this time and the ringing of the church bell, were devoted exclusively to study. At church she was ever deeply attentive—adding to her spiritual treasures day by day, a stronger faith and a warmer devotion. Then at noon came another period of leisure—and while her companions were indulging in indolence and sleep, she was again in the company of the great and good, the wise and gifted. Books were the only society, study the only amusement, reading the only repose that she desired. Some of the most valuable of the works she perused, were her own property, procured by sums that had been collected, penny by penny, by the strict denial of all useless adornment of dress; others were taken from the Circulating Library, and some belonged to the family in which she resided.

The bible was one of her constant studies and chief delights. She did not glance lightly upon its pages as many do who are ignorant of its beauties and its worth; read a few verses and pronounce it dull and tiresome; she *studied* it with her whole heart and understanding, sought out its spirit and its truth, became a worshipper according to its golden rules, and built up in her heart a temple for its glorious and undying faith. Her Sabbath evenings also, were devoted to like intellectual exercises. Her *pen* was not neglected. She wrote down the events of the week—the peculiar impulses of her mind and heart throughout its trials, her hopes, her wants, her faith, her love, her gratitude and trust. She cul-

tivated epistolary intercourse; sought, through this medium, counsel from her absent parents; bestowed it upon her young brothers and sisters; and kept alive her ardent social affections by free communion with her maiden friends. And she did right.

O my young sisters! why will you not estimate, more truly, the immeasurable benefits that would result to your minds and hearts from a frequent and persevering exercise of the pen? It is one of the most practicable as well as one of the most valuable means of education within the reach of the female intellect. Writing strengthens and concentrates reflection, without which reading is like seed sown on a dry soil. None of us are quite destitute of ideas, and no exercise of the mind can learn us to express them with so much grace and propriety as literary composition. 'I have no gift for writing,' is the almost universal plea. Yes, you have, sister, the same gift for writing, that you have for thought and conversation. Every pure mind has pure thoughts—and every innocent heart feelings of truth and holiness. An accurate and graceful expression of these constitutes literary talent. This is partly the favor of nature, but much more the effect of study and cultivation. Write for your own hearts, and for the eye of God alone. There are feelings in the soul that can only be revealed to heaven—thoughts too pure and holy for the ears of the children of earth—the language given unto the human heart for converse with the angels of God. Write not feelings like these for the cold criticism of unsympathizing hearts—but give them a tangible form for your own eyes, that they may give back a clearer image to the mind, and thus teach it wisdom by its own purity. The energies and beauties of your intellects can never be known, even to yourselves, save by a continued practice of written revelations; by drawing out your ideas into definite and impressive forms; by cultivating language, and winning from the cells of the inmost heart, feelings and affections unanalyzed before.

Fanny had disciplined her mind by this exercise far more than by listening to the teachings of others. It had given a rare dignity and exaltation to her character, by making her acquainted with her mental and moral capacities; by revealing to her the affinity she bore to the high and spiritual intelligences of heaven, and by convincing her that the more her affections became purified and her mind enlightened, the nearer she



approached the natures and the enjoyments of angels. And having devoted the holiest day of the seven to study, religious devotion, and the outpouring of her soul in written language, she was prepared for all the vexations, and cares, and confinement of the week. While employed with her active needle in the company of her fellow-laborers, she never allowed herself to engage in any idle and indecorous conversation, but passed the hours in sweet meditation, or strove with gentle firmness to give a morality and dignity to the thoughts and feelings of those around her.

Such was Fanny's character, such her education, such her life in the midst of poverty, unremitted toil, and uncultivated society; and if in these circumstances she still proved true to her highest nature, what excuse have any of us for a neglect of the holiest and most precious gifts of heaven? In farther development of Fanny's character and of her history, we insert the following letters written to her mother toward the end of her term of apprenticeship.

FANNY TO MRS. LOVELL.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Since I received your last kind and precious letter, I think I have made some improvement in my religious character. I have strove to, most earnestly; for I cannot bear to think that all your wise counsel should be wasted on one who owes such a debt of gratitude to you; nor can I excuse myself from constant endeavors to fulfill the law of God in obedience to the teachings of his Son. You tell me, above all other christian virtues, to cultivate a spirit of philanthropy—to look on the sunny side of human character. Oh mother! I fear I am very deficient in this celestial characteristic. You know not how low the springs of charity sometimes run in my heart—how almost misanthropic I become, when, in walking the streets, I hear oaths and curses ringing on the pure air of heaven, and see man made lower than a brute by the indulgence of his worst appetites. And even those whom I should otherwise esteem gentlemen, degrade themselves by a profanation of God's holy name! How can they, mother,—I often ask myself, how can they sink themselves so low in the scale of human nature, as to breathe the name of the holiest, and best, and most adorable Being in the universe—one to whom they owe all their happiness in life, all their hopes of a future existence—to breathe HIS name in any other tone than that of the deepest reverence and

the most affectionate gratitude? It must be, (for neither reason nor charity will allow any other interpretation) it *must* be because they do not understand the glories and the perfections of his character—his goodness, and wisdom, and inconceivable holiness. Did they understand his nature, did they know his greatness, Oh would they not go and bury their faces in the very dust of the streets, and almost desire to be forever annihilated that they might escape the shame and the scorpion stings of conscience brought upon them by their base profanity? They are not gentlemen, mother; no man is a gentleman who does not walk with God, and feel the sublimity of his holiness.

I have become lately acquainted—and it is my duty to tell you of it—with a young man of the most excellent moral character, whose manifestations I have witnessed in my intercourse with the world. He is a teacher of one of the primary schools in this city, and though it is regarded by many as an humble capacity, he says that he esteems it as one of the highest and noblest that can devolve upon the intellect of man; since it is in the earliest years of instruction that those principles are established, and that character developed, which is to form, in the next generation, the mainspring of national glory and prosperity. 'We primary school-teachers, in co-operation with mothers, are strengthening and consolidating the corner stone laid by the patriots of the revolution,' was a declaration that he made the other evening, when contending for the dignity of his office. Was it not a true and noble one, dear mother? But I have not told you his name yet, nor the manner in which our acquaintance has been formed. I know you will think his name a very good one—it is Franklin Wellington—rather hard to pronounce though, for I almost always get it *Frankling Wellington*, when speaking both names together. Our acquaintance commenced a long time before we ever spoke to each other. He attracted my attention many months ago, in church; for beside wearing the most intellectual countenance in the congregation, he is also, the most truly devotional worshipper at our altar;—his seat is nearly opposite mine, and whenever any peculiarly beautiful and holy thought was expressed in the sermon, my eyes always turned involuntarily to his countenance, and always met his glance—so expressive, as though he felt that I should understand and feel with him, better than any one else. I do not



know but you will think this was wrong, mother,—but our sympathy was so impulsive, I do not believe he had ever any consciousness of the act, more than myself, until it was past. A few weeks ago I was requested to take a Sabbath School class, and he being one of the teachers, we very soon became *verbally* acquainted. He now calls often to see me—and I wish to ask your advice about the propriety of his spending so many evenings in my company. We are never alone together; Mrs. Bailey and the girls are always one or the other of them, in the room—but then they laugh at me so much about his attentions, as they call them, and say so many rude things which have no truth, that I blush with mortification, and often weep bitter tears. Yet I cannot bring myself to a resolution to forbid his visits, or esteem their indulgence any impropriety. Do tell me what I ought to do, in your next letter, which I hope will arrive very soon. Kiss all the dear brothers and sisters for me, and tell father how much and how gratefully I love him. I will try and obey your excellent instructions, and trust soon to report more progress. Mr. Wellington lends me a great many books—reads to me a great deal, and explains everything clearly to my understanding. You cannot imagine what a good friend he is, mother. I hope you will not think I ought to refuse his visits. How ungrateful such a determination would appear to him! Oh, dear mamma, I wish you knew him—he is so good.

Ever affectionately, your grateful

FANNY LOVELL.

FANNY TO MRS. LOVELL.

DEAR MAMMA: I have read your last letter more than twenty times, till every word is engraven in my heart with a vividness that can never be dimmed by time nor coldness. It is the dearest epistle I have ever received from you, which is saying a great deal where all are so *very* precious. You say that I am perfectly justifiable in permitting the visits of Mr. Wellington—ay, more;—that you are rejoiced that I have the friendship of so good a man. Bless you, dear mamma, for such soothing words! My heart has been ever since leaping about in my bosom, lighter than anything to which I could compare it in the visible universe. Oh, I ought not to say so much—but are you not *my mother*? Should I keep any thought or feeling secret from my only and my ever faithful confidant? Nay mamma, I dare confess to

you, that until I received your letter, I suffered greatly from indecision of purpose and anxiety respecting your advice. I felt that to give up his society would be to relinquish the dearest enjoyment of my present life—and that to live now, deprived of a friendship which I value as the richest blessing ever bestowed upon me by kind heaven, would be but dragging on a mortal frame destitute of the soul that enlivened it. He spends the evening here twice a week now, and you cannot think how delightfully they pass. He has a very soft, tender voice, and when he reads poetry, it is like the music of a flute. He points out a great many beauties that I never should discover myself, and I think he has a rare taste in selecting the right kind of poetry to make one feel happier and holier. I think one can judge very accurately of another's character by his choice of subjects for reading and conversation. Now Mr. Wellington—or Franklin, as he loves better to have me call him—almost always reads something about the heart and the affections. He loves some of Burns' little songs very much, and though he thinks Moore is generally deficient in purity of sentiment, a few of his sweetest melodies he reads with exquisite pathos. Mrs. Hemans is one of his favorites, and some passages in Shakspeare—Oh mamma, there never can be written or read in this world anything so thrillingly beautiful; anything, I mean, of a purely literary character—the scriptures being, of course, in my mind, placed far above all comparison with anything of mere earthly origin. Mr. Wellington's manners agree with his poetic partialities. He is very tender and affectionate in his little winning ways. I never saw a school-master so graceful, and if it were any one less scrupulously moral in deportment, I should shrink from the familiar tenderness of his attentions. But then I feel as easy with him as I do with brother Edwin, and I think I like him about as well. Indeed, mamma, perhaps I ought not to say it, but it does sometimes seem to me as though I enjoy myself more with him, than with Edwin. But that is because he is the only very pleasing friend I can associate with here, while at home, I have you and father, and all my brothers and sisters, besides Edwin. \* \* \* \*

My letter was disturbed a few hours ago by Franklin, who called to invite me to a walk. This walk was the first hour we have ever passed alone in each other's society; and Oh dear mamma, can you surmise what the result of it has been? I



can scarcely realize that it is indeed so—that he loves me, as he says, with a feeling warmer and deeper than common friendship; that his only hope of happiness in all his future life depends upon the gift of my love. He wishes me to promise to be forever his. ‘Oh Franklin!’ I exclaimed, ‘how can it be that you love one so humble, and ignorant, and unaccustomed to the refinements of educated society as I am? How can it be that you desire to link your fate with that of one evidently created for a far lowlier sphere?’ ‘I love you, not for your station in life,’ he replied, ‘but for the goodness of your heart, and the cultivation of your mind. I have known very few females even in the highest circles of society, whose intellects are so reasonably and soundly disciplined as yours—and were you a washerwoman, or even humbler, if there be an humbler honest occupation, and were still possessed of the same holy affections, chastened and dignified character, and truly enlightened and vigorous mind, I would not hesitate even then, from any consideration of your lowly condition, to lay my heart, with its noblest and deepest affections, at your feet. I cannot love rank alone, but I can love goodness and intelligence in any sphere.’ Were not these sentiments, mamma, very noble, as well as very flattering and delightful to a heart that loves as mine does? Oh he is a good man and a great man, and he might have selected a wife from the highest and most refined class of our metropolitan society. But he has chosen me—all unworthy and insignificant as I am;—can I ever cease to be deeply grateful? I have given him no promise, but referred him to the decision of my parents. I have no fears that they will disappoint our love. My term of service here expires next week. I shall then return to my beloved and peaceful home, accompanied by Franklin. Have I not reason to anticipate perfect felicity? Till then, fondly and gratefully, adieu!

Your faithful and favored daughter,

FANNY.

The future peace and prosperity of Fanny's life will be readily anticipated; and who will say that she did not fully merit her reward? One who had been so faithful to the trust bestowed by heaven, in her moral and intellectual nature, could never be negligent of any of the sterner duties of woman's domestic sphere. Will not our earth be far lovelier, and its sweets a thousand times more enduring, when all young females

are awakened, as Fanny was, to a consciousness of the dignity and glory of their responsibilities? Let them think of it, and answer by *practical* language.

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ON THE DEATH OF M. S. B.

Original.

Oh hast thou flown, thou lovely child,  
To scenes more pure and fair,  
And shall we never, never more  
Thy little pleasures share?

Alas, that bright, that sunny smile,  
Will glad our hearts no more!  
An angel came and snapped the cord  
That bound her to this shore.

Why is it that we learn to lean  
Upon the tender vine—  
When round affection's faithful breast  
Its sweet young tendrils twine?

Why is it that we then must lose  
Affection's gentle stay?  
That when we most securely lean,  
Death tears that vine away?

Are cherubs wanted round the throne  
Of Him who dwells on high?  
Perhaps it is that we may love  
The time we are to die.

Delightful thought! one little pang,  
And suffering all is o'er;  
Then will we meet those treasured ones  
Where parting is no more.

Thou, dearest child, hath gone to meet  
Those beautiful and fair;  
Two brothers and a sister dear,  
Are waiting for thee there.

There thou no more wilt miss those arms  
That fondly thee caressed,  
Or close those little eyes to sleep,  
Upon thy mother's breast.

But she can never thee forget,—  
Her heart ne'er cease to ache,  
And thy lone sister often asks,  
When Susan will awake.

Awake! sweet child! thou knowest not  
She waits in heaven for thee,  
Enfolded in a father's love,  
Bright, beautiful and free!

Boston, Mass.

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HAS any one a competence of the goods of this world? If so, contentment should sit enthroned in robes of peace! Has any one more than this, let him, with his own hand, dispense the same to the needy, and the richest of all earthly blessings will be his—the lofty swellings of his heart, and the benediction of the recipient!



## DEITY—CREATION.

Original.

*Each moss,  
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank  
Important in the plan of Him who fram'd  
This scale of beings.'*

EVERY object in creation, from the microscopic cubes which form the sands of the sea-shore, to the bright and glorious luminary which dispenses light and heat to the world, presents something, either in their form or nature, indicative of the power and goodness of the grand Architect of nature. The gathering clouds portentous of the direst storm,—the vexed ocean made furious by the driving blast,—the air on fire with vivid lightning,—the earth deluged with out-pouring clouds, or shook to its centre by the convulsive quake,—these show forth the power of that hand unseen by which they are directed. While the mild azure of a summer sky,—the silvery surface of the unruffled deep,—the genial influence of the bright sun,—the soft breathings of the airy element sweeping gently over the surface of animated nature, appeal to us in language, eloquent indeed, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of the Creator. But of all the phenomena of the elemental system, what is more simple in itself, and yet what more beautiful to the eye, than the gold and purple arch which spans the heavens when the sun bursts upon the exhausted clouds and gilds the fleeting vapor with his rays. On earth its appearance is welcomed as the sign of peace to the warring elements, and of calm to the agitated bosom. In these various and wonderful exhibitions in creation, are recognized the omnipotence, the omniscience and the omnipresence of Deity.

E. W.

## SKETCHES. NO. IV.

Original.

## THE POUND-KEEPER.

THE traveller may recollect, that in passing through the village of S—— in an adjoining state, a small red house which stands on a point formed by the meeting of three roads, may be seen just as you gain the summit of a hill which overlooks much of the surrounding country.

Not far from this house is a beautiful lake, over which, in a fine day, the little skiffs may be seen gliding, with an occasional pleasure boat furnished with a sprit sail and other nautical accoutrements in miniature.

Frowning high above the roof of the little dwelling which I have designated, is a clump of old oaks, whose roots are thrust out like serpents from the hill-side on which they grow. A large pond for geese and ducks lies at the foot of the hill, and on one side of it is this dwelling. A small green yard in front, generally filled with apples in the genial season, cut up and spread out to dry, is enclosed with white pickets; while Flora has appropriated one angle of the yard to herself. A cluster of lilach trees and snow-balls, with those delicate and delightful 'little creatures' called pinks, here spread their fragrance around, and the zephyr bears it on its wings a not unwelcome offering to the most fastidious traveller who passes along the highway.

On one side of the house is a rude gate, also painted red, with broad rusty hinges, and this opens into a somewhat extensive enclosure fenced in by rough boards, with nails along the top, as if to keep out those unfortunate gentlemen who are accustomed to take things without permission.

This is the pinfold in which stray cattle, and other animals over whom man holds jurisdiction, are confined; and this sufficiently indicates the employment of the man who resides in the red house at the junction of the three roads.

He is an aged man, and has long been an inhabitant of S——. His long gray locks are done up in a queue behind, and his whole dress is antiquated, even to the silver buckles in the shoes. He may still be seen going to church on Sunday, with his long gold-headed cane, and hat turned up before. His language is ancient, and his customs are those of our ancestors. He is a great foe to innovation, and more so in matters of religion than in anything else. He often speaks of the good old customs, and believes that the *new* notions introduced by Unitarians, Universalists, and other sects, will never be effectually put down until the pillory, the whip cord, and the gibbet are once more brought into vogue for the conversion of souls, and the subversion of heresy.

One thing appears to have slipped his mind, and that is, that the march of intelligence is onward and not retrograde; and that the deviations of Universalists from the old Calvinistic and partial creed, are not more wonderful than the deviations of Luther and Calvin from the doctrines and principles of Mother Church. Neither does he appear to reflect that, in consonance with the prophecy of the apostle, the primitive church fell



away—that ‘damnable heresies’ were introduced, and that throughout the dark ages, the church of Rome, having become married to the secular power, carried everything before it; while, soon after the invention of the art of printing threw its broad blaze of intelligence upon the benighted world, the Reformation arose, and then, indeed, the errors of Popery received their death-wound; but they were not exterminated. Over this broad earth, the principles of the Romish church have an extensive sway, and the number of Catholics is much greater than the number of Protestants. Now our hero, the keeper of the pound, seems to imagine that the errors, the prejudices, and false traditions of ages were exterminated in one age—that Calvin came out from the Romish church, perfect in doctrine; and that the gloom of the dark ages was at once dispelled by the sun of Calvinism: thus giving to the early reformers a power and an authority, which none ever were capable of exercising but the Son of God himself. Bad as he hates the church of Rome, he has never yet been able to prove that *impartial grace* was one of their heresies; and neither has he been able to discover that the apostle warned his hearers of deceivers who should arise in the latter days, proclaiming Jesus as the Savior of all mankind.

But this venerable partialist has, of late years, compared himself with David, who had a rebellious son—not that he ever had a son, but he has a daughter; and she has improved so little from the dogmatical teachings of her sire as to attend a Universalist meeting occasionally. Some persons do assert that she is, in heart, a Universalist. The following dialogue which passed between the pound-keeper and his daughter, lately, may serve to throw a little light upon the subject.

‘What meeting did you attend to-day, Clarissa?’

‘I went to hear a Universalist speaker, who preached in the school house.’

‘That was too far for you to walk—if you make yourself sick, it will be your own fault. Strange that you should take so much pains to serve the devil!’

Here a long pause ensued.

‘Clarissa, do you not think when you were so unwell, last month, it was a judgment upon you?’

‘I have not reflected much on the subject; but presume that I had taken cold.’

‘Well, daughter, let me tell you that it is time you did think on the subject. It is high time

that you begun to be seriously anxious for the salvation of your poor immortal soul. You are now twenty three years of age, and have never yet made a profession of religion. The like cannot be said of any other relative that I ever had, with the exception of your uncle Nebuchadnezzar, who, after having been brought up in the strictest manner and taught to believe in the truth, even with the assistance of stripes, turned out a rank infidel at last, and is now in hell, without any manner of doubt.’

‘I hope not, father!’

‘Then you are in a fair way of being damned, yourself, and the poisonous doctrines to which you listen have contributed to harden your heart against God.’

‘I hope, my father, that in expressing a hope that my dear uncle is not in a place of torment, I have not given evidence that my heart is hardened against God, or his Son who came into the world to save that which was lost.’

‘In the grave there is no repentance; and as your uncle died impenitent, he is doubtless lost. Common sense, girl, would teach you that.’

‘Well, sir, that is a painful reflection, but—’

‘No, child, it is only painful to an unregenerate soul. The true child of God would not only be willing that his friends should be damned, but would also be willing to perish eternally, himself, for the glory of God!’

‘But, father, Jesus came to save those who were lost.’

‘There is no such thing as saving those who are *actually* lost.’

‘I had always supposed that that was your avocation, father. Many a time have you gone over the hills to gather up a stray sheep or lamb, or some other animal which might otherwise have perished—and then you put those creatures which were lost into your pinfold, and the owner, when he hears of it, comes hastily to your house, and redeems them with a price.’

‘Very true—but that is because he sets a value upon his beast. It is worth something to him.’

‘And does not Jesus say, O father, that our souls are precious in the eyes of God, and that he has great love to the sinner—and does not the good shepherd leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go in search of that which was actually lost, and’—

‘Silence, girl—you are very troublesome.’

LUCIUS.



## THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

Original.

WHEN a person undertakes to examine a subject with the full determination to decide in one particular way ; or in other words, if he criticises for no other purpose but to strengthen his prejudices, resolutely resolving to throw away all the evidence which interferes with them, he does not show a regard for truth. Christianity is dishonored by such unfairness, though our partiality may seem to be in her favor. Truth is still truth, whether it be found in the Bible or in Paine's Age of Reason—whether it come from the lips of a christian or from the lips of an infidel.

The history of Joseph is without a parallel ; and is stamped with the incontestible evidence of truth ; yet Voltaire, who like the spider, bound to crawl in king's palaces, and bedaub everything beautiful and lovely, with his slime, has endeavored to mar the interest which we naturally take in so affecting a narrative. He, however, admits, in the outset, that it is 'one of the most valuable monuments of antiquity which have reached our times.' He says it is 'more pathetic than Homer's Odyssey, as a forgiving hero is more moving than he who gluts his vengeance.'

In passing along, it is well to notice what Voltaire says above, of a *forgiving* hero. This is saying much in favor of the christian religion, which inculcates entire forgiveness of all injuries ; and should he reply that, in this, christian doctrine ingeniously addresses itself to the natural sympathies of mankind, we have only to say that then it proves itself to be a religion which is naturally adapted to our innate conceptions of loveliness, true dignity, and lofty virtue. Voltaire, while endeavoring to 'crush the wretch,' gives many evidences that his own heart approves of the essentials of christianity ; so that he seems to be only trying to prove that christianity is not christianity !

But it is plain that, in the present instance, Voltaire is not endeavoring to establish the authenticity of the story of Joseph ; for with his usual stealthiness, he says of it that 'It appears to have been the model of all the oriental writers.' In the short paragraph which I have thus quoted, in detached parts, is a disposition to do full justice to the literary character of the narrative ; and also a fixed determination to destroy its authenticity. He would fain number it with the other oriental tales, of which the east has been so fruitful, and thus resolve it into a fable. After

giving a simple outline of the behavior of Potiphar's wife, he says :—'This is the history of Hippolytus and Phædra, of Bellerophon and Sthenobæa,' &c.

By this it appears that he regards the history of Joseph as the model for those other eastern tales. But what would all this prove against the authenticity of the history of Joseph ? If a writer wished for a model, he would certainly prefer a true history to a false one. The histories of the ancient nations have much fable interwoven with facts ; and all writers of fiction are glad to avail themselves of facts for the groundwork of their stories. What more interesting facts would an ancient story-teller have required than those recorded of Joseph and his family ?

On the other hand, is it not true that oriental stories are, when divested of the miraculous part of them, remarkable for their truth to nature ; and is it incredible that events which are exactly true to nature should have happened ?

What if a number of fictitious stories should be written which had for their ground work, that a notorious miser procured a divorce from his wife because she was prodigal of his money ; and what if, afterward, a well-attested history should be discovered, in which mention was made of such a circumstance. Would the fact that so probable an event had been made the foundation of romances, destroy the authenticity of the real history ?

Yet it is thus that Voltaire endeavors to jumble the whole together ; and simply on the ground that fables have been written about a disappointed and vengeful woman, he would have it that the whole history of Joseph must be a fable, because such an occurrence took place in his life ! But let us go farther and ask, what could have happened to Joseph or any other person, that has not since found something like a parallel in oriental fiction ? Did *nothing* take place during his life—did no event take place during the lives of the people who lived several thousand years ago—did they live, breathe, walk, quarrel, go to war, and have adventures as people do in these days ? If they did, and if we had their true histories, we should find that every remarkable event had been recorded in fictitious history, as happening to one or other of the characters in the novelist's drama.

Voltaire continues : 'On his having explained Pharaoh's dream, he was immediately created prime minister. It is a question, whether, now-



a-days, any king, even in Asia, would bestow a post of that importance for having explained a dream.'

This Voltaire thinks is wonderful, and says that the whole story is marked with oriental genius; having the sublime, the marvellous, the exposition, connection, discovery and reverse of fortune necessary to an epic poem.

Now let it be remembered that in raising Joseph to the dignity which he attained, Pharaoh acted precisely as a man of judgment would have done. He placed confidence in Joseph's interpretation, not only because it appeared perfectly rational and consistent, but also because he had interpreted the dreams of his two fellow prisoners correctly. He had every reason to believe that Joseph had told him the truth, respecting the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine. What, then, should a man who found himself in the hands of God, and his destiny controlled by One whose ways were hidden from him, do, but to entrust that person with the ordering of the event unto whom God had revealed his intentions? Who would be more likely to conduct the business wisely than he to whom God had given supernatural wisdom? Unto whom could the Almighty be more likely to lend his assistance, in the coming trial, than unto him whom he had entrusted with the knowledge of his purpose?

But is there, indeed, something so wonderful in this narrative, that we are obliged to attribute it to oriental invention? What then shall we say of Catharine of Russia, elevated from a hovel, and from the condition of a slave, to the proudest throne in Europe? What shall we say of Napoleon, the Corsican boy, dethroning kings, and encircled by monarchs doing homage, with uncovered heads, to a king of kings? What shall we say of Benjamin West, the Quaker lad of Pennsylvania, wearing the badge of knighthood in the court of Great Britain? What shall we say of a poor despised man of Jewish descent, who was put to death some eighteen hundred years ago, between two common thieves, who has been worshipped for centuries, by the most enlightened nations, as the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth? Are these the inventions of oriental fabulists? Are these the vagaries of an excited imagination? Time would fail me were I to cite the many individuals, who, like the poor Maid of Orleans, have become the astonishment of the world, and burst from obscurity to soar, like a rocket,

before the admiring gaze of men. Did not Voltaire know that 'truth was stronger than fiction?' But enough—he affords a melancholy example of how prone mankind are, when they have shut their eyes against the great Fountain of Truth, to mistake the muddy streams of error for the rivers of true knowledge; and to imagine when they have thrown dirt in other people's eyes, that they have extinguished the sun.

### HIDDEN FEELINGS.

Original.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

O, THERE are oft-times feelings in the heart  
So deep, so hidden, that we hardly know  
Of their existence. Yes, in every breast  
There are these feelings, but they lie so hid  
Within their secret cells, we hardly know  
Their worth. We do not study well the heart—  
We do not think what a mysterious thing  
It sometimes is—nor do we dream how oft  
Our light and trifling words jar painfully  
On those fine feelings. Ay, there is a chord,—  
There is a secret spring to every heart;  
Touch but that spring, and you unlock the soul's  
Deep, hidden fountains—call those feelings forth  
Which slumbered long, or were unknown before—  
Touch but that chord, and you call up the past,  
With its dim memories and faded dreams.  
You bow the haughty spirit down; you calm  
The dark and raging passion; the wild storm  
Is past, and all is calm again. And oft  
Those noble feelings lie beneath the garb  
Of dark, stern cruelty. Yes, e'en in him  
Who is so intimate with crime, whose path  
Hath been through fields of blood, whose cheek ne'er  
blanched  
With fear, or glowed with shame at any deed  
His red right hand hath done; whose very soul  
Seems leagued with infamy; ay, e'en in him  
There is a something which our touch can thrill—  
There is a something which will cause his pulse  
To throb, and check his evil thoughts, and turn  
His soul back to the past; then all his guilt  
Will rise before him, and the dark, stern man,  
Will be a very child. And it may be  
A light, a trifling thing which thus can tame  
The haughty mind,—a tone, which calleth back  
Sweet childhood's hours,—a very breath, which speaks  
Of his bright days of innocence. So hid  
In the deep heart do generous feelings lie;  
And even as slight a thing may call them forth:  
The worth of many a heart lies hid like gems  
Beneath the waves; it had been checked too much  
In youth, and nought had e'er been given on which  
Its bright store of affection could be poured.  
And so those founts of feeling lay enshrined  
Within that heart, for nought had ever called  
Them from their secret home; no hand unlocked  
The casket, and the gems were hidden all.  
Then should we study more the heart; too much  
We trust to outward things, and these deceive.  
The features cannot always tell the soul's  
Deep thoughts. The eye may beam with seeming joy,  
The lip may wear its brightest smile, the brow  
Its own clear, placid beauty; and even yet  
It may be mockery all! Nor these alone;



The eye may seem to speak of evil thought,  
 Dark clouds may lower upon the brow, the lip  
 May curl in proud defiance, but even then  
 Touch but that secret spring, and the rich fount  
 Of feeling gushes freely forth once more,  
 Even from that garb of wickedness  
 And wo.

### THE MINISTRIES OF LOVE.

Original.

WRITTEN FOR OLD BACHELORS.

*'Feel'st thou not my joy, no quiet happiness,  
 No soothing sense of satisfaction in  
 Loving and being loved? Is there no weight  
 Removed from the heart in knowing there is one  
 To share all, to bear all, with thee? To soothe grief,  
 Yea, to soften away its human pain  
 By a superior love, the cup to temper  
 With words of consolation and sweet hope,  
 That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet—  
 Forgotten in the love that offers it?'*

'OH that I had one friend, just one friend in this wide world to sympathize with and console me!' exclaimed Harrison Wilbur, clasping his hands upon his brow, and burying his face on the table, at which he had been sitting nearly half an hour, with his pen poised an inch or two above his sheet of 'Amies' best,' and his mind wandering over the dark and desolate past, seeking in vain for some sun-bright spot, where it might linger till its icy chills were soothed and forgotten. 'I never had a friend!' he continued; 'yes,—yes, one I had, but he is lost forever;—not dead—no, worse,—worse, because more excusable; he is married, married, silly fool! I could pardon him anything but that—giving up his whole affections to a little palefaced girl that I am sure can never appreciate their worth more than yon puny star can appreciate the sun from which it borrows all the beauty it can boast. Contemptible infatuation! Women were made for snares and curses from Eve downward—thank heaven, there is one who can elude their wiles!'

Harrison Wilbur was an old bachelor, as every one will at once understand from his vehement soliloquy. It was not misanthropy which made him such—it was not acerbity of temper or selfishness of disposition; but he did not understand woman—he was unacquainted with her excellent nature, and the devotedness of her love. He had seen her gay and thoughtless in crowds, and he judged that she must be so in every sphere. He had never known her in domestic life;—his mother died in his infancy, and a sister's love had never blessed him.

There are several species of old bachelors in

our eccentric world. A few are such from principle. They wed themselves to some high enterprise which demands every thought and energy of their lives. They are surrounded by dangers which would render all social ties so many rugged cords cutting down to the very nerves of their hearts. Of this class was Paul the apostle, so often quoted with triumph by heartless celibates, whose aims in life have no more affinity with the motives that actuated the great apostle of the christian church, than have the purposes of a worm, who spins his thread about him and dies in his selfish solitude, with the holy sacrifices of a warrior, going forth in his glittering armor to subdue the power of the oppressor, and to plant the standard of liberty upon the strong walls that fortify his country!

There is another class—the most dangerous class of men in community—whom we cannot designate by a more expressive name than 'general lovers'—men who waste their holiest affections in vain and cruel coquetry, waking the sweetest melody in young and guileless hearts, then breaking the tender chords and leaving them tuneless forever. Would that one day of judgment might come to them,—when there should pass in review before them, the 'naked human hearts' that they have trifled with—trifled with, may be, in the belief that they were as light and frivolous as their own—trifled with, as a child trifles with his gilded toys! This wish is not a malicious one, indeed it is not. It is only a fervent and a solemn desire that their own hearts may feel as sincerely and as deeply as hearts like theirs *can* feel, that all their 'little innocent flirtations,' as they modestly call them, are marked in strong, indelible colors in the book of God's retributive justice, on the same large page with the direst and most prolific causes of human misery. And if, with this feeling in their inmost souls, they do not work out there a sincere and thorough and lasting repentance—one that shall draw together all these minute, *mystified*, floating particles of admiration that diffuse themselves equally to all, into one deep fountain that shall send forth one pure, noiseless stream, toward one secret and chosen reservoir, shut up from all the world beside—then we are sure that the finger of God will move onward to that last, most awful page, and write their names beneath the motto blotted by the tears of the angel scribe: HOPELESS THROUGH ALL MORTAL LIFE!

The last class of celibates that we shall notice,



are the cold, heartless, selfish beings, who shut up their sympathies and affections entirely in their own breasts, and hate womankind, not from any wrong they have received from them, but from a natural, inherent misanthropy. These are, perhaps, the most incorrigible, the least dangerous, and certainly the most disagreeable of their race. They are, in reality, but half men;—their hearts are sealed to social affections, and their intellects are of the *dromedary* kind—slow of motion, heavy, stupid, morose. We have some pity, but no hopes for them; they were old bachelors in their cradles, and will be on their death beds.

Some would, perhaps, add a fourth class, comprising those whose affections were bestowed in early life, but thrown back to them blighted, withered and dead—susceptible of no renovation, no return of life or brightness. It is wrong to include such as these in a class subject to such keen reproach. They are not bachelors; they were wedded long ago in heart, and the tie is as sacred in its spiritual strength, as though consummated by law in the sight of a thousand witnesses.

But to neither of these divisions did Harrison Wilbur properly belong. It was ignorance that kept him a bachelor—ignorance of the true nature of woman. He had been alone as it were in a bustling world—without parents and almost without kindred; his home a public boarding-house, and his business in banks and counting-rooms. The only female society that he knew, was such as he met in halls and public saloons; and what could he learn there of the deep heart?

Among his business acquaintances he had found one true and earnest friend—one who understood and appreciated him. But Henry Seward married, removed to the country, and their intercourse almost entirely ceased. This was one of the severest losses Harrison had ever met. He had no one now to sympathize with his wounded sensibilities—no one to console—no one to encourage him. His acute sensitiveness preyed upon his health, and finding himself basely betrayed by one in whom he had trusted, he gave himself up to the excess of his emotions. It was at this period that he uttered the soliloquy recorded in the commencement of our sketch.

A servant interrupted him by presenting a letter brought in the evening mail. It was from his old friend Seward, containing an urgent request that he would visit him on his little farm, and remain till his health should be quite recruited. So very warm and earnest was the appeal, and so

soothing were the words of friendly sympathy by which it was accompanied, that Harrison could not find it in his heart to resist; before he closed his eyes in sleep that night, his resolve was fixed to depart as early as possible the following day.

Henry Seward's residence was a most enchanting little spot. The cottage—he lived in a cottage of course—was seated in a beautiful glen near a little brook with a musical cascade, among the wildest of New-England scenery; the softly wild, we mean, where no dark granite mountains throw an expression of sternness and solemnity over the graceful loveliness of river and tree and verdant glen. It was of a soft cream-color, with white pillars, lattices and other tasteful ornaments; the dark woodbine crept luxuriantly over the porch, and roses of a thousand varieties clustered beneath the windows.

'Oh now,' thought Mr. Wilbur, as the coach drew near the gate, 'if Henry only kept bachelor's hall here, what spot in all the earth could be more delightful?'

Seward was at the door to welcome him. 'Poor fellow! how glad he seems to meet his old friend,' continued Harrison, in a mental voice of pity; 'poor fellow! he'll have a long story of domestic afflictions to pour into my ear, I have no doubt.'

But in vain he waited for it through all that evening, though they were alone for hours. He saw Mrs. Seward but a few minutes immediately after his arrival, and in spite of his prejudices was pleased with the kindness and graceful dignity of her manners. She was a small and very delicate woman, of exquisite refinement and simplicity of heart, yet truly and highly intellectual. Harrison had met her in assemblies several times before her marriage, but had never been so pleased with her as during their short conversation this evening. Still he supposed it was only superficial elegance put on like a gala-dress to welcome his arrival.

The next morning when he awoke, he found himself very ill. It seemed as though every drop of blood in his veins had been heated over a finer's furnace. His head was throbbing with strong pains, and his throat parched with fever. He was unable to leave his chamber through the day, and his friend was with him constantly. Still no allusion to connubial discomforts—no mention of his wife but in terms of the most unqualified tenderness. 'What can it mean—is he happy?' thought Harrison, after ruminating for a half hour upon the strange mystery; 'I will ask him.'



The inquiry called forth a most eloquent and enthusiastic eulogium upon matrimonial felicity, which in five minutes lulled the poor bachelor to a heavy and stupefying sleep. Day followed day, and he became delirious and incoherent. Mrs. Seward watched over him with untiring vigilance, and gathered from his ceaseless ravings a history of all his secret sorrows and his peculiar mental constitution. Occasionally when worn out with long watching, her place at the bedside was supplied by a younger nurse—one more beautiful in countenance, and murmuring her gentle inquiries in a still sweeter voice.

In the first consciousness that came to the sufferer after the dangerous crisis of his fever was past, his eye rested on the mild, sympathetic countenance of his friend's wife. He would have uttered thanks. She placed her hand gently upon his lips, and held them silent. Gratitude stole out of his eyes though, and her tears fell upon his pillow. From this moment he could not endure her absence an hour from his side. Yet often she remarked him eagerly watching the door when light footsteps stole along the passage way to another apartment, as though expecting or hoping the entrance of some one who had not visited him in his convalescence. At such times she would smile with so much significance, that he would fix his eyes upon her face with a wistfulness almost irresistible, and inquire if she had been the only one who had watched him through all his illness.

'No,' she would reply, 'Henry has been with you constantly as his business would allow, and when I have been fatigued, I have yielded my place to Margaret and Lilian.'

'Margaret and Lilian! who are they?' inquired he, with much interest.

'The maids,' replied Mrs. Seward, carelessly.

Harrison now remembered having seen Meggy, as they called her, several times in his apartment—that she was very fat, and what is somewhat rare in such cases, very cross. Lilian, he presumed, must be her counterpart. After this dialogue, Mrs. Seward remarked that he exhibited no interest in the light footstep, though it was as frequent and Camilla-like as before.

It was a beautiful evening in June, when Harrison's strength was sufficiently recruited to allow him to occupy his arm-chair through most of the day, that Mrs. Seward entered his room, arrayed in her walking attire, and leading by the hand a lovely young girl, so like herself in form, features

and expression, that Harrison instantly recognized her as a sister.

'This is the maid Lilian,' said Mrs. Seward, mischievously. 'I have brought her to watch over you during my short necessary absence. Will you permit her attendance?'

The 'rose-color' stole softly and rested in the hollow of Harrison's pale cheek, and he looked very interesting as he replied: 'If her attendance prove as soothing as in days past, when her voice brought into my dreams those sweet visions of heaven that never entered there before, I shall indeed be very grateful, for it will make me not only happier, but better far,—far better.'

This was the first 'pretty thing' Wilbur had ever uttered to a lady, and it was spoken in such a tone of sincerity, of unvarnished truth, that the young lady's cheeks replied most eloquently to his, and she only murmured, 'I did not think you would remember me.'

'I have waited so long,' he replied, 'in a vain hope to catch another glimpse of the fair image that hovered over my pillow in those dreadful hours, and made such soothing melody around my couch with the sweet language of pitying kindness, that I had at last resigned myself to a belief that she was but a visiting angel, sent to minister to a mind diseased, and recalled again forever from my sight. How happy am I to find that that angel's home is on our own earth, under our own roof!'

Mrs. Seward had vanished during the delivery of this speech, and a somewhat embarrassing silence followed. 'My sister brought me here to amuse you,' said Lilian, at length, 'and for that purpose I have marked some passages in this book of poems, that I thought might interest you at this time, particularly. Shall I read them?'

'Oh do, and I shall be so happy!'

We cannot follow them through all their evening interview, but we must record the wonderful effect it produced upon Harrison Wilbur—no less than entirely overthrowing his pertinacious prejudices against the sex to which his sweet young nurse belonged, and highly exalting his estimate of feminine worth, both moral and intellectual. Their intercourse continued now uninterrupted from day to day, and Lilian's gentle sympathy gradually won his confidence, till he had entrusted to her every trial, disappointment, and error of his life. He explained to her his whole mental conformation—his sensitiveness, irritability, natural despondency and gloom. She



listened, sympathized, soothed and corrected. 'Oh if she could be only always with me, to regulate and compose my heart and mind, what a paradise earth would be to me!' he would often exclaim, when left to his own fond dreams. This wish was granted in after years—granted to a fullness that he had never dared even desire. He won Lilian's heart—he was worthy of it in his better nature—and when in sport his friend Seward now occasionally retorts upon him his own question, 'Are you happy?' he falls into a rhapsody so very extravagant, that, though Mr. Seward does not fall asleep, he is provoked to declare that old bachelors make the most fanatical lovers the world is forced to be ashamed of.

The ministries of love have entirely reversed the nature of Harrison Wilbur, and from one of the saddest, most solitary and despondent of God's creatures, he has become one of the gladdest and happiest and most social of human beings. He never exclaims now, 'Oh that I had one friend—just one friend in this wide world!' for friends now are innumerable abroad, and inestimable at home. Even the very bitterness of life seems sweet, 'forgotten in the love that offers it!'

Glen-Viola.

EVELEEN.

## Notices.

**ROSE OF SHARON.** A new annual, entitled, 'The Rose of Sharon,' edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgerton, of Shirley Village, Mass. will be published about the first of Sept. It is intended to be a work suited to the tastes and wishes of those who desire to have literary talent and typographical beauty connected with pure moral sentiment and liberal religious views; and it is confidently expected that the Universalist denomination, especially, will find good reason to extend to it a generous and encouraging support.

The title intimates that it will be of a religious cast, but its religion will be, like the rose itself, beautiful to greet and grateful to enjoy—the religion of cheerfulness, because the religion of love; and it is believed that the work will be acceptable to the candid of every order of christians, and will prove itself an interesting and profitable volume to all who may possess it. It will be a gift book for all seasons, and not like many others of an ephemeral value, devoid of interest after the first reading, but attracting and worthy of repeated perusal. The patronage extended to this, will decide its continuance, whether it shall be continued from year to year or not; but it is hoped that the forth coming volume will secure that public favor which will give the publisher assurance that such a work is needed, and will be sustained.

The contributors are all members of the order of Universalist christians, and are well known to the denominational public. Revs. A. B. Grosh, L. C. Browne, A. C. Thomas, T. B. Thayer, J. G. Adams, H. Bacon, D. J. Mandell, E. H. Chapin, and L. L. Sadler; Mrs. J. H. Scott, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. S. Broughton,

Mrs. N. T. Munroe; Miss M. A. Dodd, and Miss L. M. Barker, are among the contributors. The editor will be the most extensive contributor; and with such assistants the publisher feels assured that the work will meet with general satisfaction.

It will be printed in as neat style as any Annual issued from the American press; will be embellished with four elegant engravings, and bound in a rich and handsome manner, with gilt edges. The work to contain 350 pages 16mo. and in order that it may have an extensive circulation, it will be afforded at the low price of \$2. Nine copies for \$16.

The work can be had of Rev. D. Forbes, Hallowell, Me.; Rev. W. A. Drew, Augusta, Me.; P. Price, 130 Fulton St. New-York City; Grosh & Hutchinson, Utica, N. Y. If more convenient, subscribers can obtain their copies by sending to either of the above persons.

Mr. Abel Tompkins, publisher, 32 Cornhill.

**'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.'** We have received from Messrs. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, the *School Advertiser*, No. I. containing a list of books now publishing under the sanction of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and designed to form a School Library; the said Library completed will consist of two series of 50 volumes each, the one designed for children of from 10 to 12 years, and the other for advanced scholars and parents. The volumes are all to be reading books, i. e. distinct from class or text books, and will embrace every department of science and literature, particular attention being given to works relating to our own country, and illustrative of the history, institutions, manners, customs, &c. of our own people. From the list before us, we see evidence of the best talent being employed in the preparation of the volume, and should judge that the Library will embrace a valuable collection of useful and interesting works. The publishers say, 'Being intended for the whole community, no work of a sectarian or denominational character in religion, or of a partizan character in politics, will be admitted.' This is the right rule, but we must doubt till we see the work, whether '*The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*,' is not exceptionable. It must be a very valuable work, if the right talent has carried out the plan exhibited in the *Advertiser*, and if the spiritual applications of the subjects be just. The plan of the publishers is one that promises great aid to the cause of common school education, and we trust that a liberal public will sustain them. For a full account see the *Advertiser*, to be had of the publishers, No. 109 Washington St. Boston.

**THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.** This work well sustains the promiseful character of the first No., and is effecting much to enlighten the public mind in respect to the worth and importance of our common schools. We refer to it again for the purpose of, with increased confidence, recommending it to the attention of our friends and readers who, as yet, may not have attended to its claims on their patronage. Published semi-monthly, by Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. One dollar per annum.

**SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTOR.** We have received the first No. of this new periodical, proposals for the publishing of which we have before noticed. It makes a good appearance save the engraving of the Birth of Christ, which is out of taste, and badly executed, and the new fashioned poetry which has no quality to recommend it. The Contributor will be issued semi-monthly, at \$1 per year, in advance. It is to be devoted to the cause of Sabbath Schools and religious instruction—is much needed, and should be, and we



hope will be generously sustained. It is edited and published by Br. E. N. Harris, now of Lynn, Mass. Mr. G. W. Bazin, of this city, is general agent.

**NEW MUSIC BOOK.** We learn that the long expected '*Song of Evangelism*,' intended for Concerts of Praise and Conference Meetings, is out of press, and will be on sale in Boston, before our work for this month is issued. It will doubtless be a welcome addition to our hymn and music books, and worthy the attention of the friends of devotion and melody. \$7 50 per doz. and 75 cents single, will be the price for them. They can be had at this office.


**ADVANCE PAYMENT.** We call the attention to the terms of subscription to which we must adhere. Subscribers paying within three months from the commencement of the volume, are considered as advance payers; after the expiration of that time, 25 cents for each three months delay, must be added to the advance price, \$2 00. We wish that those subscribers who have as yet not paid, would save themselves expense, and oblige us by remitting as soon as possible their subscription.

**POSTAGE—AGENTS.** We learned very early an old maxim that 'many littles make a good deal,' and find it to be very true in reference to the matter of postage. Agents will add to our obligations to them, if they will be as careful as possible in respect thereto. Many letters from a distance have been received containing the name of *one* subscriber only, which should be avoided as much as possible, as the postage on such, has proved a serious matter. Let opportunities of private conveyance be sought and improved to as great an extent as can be. We are thankful to our agents for their attention, and trust they will continue to aid us.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** The article of Mrs. S. Broughton was mislaid—a rare accident in our office—till too late for our first No. She will excuse the delay, and oblige us, we hope, by frequent communications.

We recommend to the attention of all our *bachelor* readers the article on the 'Ministries of Love,' in this No. furnished by a valued correspondent at the especial request of a new subscriber. He is doubtless a bachelor of the last class mentioned, and only needs to understand Milton's line—'*Heaven's last, best gift to man!*' in order to look about him and—be married.

'*Silvestis Musa*' will excuse us if we discharge a duty in cautioning him; and by the same means others, against what many are apt to indulge in, a style of mock sublimity and confused imagery. We would not apply to him or them, but think there is a good caution in the remark of Apelles to an ignorant painter, who decorated the portrait he had painted of Helen with trinkets—'the artist embellished her with *jewels*, because he had not abilities to paint her *beautiful*.' Long and studious practice can only enable a writer to use a profusion of ornaments or figures with any degree of taste or appropriateness. David should not case himself in Saul's armor.

 D. W. D. of Derry, N. H. is informed that the \$9 paid me at Nashua, settles his paper up to June 1840—also settles E. W.'s subscription of Ellyria, up to the same time.

**EXPOSITOR FOR JULY.** We have just received the Expositor, for July, No. 4, which, from a cursory glance we should decide to be an excellent No. We received too late to examine carefully any article save the first, which is worth the price of the whole. The articles are 'The

24th Chap. of St. Matthew's Gospel, illustrated with notes, &c.' H. B. 2d. 'The Phrases,—*That it might be fulfilled,*' 'Then was fulfilled,' &c. H. B. 2d. 'Aken-side's Pleasures of the Imagination,' J. M. A. 'Natural Theology; the nature of the Science, and of its Evidences, and the Advantages of the Study,' T. C. A. 'Pulpit Eloquence contrasted with superficial Rhetoric.' 'Biblical import of the term *perish*, particularly as used in Luke xiii, 3, s. s. 'Cain the Wanderer,' Poetical, N. T. M. 'Literary Notices.'

## Monthly Record.

**SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.** This association, formed for the purpose of advancing the interests of our Sabbath Schools, by mutual consultation and co-operation among the friends of that good enterprise, held its annual meeting in Boston, on the 29th of May. The reports of the state of the schools in our Commonwealth, were in general of an encouraging character, and gave evidence of a lively interest in this department of religious effort. The occasional sermon was delivered by Br. S. Streeter, of Boston; subject—Benefits of Associations. Four original hymns were sung in a highly effective manner by the children, who were present from various schools in the vicinity, to the number of between four and five hundred. A meeting was held in the evening, at which time resolutions were offered, pertaining to the future welfare and advancement of the school system, by Brothers Moore of Roxbury, Folsom of Hingham, L. C. Browne of Troy, N. Y. and Bacon of Haverhill, and addresses made thereupon by the several speakers. The first was upon Teacher's Meetings—their importance and benefits; the second, upon the continuance of young people at school till the age of 18 or 20 years, instead of, as is usual, leaving at the age of 13 or 14; the third, upon the connection of Sabbath Schools with the future increase and elevation of our denomination; and the fourth, upon the dignity and importance of the Teacher's office. The meeting was of such an highly intellectual and devotional character, it could not but have been promotive of good. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—Otis A. Skinner, *President*. Benj. Whittemore, A. A. Folsom, Henry Jewell, Lemuel Willis, T. J. Greenwood, George Hastings, *Vice Presidents*. John G. Adams, *Secretary*. Edw. N. Harris, *Cor. Secretary*. Abel Tompkins, Eben Francis, Thomas A. Goddard, John A. Smith, *Directors*. John M. Austin, *Treasurer*. It will be seen that a new President has been chosen, this is because of the resignation of Br. H. Ballou, 2d., who is entitled to the grateful acknowledgements of his brethren, for the two past years of faithful service. The Annual Report, with the sermon, is published for gratuitous distribution.

**INSTALLATION AND ORDINATIONS.** Br. Russel Tomlinson, late of New York State, was installed over the Society in Plymouth, Mass. on the 23d of May. Sermon by Br. J. M. Spear. Same day at Petersham, Mass., Bro. W. B. Randolph, J. S. Palmer, and Ivory Chamberlain, were ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. June 9. Br. R. Blacker, was ordained in South Reading. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner. June 12. Br. F. W. Baxter, ordained during session of Maine Convention at Frankfort. Br. A. A. Miner, was ordained during the session of the N. H. Convention at Nashua.

**ASSOCIATIONS AND CONVENTIONS.** *Union Association* met at Petersham, Mass. on the 23d May.—Twenty-one preachers present. *Old Colony Association* met at Plymouth, Mass. same day. *The Massa-*



chusetts Convention met at Hingham, on 5th and 6th of June. The weather was very unpleasant, yet it appears by the reports of the meeting, that the brethren had an interesting time. Fifty preachers were present, and a respectable number of delegates. *No occasional sermon* was preached, which is much to be regretted. Petitions in regard to slavery were presented, and the committee to whom they were referred, reported that it was inexpedient to take any further action upon the subject. Reports of the state of the cause in our Commonwealth were made, and were, so far as we can learn, of an encouraging character. Among the resolutions passed, was the following:—

*Resolved unanimously*, That the establishment of a School in this Commonwealth, for the purpose of aiding young men in preparing for the gospel ministry, is highly desirable; and that Brs. Thomas Whittemore, Isaac Brown, Sylvanus Cobb, Edward N. Harris, and Dr. Oliver Dean, be a Committee to report at the next session of this body what are the best measures to be adopted for that purpose.

The Convention adjourned to meet at New Bedford, on the first Wednesday in June, 1840. Sermons were preached during the session, by Brs. Asher Moore, L. C. Browne, Calvin Gardner, and Hosea Ballou. Conference meetings were held on the evenings of the 4th, 5th, and 6th.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONVENTION met at Nashua, N. H. on the 19th and 20th of June. The meeting is described as an exceedingly pleasant one. Quite a large number of preachers were present, and all things were conducted according to the spirit of love and unity. Sermons were preached by Brs. Wm. Frost, J. V. Wilson, A. L. Balch, and W. S. Balch. Conferences were held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and were of a highly devotional character—kindling in the soul that fire of divine love that purifies the heart from every thing averse to the christian spirit. We were told by a friend present, that a limitation arose during one of these meetings, and declared that as it had been said the believer in endless woe could not experience *rest*, he would make known that he was a believer in that doctrine and had rest. Poor man! such rest is thine as the sea hath when the winds are sleeping, to be broken without warning. Let a sinful child, or companion, or dear friend be taken from life suddenly, where would be thy rest? where thy comforter? Talk of volcanoes resting—but not of the heart—the feeling, sympathetic human heart—resting in the belief of endless misery! The communion was attended to; and we regard this as a very salutary custom. On such occasions what can be better than to bring before us, by the symbolical language of the Lord's Supper, the persuasives to zeal, union, and fidelity? Each soul must have been made better. Interest, not usual, was given to this session of the convention by the rite of *immersion*, being attended to for two persons. Br. A. A. Miner, and the wife of Br. J. W. Bailey, were baptized; address and prayer by Br. S. Streeter, and the candidates immersed by Br. W. S. Balch. The occasion is described by witnesses as being highly effective in producing good feelings and impressions.

DEDICATION. A neat and commodious church was dedicated in Westport, Ct. May 22. Sermon by Br. T. J. Sawyer.

NEW MEETING HOUSE. A new church is being built in Woonsocket, R. I.

NEW SOCIETIES, have been formed in Warwick, R. I.; Buckfield, Me.; Troy, N. H.; Royalston, Mass.; Athen, Somerset Cy. Me.

BOSTON. Efforts are in progress to see what can be done for the formation of a new Congregation or Society in our city. Meetings have been held in a hall in the eastern part of the city, near what is known by the name of 'Fort Hill,' being about equal distance between the Universalist Church at South Boston, and the second Universalist Church. Br. C. Spear, has commenced the work—may he and it prosper.

ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE meets at Topsfield, Mass. on Wednesday, 17th of July next. Ministering brethren, and all others interested, are invited to attend.

LEXINGTON, MASS. We had the pleasure of preaching to the friends in Lexington, on the last Sabbath in June, and was exceedingly gratified by our visit. They have only to feel their strength and be prudent in their measures as they have been, to insure the success desired. We wish them all need good.

REMOVALS. Br. A. L. Balch, late of Newport, N. H. has removed to Fall River, Mass., as pastor of the Society in that place and in Swansey. Br. F. Whittaker, from Charlton, Mass. to West Halifax, Vt. Br. John Gregory, from ———, Vt. to Quincy, Mass. Br. N. Gunnison, from Brewster, Mass. to Provincetown, Mass., to assist Br. J. B. Dods, in the flourishing Academy in the latter place, and will preach in the vicinity as opportunity may offer. Br. M. B. Newell, from Amsterdam, N. Y. to Phillipston, Mass. Br. John F. Dyar, to West Situate, Mass. Br. W. Wilcox, from Alps, Rens. Cy. N. Y. to Cheshire, Mass. Br. H. W. Morse to Exeter, N. H.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending June 30, 1839.*

C. D. P., New Marlborough, \$4; H. B. H., Dorchester, \$2; B. T., Candia, \$2; L. H., Cabotville, \$2; M. C., Rockville, \$2; S. C., Chardon, \$2; P. M., Oil Creek, \$2; H. T. S., Stockbridge, \$6; P. C., E. Middlebury, \$6; E. C., Medina, \$1; G. H. P., Kanawha, C. H. \$5; S. T., Claremont, \$2; N. H., Concord, (last vol. paid) \$2; E. P., Mill Brook, \$2; P. C., E. Middlebury, (we shall send him current volume—he can do enough to pay for it) \$7 50; T. S. H., Wallingford, (is J. O. W. a new subscriber—we have sent him a copy—we received the \$5 alluded to) \$5; W. W., New York City, \$4; S. P., Purcells Store, (E. B. has now paid up to June 1840,) \$6; A. H. H., Westmoreland, \$6; N. G., Leyden, \$2; H. B., Scipio, \$30; H. G. R., Paris, \$5; L. C. H., Concord, \$2; G. W. M., Dexter, \$2; B. S., Taunton, \$2; F. D., Higginum, \$8; Post Master—Canton, \$3; R. C., Norwich City, \$6; H. C. B., Levant, \$8; M. B. W., Saccarappa, \$10; L. H. T., Calais, (we will try to suit the O. B.) \$10; E. M. J., Framingham, \$2; H. S. K., Broad Brook, \$2; C. I., Chester, \$2 50; C. G. G., Haverhill, \$24; J. L., Philipston, (we should be pleased to have Mrs. L. act as agent—\$2 to T. W.) \$6; J. L., Dublin, (by J. V. W.) \$4; W. T., Vernon, \$2; Post Master—Mocsow, Ohio, \$0; J. W. B., Hinsdale, (\$2 for T. W.) \$10; M. D. B., Andover, \$6; A. J., Stoughton, \$4; C. B. G., Bangor, \$2; F. J. B., Elm Grove, (pays up to June 1840,) \$5; H. L. D., Freeport, \$2; S. C., Philadelphia, (much obliged to him for his exertions in our behalf,) \$8; H. C. B., Middletown, \$2; J. F., Salisbury, \$4; J. J. H., Chepachet, \$8; E. B., N. Parsonfield, \$2; P. B. H., N. Haverhill, \$2; M. F., Amesbury, \$2; M. H. C., W. Wrentham, \$2; G. W. C., Endfield, \$9; C. J. B., Portland, \$29; W. S. C., Middletown, \$4; A. P. C., New Ipswich, \$10; P. M., Hume, \$6; G. K. S., Dixfield, \$2; S. A. D., Camillus, (we have none of the Nos. he wants,) \$2; C. E., Farmington, (the \$1 sent pays up to June 1839,) \$2; R. M. B., W. Waterville, \$6; S. P. D., Garoga, (the \$1 on the Roxbury Bank is good for nothing,) \$1.



# The Silver Lake.

*Allegretto con Grazioso.*

On thy fair bo - som, sil-ver lake, The wild swan spreads his snowy sail; A - round his breast The

*Fine.*

rip - ples break As down he bears be-fore the gale: On thy fair bo - som waveless stream, The

*Fine.*

dipping paddles echoes far, And flash - es in the moonlight gleam, And bright reflects the polar star.

DA CAPO.

## SECOND VERSE.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north wind, leave the foam  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.  
On thy fair bosom silver lake!  
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds of morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.



THE

# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 8.

For August 1839.

No. 3.

## THE GOOD PART.

Original.

The following article is the substance of a discourse delivered on the occasion of the death of an esteemed and beloved member of the senior editor's society—Miss HARRIET KENRICK, and is here published with the hope that it may incite some to choose, or if chosen, to prize more, *'the good part.'*

LUKE X. 42: *'Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'*

WHEREVER our Lord moved he maintained perfectly his spiritual character, and was ever ready to connect the sublimest truths with the most simple or common incidents. Thus he did much to regenerate the hearts of his disciples, to lead them in the way of holiness, and cause them to mark the things of God around their daily paths. No opportunity to instruct them was by him neglected, and no occurrence that might serve to impress a wise and important lesson on their minds, was permitted to pass by unimproved. The context is a beautiful instance in proof.

In the humble village of Bethany, two or three miles east of Jerusalem, there dwelt a family with whose inmates Jesus was familiar. To their home he often resorted, and by the affecting account of the resurrection of the brother, and other intimations, we are led to believe that there was strong affection cherished by our Savior for them. The two sisters, Martha and Mary, were his disciples, and sat at his feet as to a teacher of truth. They were alike in heart, but of different temperaments; Martha was lively, sportive and eager, while Mary was more quiet, grave, and less enthusiastic; and very clearly are the different characteristics of their ways made known by the incident that gave rise to our text.

Jesus had probably been absent some time from Bethany, and great joy was the consequence of his present visit. Martha eager as ever to demonstrate her affection, busied herself in preparing a bountiful table, while Mary had her way to

show her love, and lingered with him to hear his wise teachings. What a rich privilege was that! to sit with Jesus, to hear his own sweet voice, to look into his eyes beaming with goodness, and mark the varied expression of his countenance as he taught of God and heaven, of man's sinfulness and need of mercy, and recounted the trials of the child of God. Happy Mary, and happy we who can taste with her the surpassing love of Christ—feel his warm words in our hearts, and rejoice in the unchangability of his sympathy for man.

Martha in her eagerness to make ready for the welcome friend, who was weary and a hungered by his labors and journey, desired Jesus to tell Mary to assist her; this he did not do, replying that but little was needed to satisfy his wants, and that Mary had wisely chosen to rather store up much food for the soul, than to spread out many things to gratify the bodily appetite. 'Marry,' said he, 'hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'

Martha had a portion of this good part, but not its fullness. Her natural vivacity kept her from that deep and all engrossing interest in divine things that possessed the heart of Mary. She did not stop to consider that the Savior was journeying, and that his stay in her home must be brief, and that therefore moments were precious to those whose most earnest desire was to know more of the mysteries of his kingdom and have a deeper love of his truth. But Mary had thought of all this, and her soul was bowed at her Master's feet—her heart open to receive the divine word, and she was blest.

For no vain purpose is this incident recorded on the sacred page, but for instruction and encouragement; and hallowed to us, by its connection with our departed sister, should be the language of the text. Like Mary she chose a good part which shall never be taken from her—



a part that the angels love, and that the redeemed cling to in the paradise of glory.

But ere we speak of her as is our privilege to speak, let us examine the constituent elements of this good part, that if we have it, we may prize it more, and if we have it not, we may seek it till we find it.

There are three essentials to the possession of the 'good part.'—

1. Love of God and his dear Son ;
2. Desire, and effort put forth, to learn of Jesus ; and
3. Clear perception of, and relish in, spiritual delights. These deserve our attention, as the consideration of them will not only show us what may be our crown, but how to wear and keep it when gained.

1. The love of God and his dear Son, is no mysterious and undefinable feeling ; it is the same affections that bind us to the dear of earth sublimated and directed by religion ; and its evidences in the soul are as clear and distinct as of any attachment. It is awakened by right conceptions of God's character, purposes and government, and the mission, life, and love of Jesus ; it is fed and strengthened by study of his works and word, by communion with his Spirit, and by all that makes us feel more a divinity around and within us ; and it is manifested and proved by deeds of purity, self-sacrifice, and benevolence. Without this love of God and Christ, the scriptures will have to us no surpassing excellence, the gospel no glorious and irresistible charms, and the worth and importance of divine knowledge cannot be acknowledged and felt. But when the heart possesses this love, it will desire, and that ardently, to learn of Christ ; it will feel that he has the best of knowledge—the heavenly wisdom, and it will put forth vigorous exertion to obtain that treasure—it will be diligent in improving all the means proffered to increase its acquaintance with the riches of the truth, and will hunger and thirst after righteousness through sanctification and knowledge in Christ.

The soul that possesses this love, and this desire to know truth, will have a clear perception of and relish in spiritual delights. It will feel that spiritual joy is the best joy, that it touches the sweetest chords in the harp of feeling, that it best satisfies the desire for happiness, filling the heart with peace, and leaving no sting, no depressing poison, but fits the mind for more vigorous exertion of its powers in every good work.

These requisites of the true religious character Mary possessed. She loved her God, and Christ ; she desired and strove to learn of Jesus ; and she had a clear perception of, and relish in spiritual delights. Hers was a blessed choice—a good part ; and happy she who like her sits at the feet of the Savior. She chooses not a part that can be taken away from her, for while the religious nature remains—while there are feelings to be stirred by the love of heaven—while the soul lives—the highest joy in the universe will flow from the same sources. Through the golden ages of eternity there will be exercise for the affections that are here consecrated to the love of God and his dear Son ; there will be a reaching forward for knowledge of the unlimited Mind and its ways ; and there will be a perception of spiritual delights, and the relish for them will be the soul's fitness to enjoy heaven.

Loves, knowledge, and delights, that have no sympathy—no companionship with this *good part*, will soon vanish away and leave desolation in their track ; they are of the earth, earthy ; they deny the soul the exercise of its best feelings, they make it forget that it is a child of God, and cause it to dwell and have its being as though time was the only eternity, and earth the only heaven. Yea, the language of the apostle is emphatic truth : 'She that liveth to pleasure, is dead while she liveth.' And we add, they only truly live who have chosen the good part, for they only feel the superiority of the spiritual over the sensual, the mind over the body, eternity over time, and heaven over earth. They only go forward through life with the spirit of glory and of God resting upon them—faithful to life's duties and charities, bearing up under its burdens, resigned mid its sorrows, and conscious ever that,

'The mind was formed to mount sublime,  
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
To everlasting things.'

What a proof of our Maker's graciousness is it that we are privileged to choose and secure this good part. Many have chosen it, and blessed God for its worth. Many more will choose it, and know its power, its holiness, and bliss. And the memory of the faithful, and the triumphant death of the believer, will lead many to this choice, by awakening their attention to its worth and importance. O that it might be so with some who need this awakening and conviction, while we speak of a sister who chose the good part which can never be taken from her, and who has gone home to the



God she loved, the Savior she served, and the heaven she anticipated.

The death of her to whose memory we attempt a tribute, has touched a deep chord in the hearts of many, and we can scarcely realize that she is no more to be of our band—we do not wish to feel thus—we would rather trust that her spirit is around us in the mysteriousness of spiritual love, and that she breathes a purer air than ours, and drinks the pure waters of life as they leap sparkling and holy from the fountain beside the throne of God. To the christian, dear ones never die; he weeps indeed over their death-sleep, but his tears are like those we shed when we stand by the sea-shore and watch the fast receding sail of the bark that bears a precious friend from us to a distant land; we doubt not but that we shall meet again—the christian feels this even more certain respecting the departed, and that when his own days are numbered, he shall hear their seraph voices singing—

‘Come to the land of peace!  
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease.’

Since my residence here, our sister has been regarded by me as among the most interested and active in the cause of our common Master. Her interest in things pertaining to the kingdom of truth, has increased continuously during the period of my labors here; no seasons of lukewarmness—no times of indifference—no feelings of coldness were known to her. Every Sabbath to her was a holy day; every social meeting was a blessed season of spiritual joy; every session of the Sabbath School had her heart’s good wishes and her aid; and every assembling of her favorite class was a precious privilege, whose benefits were to be highly prized. And were I to draw out her religious character, I should mark its traits thus;—

1. *A deep conviction of the necessity and advantages of early piety.* This was the theme that was interwoven in the many and excellent articles she wrote for our social meetings. Whatever was her general subject, she found cause to weave in the importance of early attention to religion, and many sound and heart-warm suggestions she gave to those who listened to them. She understood how religion had been made repulsive to the ardent and generous feelings of the young—how many deemed it any thing rather than a pleasant companion—how it was regarded as fit only for the aged, the depressed, and bereaved, and not for the buoyant and happy, and she strove

to show that such could be the character only of false religion—not the religion that was illustrated by the life of Jesus. She knew how the young needed a guide, defence, and strengthener, and she knew also that religion was all this to those who love her; and therefore she enjoined on the young the necessity of remembering their Creator in the days of their youth, ere the evil days come.—We subjoin two extracts; in one communication she says:

‘The teachings of the Bible are to the young especially; and we should ever be mindful that if we take heed to the blessed truths therein recorded, they will make us wise unto salvation. As God is love, let love ever be in our midst to urge us on in the paths of holiness; and as we are commanded to have charity one towards another, let us strive to exercise toward others that charity we should wish shown to us in their place, and to this end let the love of God abide in our hearts continually. May we study the blessed volume, for there we can ever find some new subject opening for our instruction; it is there we can find a balm for every wound; and if we rightly understand the teachings of this book, we shall have no gloomy fears of the future, but can lie down to sleep as to pleasant dreams, feeling conscious that should we awake no more on earth, we have a resting place on high—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

“While my Redeemer’s near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to anxious fear,  
My wants are all supplied.”

Again, in another communication she says:

‘If there is any particular period in life when we should strive to serve the Lord, it is youth; for then the mind is free from the cares that crowd upon it in after years, and the impressions then made are the most likely to remain to govern our conduct in future life. Then let us resolve that we will now serve the Lord. And may we remember that to serve him, we must take heed to the teachings of his word, and bear in mind that serving him consists not in merely attending public worship on the Sabbath, and then forgetting the praise due to his name, but that we must ever cherish feelings of reverence for his character; and to give the praise which is acceptable to him, we must give the praise of the heart as well as of the lips. Many have been kept from embracing the religion of Christ, because of wrong views of its character, supposing that by becoming religious they must relinquish the social joys of earth, and assume a gloomy countenance. But as our faith exhibits a brighter hope, so it also gives a more cheerful religion, and tells us that religion is suited to the young, and intended to increase their joys.’

2. *An ever increasing desire for religious*



knowledge. She knew how essential to a well grounded hope is a correct understanding of the principles of divine truth, and the Bible became her chief and most delightful study. Not only for her own satisfaction did she thus ardently crave knowledge of sacred things, but for others. She had relatives and friends who disbelieved our holy and world-embracing faith—who deemed it not based on the scriptures, and a soul-destroying error. Strong was the wish of her soul to enlighten them—to lead them to the feet of her Savior, that they might look up into his face and read there what she read—a love for universal man, and a lively interest in the redemption of all. She knew what springs of happiness would be opened in the soul—how creation would wear charms they had never seen before, and how much better fitted they would be to meet sorrow, to part with the loved, and to go through death's valley with a firm step. I doubt not that she has done service to her Redeemer by her efforts to remove away objections to our faith from such minds; and I pray God that some who rejected her words, and told her she herself would reject them in her last hours, will now recall them, since her last conscious moments were used to defend them. 'Would I could tell them how happy my faith makes me!' was one of the last wishes of her heart, while in that very hour a lying spirit was abroad whispering the calumny that she had renounced her former belief, and left the waters of life and manna of heaven for the doctrines of men—that which is not bread and satisfieth not. Had she known it, she would have breathed her Savior's prayer—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

3. *A high estimation of the worth of the Sabbath School and Bible Class.* She always regarded the school as an important means of advancing the cause of truth, and giving the young right views of religion and duty. She manifested this interest at home—like a true sister—by her anxiety that her brothers should be well versed in their lessons, understand as well as simply commit them to memory. She was happy always in rendering any aid in her power to promote the interests of the school. And beloved children! Ye have lost one who felt, young as she was, a deep solicitude in your welfare, who would have delighted to aid your studies, and make you wise and happy. Prize those you have with you now—they will not always be near to counsel, warn, and instruct you. And the Bible Class—one will

no more meet with us who was most happy in our meetings. She prized the class much—she regarded it as a good aid to attain the knowledge she desired. Her last words were of it—its members—its happy meetings—its benefits—how she hoped it would be sustained and regarded more. 'Tell all of them,' speaking of her classmates, 'to be faithful!' In that brief sentence there is a fullness of admonition, and it should be remembered—hallowed as the dying gift of one who gave to us her last earthly thoughts.

4. *Constant love of the Sabbath, and delight in its exercises, and those of our devotional meetings.* On her rested not the faults of neglecting the sanctuary, forgetting the character and purposes of the day, and being unmindful of the benefits of public worship and devotion. She felt that a good was denied her when she could not meet with us here, and an affecting comment on her attachment to the house of God was given us, when on the morning of the Sabbath three weeks since, she by her soul's love of the sweets of the temple service supported her frail frame up to this place, willing to spend her last strength in the attendance on the ordinances of God, and treasuring in her heart the sentiments of resignation and tranquillity. She loved the seasons of social devotion, and their remembrance gave her solace in her last conscious hours.

Such are the traits I mark in her religious character; and the numerous and deeply affected assemblage that attended the last rites of respect and religion, testified to her worth in social and domestic life. I know she was prized as a daughter, sister, friend, and believer in our glorious faith, and I feel that her memory is the memory of the good—not faultless, but losing nothing by comparison with us who are left.

She met the consciousness that she must die, with the composure we might have anticipated. While nature is putting on her summer garments, the air vocal with melody, and bloom and fragrance in all her bowers; while is opening the season most ardently longed for by the young, and the memory of pleasant hours in the past is bringing up to the eye of fancy beautiful images and scenes; the thought of death is to many awful indeed—the shroud, the pall, and the tomb, present a gloomy contrast to the life and brightness of the outer world, and the thought is put away as gloomy. It was not so with her. 'Thou must die!' came with no terror to her ear—she could hear it and smile; for she did not contrast



the glory of summer and the desolation of the grave—the music and joy around with the silence of the last resting place—nor did she dwell on how brightly the river would flow, the flowers bloom, and how sweetly the birds sing, and she unconscious of all; but her heaven enlightened mind contrasted earth and heaven—the pains and infirmities of this life with the health and joy of a better—and though she loved much the pleasant scenes of her childhood, the friends of past happy days, and had a thousand ties to bind her to earth—yet the attractions of heaven were stronger than all, and she was ready to depart to be with Christ. Her resignation, patience, and trust in God and her Savior, are well implied in the verse she murmured out soon before she lost the consciousness of things around her,—

‘Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.’

Think you, ye who are in the morning of life, with many attractions around you making existence dear, with bright hopes, glowing prospects, and dear friends and companions,—think you, that you could meet the victor death as she met him—resigned, submissive and happy? She had as much to make her cling to earth as you have; and as you think of it all, tell me—tell your own hearts, did she choose, a *good part*? You cannot answer, nay! Had life here been spared her till the cares of old age came upon her, it would be no less true—the part she chose fits for life, fits for death, for wealth and poverty, for high dignities and humble stations, and they who choose it are wise.

God sanctify this death to us all. It hath a lesson for us all. It teaches of the uncertainty of life, the need of religion, and the power and beauty of a hope rationally founded in the doctrine of illimitable grace; and may it increase our love of this faith and make us faithful, that we may die as our sister died, and on our tomb be written,

‘Thanks for the gift thou left,  
Thy pure life’s story;  
Death that all else has reft,  
Dims not this glory.’

Haverhill, Mass.

If a man would know in reality how much of joyousness and life-inspiring bliss there is in assisting the needy, let him practise the deed.

## MIDNIGHT ASPIRATIONS.

Original.

Oh for a rest beneath the wild clematis,  
On the lone shore where moonlit waves flow free,  
With twining flower-stems for my fragrant lattice,  
And moss-mound for my knee.

There would I bend in meek, yet deep devotion,  
And breathe my prayer in tones that angels love—  
So low that scarce the air would feel its motion,  
Winging its flight above.

What should I pray for in a spot so holy?  
What,—that the angels would approve in heaven?—  
Pray for a heart more pure, and true, and lowly,—  
To love and be forgiven.

Pray for a faith to walk through earth all cloudless,  
To hold my heart my open hand within,  
Naked in love—in truth all free and shroudless,  
Hiding no secret sin.

Pray that that unveiled heart may soothe its yearning  
In the soft linking of undying love—  
Pray that its deep and everlasting burning  
Ascend in flames above.

Pray that it may be fed with sweet affection—  
Consuming not itself in vain desire,  
Nor wasting out, in lone and deep dejection,  
Its ever quenchless fire.

Pray for all holy and unearthly beauty  
To come and make its dwelling in my breast;—  
To spread a sweetness o’er the face of duty,  
And make its trials blest.

Oh for a bed beneath the drooping willow,  
Where the vine leapeth in its free delight,  
Where the young moss-buds make a fragrant pillow  
Neath moonbeams soft and bright.

Angels should watch me thro’ my dreamy slumbers,—  
Their lamp should be the holy eye of God—  
And seraph hymns, in soft, entrancing numbers,  
Should rise from every sod.

Vain, vain and weary is this ceaseless yearning,  
To shield my spirit from earth’s tainting breath;  
When will this heart be wise in meekly learning  
To wait the shield of death?

Death! death! why comes with thee the fearful vision  
Of pallid features and the hollow eye?  
Thy foot is on the verge of vales Elysian—  
Why fear we thus to die?

Oh they are blest indeed, whom thou art leading,  
Early in life, unstained by sin, away;  
Their hearts are spared the waste of stanchless bleeding,  
And pitiless decay.

If I must linger till the loves I cherish  
Are dead—or frozen up in icy hearts,—  
Oh may my trust in thee, my God, ne’er perish,  
Till life itself departs!

S. C. E.

NATURE in her morning attire invites her children  
to rise early and behold her sparkling beauties!



## LETTER SEALS.

Original.

THE custom of sealing letters with *mollos* is at once beautiful and touching. By a few well chosen words the affectionate is made, at the first glance at the letter, acquainted with what it most desired to know, and with a heart beating with gladness opens the casket of thought and counts over the jewels of love's tokens, as eagerly as the miser enumerates the parts of a newly acquired store of gold. The Poetry of Seals! were a rich subject for him that can command the warm and glowing language of love and tenderness, who can throw around the thoughts of devotedness and affection the fitting costume, and array in the garb of appropriate beauty the holiest sentiments and aspirations of the trusting heart. He would dwell—O how touchingly! upon the tender epistle—the strange power given man to convey his thoughts to the ready page, and by marks or characters there imprinted, converse with the beloved though thousands of miles intervene between their homes. Rich gift, too little considered in the light of religion—too seldom made a cause of grateful acknowledgment of Divine goodness, while round the very thought of friendly letters cluster the sweetest memories of good received. Here am I sitting in my home, looking out upon a lovely scene, glowing in all the radiance of a summer's morn and decked in vernal beauty, while from a thousand throats swells the song of joyousness and love. I would call a dear one to look with me on the bright pageant before me—with me to breathe the sweet and balmy air—to admire the matchless tinting of nature's pencil, with light and dew upon the flowers—to mark the unfolding of the autumn fruit and the bright promise of the field—to hear the merry music, and follow in their airy and mystic flight the winged tribes, and enjoy as I enjoy the loveliness of the living picture of light and freshness! But that one is far away—thought must pass through the busy cities, traverse mountain and hill, pass the wide river, and journey far distant into strange lands, ere *that one* can be reached. A feeling of desolation comes over the spirits at the felt remembrance of our wide separation, and the very beauty of the outer world loses some of its brightness. But here are the sympathising pen, ink, and paper—the friendly trinity—and they become spiritual—true messengers of the soul to its beloved, and for hours we commit to their keeping the deep feel-

ings of affection knowing that each word will be transmitted and every thought presented as it came warm from the heart. To no living being would we commit what is confided to the virgin page, whose whiteness is a true type of its truth and fidelity to transmit what is given to it to bear to the distant one. We know how the heart will leap and the cheek glow at the perusal of what we pen—how the glistening eye will read and re-read each word—how the whole will become, as it were, an angel, with a sweet voice and a loving heart, whose tones are melody itself and whose language is the very breathing of the spirit's first song after the baptism of love. The sheet is covered,—folded, and now we seal it! What shall we choose that will convey the most and give the sweetest assurance? Here is one—how readeth it? 'Dinna forget!' That is good—but does she not know—feel—rest assured that she nor I *can* forget? I need not that one. Here is another—'Always the same!' with the unchanging amaranth adorning it—but from the first hour of our love we have never doubted each other's constancy, and she needs not to be reminded of what is the sweetest thought of the heart because giving certainty to all others that whisper of returned affection: What is this? 'Separate but not disunited!' Beautiful—but evening has never come without bringing the memory of the twilight walk, the holy converse and the hallowed glances of radiant love, and we have felt our spirits mingling—bursting the bonds of the present and visible, and rejoicing in the beauty of the dearest spot of earth;—made sacred by the unaltered and unalterable vow—and the free interchange of thought and feeling. How readeth this? 'I would thou wert here!' Ah! that is my wish indeed—but I would not she should think me selfish in my desires, forgetful that duty keeps her there, and that Ariel could not fly swifter than she to meet me at the hour of release. Here is yet another—'3 John, xiv. 5.' Ah! that is one with which she sealed many a hasty note—let me turn to it—'I had many things to write, but I will not with pen and ink write unto thee; but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name.' Quite a letter in a single reference—handy when paper is too small for all we have to say. But here is mine—I'll seek no more—'Mizpah, Gen. xxxi. 49.' 'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from



the other.' There, I've sealed it, and when her eye shall greet it, I know she will warmly kiss it, and touched by the prayer she will ask a blessing for me. O who would wish to love in a separating world like this if there were no God! if there were no Being to watch over the absent—no Providence to trust in—no merciful Father to pray to—no heaven to anticipate! Love! thou art the great enemy of atheism! The arch enemy has no darts that can pierce thy shield—no power to ensnare and make captive. To love, and have no God to invoke to hallow the passion—to make us faithful—to strengthen our weakness—to nerve us for trial—to prepare us for sorrow, and give us hope in death—the very thought chills the feelings, and the silent language of the heart has sympathy with that of the poet when she sung—

'Few there are, so lonely, so bereft,  
But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left,  
And, haply, one whose strong affections power  
Unchanged may triumph thro' misfortune's hour,  
Still with fond care supports thy languid head,  
And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou! whose thoughts have no blest home above,  
Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to love?

To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,  
Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's breast,  
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
On one frail idol,—destined but to die,  
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,  
Where severed souls, made perfect, reunite?  
Then tremble! cling to every passing joy,  
Twined with the life a moment may destroy!  
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,  
Still let 'for-ever' vibrate on thine ear!

If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,  
Find more than anguish in the thought—'tis gone!  
Go! to a voice such magic influence give,  
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live;  
And make an eye the lode-star of thy soul,  
And let a glance the springs of thought control;  
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;  
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,  
*Lean on the willow, idolize the dust!*  
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,  
Think on that dread 'for ever'—and despair!

The heart must have a God, however the intellect may reject the glorious idea. The heart will own its Maker—the affections acknowledge their Author; and according as they are given in their sacred fullness, will be the weakness of all attempts to shadow the soul with the clouds of atheistical doubts. The heart was never made to live in the past, but in the future—the unfathomable, unlimited future! Yet the fate of that heart that knows not the Divinity, and that has loved and lost, is to live in the past alone, for the future is dark—no star glimmers forth from its gloom as a type of another and brighter world—no mystic hand is seen beckoning up-

ward, and no spirit voice whispers of life, union, and joy, when the curtain of death hides from his view the stage of life. O that the enfranchised spirit of the loved might come, like the healing dew into the bosom of the perishing flower, and write upon his soul the word of faith—*Mizpah!* that he might feel in the depths of his being, far down beyond the reach of doubt or fear, the sweet assurance of a governing and blessing God, who watcheth between the present and the departed, who has no limits to the ministries of his mercy, and who will teach the eaglet soul to unfold its heavenward wings and plume its flight to the better world of light and beauty, when, shattered and perishing, the imprisoning shell shall sink to the earth.

Reader, remember thou art sealed as a child of God and of eternity! Let not the pollutions of earth efface it from thy vision; and wherever thy lot is cast, and whatever thy circumstances may be, the Lord watch between thee and thy heart—thy devotedness and thy duty, and may they never be at variance, or strangers, or separated, but the inner man be according to holiness, and the outer man the representative of the indwelling spirit.

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

## WORDS.

Original.

'TAKE NO HEED TO ALL WORDS THAT ARE SPOKEN,' is the advice of the ancient preacher, and it were well for us did we give more attention to understand the true meaning of his caution and its bearing upon our every day happiness. He does not advise us to pay no deference to, or to be reckless of, the speech of others, for this would be adverse to many of his excellent rules for the right improvement of social converse; but inasmuch as there were and are rash tempers, careless talkers, and injudicious critics upon conduct and works, he would have his readers—those who were willing to learn from his experience—be cautious not to give too much importance to all words spoken in their hearing, or the reports of words spoken against them in their absence. To take heed in a scripture sense, implies deep thought and attention, a persuasive to more than ordinary carefulness, the making a matter the subject of serious deliberation; now to do this in reference to *all* words spoken, we readily perceive would be foolish and hurtful—would be



giving an importance to many remarks they do not deserve, and causing to rest in the memory much that should have died away on the air. As well might we stop to notice and whip every snarling dog that runs from its covert to bark at us or our horse as we journey.

The *marginal* reading—always deserving attention—gives a new force to the maxim; by that we are to read—‘*Give not thine heart unto all words that are spoken.*’ Which embraces the *idea* we have attributed to the sacred writer—that we should not permit every idle word, or every speech of an excited, envious, or angry mind, to make an impression upon us; but remembering that we ourselves say many things we should not wish others to give their heart to, so we should be careful to discriminate between what is worthy of attention and what is undeserving of a moment’s thought. This rule will free us from many pains of heart which are suffered by those who attach undue importance to all words that are spoken.

L. R.

Charlestown, Mass.

#### A THOUGHT FOR MOURNERS.

Original.

It is natural for us to have deep feelings of sorrow when beloved ones are taken from us, even though the last years of their life were painful indeed. We do not think of them only as they were *then*, for our memory goes beyond that time and recalls them as they were in years of health and joy—we think over all they then were to us—the happy hours passed in their society—the zest given to enjoyments by their participation—the value of their counsel and aid, and the ministries of their kindness in our seasons of affliction. It is *these memories* which make us weep bitter tears that they are lost to us—it is these remembrances which cause us to forget their sorrows and pains, and we cannot throw from us the thought, that if they were restored, those past delights might be renewed, and we again be mutually happy.

But we should not dwell too fondly on these relics of returnless joys. Such an indulgence is apt to blind us to the true view of their departure, and make us cherish much selfish sorrow. Selfish, because the mind dwells entirely on what it hath lost, and not at all on from what the departed is freed from and what they have gained.

The mother, whose child has been shrouded in

the last robe it will ever need, should not dwell only on the entrancing charms of her babe ere it knew of pain and grief, but remember its hours of suffering were but a token of what it would often meet in this world had it been permitted to dwell here, and let her thoughts lead her to the sweet comforts of its change—that now the dear bird of her heart will never with a drooping wing bend to the earth in weakness, but with ever strong pinions float on stormless air, afar from the fowler’s snare, above all dangers, where are no causes of fear to disturb with the cries of pain the blissful song it sings. And all bereaved hearts should take example from this christian course, and not limit the consolations of God by refusing to be comforted—by dwelling on only the sunshine of the departed one’s existence, to the forgetting of the darkness and the gain of the departure to the freed soul.

God is not changed, though a change has come over the face of the beloved, and though shadows shroud the light of our homes, the light of our Father’s love is never darkened. In affliction we should give our mind to these thoughts—that if we are called to suffer repeated bereavements, we may feel there are repeated comforts, and that

‘Earth hath no sorrow which heaven cannot cure.’

H. B.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE EVIDENCES OF GOD’S IMPARTIAL GOODNESS.

A DREAM.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

Original.

It was the hour of midnight—and I slept.  
And then a vision passed across my soul,  
Fearful and strange; and yet so like to truth  
It haunted me when I awoke, and seemed  
Like what I was permitted to behold,  
That it might teach me wisdom.

I saw a vast and numerous company;  
Kings with the sceptre and the crown; warriors  
With nodding plumes and lordly crests; the proud,  
The great, the gifted. Woman too was there,  
With radiant form and proudly beautiful,—  
And there were met the wretched and the poor,  
The broken-hearted and the criminal!  
Yes, all were there in that one company.  
And then I looked for sympathy and love—  
For woman’s hand to wipe the bitter tears  
From misery’s cheek, for her soft voice to speak  
Sweet words of comfort to the wounded heart,—  
But ’twas not so; the king bowed not his ear  
To mercy’s cry; the warrior carelessly  
Walked in his path of blood; the proud, the great,  
Were all too proud to list to pity’s tale.



And woman too, passed on and gave no heed  
To sad misfortune's voice ; there came no tear  
Into her eye ; the red lip quivered not  
At sights of wo ; but with a cold, proud air,  
She passed them all ! And e'en the wretched met  
Their brothers in distress, and yet there seemed  
To be no tie between these mournful ones ;  
There was no sympathy,—for this one sure,  
One bright, one glowing evidence of God's  
Impartial love and goodness was destroyed,  
And so the wanderers of life trod on,  
Unblessing and unblest !

I looked again—

A fearful change had passed o'er earth ; the trees  
And shrubs had lost their own bright hue ; the flowers  
Had faded, and the air was hot and close ;  
The sky looked fearfully ; old ocean rose,  
Then sullenly rolled back, and left its bed  
All dark and bare, disclosing buried gems  
And wealth untold ! The sun looked fierce and red—  
But as I gazed, all suddenly its light  
Was gone, and nought remained but moon and stars  
To light the dreary earth ; and then their rays  
Grew paler, fainter, and I strained my eyes  
Until they ached with gazing ; but I saw  
The moon and stars all disappear from heaven.  
There was no light—ay, utter darkness reigned,  
And then a strange, oppressive feeling crept  
Around my heart,—sickness came o'er my soul,—  
My brain grew dizzy, and my very breath  
Came heavily ; there seemed to be no air,  
No earth, nor aught of being save myself.  
A feeling fraught with bitterness and wo  
Stole over me, and then I wished to die !  
The shades of death were stealing on my heart ;  
I almost felt the cold, the icy breath ;—  
A chill passed through my soul, and shudderingly  
I woke !

But 'twas not all a dream ! The proofs  
Of God's impartial love are all around us ;  
Blot them from earth, and you destroy e'en earth  
Herself ; the very sun that lights the world,  
The moon and stars, and all, ay everything,  
E'en to the very atmosphere we breathe,  
And with that, life itself ; and what is left ?  
'Tis nothing !

Charlestown, Mass.

## INDEPENDENCE IN HAVERHILL.

Original.

THE Sabbath School attached to the Universalist society in this town, celebrated the Fourth of July by a meeting in a beautiful grove, retired from the village, and bordering upon one of the loveliest little ponds in New England. It was a day that can never be forgotten by the Universalists of Haverhill.

The mist that had hung over us like a heavy curtain through early morning, rolled slowly up from the Merrimac about nine o'clock, passed off over Bradford hills, and let the sun in upon us bright and warm at ten—the hour for the gathering of the multitude. The scene that met our

eyes at the entrance of the grove was singularly picturesque. The first most conspicuous object was an elevated platform—a sylvan rostrum—built in the shade of a large oak that stood above and apart from the grove—carpeted, and balustraded with green boughs hung with roses. Below this—for the whole scene occupied the base of a hill,—within the grove, and near the shore of the pond, were seated groups of ladies and children in gala attire, while gentlemen strolled about from spot to spot, admiring the scene, some its inanimate and some its animate beauties—or making arrangements for the exercises of the occasion.

The view from the benches where the children were seated, was enchantingly beautiful. The bright sheet of water spread far toward the west, to a cluster of white dwellings peeping from the green trees ; its southern shore was fringed with young oaks and birches, and to the north rose several densely wooded hills, separated by little sunny nooks that looked as if spread out for the dryads of the grove.

Several boats, filled with ladies for our own party, were crossing from the southwest shore, and rude music from a company on the opposite bank, broke not unpleasantly over the waters. The congregation were invited to ascend the hill in front of the platform. The religious services were commenced by an original hymn, written for the occasion by the pastor, and sung in the tune—'What fairy-like music.' The effect of the melody, echoing through the woods and over the water, was thrilling and divine.

Then was offered up to the God of the universe a most holy and soul-stirring prayer, which made every heart beat strong in a sense of its own freedom, and exalted them unto the very paradise of God. Prayer in the humble chapel or the builded temple has a most melting and purifying influence ; but lifted up in the vast temple of God's own architecture, it is like an angel sent from above to bear our spirits to a heavenly baptism. We are carried back in imagination to the times of our Savior, when he offered thanksgivings and prayer from the wildernesses and gardens of Judea.

Succeeding the prayer, the following words were performed in the tune of Heber's Missionary Hymn.

From woodland shrines and altars—  
We lift our fervent hymn—  
No youthful spirit falters,  
No faith, no hope is dim.



We sing beside the waters  
 'The anthem of the free'—  
 New England's sons and daughters  
 Sing love and liberty.

To thee, the God of nations,  
 To thee, our country's Sire,  
 We pour our sweet libations,  
 We kindle sacred fire!  
 Look down on artless childhood,  
 And smile upon its song,  
 While through the fragrant wild-wood  
 Its notes are borne along.

Oh make our spirits holy,  
 Our faith divinely free,  
 Our hearts as pure and lowly  
 As flowers beneath the tree.  
 Then shall our hope and gladness  
 Be sweeter and more sure;—  
 There is no home for sadness  
 In spirits meek and pure.

An appropriate and gratifying, though brief address was delivered by the pastor, contrasting the character of the celebrations of the present anniversary with that of many in preceding years, and picturing from the contrast, a sunny prospect of the future high character of our nation through the influence of early religious instruction; besides many more good things, too well said to be tamed down to our imperfect style of synopsis.

The children, of whom as many as forty took part in the exercises, delivered their pieces to the admiration of all auditors. Many were spoken with thrilling effect. It would, perhaps, be wrong to specify the best article, or the best speaker; but as a small tribute, both to the author and personator of 'Revelations to the Dying,' we feel a desire to record here, a slight expression of our admiration.

Oh how ardently we wished the dear writer could have been at our side, beneath the little arbor of fragrant birches where we reposed, and listened with us to the intonations of that sweetly plaintive voice, as it stole to us softened by the distance, from the lips of a fair young girl, whose purity and fragility rendered her indeed, a most fit illustration of the character she personated. Oh sister, blessed art thou in thy transcendent gifts! Tears are the tokens of thy ministries upon the heart—tears that we feel happier and holier for having wept! There was something more than earthly—something celestial, not only in the sentiments and language of the poem, but in the pure and fervent expression with which it was delivered. May its hallowing influence never pass from our heart.

The services were concluded by a third original hymn from the pen of Br. H. C. L., which we all sung together in dear, sacred 'Old Hundred.' Our minister blessed us, and we withdrew to Oak Grove, at the summit of the hill, where a most excellent collation had been prepared by the members of the society, and freely offered to the whole congregation. The dishes were decorated with roses, and were as beautiful as anything so utterly *unspiritual* can be. What most attracted our attention was a gypsy fire at one corner of the woodland, where they were heaping up faggots to boil the teakettle. The sight carried us immediately back to the days of Meg Merrilies and old King Cole. Ah, there is a deal of romance in these woodland celebrations.

After the festivities were over, we wandered with a friend, to what might be called the drawing-room of our sylvan inn, and listened to a clear rich voice warbling 'Sweet Kitty of the Clyde,' till the threatening clouds forbade us to linger—as we should have loved to for hours,—amid scenes so holy and beautiful. We returned to our home with the consciousness of a day usefully and happily spent—with a heart grateful to heaven for the holiness and intelligence of the children of our faith—and with high hopes for the elevation and prosperity of America.

S. C. E.

Haverhill, July 1839.

## INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Original.

THROUGH the many-tinted panes of the old chapel of Claregrave, the morning light shone in with rainbow hues, and as it rested on the statue form of the Virgin, the cold marble seemed warmed to life, and a halo of brightness encircled her head. Imagination had much aid in changing art to reality, and the worshipper was soon convinced that he was gazing up into the face of the mother of Jesus. Fit hour for the heart's homage, ere the cares and perplexities of the busy and noisy day have approached, and the soul retains, undisturbed, the holy impressions of calm and pure thoughts during the solemn watches of the night. If it is wise and good to ask the benison of heaven upon us ere we give ourselves up to the death of sleep, it is well also to send up the prayer when comes again the life of wakefulness, and carry its shielding charm with us through the perils of the day.



Then would 'the spirit of glory and of God' rest upon us.

Could that inanimate statue, which wears so much the freshness of life, but speak, what tales would it tell of those who have knelt before it ! What revelations of crime, of injured love, of baffled affection, of struggling virtue, of tempted innocence, of bursting hearts, of penitence, remorse and shame, could it make ! What thrilling passages would it add to the history of the human heart, and how much would it tell of its weakness and strength ! On the morning of which we speak, two female forms were seen to enter the chapel. How different the thoughts of the night, and feelings of the morning, in the breasts of those maiden worshippers ! One, the youngest, was dressed in white, emblem of her heart ; the other arrayed in black, too true a type of her dark history. The one came gift-less, feeling her own purity would gain for her the sympathy of the sainted mother ; the other brought jewels and treasures, vainly hoping, by these offerings, to make amends for the absence of virtue. The one stood, the very picture of sweet devotion, and gazed on the countenance of the Virgin with a smile that caught its light from heaven ; the other lay prostrate at the feet of the saint, like Magdalene at the Savior's, with her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly. How varied their histories ! One had been like a snowy cloud, which, though driven about by the winds, yet kept from the taints of the dark forms around it in the etherial paths, and floated onward pure as beautiful ; but the other, like a cloud once stainless and bright, that glided along in its lofty path as if proud of its beauty and grace, mingling with the companions of its course, and losing its purity in the contact, till at last it casts shadows on the green earth, and spreads upon the blue waters the impress of its darkness.

Elmina and Constance Claregrave were the only children of Sir Roger Claregrave, a wealthy English Baronet, who maintained the ancient style of hospitality in all its liberality and freedom. His castle was open to the reception of all the loyal subjects of his king, and none had cause to repent their partaking of his generous fare, unless their hearts were treasonable to the interests of the realm ; for when this was discovered he made them to understand his abhorrence of all disloyalty, although the freedom of his house, with knightly gallantry, was still proffered to them. His daughters were the pride of his life ;

and with them around him his heart was ever young, though years of stern service for his king had long since robbed him of all traces of outer youth. They were beautiful ; and a princely education had done much to enhance their natural loveliness, by bestowing a refined taste, familiarizing their minds with a wide range of knowledge, and giving all the acquirements of graceful manners and courteous address. They moved queens in every circle ; and the admiration they excited and the adulation they received, formed a school of stern spiritual trial ; from which she who could come forth humble in heart and free from vanity, well deserved a crown. It was so with Constance, but not with Elmina. The one retained her gentleness, the other became haughty ; and as a consequence, the one found pleasure in all that afforded delight to others, while the other was jealous of every thing that did not minister to selfish gratification. Once Elmina would have wept had she been told she envied her sister a single tribute of praise ; but now she knew and felt the workings of envy—she knew her heart had lost its early love, and the tone of admiration when bestowed in her hearing, on Constance, jarred on her ear as a note of discord on the nice musical sense,—but it was not because there was a want of harmony in the tone,—the answering chord in her own bosom was tuneless.

Of all the anomalies in nature the envious sister is the most strange. Forgetful of the holiest ties, of the tender affections of early life, of all that makes up the quiet beauty of home, so essential to the mind's happiness, she is pained with what should impart pleasure, and turns pale when in sympathy her cheek should wear a roseate blush. How little does she know what a wide door she has opened for the entrance of the enemies of her peace to stir up rebellion among her passions, and what a bitter cup she is preparing for herself to drink ! A sister cherishing envy ? It is as though the twin rose should forget its own rich beauty and wither because others are lovely.

Rodolph Edmond, who, from signal service done Sir Roger by his father, was the *protégé* of the Baronet, returned from his many-country tour. He had been absent five years. Those years had wrought changes on and in him. He had more of the noble bearing of the true knight ; more of the attractive grace of the honorable courtier, and his patron was not a little gratified at the numerous evidences of his having well im-



proved the advantages of foreign travel and residence in the scenes of classic fame. Constance was the being who first taught his heart the hopes and fears of love; he had ever carried her image—as a spiritual miniature—with him; and though his was the fortune to move amid the loveliest of other lands, still there was something that his heart idolized, in her countenance, which he could never find in any other. Those he could admire, but her only could he love. On his return he found that *something* still had its being where he left it; and that new graces, like the new touches of more perfect skill on a picture, gave it greater prominence. In short, he still loved, truly, ardently, devotedly; and Constance saw it, felt it, and was happy.

Elmina had never *fancied* Rodolph; she thought his free and generous manners savored too much of the plebian, and that he wanted many of the essentials of her ideal of the nobleman. Still she could not but be pleased with him, and she found her determination to distance him often giving way before the irresistible humor and witchery of his manners and conversation. Now that he had returned with all his former enchantments and more of the desired polish, she envied her sister his love. Though her affections were betrothed to one worthy of their fullness, yet—“Who can stand before envy?” She forgot all love’s loyalty—all she had been to him—and rudely thrust away that most delicate of all God’s creations—a devoted human heart! A fearful deed for woman to perform—she whose destiny is to love faithfully, or live miserably! and who should never touch the affections with other than a hallowed hand, as the ancient harper consecrated by prayer his fingers ere they swept the sacred strings.

Like conscious innocence Constance unfolded everything to Elmina, never dreaming of the dark passion that held such a mastery in the bosom of her sister; and as the song of the bird reveals to the fowler his hiding place, these confessions opened the way to the means of executing the work of her design. She learned that Rodolph was to spend the succeeding summer in London to execute some legal business that required the attendance of a trusty friend of the Baronet—none seemed so well suited to the task as Rodolph, and he accordingly was intrusted with it. Elmina’s design now was to awake a suspicion in the breast of Rodolph of an intimacy between Edgar Scott and Constance. Edgar was

the rejected lover of Elmina, but the former connection between them was unknown to Rodolph. She knew that when in London, Rodolph would maintain a correspondence with her sister, and her plot was laid. In its prosecution she succeeded too well. Edgar was esteemed sincerely by Constance for his many amiable qualities; she treated him as a brother, though the conduct of her sister had changed toward him; and often was he with her to seek her influence in restoring to him the affections of Elmina; for as yet the world knew nothing of their betrothment or separation. With art which envy only can attain, she used all this to forward her purpose, and succeeded. Rodolph felt the first pangs of jealousy, but had he not unfortunately at that very time been called to the metropolis, it would soon have been cured.

A short time after his arrival in London he penned an epistle to her, frankly confessing his suspicions, and desiring their removal by an explanation. This letter Elmina intercepted at an intervening town; and a subsequent post bore a letter directed to Rodolph, but full of protestations of love to Edgar, who was then absent. He received it—eagerly opened it when he had given a hasty kiss to the seal, “*Dinna forget*”—and read it with utter astonishment. His jealous heart soon found, as it thought, the key to the mystery, and he thought she was penning a letter to the *new* at the same time she was answering the epistle of the *old* lover, and by mistake had placed the wrong subscription on each. Bitter were his feelings as he imagined that the same mistake that taught him the truth of his suspicions, informed his rival of his entertaining them, and of what else he knew not. The effect was mighty and deep; not only were his affections wounded, but his pride was touched, and that keenly too; and he determined on sullen silence. He kept and carried out his resolve, though it was as a smothered fire in his soul, burning, burning with no waters to quench it. He came back to Claregrave castle an altered man, and when Constance met him at the gate, paleness spread over her cheek as she caught the look of his haggard eye and wan features. But how wrongly did he judge that sudden paleness! attributing her visible agitation to a vain attempt at deception. Her ready grasping of the hand, ardent inquiries concerning his health, and manifest tokens of joy at his arrival, all weighed nothing against that pale look; and though he strove to throw a cheerful-



ness into his manner, and hide, by vivacity of remark, the true feelings of his soul, yet there was a distance in his demeanor Constance had never known or felt before. Though he had promised frequent letters, yet she, in her trustfulness, excused the non-reception of any, by the thought that his whole mind was necessarily engrossed in the business of his mission. His after reserve was mysterious to her; but as he often made the plea of ill health an excuse for not joining in excursive parties of pleasure, she believed it to be physical debility that affected his natural vivacity. She could not dream of doubting his love—she saw in her own faithfulness the reflected image of his devotedness, and though sometimes she desired to ask him the cause of the repulses of her efforts to awaken him to his former life and affectionateness, yet she shrunk sensitively from the task, fearing that he might deem her wanting in love's confidence. He still maintained his silence respecting her infidelity, and the distant demeanor that would have been withering to a less constant heart than hers, while she found excuses for it all; and though her spirit was less joyous, still her eye retained the same light of affection, her countenance wore its own charms, and her lip was eloquent with the language of love and kindness. Unsuspecting as she was towards Rodolph, she was not less so toward Elmina. She loved her as she had ever loved, and trusted that she should yet see her united to Edgar. Meanwhile how dwelt Elmina? With the most opposite emotions struggling in her bosom; exulting in the success of her scheme, yet tortured with remorse when her sister's confidence and love were manifested by some new token; desiring ardently to win the heart of Rodolph, but not in the least succeeding; fearful of the discovery of her plot, and by the very passion she cherished for the victim, made wretched as she saw the melancholy traces of her treachery on his countenance. Malice could not have compounded a more bitter cup for her than she prepared for herself, and of whose contents she was forced to drink daily.

An event little anticipated by her, revealed the whole of her foul work. When, soon after Rodolph left Claregrave for the metropolis, Edgar was to be absent for a time from the neighborhood on a professional tour to Scotland, he prevailed on Constance to promise him her endeavors to incline Elmina to write him in answer to his own letters, and a letter from him to Elmina

arrived near the same time that Rodolph's was intercepted. Much, in the loneliness of their chamber, did Constance breathe to her sister of her love for Rodolph, and of persuasion to return the affection of Edgar. When Elmina received her letter from him, she was apparently overcome by its tenderness, and was borne to her bed in sickness. Day followed day, and she was still pale and weak; the theme of her heart was Edgar, and while Constance sat by her side penning a letter to Rodolph, she besought her to write one to Edgar in her name, while she dictated it. Elmina desired to sign it herself, and artfully did she forge the name of Constance. Constance obeyed; then folding it, both were sealed with the same seal—and she so contrived to change them as she took them to look at the impression of the seal, that Constance directed them both wrong. Elmina took the one directed to Edgar with the pretence that she wished to commit it to the care of her maid; and Constance hastened the other away by her father's faithful Herbert. *That one* Rodolph received—the other never entered the post. Edgar had now returned after a year's absence, and though he came with less love for his former idol than when he left, yet he wished to know the result of Constance's mission—if indeed Elmina had never written, or having written, it had been lost. Constance revealed to him what we have related of the reception of his letter, and that it was answered. The affection of past days came back to his heart in all its freshness, and as he saw her in the garden alone he rushed thither, and breathed out his disappointment and his joy. Rodolph, in a neighboring arbor, his summer study, heard it all, and amazement almost stopped the pulsations of his heart.

He had a generous soul, and had never succeeded in conquering his deep love for Constance. He sought her—he produced the fatal letter—all was explained—and as the tears of mingled emotions welled up from the heart's deep founts, they baptized their affections for a holier and devoted love. Awful was the condition of Elmina—yet when Constance sought her, she heard from that injured sister not one word of reproach, but counsel wise and prudent. Constance besought her to awake her heart to woman's love—to open her mind to a consciousness of Edgar's merits—and to receive his addresses, that her perfidy might never be known to him. The sense of guilt, the deep workings of remorse, the detestation of her



own character, and the meek forgiveness and affection of her sister, were too much for her to bear, and a violent fever came upon her. Faithfully, as devotion's self, did Constance watch by her side, ministering to her wants, praying for her recovery, and soothing her by every effort art and love could devise. She recovered; her first strength was used to seek the chapel, and there plead at the feet of the patron of penitence for pardon. There she brought her jewels, with which she once decked herself in pride; and there she lay them as no longer hers to wear. When Constance strove to lead her home from the holy place, fearing the intensity of her emotions might renew her sickness, the penitent besought her to let her remain—feeling the truth of the poet's strain—

'Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,  
When she who sheds them inly feels  
Some lingering stain of early years,  
Effaced by every drop that steals.'

\* \* \* A bridal party came forth from the castle; and from the manifest joy of the assembled villagers in their gayest costume, a stranger might easily decide that the loved of all hearts was being led to the altar. Sir Roger was younger than ever that morning, and the magnificent entertainment he provided for all his tenants, and all that came, was but one token of his joy and gratitude. The reader is acquainted with the parties, and need not be told that theirs was a holy union. Rodolph led Constance, and Edgar, Elmina; but though love, fortune, and society, opened to the latter all its charms and pleasures, yet never was removed from her heart the fatal effects of envy; though she never indulged one envious feeling after the consecration of herself on her recovery, still the shadows of the past made less beautiful the light of the present.

Haverhill, Mass.

H. B.

### WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM.

Original.

[The following article was spoken at a juvenile celebration of Independence in Haverhill, Mass.]

JULIA. Good morning, dear Louisa! I am glad  
That we have met upon this joyous day,  
Do you not feel how good 'tis to be free?

LOUISA. Oh yes! I cannot hear the bursts of joy  
That rise from hill and vale, and builded fanes,—  
The booming cannon, and the deep-toned bell,  
The swell of martial music, and the shouts  
Of clamorous multitudes,—and loftier still,  
(Because ascending to the throne of heaven,)

The holy anthem and the fervent prayer  
Uplifted from deep and all adoring hearts—  
I cannot hear all these, and not be filled  
With strong emotion that half chokes my breath,  
And suffocates my voice. I feel my soul  
Swelling and rising through my quivering frame,  
And my young heart leaps with such strange  
delight,  
It half escapes my bosom.

JULIA. Aye, my friend,  
This is a truly patriotic joy.

LOUISA. Well say, dear Julia, say in sober truth,  
Is patriotism wrong in woman's breast?  
Can she not feel the ardor of high pride,  
When dwelling on her country's majesty—  
The independence of her native land—  
The honor and the glory of its sons—  
Can she not feel a rapture and a joy  
Consistent with the meekness of His love,  
Which even prudery with all her scorn,  
Tho' she may make indignant, cannot quell?

JULIA. O yes! I think so; even Jesus loved  
With a high spirit and a yearning heart,  
The glorious land that claimed his birth.  
Over the city of his love he wept  
Bitter and burning tears; but we, oh we  
Have nought to weep for, everything to hope.  
And woman, shall not feeble woman feel  
The thrill of patriotic pride? Has she—  
The mother of the nation's strength—no claims  
On her deep gratitude, her joy and praise?

LOUISA. Enthusiasm should light up her eye—her cheek  
Should glow with lovely pride, and in her breast  
A full warm heart should throb with holy bliss.  
Our mothers, in the 'days that tried men's souls,'  
O were they not the very nerve of war—  
The holy war that gave their sons the gift,  
Without which life and love were but a curse—  
The priceless gift of liberty? Did not  
The very hands that had through infant years  
Guided their sons in paths of shadeless peace,  
Gird on the sword and point the flashing eye  
To battle fields of freedom or of death?  
Did not the very voices that in days  
Of early peace had sung sweet lullabys,  
Now wake with awful energies the fires  
Of those fierce passions, which their earlier tasks  
Had been with tireless vigilance to lull  
To an unconscious slumber?

JULIA. O they did!  
Yes, tender woman did, in those dread days  
Put on the majesty of fearless love,  
And pluck her heart out for a sacrifice  
To human liberty! And shall not we,  
Their daughters and the heiresses of wealth,  
The wealth of freedom won by the rich blood  
Of their unshrinking love! Oh shall not we  
Lift up to heaven the thrilling heart whose chords  
Swell out the proudest anthems in our land,  
Yet audible alone to those who sit within  
And all around the throne of God!

LOUISA. We will—we must—'tis glory to be proud  
On such a day as this, and heaven will smile,  
And send his blessings down upon true hearts  
That love a great free country.

JULIA. But our praise  
Must find a louder voice than tongues can swell,  
Or hearts can bear upon their loftiest throb.  
Oh there should be a voice to shake the arch  
Of yon high heaven, and wake its golden stars  
To louder anthems than they sung of old  
Over the new born universe! A voice



Breaking from our whole nation in one shout  
Of victory—a victory over sin,  
And ignorance and sloth. One mighty burst,  
Leading the conquerors underneath the arch—  
The proud triumphal arch which God has built—  
For He alone could build one grand enough—  
Into the temple of his own high throne,  
Where he himself is King and Deity.

LOUISA. Ours is the task, young sisters, to do this,  
By nerving of our brothers' hearts and ours  
To drive the subtle foe from all our breasts,  
And build up truth and virtue. Is not this  
And this alone, woman's true patriotism?

JULIA. Yes, noble friend, to teach men to be good,  
Is our best glory and our gratitude.

### THE RESURRECTION.

Original.

'O tell me not—most noble disputant, that I shall die—  
The wick of life consumed, and spite of all my hope,  
Drop into the grave, never to rise again!

Yes, I shall live again!

And still on the sweet hope shall my soul feed—  
A medicine 'tis that with a touch,  
Heals all the pains of life—a precious balm,  
That makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,  
And of its hornet sting so keen—disarms ADVERSITY!

THE resurrection of the dead is of all other subjects the most grand, and sublime, and glorious! It raises man from temporal to spiritual blessings—from earth to heaven—from a state of mortality to one of immortality, incorruptibility, life and glory. By it, man grovelling in the dust, groaning under the pondenacity of sin, subject to disease, pain and death, is taught 'that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' It assures us that the grave is not the final end of man, but that we shall be raised from the tomb, clad in spiritual robes, and made to triumph over hell and our foes! That though we have been the captives of sin—though we have like the Prodigal Son, wandered far from our Father's house, feeding on the husks of sinful indulgence, yet we shall be cleansed from our infirmities, and become equal to the angels in heaven! O what a glorious inheritance for man—poor, blind, naked, finite man! What would be his condition without it? Despair! annihilation!

Behold, christian, your Lord, your Savior, to whom, under God, you are indebted for the life and immortality brought to light in the gospel. See him on Calvary's awful mount, giving himself up a sacrifice for the world; and though surrounded with malice and scorn, and suffering all that man could inflict, yet true to his character

he prays—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' He dies. A few faithful followers request his body, that they may pay the last homage to their Master. They lay it in the sepulchre! The third day dawns upon the world. An angel invested with power from the realms of glory, rolls back the stone. Jesus walks forth in the greatness of his might, despoiling principalities, and leading death and hell captives of his power.

—'And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!  
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.  
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!  
And give the King of glory to come in.

Oh the burst gates! crushed sting! demolished throne!

Last gasp! of vanquished death! Shout earth and heaven!

This sum of good to man!

Who would call in question the resurrection of the dead? Who would make light of that invaluable blessing bestowed upon humanity? O, despise not the sufferings of Christ. Tempt us not, 'most noble disputant,' to doubt the testimony of Jesus.' He has declared, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' and shall we not believe him? How pitiable would be the folly of the wayward child, who in anger at the sun for shining in his face, should assail it with a pebble. How extreme the madness of the man who should attempt to guide his bark to the headlong verge of Niagara, and to moor it across the cataract, and turn back the rushing waters, and hush their mighty voice! But neither would the folly of the one, nor the madness of the other, bear any proportion to that of those who scornfully deny the resurrection of the dead!

Christ's resurrection is the pledge and assurance of that of the whole human race. Because he has arisen, we shall arise also. He has become 'the first fruits of them that slept: For since by man came death, by man came the resurrection of the dead!' O how glorious will be the spectacle, when the myriads of God's children shall be clothed upon with spiritual robes! When corruptibility shall be swallowed up in incorruptibility—when shame and dishonor, sin and transgression, shall be no more, and all desire lost in the full fruition of boundless love! Already (in the language of Byron)—

'I feel my immortality o'ersweep  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears,—and peal  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep  
Into my ear this truth, "THOU LIVEST FOREVER."'

Berlin, VI.

J. G.



## CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

Original.

THAT to the accomplishment of any desirable object, a degree of perseverance is an indispensable requisite, may be considered as an admitted axiom. To the reflecting mind it is made apparent both from the works of nature and art. Its truth has its foundation on the well known law of cause and effect, and therefore is confirmed by daily observation and experience.

It is not the present design of the writer to exercise his full efforts in attempting to prove that christian perseverance is necessary for the melioration of human society in respect to morals, but to urge an imperative *duty* upon those who have espoused the christian name, which will if practised, in no small degree perfect their happiness, and doubtless result in the improvement of society.

As the christian's employment is one which God, and men's consciences invariably approve, and one which by the due exercise of a proper *faith* affords indescribable consolation to its devotees, there is every possible incentive to untiring perseverance in the cause.

That their path may 'shine brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day,' to remain dormant and inactive cannot afford suitable assurance to the panting soul,—that they may 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of God,' although clouds of darkness may hover for a time about their prospects, demands only unrestrained activity, and zealous affection in the glorious cause. The blessed assurance of our heavenly Parent that the cause of humanity which many trust with unshaken confidence they are engaged in, is finally to triumph, is a sufficient motive to warrant persevering zeal. And that the gospel truths may reflect their light into their minds which are now obscured by the dark rays of *partialism* and *unbelief*, and the christian's earnest of the heavenly sweets be more abundantly realized, let all gird on the breastplate of righteousness—let the motto be perseverance, and our fondest anticipations of peace and joy will be realized.

J. J. P.

Claremont, N. H.

## MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN.

Original.

THE death of Stephen often reminds me of the fall of Warren, at the commencement of the American Revolution. It was when the light of christian truth had first begun to be shed abroad, and before the regular organization of the church, that this remarkable man fell, a victim to Jewish malice. It was also before the organization of a regular continental army, and when the blazing torch of liberty was first reared, that Warren yielded up his breath, a martyr to freedom. St. Paul was not yet called to enact his part, distinguished as he subsequently became, when Stephen bled for the truth. Neither had Washington drawn his sword for his country, when Warren was slain. Warren was a man of great daring, and one who spoke in defence of liberty even while the bayonets of British mercenaries hemmed him round. Stephen also plainly and fearlessly uttered the sharpest reproofs to the Jews, even while under an accusation for blasphemy; and while surrounded by his bitterest persecutors, ready to rend him in pieces.

The analogy cannot be carried much farther; as the cause in which Stephen was engaged so far transcends the one, however noble, for which the patriot yielded up his breath.

There is something peculiarly interesting in the account of the martyr Stephen. As he was cut off early, we have not the opportunity to know much about his character and manner of delivery; but in the record, we may find enough to satisfy us that he was a most firm and unshaken believer in Jesus; and one whose heart and temper very nearly resembled the holy pattern.

Stephen is hardly mentioned, before follows the account of his death. His career was brief, like that of the Master, and his end much resembled that of the Lord Jesus.

Stephen appears during the most interesting time, which succeeded the ascension of the Savior. We have just seen the disciples scattered like chaff before the winds. They have fled with fear, for their Master has been slain; and they have little reason to doubt that such will be their own doom, if they attempt to stir the subject again. Such a terror did the fate of their Lord strike into their souls, that Peter, the bravest of them all, who had ventured to follow him to the Judgment Hall, pertinaciously denied him when charged with being one of his disciples. In short, the eleven were faithless after the crucifixion;

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WHAT is the use of a man's perplexing himself about the accumulation of riches more than his daily wants moderately require? Knows he not, that he must shortly depart, and leave all!



and gave up the ghost—having understood its true nature and design. Nothing short of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, could convince these hard-hearted and ignorant men that he was the true Messiah. They huddled together, like persons convicted of a crime, for fear of the Jews, and yet all the miracles which Jesus had performed, could persuade them that he that was put to death was the Messiah, of whom the prophets spoke. Even after they had been told that Jesus was risen, they rejected the testimony. But when he had appeared to them, and conversed with them, they could no longer withhold their acknowledgments that he had risen. It is worthy of notice that no disciple believed until he actually saw the risen Saviour. One of them who claimed to be absent when Jesus appeared, even refused to believe the ten apostles; and said not until he had thrust his fingers into the actual nail-prints, would he trust their word! Such men cannot be charged with credulity, whatever other fault they may be deemed to merit.

Nothing but the actual resurrection of their Lord, would have emboldened the disciples to go forth and proclaim him as the Saviour of the world. We now see this handful of poor despised men going forth like lambs among wolves, to oppose the inveterate prejudices of the Jews, and the philosophy of the heathen sages—even like the stripling David opposing himself in his shepherd's dress and with a sling and a stone to the armed giant of Gath. It is monstrous to suppose that such men would go about to establish an imposture, from selfish motives. What had they to hope, if God was not on their side? They must have been firmly convinced of the truth of their religion; and hence the resurrection of Jesus stands on unshakable testimony.

But whatever may have been their convictions, it lessened not the imminent hazard, and the mighty labor which they had undertaken. The assistance of the Holy Spirit was lent to these feeble men, and they became strong. It was at the outset, that Stephen was appointed to preach the word, and we learn that he was 'a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' The opponents of Christianity arrayed themselves against him, and first endeavored to overcome him with argument; but they failed in this, for such was his wisdom and faith, that they were forced to yield, and the wisdom of the Jews fell back. But one resource remained. What they could not do by argument, they could do by force. So they su-

bered witnesses, who swore that he had made use of blasphemous speeches. These people went before the scribes and elders, and soon mustered force enough to have him brought to trial. When the witnesses had sworn that he spoke blasphemous words against the temple, and the law, the High Priest asked, 'Are these things so?'

Stephen did not then undertake to excuse himself, or to plead for an extenuation of his sentence; but forthwith began to preach Christ unto them. He thought not upon his condition, or under what perilous circumstances he was placed. He saw only that there were people convened together, and that therefore it was a suitable time to expound the truths of the gospel. He begins very coolly to recapitulate what God had done for Israel, speaks of her unfaithfulness, and explains the spirituality of true worship, until being no longer able to contain his indignation at their hypocrisy and hardness of heart, he thus addresses those persons who had him in charge, and the Jews whose voice was sufficient to condemn him to death: 'Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised, in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it.'

These plain truths cut them to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth, for want of better argument wherewith to confront him. But it was in this hour of bodily peril, that his courage rose, if indeed it were possible for that to rise which was already of the loftiest character, and he set the seal to what he had declared, by exclaiming, with elevated hands and eyes: 'Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God!'

This was too much for their blind bigotry and malice; and they stopped their ears at his words, and ran upon him with the utmost fury, dragging him out of the city, and there proving the truth of all that he had declared, by stoning him to death.

And now that he had reproved these wicked men, with the same plainness that Jesus had been accustomed to use when addressing the same individuals, and had even received his mortal wounds from their hands, we recognize the same



spirit which breathed in the Divine Master. While expiring, he prayed, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge !' Thus fell the first martyr to the christian faith, and the purity of his conversation and the holiness of his death, are an example to all succeeding generations. We might wish that this christian hero had lived, in order to read the epistle which he might have written, and to see more examples of his lofty demeanor ; but in the record which we now have of him, is contained a portion of sublime instruction which yields to no part of the sacred volume, if we except that which contains the history of the Divine Redeemer.

### NEW ENGLAND.

Original.

THOU hast no broad savannas,  
Thou land of rock and stream !  
No broadly waving banners  
Of vines and palms to gleam—  
No boundless rolling prairies  
Of gold and scarlet flowers,  
No sunny glades for fairies  
To build their silver bowers,  
No citron groves, no orange trees—  
But sweeter, holier scenes than these.

There comes from mighty mountains  
The sound of freedom's voice—  
Beside thy silvery fountains  
The pilgrims' sons rejoice—  
Thy valleys smile in gladness,  
Thy rivers softly flow,  
There's not a sound of sadness,  
There's not a note of wo ;  
From every hill the echos come,  
'Here LIBERTY has found her home !'

What careless independence  
In yonder children's tread !  
They are the free descendants  
Of those who fought and bled.—  
See yonder sturdy farmer  
With plough and spade and hoe ;—  
They are his strongest armor—  
They shield from every foe ;  
From sloth and poverty and crime,—  
The direst foes in any clime.

Land of heroic story,  
I'm proud to be thy child !  
I'm proud to share your glory,  
Ye pilgrims of the wild !  
I ask no richer heritage  
Than that which ye have given ;  
I seek no nobler parentage  
Than yours—a child of heaven !  
Then hail, New England ! hail to thee !  
Thy child and heaven's I'll ever be !

THE surest way to live peaceably with your neighbor, is to mind your own business !

### THE BLIGHT OF ERROR.

AN INCIDENT.

Original.

It is a very common remark, that error is one of the most fruitful sources of misery and even of crime, which we have to lament and deplore. Most true is this remark in respect to errors in morals and religion. By them the mind is materially affected, and our well being depends in no small degree upon correct ideas of these very important subjects. Errors here are not harmless things, for they often lead to improper actions, and these bring their legitimate effects, untold miseries. This being a fact, it is a matter of no small degree of regret, that there should be so little thought and investigation bestowed by the world in general, upon those subjects, the correct understanding of which is so important and so necessary to the peace and happiness of all. But we see that such is the case. Men will often reason closely and correctly upon every subject of a philosophical nature, but when they come to the examination of religion, reason is then to them the most useless faculty of the mind, and they run mad in fanaticism, or turn a deaf ear to the subject entirely. We speak as a general thing. It gives us pleasure to record, that there are many honorable exceptions.

If we view things that are daily passing before our eyes and daily sounding in our ears, we must have often seen the highest virtues, the dearest hopes, and brightest joys of humanity sacrificed upon the altar of superstition and religious error. We look abroad over the world and we witness the unholy and paralyzing influence of these moral evils—we see the mind bound in chains, its glory and splendor departed, its beauty faded and its power neutralized—we behold the moral visage of God in man effaced and see him exhibiting the debasing characteristics of the brute. When we count up the sighs and tears, the hours of grief, and the nights of wretchedness, the blood and carnage, the widows and orphans which false religions have caused, we can not but feel the importance of learning those great truths of the gospel, which inspire man with a confidence in God, and give peace and happiness to the believing mind. Nothing is of more value to us individually, or to the world in general, than correct ideas of God's goodness, and the character and objects of his revelation to man. In our intercourse with the world, we often find those who are destitute of this important knowledge, and we



see the effect—we see all that is calculated to render man cold, miserable, and melancholy.

These remarks are called forth by a very striking circumstance illustrative of their truth, which came under the writer's observation while living in Pennsylvania.

I preached in a town adjoining the one in which I resided, and after service was cordially invited by a worthy friend to accompany him to his home, to spend the night. This friend had just begun to inquire into and learn and believe those great truths of the gospel, which make free indeed. I accepted the invitation. After a short walk we found ourselves at home—order, wealth, peace, and contentment seemed to have taken up their abode there. Supper being soon ready, we gathered ourselves around the bountiful board, grateful for the blessings of a common providence.

An aged lady, his mother, was present, who seemed from the expression of her countenance, and the deep and long sigh that occasionally came from her lips, to be much agitated in mind. The subjects of conversation were a religious character, which seemed to excite the matron still more. Her hands trembled and the tears of anguish followed each other in rapid succession down her furrowed cheeks. I suspected the cause of this horrible state of mind, and endeavored to change the subject of conversation, for I could not help feeling for the person who was rendered so very wretched by a religious faith. When our repast was over, the old lady approached me with timid step and trembling frame, and with a feeble and faltering voice, she enquired in earnest and impressive strains, why I presumed to teach that dangerous and soul destroying doctrine to her children? 'Why, oh gracious heaven, why do you bring it into this happy circle to blight our joys here, and cut short our hopes of heaven and happiness forever?' She would have continued, but her feelings were too overpowering, and she gave vent to them in a flood of tears.

A deep silence prevailed. When she had in part recovered from her agitated state of feeling, I gave her my reasons for preaching what I considered the truths of the gospel, the evidences of the final salvation of a lost world. But it was all to no purpose. Her heart was steelled against the truth—she was shielded by prejudice—obstinate as despair and cruel as the grave, and the most cogent arguments looked to her like the ravings of the maniac. She continued, 'I am now

old and infirm, my bleached locks and feeble constitution, my trembling limbs and poor health, tell me that my days are at an end—that a few more rolling suns will close the chequered scene of my life. I have seen and experienced sorrows and trials of fearful aspects since my journey commenced—friends and fortune have forsaken me, and I have followed my dearest relatives to the dark mansion of the dead,—I have seen the eye beaming with intelligence, dark in death, the voice that has enlightened me and the world in wisdom, hushed forever, and have passed through change after change; but all that my mind ever suffered cannot be compared to what I now feel. I have had the pleasure of seeing most of my numerous family gathered into the fold of Christ their Savior,—they have been reclaimed from their sins and saved from endless ruin by the saving grace of God, and I had hoped of seeing my whole family in heaven. But, O the thought is too poignant, this fascinating doctrine has deceitfully wound its venomous coils around this happy pair, and there is no hope.' She sat a moment in silence, and then exclaimed again, my God, can it be that my family must be separated forever, one part in a heaven of bliss and the other in a world of woe! Again she burst into tears, and left the room. For a time there was nothing said—such untold anguish of mind as the good old lady exhibited affected us all, even to tears, and it was a long time ere either of us could command our feelings so as to be able to speak. Often has this circumstance come into my mind, and it always carries this fact with it—that were all partialist believers as certain of the truth of their doctrine, as was this old lady, this would be one of the most wretched and miserable worlds, of which the imagination can conceive. It is a happy circumstance that but very few of the professors of this doctrine, realize what it is in reality, or believe in it with all their heart. Those who do, I pity from my very soul, for, of all beings they the must be the most miserable. Dear reader, may the good Lord deliver thee from the influence and power of such a faith.

S. P. L.

Nashua, July 1839.

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WHAT is worse to bring on discord among your neighbors, than the iniquitous practice of tale-bearing! We all know that but few erroneous expressions are necessary to cause an irreparable breach between old friends. How carefully, then, should we guard our lips!



## ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 64.]

Chapter iv. 12 : *John cast into prison.* For the reason of this imprisonment, see chap. xiv. 3. Mark vi. 17. 18. Luke iii. 19.

*Galilee.* This was a province in the time of the Savior, that embraced all the northern part of Palestine, was divided into Upper and Lower Galilee. Upper, or the northern part of Galilee was called *Galilee of the Gentiles.*

13. *Nazareth* was a city in Lower Galilee, the place where our Savior was brought up. *Capernaum*, a city on the north western side of the sea of Galilee, and near the border of the tribes of Zebulon and Naphtali. The wickedness of its inhabitants brought upon it a heavy denunciation—Matt. xi. 23. 24. which has been literally fulfilled—a few ruins only remaining of the once proud city.

16. *Light sprung up.* An application is here made of a prophecy in Isai. ix. 1. and which referred to the deliverance from the oppressions of the Assyrians. As here applied, it shows the spiritual blessings of the Messiah's mission, that spiritual light in great brilliancy had sprung up where gross darkness had long reigned. Psalm xxiii. 4. ; cvii. 10. 14.

17. *Repent—kingdom of heaven.* See note on chap. iii. 2.

18. *Sea of Galilee.* This was a most beautiful lake, variously called as above, the sea of Genesareth, and sea of Tiberias, from its vicinity to the towns of those names. Josephus describes it as 140 furlongs in length and 40 in breadth, and divided into two parts by the river Jordan.

19. *Follow me.* A Jewish phrase for becoming a disciple or scholar.

*Fishers of men.* Had Jesus depended on anything save the simple power of truth and the providence of God for the success of his work, he never would have made choice of such characters for apostles. But the more humble and seemingly inadequate the means to accomplish the end proposed, the more must success be attributed to a divine power. These fishermen of Galilee were to accomplish and did accomplish what in vain had been attempted by all the learning of the world—the giving to men a system of pure and elevated morals, and a clear knowledge of the sovereign God.

23. *Teaching in synagogues.* Synagogues were 'the parish churches of the Jews.' They could only be built where ten men of acknowledged piety and learning were to be found to take the superintendence of the services. Reading and expounding of the scriptures was a prominent part of the exercises, and this was done either by one of the officers, or a person selected by them. Those who were or claimed to be prophets, or leaders in a new sect, were allowed the privilege of thus addressing the people,—hence the frequent mention in the New Testament of our Lord and his apostles teaching in the synagogues. Luke iv. 20. Acts xiii. 5. 15. 44. The synagogues were also used for courts of judicature, in such matters as came under the cognizance of the Council of Three. The sentence pronounced on guilt was sometimes carried into effect on the spot—as is often the case in the east now—and hence we read of persons being beaten and scourged in the synagogues. Matt. x. 17. Mark xiii. 9.

*Gospel of the kingdom*—the good news or glad tidings of the spiritual kingdom. The *gospel* signifies good news, and their extent may be learned from the declaration, 'which shall be unto all people.'

24. *And those possessed with devils*—i. e. *demoniacs.* 'A popular name for one sort of madness, chiefly of the *raging* kind; founded on a foolish superstition that mad men were possessed by the spirits of dead men, called *demons*; just as others were called *lunatics* as if affected by the *moon*. So modern times have had their St. Vitus' Dance, and St. Anthony's Fire; and these terms are used without scruple by those who have not the least notion of the interference of those saints, in those particular disorders.' Wakefield. 'The Jews were accustomed to ascribe all grievous and seemingly incurable distempers, those especially, by which the body was convulsed, or the mind agitated with frenzy, to evil genii, by whom they held the bodies of the sick to be possessed. The sacred writers describing the case of these men, as historians simply, adopt the common mode of speaking on this subject, without explaining the disorder itself, or obtruding their own opinions.' Our Lord did not come to man to establish a new system of natural philosophy, or physics, and therefore was not bound in duty to correct every false notion the Jews entertained. He drew many similitudes from common forms of speech, and was perfectly justified in employing the common language of the day in reference to diseases. It will be remembered that on one occasion, some of the disciples seeing a blind man, asked Jesus, '*Lord, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he is born blind?*' John ix. 2. 3. This question was founded on the doctrine of the transmigration of souls as taught by Pythagoras, wherein it was asserted that the several degrees of character were recompensed by a removal into a more or less perfect body: yet though the query of the disciples was based on this absurd theory, Jesus did not avail himself of the opportunity to correct this error, but gave a direct answer to their question. In short, Jesus avoided any direct contact with topics or opinions which were aside from the purpose of his mission. Had he assailed every erroneous doctrine he found among men, his life would have been confusion, and his great object impeded. Luke xii. 14. John viii. 9. 11. are instances in proof that he made it a point of wisdom to guard against all modes of procedure which might retard the object of his mission; and so ignorant were the Jews in regard to anatomy and metaphysics, that it would have only created an unprofitable controversy had he opposed direct the common opinion in reference to evil spirits, or demoniacal possessions. 'It was no part of the object of his revelation,' says Paley, 'to regulate men's opinions concerning the action of spiritual substances upon animal bodies.' The direct tendency of his religion is to set aside the false notions concerning spirits; and its progress will scatter, as it has scattered, many degrading and tormenting superstitions.

Chap. v. 1. *Went up into a mountain*—or ascended a mountain, that he might be able to view the crowd while he taught.

*And when he was set*—sitting was the posture in which the Jewish rabbins taught their disciples, and the multitude knew by this action, that he was about to teach of divine things.

3. *Blessed are the poor in spirit.* The sayings of our Lord in verses 3 to 12, are called '*the beatitudes*,' because each of them begins with the word



'happy,' the Latin for which is *beatus*. Modern versions of the New Testament always substitute the word *happy* in these verses for the word *blessed*. 'Happy the poor who repine not,' is Campbell's translation, for which he gives many good reasons. Some make parallel passages of Prov. xxix. 23. and Isai. lxvi. 2.

'Having by his miracles and public conversations not only excited general interest, but also drawn together a number who were ready to avow their adherence to him in the hope to share the honors of his reign; he deems it a proper time to correct their notions respecting the Messiah's kingdom, and to show them the character of his instructions, in contrast with those which had been delivered by the 'doctors of the law,' and the nature of the life to which his followers would be called, in contrast with that course of triumph and glory which they were expecting. He therefore addressed them as Jews by education, and as his disciples by profession. Adopting this as a principle of interpretation, we shall perceive the pertinency of the whole, and of the several parts of this admirable discourse.' Gannett.

*Theirs is the kingdom of heaven*, i. e. theirs is a title to participation in the blessings of that spiritual reign or kingdom now to be established. It is the humble, not the proud and aspiring, who are the true followers of Jesus. 1 Cor. i. 26—31. James ii. 5.

4. *They who mourn*, i. e. they who are in affliction, and are conscious that comfort cometh from God alone, and seek it with pious trust.

5. *The meek*—the opposite of the arrogant, haughty, and resentful; Matt. xi. 29.

*Inherit the earth*—the land, more properly. A phrase peculiar to the Jews, as when they were led from Egypt they went forth to inherit a promised land which in their warm imaginations was the centre of all good. 'To inherit the land,' naturally became a common proverb, denoting the enjoyment of peace and plenty. Psa. xxxvii. 11. Thus metaphorically the phrase is used in this verse, and we can easily understand its force and truth. The *meek* enjoy much to which all opposite tempers must be strangers; and what could be more needed under the peculiar state of things in that age, than a peaceable disposition—a disposition not easily provoked nor irritated?

6. *Hunger and thirst after righteousness*. A common figure of speech. As the body has its appetite for food and drink, and its health and strength depends on the proper gratification of this appetite, so is it with the spiritual hunger and thirst of the soul. The figure is used to denote ardent longing for righteousness, or knowledge of right doing; a purpose to obtain and effort put forth to that end, as well as desire for its possession.

*They shall be filled*, or satisfied. Jesus in accordance with this figure, represents himself as the 'bread of life,' or life giving bread, John vi. 35. and his doctrine as 'living,' or life giving, 'water,' John iv. 10. Hence we are to understand, that his doctrine is as well adapted to satisfy the soul, as bread and water are adapted to the hunger and thirst of the body.

7. *The merciful*,—the compassionate and forgiving, in opposition to the austere and revengeful.

8. *Pure in heart*,—in contradistinction to the outward, mere surface purity then so common, which the Savior compared to the garnished sepulchres—beautiful without, but within full of corruption.

*See God*. A common figure drawn from the language of the senses to denote a spiritual state. *To see*, is often used to denote the perception or enjoyment of a thing. Psalm xxxiv. 8. Heb. xii. 14. 'He must be pure, who wishes to enjoy a proper view of a pure Being.'

9. *Peace makers*—the opposite of the hostile and strife gendering spirits.

*Called children of God*, i. e. characteristically. God is styled the *God of Peace*, Rom. xvi. 20, and Christ was spoken of as the '*Prince of Peace*,' and his gospel as the gospel of peace.

10. *Persecuted for righteousness' sake*, i. e. because of their adherence to the religion of the Son of God—their obedience to the Right. Such are happy in mind, only when they show, like Paul, that none of these things can move them from their straight forward pursuit of duty, and find one evidence of the value of their religion in its power to comfort and strengthen them under such trials. 2 Cor. iv. 8—18; 1 Peter iv. 14—16.

11. *Shall revile you*. Certainly there can be no merit in merely being the subject of reviling, and therefore the beatitude spoken of in this verse, like the preceding one, must refer to the manner in which those revilings, which were thrown out because of their religion, were borne. Blessed is he that possesses a patient, forbearing temper, not desiring to render evil for evil.

12. *Great is your reward in heaven*. All that the great Teacher had said as yet tended to one point—holiness of heart and fidelity, and the great reward consequent was the enjoyment of heaven—that righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, or spiritual joy, which the apostle defined as the possession of the true subject of the kingdom of God, and which constitutes heaven. Rom. xiv. 17. This was the reward of the faithful, and only while they were the faithful, as the salt, after it has lost its savor, cannot lay claim to its former attributes. Jesus spoke of himself to Nicodemus as *in heaven*. John iii. 13.

We must consider the situation of the Savior—the expectations of the people—the character they attributed to the work of the expected Messiah—their ardent thirst after national distinction and glory—and the prevailing ideas concerning religion, before we can understand the force of the Savior's language in these beatitudes. A perfect spirituality pervades the whole, presenting a powerful contrast to the gross and earthly opinions and habits of the multitude he addressed. The more we carry ourselves back to the times, the more we shall perceive the originality, independence, and majesty of the mind of Jesus, and the more we shall be impressed with the divinity of his character.

## BENEVOLENCE OF THE DEITY.

Original.

WERE the sentiment once firmly fixed in our minds, that the 'Creator of the ends of the earth' was a *malevolent* Being, changeful, partial and unjust, peace and joy would be strangers to our bosoms. We might in slavish fear conform to his commands, but to worship Him 'in spirit and in truth,' would be utterly impossible. We



could repose no confidence in his name, and should be in a continual state of double fear, and misery. It is only where we are convinced that our Father in heaven is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness—that 'He is without change,' yesterday, to-day, and forever the same, that we come into the possession of true and substantial peace and happiness.

That such is the character of that Being 'who inhabiteth eternity,' and 'who created all things by the word of His power,' is plainly taught, both in nature and revelation. We cannot resist the connection of its truth.

In order to show the benevolence of God, let us for a moment consider him devoid of this attribute. Possessed of almighty power, He could have so created us that every moment of our existence would have been one of intense misery and pain. He could have formed us with an appetite for food, and made it necessary that we should partake thereof in order to perpetuate our existence. Yet the gratification of this propensity might have produced inconceivable anguish. Every sound which fell over the ear, and every sight which met the eye, could as easily have caused us *pain* as *pleasure*. Further, we might have been created devoid of all affection and love, possessing naturally feelings of wrath and malice towards each other, and to all our race. Placed in such a condition, he who would deny that God was cruel and unjust, might under the present constitution of things, deny or limit his boundless goodness and love. But when the Author of our being gave us an existence, He was not unmindful of our happiness. All the powers and faculties of which we are possessed, both body and mind, while they tend to sustain life, are at the same time sources of pleasure and enjoyment. Our own experience will sanction this view of the subject. If we call to mind the many scenes through which we have passed—the hours of uninterrupted enjoyment which have been kindly bestowed on us—the kind parents who were given to watch over and protect us in our hours of weakness, we shall be led to exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, 'O! speak good of His name: for *He is good*, and his mercy endureth forever.' 'The earth is *full* of the goodness of the Lord.' The proofs of His goodness are as vast and boundless as those of His existence. He is our Creator, upholder and preserver. All the blessings of life, health, friends and acquaintances to cheer and gladden

our hearts—the scenes of beauty and majesty on which we delight to dwell—the heavens in all their silent grandeur and glory—the mighty ocean, forever speaking forth His sublimity and power—the lofty mountains and humble vales, all teeming with life and beauty, are so many evidences of the benevolence of His character. And all, if rightly received, will lead us to reverence and adore His name and render Him the worship of pure hearts fervently. 'Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.' But when we turn to the pages of that volume wherein 'life and immortality are brought to life'—when we read the glowing descriptions therein given of that love which is 'stronger than death,' which 'many waters cannot quench,' nor 'the floods drown,' when we consider that it is without limits, beginning or end, that it first gave us being, and has continually preserved and upheld us, and that it will abide with, and guide us forever, overcoming our enmity and sin, purifying us from all evil and corruption, and filling us with its own divine and everlasting fullness; then truly are our minds at rest. We have a God possessed of every possible perfection, whose attributes are all blended in perfect harmony, unrivalled light, excellence and glory. 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure, they are, and were created.'

Entertaining these views of the ruler and governor of the universe, we can under all the circumstances of human life, 'rejoice with joy unspeakable,' in the firm conviction that whatever exists is intended to promote man's highest good and happiness—

'There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom we trace *God's love*.'

We confidently look for that time, spoken of old by all the holy prophets since the world began, when light and knowledge shall universally prevail, and the glorious reign of universal holiness and happiness commence. When light shall triumph over darkness—life over death—and *love* over all impurity and corruption!

'Father of mercies! speed the promised hour;  
Thy kingdom come with all restoring power;  
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,  
As round the earth the ocean waters roll!'

H. R. N.

Claremont, N. H.

In sober calmness reason has its sway.



THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

Original.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

From the German of Ortlepp's 'Songs of Poland.'

Poor children are we, whither now shall we go?  
Our father and brother are dead,  
And mother has gone, with a sorrowful heart,  
To beg a poor morsel of bread!

Poor helpless children, Oh where shall we go?  
Our house is burnt down to the ground;  
Of the home, where, together, in love we once sat,  
Scarce a wall or a fragment is found!

Poor friendless children, Oh where shall we go?  
Of the village there's scarcely a trace;  
And the spot, where we parted in frolicsome glee,  
Now, ruins and ashes deface!

Poor little children, where, where shall we go?  
How glad, once, we hastened away,  
Bearing food to the fields where our dear father toiled,  
So patiently all the long day!

But ah, our good father now labors no more,  
Nor toils our fond brother for bread;  
No corn can we gather, for bare is the field,—  
In their graves father, brother lie dead.

Poor helpless children, ah, where shall we go?  
To our father's cold grave will we hie,  
And in hunger and sorrow, will sit ourselves down,  
Where soon, side by side we shall lie!  
New York, July 1839.

BORROWING BOOKS.

Original.

THE caption of this piece will not strike the eye of all readers agreeably; since it embraces a subject which has often been treated on. The metaphysician will see nothing in it to tempt him to a perusal; while the lover of romantic incidents will turn away with a shiver, upon reading so cold and uninteresting a bill of fare for his mental appetite.

Nevertheless, both the metaphysician and the lover of romance would do well to ponder upon the subject, even, if they do not give audience to the views which I shall advance.

I need not tell the reader that the practice of borrowing books is very common. We shall agree perfectly well on that head.

It will be perceived that people feel no remorse for borrowing books, on the ground that after a book has been read, it is none the worse. It may be used by a hundred different individuals, and still retain its excellence. The pungency of its wit does not evaporate by exposure to the air, nor do the author's arguments lose their strength

because they have passed through many minds. The ideas lose none of their freshness, by frequent reading—the value of the thoughts contained in the book remains unimpaired. It is argued that the case would be very different, if one borrowed his neighbor's loaf of bread, for after it had been put to its proper use, it would no longer remain the same in value as before—and so with regard to borrowing a coat, a shawl, or a hat—the wear and tear, and the soiling of these appurtenances, might be looked upon as an objection to lending them. It is argued, however, that the case is very different in relation to a book. Therefore one thinks nothing of asking for the loan of the last new novel, or a volume of Harper's family library.

But this view of the case is not altogether correct.

Although the ideas of a book may not be injured or worn out by frequent perusal, yet let it be remembered that a book is, like the human person, composed both of matter and mind. We must not forget the inferior properties of a book, in regarding its more spiritual or intellectual nature. The thoughts of the author are not injured by being poured into the minds of various readers: but the outward organs through which those thoughts are manifested may be injured. By putting a blind over the eyes of an individual, you do not kill the intelligence which was wont to exhibit itself in those sparkling orbs—or the tenderness which you have seen portrayed in his melting glance. If you go still farther, and actually put out those speaking orbs, you destroy not the intellect which used to kindle them with spiritual lustre, or the feelings of the soul which once spoke in their lustrous beamings. Few do nevertheless destroy the eyes, and prevent any other person from reading their expression. Again, if you cut out the tongue of an orator, you do not destroy the lofty and heart-thrilling sentiments to which that tongue was once wont to give utterance. The ideas, the thoughts, the genius, the love, remain locked in the soul of the ruined speaker—but that tongue will never give utterance to the thoughts or the impressions of his giant mind. Whatever *he* may be, in the abstract, still his usefulness is gone. He will no more shake senates with his eloquence, or kindle bravery in the coward's breast. Still you have not destroyed the mind from which emanated this spiritual electricity—but you have destroyed it for every one but the man himself.



Even so it is with the borrowed book. You may borrow it; and you may use it. You have read the words of the author, and have drunk in his thoughts. You have done those thoughts no injury—but have you defaced the leaves, or ruptured the binding of the book? Have you dropped a spark from your cigar upon a paragraph containing one of the finest conceits or the most sublime conception in the whole volumes?

If you have done either of these things, although you may truly say that you have not injured the author's thoughts, yet you have erased their outward manifestations; and, in doing so, you have debarred others,—among whom is the owner of the book who honestly paid his money for it—from the privilege of being edified by that passage which you have carelessly slurred, or wholly obliterated! With one fell blow, you have injured the material part of the book, and prevented others from probing by the intellectual part of it. This is a mere accident, however, which you could not avoid. Among such casualties, we may place the thumbing of the leaves, inadvertently laying the book upon a drop of oil, suffering the fire to warp the corners, laughing over it and thus sprinkling the leaves with a decoction of the Virginia weed—or laying it away so carefully that the rats find access to it, and gnaw the paste from the back.

All these may be done innocently, and by strictly conscientious men. But we are now approaching a more painful part of the subject. Men who are honest in every other transaction of life, do often evince an unaccountable recklessness where borrowed books are concerned.

I have distinctly shown that the lender of a book lays the borrower under obligations—since the material part of the volume is ever liable to be injured, and since even the ordinary wear and tear which attend the perusal of a book, is of no small consequence—especially if it chance to be a very handsome volume.

But some borrowers, so far from feeling under any obligation for the free use of a book, are disposed to circulate it as widely as possible: and such is the goodness of their hearts, that, with the utmost self-complacency, they oblige all their friends by the loan of—their friend's property!

The book having been loaned, feloniously, but once, has now taken a fair start. It runs the gauntlet of some half score cousins, and a gouty uncle receives it at last, as a precious boon, since

he has been confined to his room for some months, and can do nothing else but read.

At last the original lender and owner thinks he will sit down and spend a leisure hour in turning over the leaves of his new volume. He hunts his library through and through and cannot find it. He recollects that he lent it to Mr. B. some five or six weeks ago; but as Mr. B. promised to return it the following week, he doubts not that he has done so. Not being able to find it after a thorough search, he concludes that it must be still in the possession of that gentleman. He meets him in the street, and inquires after his book. Mr. B. stares—and recollects of having the book, but guesses he returned it, as he has seen nothing of it for a month. He passes on and thinks no more of the matter, because it was *nothing but a book!*

These things have induced many persons to turn the key in their library doors, and refuse to lend books to their nearest friends. If the practice of returning books in good order was as common as the practice of borrowing them, there would be no occasion for this, apparently, harsh procedure.

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### THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Original.

How SAD is the house of death! How mournfully do the unhappy friends of the dying watch his departure from this earth, and how gladly would they retain him yet a little while longer among them. They forget the many trials and sorrows to which he has been subjected; they forget that he has sometimes been placed in situations, from which death would have been a glad relief, and they do not reflect that the pain which he has suffered in his last illness, and which he may be now enduring, is but the harbinger to that repose which ends every corporeal wo. Still the friends of the dying man would restrain his flight—would hold him back, as if some great calamity was about to befall him. They would reinstate him in health, although he would then have the same sorrow and pain to encounter a second time; for the gates of death are bristling with sharp pangs, and few pass out the portal without enduring the horrors of the passage. Why, then, should we desire to restrain him who has won the goal—who has passed through the preliminary pains, and is about to enter on his rest.

Even after the spirit has departed, and there is



no more pain and no more weeping for him,—even then the fond relatives would bring him back if it were in their power, would restore him to the condition from which he has escaped—to a world of sorrow and uncertainty. Behold them gathered around his cold remains. Tears of bitter sorrow are in their eyes. All is gloom—all is grief. To-morrow the livery of wo will be assumed by the disconsolate relatives. Their imaginations will be, for many days, filled with the dark hearse, the funereal train, and the dismal habiliments of death. On their countenances will rest the mark of deep sorrow, and they will mourn as those who cannot be comforted.

Yet, wherefore is all this sorrow and lamentation? Has disgrace fallen upon them—has crime been found within their borders, and do they lament the fall of one upon whom their hopes had been built? No. They mourn because one whom they loved has passed away, and they shall see his face no more. It is natural for them to mourn, for they see not *all*. Their vision is bounded by the grave, and they but know that he whom they loved is dead. They mourn as mortals. They have hope, through faith, but even faith cannot lift the curtain and expose to our view the realities of an untried eternity. For when we see with our own eyes, we have no longer any need of faith. It is true that we believe our friend is infinitely happier than we are. If we could see him in the realms of bliss, we should be guilty of great selfishness when we mourned his decease. But here we must 'see through a glass darkly,' and our grief arises from a want of reflection. We darken even the light which is vouchsafed to us, and lament like men who cannot see the hand of God employed in all the changes and revolutions of this life—as men who doubted his promises, and who, on the first appearance of sorrow, were ready to let go our hope and our trust in the goodness of heaven. But the consolations of religion are all that are left to us. Our departed friend is now beyond human aid and human sympathy; and if our faith has been an empty profession, a mere misty and undeveloped idea of eternal things—an empty profession of words—a merely fashionable whim—we must not be surprised if we are left to grope in the darkness of doubt and fear, and to mourn as those who have no hope.

Mournful and sad is the house of death; but what a contrast do we behold, when looking steadfastly with the eagle eye of faith, at the lofty realm, the brilliant abode of him who is now no

more. We have just begun to mourn. He has just begun to rejoice. We have found a source of sorrow. He has just discovered the fountain of joy. We speak of 'the poor deceased,' while he is blessed beyond all that this world could have conferred on him, had every glowing and ambitious desire of his heart been realized. When we add that the loftiest stretch of human imagination could not reach the tithe part of his happiness, we must see that the very cause of our sorrow is the signal for him to enter upon a scene of bliss, which our reason could not comprehend, and which far surpasses the golden dreams of poets or philosophers.

If our eye was steadily fixed upon this truth—if we really believed in the promises of God, would we not mourn with hope; and would not the bereavement bring its antidote with it? As men we may indeed mourn; but as immortal beings we should rejoice that our brother has cast behind him the dregs of mortality, and is forever blest. Then, instead of dwelling, in imagination, upon the pall, the coffin, and the grave, we would look upon those things as trifles unworthy our attention. We would then follow the disenthralled spirit to the throne of its Father and its God. The house of death would be unto us, as the door of immortal bliss—the token of that peace which passeth all understanding, until we could say with the poet:—

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are  
blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

### PERSECUTIONS.

Original.

I LATELY saw a summary of the bloody murders committed by christian nations and in the name of christianity. The author attributes them to christianity herself, and to the influence of the Bible in particular. Now I have no wish to see those historical facts slurred over or *expunged*. As often as they are made a handle of by the enemies of our faith, I do not wish them to be forgotten. I have no wish to hide the truth; and I do believe that by an exposition of the whole truth, our cause will most live and thrive. I must also be permitted to say that the argument against christianity drawn from the fact that there have been unworthy professors of it, can no more injure the faith itself, in the estimation of candid minds, than an impeachment of a judge for mal-



administration, can deteriorate the quality of justice itself. The murders, persecutions and extortions of christians have nothing to do with the creed in which they may have professed to believe. Did Jesus Christ teach any such practices? Did St. Paul call on the church to found an Inquisition—or does the apostle James command us to burn heretics at the stake? When it can be shown that such is the case, we too will abandon christianity. Suppose that a preacher, in these days, were to counsel his congregation to resist not evil, to love their enemies, to pray for those that cursed them—and suppose that as soon as they went about their secular business, they began to beat, mangle and slander each other; should we be justified in saying, we have no faith in Rev. —, for his congregation do thus and so? Would we be justified in pronouncing him a false teacher and an impostor because his pretended followers would not heed his advice? Certainly not. But, even here, I have stated a stronger case than the argument requires; for the disciples of Jesus Christ, and the early church, were men against whom calumny can urge nothing. Nay, until we find the church connected with the secular government, we see nothing of those bloody doings about which our enemies delight to vaunt. When the church, on account of its great influence and accession of numbers, became popular, and was joined to the government, there were, of course, many nominal and fashionable professors, and the wars and devastations of the dark ages were prosecuted in the name of religion! When emperors and other tyrants found it convenient to call themselves christians, they did not discontinue the bloody course of life which they would have pursued, under some pretext or other, if they had not professed the popular faith. Nero was not a professed christian, but he, no doubt, would have been so, had christianity been the religion of the land. Is it to be supposed that his successors would be less violent than he, merely because they had taken up the fashionable name of christian? Or, would they not have ceased to be tyrants, if they had been truly the disciples of Jesus Christ?

**MARRIAGE.** When the parties really love each other, after marriage, and the wife, in particular, keeps not only the household matters in order, but her person clean, and her dress neat, much pleasure does it give the loving husband!

## THE ORPHAN'S CALL.

Original.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

THEY tell me, dear mother, that thou art at rest—  
That thy spirit now dwells in the land of the blest;  
And they strive my poor heart from its sorrows to wile,  
But the tears fill my eyes, with each effort to smile!  
I came to thy grave at the earliest morn,  
And have waited for thee till the bright sun is gone;  
I have called till the shades of the night grew black—  
Mother, oh mother, come back, come back!

'Tis in vain I call!—Thou art dead, they say,  
And cannot arise from this mound of clay;  
But the thought of thy love in my heart doth burn—  
Oh, it cannot be but thou'lt yet return!  
Yet my heart is heavy with grief and fears,  
And my eyes are swollen with hot, hot tears;  
On my fading cheek they have left their track—  
I am weary, dear mother—come back, come back!

They call me 'poor orphan' (What is it, I pray?)  
And urge me, with smiles and caresses, to play;  
But my heart grows sick at the voice of glee,  
And I steal away, mother, to watch for thee!  
I have smoothed thy bed with the nicest care,  
And the cushion lies light on thy own soft chair—  
Not a thing thou didst love doth thy chamber lack—  
Oh, where art thou, mother? Come back, come back!

Oh, well I remember the soft tones, that fell  
From thy lips, dear mother, who loved me so well!  
I will try to be like thee, that, if I should die,  
I may go, where they say thou art gone—to the sky!  
Thy smile is yet bright as when thou wert below,  
It still hovers round me wherever I go—  
In the shade of the garden, the wild forest-track;—  
I'll go to thee, mother, if thou canst not come back!

New-York, July 1839.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

### III. THE HEART-TEACHER.

She had a mind  
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed  
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring  
Of a serener element, and drank  
Philosophy, and for a little while  
She was allayed, till presently it turned  
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew  
Faint for undying waters. Then she came  
To the pure fount of God—and is athirst  
No more—save when the 'fever of the world'  
Falleth upon her, she will go and breathe  
A holy aspiration after heaven. WILLIS.

NATURE had blessed Inez Maylie with many gifts. The richest of all was a lofty and impassioned mind. It was a mind not content with the common things of earth—the petty pageantries of fashion, the walk hither and thither where its idle laws prescribe; it soared above and beyond to the aerial fields of romance, it might be, but a



romance pure and holy and heavenly. Scoff at it who will, romance is born of Heaven and is Heaven. Love, Poetry, Religion, Romance, Heaven! What are they but different names for one thing? Love, not such as the sensualist describes—Poetry, not such as has been desecrated to unholy passion—Religion, not such as the bigot thunders from his o'ershadowed Sinai—Romance, not such as puts its mask upon folly and carries reason captive—Heaven, not such as the Paimon dreams of, a Harem for voluptuous love—no! no! not *these*, but such as the christian feels—such as the christian dreams of when he lifts his spirit from its clay—such as he bears in his heart when he raises his knee from prayer!

Inez Maylie was but a child when the first yearnings of her intellect awoke—they awoke as an infant would awake on the flower bed that borders a forest—alone, with no guardian, no guide, no shelter, security or rest. Where should they turn themselves for appeasement? The world was full of wild vagaries, philosophies built on pillars of mist, pursuits of all characters, all aims, all ends; her wanderings must be through some of these, but no hand led the way—fountains were on every side, but none pointed out the sweet and pure.

It was a June sunset. The scene was beautiful almost beyond description. One of those clear, bright ponds that hide themselves so frequently among the wood-clad hills of New England, was mirroring in its bosom the soft beauty of the west—the northern shore was densely wooded, and the southern fringed with a narrow border of beautiful young birches. The western bank was unlike either—a grassy hill, whose base was covered with an open grove, from every part of which were seen glimpses of the gold-shadowed water, the heavy woodlands and sunset sky beyond. In this grove sat Inez alone, conning over the strange philosophy she had learned from the volume that lay on the turf at her feet. With all her many gifts she was beautiful—beautiful with expression of mind and heart; not radiant, not dazzling, but soft, subduing, holy. Her clear olive cheek was flushed with vermillion, and her dark hazel eyes, resting in intent abstraction, were fixed upon the flowers that grew up around her seat.

She seemed wrapped up in glory. Her young mind had drank in its first draught of sweet philosophy; she had been reading of the mysteries of love, the subtleties of the soul, the affinities of

spiritual and material, of nature and the human heart—read of them till the deep fountains of her own soul seemed full of delicious wisdom, and she had no more to ask or wish for than to live forever in the music of its flow. There is much, very much, that is captivating to an enthusiastic mind in the fine wrought speculations of philosophizing poets, before experience in the trials of earth has taught it the unsatisfying nature of all wisdom that cometh not down from above. Inez knew little yet of trial or sorrow. She was ardently loved by her friends, respected and admired by all; of course she was happy, save that she yearned so much for what she could not grasp, and dwelt ever in a world of ideal beauties she could not draw wholly within her deep soul.

'It is sure

Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well  
Of mind where all its waters gather pure,  
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts allure.  
Wisdom enshrined in beauty—O! how high  
The order of that loveliness.'

How high indeed! and how very worthless is all beauty destitute of indwelling intellect! Inez was wise as beautiful, but it was a wisdom peculiar to her own mind; not so much borrowed from pages of written lore, as wrought out from her own intellect in the solitudes of nature. There are few such minds in our world, and they belong to the higher order of genius. Not so rational, perhaps, as those of a lower grade—not so happy, because ever dwelling in the ideal, and aspiring after beauty and knowledge shut in by the everlasting gates of heaven; soaring far, far above the unsatisfying glories of earth, yet failing to reach the mysterious glories of that eternal paradise, above which the most etherialized intellect cannot aspire. There is only one thing earthly that can impose fetters upon a spirit like this—only one thing that can chain it submissively to mortal life. It is *human love*.

Inez had made a discovery; in the study of that sweet philosophy she had discovered the love in her own bosom—a love long hidden in the secret depths of her heart, passionless and pure, silent yet full of vitality. No wonder that she sat long in deep abstraction. It is a thrilling truth to be revealed to youth and innocence. Once and again she turned to the sweet analysis—compared it with the mysterious consciousness of her own heart, and found *perfect agreement*. Who doubts that love may be long unconsciously cherished? Subtle and sly it enters into young bosoms, and loud must be its whispers, and violent



its pulsations ere the heart will acknowledge its presence. So it was with Inez; and when the reality was made known to her, and the consciousness deepened and became intense, her heart thrilled with excessive joy and she wept—wept to think she loved! There was a bliss in the mere certainty that bewildered and subdued her. Neither hopes nor fears disturbed her—she did not ask herself, is it requited? or am I to love hopelessly and in secret?

Inez meditated a long time, and then again opened her volume. Its delicious philosophy seemed to her dry and unsatisfying. She turned from page to page, from theme to theme, but all in vain. There is a thirst in love that can be satisfied at one fountain only;—cold philosophy cannot allay it. Alas, how many drink of it and find it 'turn bitter' within them! Love alone, can teach the heart its true necessities. It does not create, it reveals. The heart has many latent wants, but they are none the less original in its constitution for sleeping long. Inez was awakened from her dreams by the sound of a silvery voice at her side. The step had been too gentle to arouse her. Soft white arms encircled her neck, and warm kisses were imprinted upon her cheeks.

'Dear Cecilia, you are a blessed girl!' said Inez, returning her caresses.

'Sweet Inez, let me weep here,' she replied, leaning her little head on her friend's bosom. 'I love to weep in your arms, they embrace me so fondly.'

'Poor girl! why should you weep? are these tears of joy or grief?'

'Grief, Inez, bitter, bitter grief.'

'Whisper me the cause—I can sympathize.'

'Wilbert, my own dear brother Wilbert is very, very ill. Oh! could you know how I love him you would not marvel to see me weep thus.'

Inez' arms dropped lifeless from the form they encircled; the flush of excitement forsook her cheeks, and the joy that had beamed from her radiant eyes, gave place to an expression of utter anguish. Wilbert Lindsay was the object of her love! (Truly she did sympathize in secret, but hers was a grief that might not be confessed.)

'Dangerous, is he?' at length she exclaimed, in excessive agitation.

'Cecilia replied without observing her emotion, 'yes, we consider him so—very.'

Poor Inez! what might she do with her throbb-

ing heart? She recoiled from reposing its secret love even in the bosom of a friend so true and fond as Cecilia; she had no well grounded trust in heaven, and her philosophy was but a sorry comforter for griefs like this. She sat pale, silent, and wrapt in wo. Cecilia's attention was at length excited.

'Why Inez! dear Inez, how pale you are! Lean your head on my breast—you will faint—what makes you ill?'

Words of kindness and sympathy are seldom powerless. Inez burst into tears. They were a relief to her agony, though they revealed her secret. Cecilia said nothing, but a look more expressive than words, told Inez that she knew all, and was blest in the knowledge. She twined her arms more closely about her neck, and their tears mingled.

Through the long agonizing weeks that followed, Inez felt most painfully the need of strength from some fountain yet untasted. The thought of Wilbert's death was one of unmitigated agony. She had, it is true, a vague, dim hope of some after life—of a re-union with those loved and lost, but it was too vague, too dim, to satisfy the deep necessities of her heart. She had heard of christian faith, and its consolations in the day of sorrow—but she did not believe that it could yield them to a heart that loved as ardently and deeply as hers did. How many grope in the darkness of the same error.

'Inez,' said Mrs Maylie, entering her chamber one bright morning, prepared for a shopping excursion, 'what shall I select for your attire this evening? Any blonds, laces, gloves, jewels, ribbons, or any thing of that kind wanted?'

'Nothing, mother. I shall remain at home.'

'Now don't say that, my daughter,' was the reply, 'you have been shut up for a fortnight already, without the slightest excuse of any kind. The world is dying to see you.'

'Let it die then—we may as well all die together.'

'Why Inez! What a strange being you are. "Die together?" What do you mean?'

'No matter, mother; I am ill, and cannot be at the party, so do not urge me.'

'Poor girl! you do look pale. Shall I send for the doctor?'

'No, no! It is peace that I need, and that he cannot give.'

'But he might give you an opiate, which would put you to sleep, and quiet your nerves.'



'You are kind, mother, but it would be of no avail. I shall grow calm if left to myself.'

This hint was received with all humility, and through the day Inez was not again disturbed. Her mother was too weak to exert any influence over a spirit so lofty. Inez being an only child, and fatherless, had been indulged in every freak of fancy and every bent of intellect. Her mother had no religious faith herself, and she had imparted none to her child. It was fortunate for Inez that her heart was naturally inclined to good.

On the eve of this day—which to Inez was a very wretched one, she having learned it to be the opinion of the physicians that Wilbert's disease was a decided consumption,—she could not resist the impulse which urged her to his presence. Mrs. Lindsay's residence was near half a mile from hers, across beautiful green fields and through one of the most romantic dells the eye of poetry ever gazed upon. She lingered here, upon the rustic bridge that crossed the rivulet—whose railing was covered with the wild clematis, and whose water-soaked floor was carpeted with bright green moss,—till her feelings became subdued and quiet, as though they had come up from the baptism of christian faith, and communion with her Maker. Save the sanctification of the conscious presence of God, there is no influence, moral or religious, that so purifies, exalts, and fortifies the human soul, as intercourse with nature in her wild and holy solitudes. *Here at this shrine*, Inez was an ardent, an enthusiastic worshipper.

Mr. Lindsay was an humble mechanic—a widower, and the father of two children—Wilbert and Cecilia. The peculiar constitution of the son's mind had led him to the study of divinity; and so devoted had been his energies, and so unremitted his mental toil, that he had worn his frame to extreme weakness, and almost wasted the fountains of his life. Cecilia had been his constant, and much of the time his only nurse. A most faithful and loving one she was too. She had placed Wilbert so very high in her affections as almost to make him an object of adoration. Certain it was that she clung to him with a worshipful ardor, rare in a sister's love.

Their dwelling was humble, but picturesque—evinced in its ornaments taste and intellect. A broad, flat, irregular limestone, fringed with tall, drooping grass, formed the step into a little porch at whose sides grew ancient woodbine that over-

spread the whole exterior front of the building. Tall cinnamon rose trees grew along beneath the eaves, and directly above the door step, dark lilacs interlaced their boughs. The garden was filled with eglantine pinks, moss roses and arbors of Jacob's ladder, which were all at this season in bloom and full luxuriance. Through these Inez made her way cautiously into the little porch, and from thence to the library, which was open and unoccupied. The door that led from it to Wilbert's apartment was also ajar.

Voices low and earnest were distinctly heard from the room, and Inez disliking to disturb the conversation, sat down in one corner of the library to await Cecilia's entrance, thus becoming a listener to a rich lesson of christian truth.

'Oh, but you must not die—you must not, Wilbert—do not speak of it, indeed. What will remain to me when you are gone?'

'Our gray-haired father, Cecilia. Be faithful to him, and our heavenly Father will provide for you rich sources of happiness. And dear sister, for my sake you will be true to one I love—true to Inez Maylie.'

What words for that fair listener's ear! Her heart throbbed high and strong, the blood forsook her cheeks, and when she would have risen to retire, she had not strength to sustain herself. Some strong fascination held her to the spot while Wilbert continued.

'Oh that this dear Inez would consecrate her high gifts at a nobler shrine! It is sad that so pure a heart should be devoted to vagrant imaginations. She will find when sorrow comes, of how little avail is all education that is not established upon and inwrought with religious faith. What would it be to me now, all the lore of ancient and modern days—had I not above, beneath, and within all, a bright and ever active faith? To die now—to die in the vigor of my days, in the very commencement of my evangelical duties, and more than all just when the fact is first whispered in my ear that I am loved—Oh what could reconcile my heart to such a fate but the firm belief that there is even a greater store of happiness awaiting me in heaven? And were I to live, Inez Maylie could never be my bride. The wife of a clergyman should be deeply and truly religious. With all her surpassing gifts of mind and heart, what consolation could Inez administer at the bed-side of the dying? What hope could she impart to mourners, or what faith to those in doubt? It is better, Cecilia, that I die.'



'Oh no, no, Wilbert!' Inez will yet be a christian—she will believe, know and practise. She has had no one to teach her the value or necessity of religion—its beauties are to her a sealed book—her mother is a giddy votary of fashion and a worshipper at no other shrine; how can it be expected that her daughter should know much about religious faith of any kind? Oh that she could be here with you, and learn from your precept and example the unsearchable riches of christian truth.'

'Oh that she could be here, indeed!' exclaimed Wilbert in a tone of passionate earnestness.

'I am here—forgive, forgive me!' said Inez, sinking on her knees at the side of the couch, and burying her face in her hands. 'I am here, willing and desirous to be instructed in the faith of the book of God. Who, who will teach me?'

'Dear, dear Inez, if my dying hours can be devoted to such a task, they will be altogether the happiest of my life. May Heaven spare me on earth long enough to behold you a christian—then I die content.'

'Talk not of dying—not now, not now!—Oh Wilbert! why need I be reserved with you; Why may not our mutual consciousness of love be confessed? You will pardon what may seem unmaidenly in me—but when you talk of dying, I forget everything but that I love you—Oh Wilbert, too perilously! May I, may I,—Wilbert, may I come here often while you are sick, and learn from you to fix my affections upon things that cannot perish? Cecilia too shall teach me—Oh, I will know heaven!'

Wilbert fixed upon her a glance that went down far into her heart—it was a glance of earnest, blissful tenderness. He drew her to his arms, and imprinted a soft holy kiss upon her brow. 'Oh Inez, never, never leave me again! To feel thus that you love me, is like the inspiration of new life. Dearest, know you not that it was hopeless love which has wrought this change in me? know you not that it was hopeless love which caused me to drown my health and energies in severe and unremitted study? It was, Inez, it was! I have loved you long—but I deemed that

'it were all one

That I should love some bright particular star,  
And think to wed it,'

and to hope to gain your hand. You were rich—I poor; you were gifted with a brilliant imagination. I was of humble capacities, toiling slowly

up the Parnassus on whose summit you already stood. How could an humble country pastor aspire to the love of a wealthy and beautiful heiress? But you do love me, poor and unworthy as I am—yes, sweet Inez, you have said it, and I am happy—you cannot say so much; no, beloved, never till your affections are guarded by christian faith, can you have peace in their indulgence.'

'I am ready, Wilbert, ready this moment to be taught. It is true, what you say—I never can have peace without a strong undoubting faith in the eternity of our love.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Happy love has an effect very different from hopeless love—Wilbert Lindsay improved rapidly under the care and gentle nursing of Inez; and as daily she came and sat at his side and drank in the rich and holy inspiration of the gospel which was breathed from his earnest lips, he turned back to life with bright dreams and a vigorous heart. On the same day that saw Inez the bride of Wilbert Lindsay, she also entered the covenant of the church and was wedded unto Christ. And now

'she is athirst

No more, save when "the fever of the world"  
Falleth upon her, she will go and breathe  
A holy aspiration after heaven.'

Books, and the philosophy of the imagination may fill the mind with stores of strange and brilliant wisdom; but it is only love, and the danger of those we love, that can teach our hearts, the necessity of religious cultivation.

## THE HAPPY MARRIAGE. \*

Original.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

From the German of Herder.

YEARS, many years are gone, love,  
Since first thou met'st my sight,  
Thy tresses then were raven black,  
Thy brown cheek rosy bright.  
But now thy cheek is paler,  
Thy hair is silver-gray,  
Yet art thou dearer far to me,  
Yes dearer,  
Than in youth's fairer day.

\* This little anecdote is acknowledged by Herder to be an imitation from the Scotch. Those who are familiar with that exquisitely sweet and touching song of the 'Ayrshire Bard'—'John Anderson, my jo'—will at once recognize the model which Herder must have had in his mind.



Up life's rough hill together,  
We have clim'd, love, hand in hand,  
Through wind and tempest we have pass'd  
Its many rocks and sands.  
Now milder is our evening,  
A soft descent we have,  
And at its foot awaiteth us,  
Together,  
A bridal room—the grave!

Cheer up, ye sons and daughters  
And sing our ancient song,  
And scatter myrtles 'neath our feet  
Our life's short way along!  
And, blessing every moment,  
Kind Heaven to us gave,  
(If long our stay, the better,  
The better!)  
O'er shadow ye our grave!

### OBITUARIES.

Original.

'A good man and just.'

WE wish to record upon our pages a tribute of unfeigned love and esteem to the memory of Luther Brooks Esq, of Cambridge, Mass. who ended an honorable and useful, because christian life, on the morning of the 4th of July. He was one of the excellent of the earth, true to all the relations of husband, father, son, brother, friend, citizen, and disciple of Christ, whose quiet and unobtrusive manners, active industry, and stern integrity, were characteristics worthy of imitation. He represented the town in our state legislature for several years, and served it in various other offices; *he could always be depended on*—he had no sympathy with the shifting, time serving politician, but took principle—his well grounded ideas of right as his guide. A highly intelligent gentleman, well acquainted with the political condition of the town, once speaking of our respected brother, said to us, that there was, he believed, no man in Cambridge for whom more votes would be given for any office in the gift of the town than for Luther Brooks, were he a candidate, so universally was he respected. In short, as a citizen, he was one of those who seek to do good and to be useful in a good and quiet way, never seeking office, but faithful to the duties of whatever office was conferred. As a son, his character is summed up in the few words of his mother to us as she took her last look—'He was a beautiful child!'—One on whom his aged parents had leaned, and of whom they could ever speak with unqualified approbation. As a brother, his counsel was sought with the fullest confidence in its judiciousness, and his love and inter-

est in their welfare were felt to be a true brother's love and interest. As a husband and father, his praise is best in the heart, difficult to be expressed by words, fidelity based on the deepest affection, which affection derived a constant and generous warmth from *home piety*. As a member of the Universalist church and society in E. Cambridge, his character will never be forgotten. In days of trial, when friends were few and opposition strong, the cause of the restitution had in him a devoted friend,—and that devotion was calm, steady, and exemplary till the close of his earthly career. Never was he absent from the sabbath services when not prevented by absence from town, or sickness at home, and he came to the chapel—ever a holy and beautiful place to the writer—not as a critic, but as a true worshipper; and the writer of this found in him one who had ever a voice of encouragement for him in the early and struggling days of his ministry, and the tears he shed in the solitude of retrospection and meditation, 'mean the thanks he cannot speak.' Hallowed in the inner temple of the heart, will be his memory.

May the memory of the just be blessed to the spiritual good of all who knew him; and may the 'God of all comfort' impart unto the bereaved relatives those consolations which are for strength to the weak heart in the time of sorrow, and may they know true christian resignation in hope of the resurrection, and the re-unions of heaven.

DIED in Geneva, N. Y. Sept. 7th, 1838, of consumption, MRS. MARIA PRESCOTT, consort of Imley Prescott, in the 43d year of her age.

The deceased had been in a state of decline for a number of years, but she bore her illness with remarkable fortitude, and christian resignation. She had embraced the consoling hope of a world's salvation—and believing that God was her friend, Christ her Redeemer, and Heaven her home, she bore her trials with patience, expecting 'these light afflictions would work out for her a far more exceeding, eternal weight of glory.' Her faith was a living principle. She honored her profession by a well ordered life and a holy conversation. Virtue and piety adorned her character. In her life she was respected and beloved—in her death she was triumphant and happy.

'Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest  
How mildly beam the closing eyes  
How gently heaves the dying breast.



Its duty done—as sinks the clay—  
 Light from its load, the spirit flies ;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
 Sweet is the scene where virtue dies.'

### MRS. SHERWOOD.

Who does not owe hours of delight to Mrs Sherwood which are acknowledged when we recall days of youth and the books that gladdened us then ! Many of her highly entertaining and instructive works are in our juvenile libraries, and are and must be esteemed. She has written also much of a deep religious doctrinal cast, favorable to views not according with what we regard as the principles of christian truth ; and it gives us no common pleasure to present the following letter to our readers from the single consideration, that she will use her talents no more to the advancement of aught that favors not the restitution. When we consider the many and strong influences that were around her to keep her from the open avowal of her belief in universal salvation, and understand that her avowal was entirely a voluntary thing, and made with the desire for more light, we must honor her nobleness of mind and thank God for her example. He only knows what that example may effect—we feel persuaded that it will do much for the cause of gospel truth.—We give the letter which we copy from the '*Trumpet*,' with the design to recur to the subject at a future time.

Worcester Nov. 13th, 1838.

DEAR SIR.—It is very probable that you may never have heard of my name, although I am pretty well known in many nurseries and school-rooms by the name of Mrs. Sherwood ; and I will hasten to explain my reason for addressing you.

I was brought up by pious parents. My father, Dr. Butt, was a king's chaplain, a man of more real christian charity than I have perhaps ever since met with. But as to any doctrine beyond those generally taught in those days—for my father has been dead over forty years,—I derived none from him beyond what was indeed most precious, a general idea of the love of God, through Christ.

Like most young people, after I had left the school-room, I had little or no thought of religion ; but about the age of 24, I began to think of it again, and began to work with all my strength, and to wonder why I did not feel my heart getting better. I have no doubt, that from that pe-

riod, there was a certain progress in my mind towards the truth ; that is, with some intervals of unusual darkness, I was made to see more and more of what our Savior has done, and to expect less and less, from man's endeavor.

But it was not till about seven years since, that I was impressed, when at Geneva, by a conversation upon this passage: 'As in Adam,' &c. in which Dr. Malan was endeavoring to prove, that the *all* in one part of the sentence, had not the full meaning which we know it has in the other. I was utterly dissatisfied with this explanation of the passage ; and from that time my mind, and that of my youngest daughter, never rested, till the Almighty had revealed what we now are satisfied to be the truth : viz. that all, without exception, live in Christ.

The first book we got upon the subject was good old Winchester ; and to make the story short, when we obtained your book last spring, we were just in the state to receive it, and to weigh your arguments ; and so far as I have weighed them, understood them, and compared them with scripture, I think there is not one point in which I disagree with you.

But I have not been able to do your work justice ; because, having mentioned it to a young clergyman, whose mind was rapidly opening upon religion, he has borrowed the book of me, no less than three times, and lent it to others.

And now I come to the point which determined me on writing to you. Neither he nor I can get another copy ; we have tried London, and Worcester, and various book-sellers, even your own publisher's. I have wanted one to send to an eminent character in London, who has commenced a war with me on the subject, so hateful in the eyes of this world, viz. universal salvation.

In speaking again of myself, my dear sir, I have had much worldly honor, as a writer for children ;—all of which is for the present gone, because God has given me grace to proclaim my belief in this doctrine. But what is the loss of human praise, when compared with what others have endured for the cause of truth ! I merely mention this that you may understand, if you favor me with an answer, what the sort of person is you have to deal with.

There is not one person in the house I live in, who does not hold this proscribed doctrine. A violent paper against me in the Record, about a year and a half since, caused it to be much agi-



tated in Worcester. There was a general preaching against it; and the consequence is, that many persons, once most bitter against it, are now gradually taking it in, and it will prevail. I have no doubt, amongst the children of God, even on this earth.

I would give much to talk to you, and ask you many questions; there is only one verse which in the least troubles me; it is that respecting Judas; Mark xiv. 21. 'It would be better for that man,' &c. But if this doctrine be true, (as we really believe,) what has the visible church, with all its preachers and teachers, been about from almost the beginning of the time of its existence, but darkening counsel by words without knowledge, and, in fact, denying Christ! So much for human merits! But God be praised that our salvation does not depend upon our merits!

Excuse me for crossing my letter. I entirely agree with you in your 'Dialogue of the two Laws.' Mr Simeon, who, good man, is often very dark, has one sweet idea on the subject: 'That when the first tables had been broken, and new ones were made, it was necessary to consign them to the ark for their preservation.'

When I enter on these subjects I feel that I could write volumes. Will you favor me with a few lines to explain where we are to get your book, and to give me your ideas of the passage respecting Judas.

Please direct to Worcester; and believe me to be, dear sir, yours respectfully,

M. M. SHERWOOD.

NOTE. The above letter was written to Rev. David Thom of Liverpool, England. A copy was sent to his friend Dr. W. F. Teulong, of Halifax, N. S. by whom a copy was transmitted to the editor of the 'Trumpet.'

### GOD IS LOVE.

Original.

The earth is very beautiful,  
With its towering rocks and hills,  
Its dark green woods and verdant plains,  
Its thousand sparkling rills;  
Its mountains too, which seem to soar  
E'en to the skies above,  
All things of earth, all have a voice  
Which tells me God is love.

The deep, blue sky is glorious,  
In the flush of morning light;  
In the heat of noontide splendor,  
Or in the hush of night;  
When the bright, pure stars are shining  
In their radiant homes above,  
The morn, the noon, the eventide,  
All say that God is love.

The ocean, it is beautiful,  
With its thousand sparkling waves,  
And the crested foam which rises  
From out its hidden caves;  
The deep, blue, heaving wave beneath  
The azure skies above,  
Speak with a soft and soothing voice,  
And tell me God is love.

The word of God is beautiful!  
The sacred gift was given  
To turn men's thoughts from earthly things,  
And lead them unto heaven.  
It speaks to me in plainer words  
Than aught below, above,—  
Its voice of sacred, holy truth,  
Hath told me God is love.

N. T. M.

Charlestown, Mass.

### THE CLOUDS.

Original.

THERE are no objects in nature so much calculated to exalt and purify the mind, by a contemplation of them, as the clouds of heaven. Voltaire ridicules the general notion of the ancients that the gods resided in the heavens; for, he says, the clouds are nothing but water. There were very few among the ancients, and there are still fewer among the moderns, who suppose the seat of superior intelligences is the clouds—much less that outward forms answering to our bodies have their residence in those misty regions. The Savior speaks of coming in the clouds of heaven; and the figure is a sublime one—yet it is intended for no more than a figure. Since the world began, it has been necessary to represent spiritual natures and spiritual truths in a material garb. The clouds, gorgeous, pure, and ethereal as they are, serve well to image forth the kingdom of heaven.

The appearance of the clouds is various, not only in different climates, but at different times. They seem to be forever assuming new shapes, of greater or less degrees of beauty. We have noticed the gorgeous East, when the sun has looked down upon us through the broad crimson bars or huge feathery heaps of gold, preparatory to his upward ascent. The ruddy West has also announced his presence, when he seemed to be sinking, like the vanquished Douglas, on a field of blood.

But it is not only the brilliant and the glorious hues which give beauty and interest to the clouds. The serene azure peeping out from behind the huge fleecy piles; the streaks, the mountains, the castles, the flying armies of heaven, are all calcu-



lated to arrest our attention, to elevate the tone of our minds, and chasten it for the enjoyment of the loftiest pleasures—even those which flow from pure religion.

The pure in heart delight to gaze up into the clouds—but the shapes which we witness there are not sufficiently solid and tangible to satisfy the sordid and worldly mind.

One of the chief delights attendant on the contemplation of the heavens arises from the fact that the clouds are untainted by human skill and human invention. Nay, that neither the beast of the field nor the bird of the air can infest those uninhabited realms, or apply them to uses of a sensual nature. No path is worn there by the foot of the white man or savage: no merchant ship ploughs their misty wastes with her keel, and the nest of the eagle hangs not from the changing cliffs and airy crags of the skies. No highway has been cast up through those untrodden realms; nor has the speculator set land marks among the wilderness places of the mist. Yet to the eye, there is much real form and substance there, as there is on the earth. We may gaze upon shapes—upon landscapes, precipices, rocks, and mountains which fill the imagination and supply the place of reality.

Is it strange, then, that the ancients should have traced out a resemblance between the skies, and the seat of superior spirits? Nay, is there not something truly great in such a fancy? Does it not prove that they had some idea of more ethereal beings than we meet with on this hard and heavy earth. They must, of course, have supposed that the beings who dwelt there were less gross and elemental than we who inhabit *terra firma*. They were on the way to spiritual knowledge; and the Savior introduced a spiritual religion, commensurate therewith, which religion is more or less dishonored and degraded by all human form and ceremonies, the sad remnants of the darkest ages.

That we should have a very distinct idea of our future state of existence is not to be expected, as we have our parts to perform in this world, and are not qualified for higher conceptions; but the world has always looked up to higher and brighter, and purer realms; and the eye of man can rest upon nothing more calculated to elevate and enlarge and purify the mind than the clouds of heaven. The planets show forth the power and wisdom of God, but they are mere worlds like our own, gross and substantial. They have no influence over the heart. The spirit seeks commu-

nion with those things, which are like unto it; and those ethereal realms which continually surround our globe might well be compared, by the Savior, to the kingdom of heaven. It is more natural to suppose that our spirits would inhabit the clouds, than that they would linger upon the earth. St Paul talks of meeting the Lord in the air; and the idea is not a ridiculous one. Far above the clouds are the ethereal plains, where the air is too thin to sustain animal life. We can almost imagine that the space beyond our atmosphere is peopled by a more sublimated race of beings than exist on our globe, and which beings are too impalpable to be discerned by the eyes of our bodies, even if we could traverse illimitable space.

Reflections somewhat like these passed through the mind of St. Paul, when he longed to be dissolved, and be with Christ; and when he exclaimed—'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Also, when he speaks of being caught up into the third heaven.

Yet these are but figures; for neither air nor sky may be compared truly with the immaterial and spiritual nature of heaven. We must, however, seek after this pure and sublime state of existence, believing that the kingdom of heaven is within us. We shall then find religion to be wholly different from what we may have been led to suppose it, by a contemplation of mitres, ebon cloaks, and other paraphernalia that unchristian men have introduced as a substitute for spiritual life. Higher than heaven—deeper than hell—and broader than the earth—and more beautiful and sublime than all poetry—is that life of God in the soul, which men have slandered, mocked, and disguised by their carnal inventions, and gross superstitions.

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### *A WALK BY MOONLIGHT.*

Original.

THE sun had gone down red in the horizon, and a long summer day had gone with him. Bot hmen and quadrupeds had rejoiced in the shade and the cooling streams, and the willows of the brook had sheltered many a listless angler, who would not willingly be idle, but who, nevertheless, shunned the labors of the field, and every other exertion which rendered the heat more oppressive. The hot day had gone by; and the insects of a summer evening—and what more nearly resembles paradise than a summer evening in the country?



—were whirring and whizzing, and humming and drumming over the green lawn before our cottage, and far over the fields you could see the innumerable twinklings of the fire-fly; while the music furnished that sonorous melody which the straddling gentry are so fond of putting forth, with a zeal sufficient to atone for its want of harmony. Then the moon sailed out from behind a mass of black clouds, like the beneficent genius of Universalism emerging from the infernal horrors of the Calvinistic creed; and nature showed her pearly teeth as she smiled from mossy rock to leafy forest, like a blue eyed maiden in her bridal robes. The rush of a zephyr occasionally shook the lilachs which thickly clustered in one corner of the ample garden, and in the silence which then reigned, we could distinctly hear the fall of an apple as it bounced prematurely to the ground, in a neighboring orchard, or the far-off laugh of some merry rustic returning from his toil to the brown bread loaf, and milk which had not undergone the rite of water baptism.

The temptation to walk was irresistible, and our little company sallied forth, all in good spirits, save one pensive creature, a very child of nature who had not yet seen her fifteenth year, but upon whose gentle frame the wasting hand of the arch destroyer had been laid.

As we took our route over the fields and meadows, I begged the frail Emeline to lean upon my arm, preferring even on so joyous an occasion, the subdued and penetrating discourse of the gentle girl to the more desultory conversation of my other companions. As I lifted her shadowy form over the rushing rivulets, or picked out the most easy path for her feet, and listened to the dulcet voice attuned to the finest natural intellect, I almost imagined that a bodiless spirit was at my side, that the breathings of a mind unshadowed by material grossness were falling upon my soul, and that I was imbibing thoughts, ideas, and feelings without the medium of the senses.

Before I was aware of the distance I had traveled, we reached the ruins of an old mansion which had been built of rough stones, and which had been the scene of interesting events during the revolutionary war. We seated ourselves opposite to these ruins, and while the moon silvered over fallen wall and crumbling angle, exposing the moss and the ivy and the long grass which old time had rudely spread over the crushed fabric as a pall for those he had slain, we listened to the unique anecdotes which were brought to the

recollection of some of our party by the prospect before them.

'It was here,' said one of our number, that the beautiful Virginia B— was seduced by a British officer, after he had seduced her from the home of her parents, and it was here that he left her, never to return. My grandmother was well acquainted with her, and has described her as a girl of surpassing beauty. Her form was sylph-like, yet voluptuous, and cast in the finest mould. Her hair was a bright auburn—her eyes rather dark and of a most enchanting expression; while her neck and arms mocked the skill of Phidias himself.'

So the tale went on—the despair of the deserted maiden when she learned that her lover had been slain on the field of battle—the search of her parents—and the final ruin of their daughter. This old legend was filled with wonders and striking incidents, like all such stories; but while we sat surveying the very spot on which the principal scenes occurred, we could not withhold our interest, however fabulous some parts of the relation might have been.

When we rose to depart, Emeline was observed to be fast asleep, having leaned back against a jutting portion of the bank, and sunk insensibly into the land of dreams. I touched her elbow, and she looked up. There was a singular expression on her countenance; a holy calm that was almost terrible to one whose thoughts were taken up with mundane things. She looked around her for a moment before she rose; then took my arm and silently walked forward with me, some little distance in the rear of the rest of our company. She remained silent for several minutes, and then asked me, in a low voice, if I had heard any music. I replied, no. 'Then,' said she, 'it must have been a dream, but how like the reality! It was as if ten thousand sheep with tinkling bells, chiming the most exquisite melody, were hastening to meet their shepherd. Then the air seemed filled with other music, unlike that of any instrument with which I am acquainted. You heard nothing?'

I assured her that I had heard nothing of the kind, and she said she was not sensible of having been asleep.

The company now fell back and joined us, proposing to return to the cottage by another path. We assembled, and moved on together. We passed through an extensive wood, and the shadows fell darkly on our path. The most loquacious of



our little party became nearly silent, and Emeline's low voice became audible. The dark passage appeared to have no influence over her spirits. As we emerged from the shadow of the trees, and entered an old grave-yard, where slept the people of by-gone centuries, Emeline became silent. We went forward, until we had reached the centre of the field. Then Emeline paused beneath a solitary willow, and looking around her, requested our attention.

'Here, my friends'—said she—'even here I would rest when my troubled journey is over. I have seen this willow in my dreams. This spot is sacred to me; and I believe it is destined to be my last resting place. Look not surprised. I have thought of death long, very long. My friends, have with kind intentions, spoken of my illness as a transient indisposition, and have even mentioned several little plans for recreation when I shall be restored to health. That time will never come. Will you revisit this spot when I have taken up my rest here? Oh! shudder not: the path which leads hence is strewed with roses, and the far country to which I go is a paradise, and not a land of terrors. Visit my grave, when I am gone, and think of me.'

She ceased, but no other word was uttered until we reached the cottage. It was the last time that Emeline left it alive. In a few weeks she sank to rest, like a placid lake when the storm has passed by. She sleeps beneath the willow, which has now become a large tree, and often as the summer unfolds its beauties to the sun, a cirele of damsels wend their way to the grave of Emeline. On the ruins of mortality they learn the date of immortal life; and with chastened hearts and purer brows, they return from the resting place of the sweet child of nature, and of God. E. P. S.

L—Mass.

### A QUEER IDEA.

Original.

In reading the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society, (Calvinistic) we have met with some queer things, but among the most queer we rank the following. An extract is presented of the Report of the School connected with the First Society in Lowell, which stated that eleven deaths had taken place during the past year; one happy death is mentioned, and then we read,—'Another was a young man, who, on his death bed said, I have tried to be a Universalist; but O

how thankful I ought to be, that I was not left to die with such a hope; my hope now I trust is founded on the blessed Savior. He is my life, all.' This is one of the most palpable exhibitions of consummate ignorance of the fundamental principles of our faith that we have met with for a long time. What idea had the author of this report of the *hope of the Universalist*? It is evident that he deems it of a far different character than the hope founded on the blessed Savior. Does he consider it based on man? on anything in or of ourselves? Mistaken soul! Like thousands of others speaking evil of the things they understand not, and regarding our faith as a system that denied the Lord who bought us. There is no being who clings closer to Jesus Christ as his Savior than does the Universalist. Christ is 'his life, his all', and it is Christ alone who is in him 'the hope of glory,' for he believes, devoutly and gratefully, that 'other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' 'For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.'

BEAUTY.—'Most heartily do I agree with the sage who exclaims with a sigh, "well philosophy may find its way to the human heart." And so it should be, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man this faculty; he hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea and the skies with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else why is the earth and every thing upon it so varied in form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river, canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, golden fruit and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendor of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament like an ever-turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour, present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends; I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them, and by so doing he has made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source.'



## Notices.

**“THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT**; or sketches of the most popular preachers in London. By the author of ‘Random Recollections,’ ‘The Great Metropolis,’ ‘Travels in Town,’ &c. &c. New York; D Appleton & Co. 1839.’ pp 416. Mr B. B. Mussey has our thanks for a copy of this, to us, exceedingly interesting work. We let it not go till we had completed a perusal of the whole, and since we read Stephens ‘Incidents of Travel’ we have not met with a work more interesting. It is a book that must have great interest to preachers, for who that is engaged in the ministerial profession, does not love to become acquainted with the characteristics of preachers who have attained a high rank and are eminent for their talents and success? The work contains sketches of 54 of the most popular of the London clergy; and in the execution of his work the author exhibits excellent descriptive powers, giving to the reader an idea of the personal appearance, manners, and style of each preacher, together with their general habits, and social and intellectual qualities. The sketches are enlivened by many characteristic anecdotes. The selections are not confined to a particular denomination, but embrace the most popular ministers and lecturers in several. All are of living preachers excepting 5, and among those 5, are Rowland Hill and Edward Irving, the accounts of whom are very interesting indeed, giving a better idea of those singular and eccentric individuals than we have ever before met with. The work is a beautiful specimen of typography, and the whole execution of the volume is highly creditable to the publishers. It can be had of B. B. Mussey, Cornhill.

**‘THE CAUSES OF INFIDELITY REMOVED**; by Rev. Stephen R. Smith, Utica; Grosh & Hutchinson; 1839.’ pp 352. This is a work of sterling value, and belongs to the class of the most useful. The author goes upon the principle of *preparation*—as throughout all nature there is proper preparation for every desired effect—and he seeks to remove away all the obstacles that prevent the good seed of divine truth from being received, nourished, and made fruitful. To this end, he has examined those errors concerning revelation which are most prominent among the causes that have prejudiced the mind against the scriptures and exalted imaginations above truth; and has performed the work in a highly commendable manner. There is an evident feeling pervading the work, convincing the reader that the author is in earnest—that he deems his subject to be of no minor importance, and not to be treated successfully without the concentration of the powers of a thoughtful, serious, and deep-searching mind. We thank him for what he has done. We feel that we should thank him in behalf of many who will bless his labors as means of their introduction to what the soul wants and must have, ere it can rest—a proper satisfaction of its religious feelings and aspirations. We believe that what he has written will do good—great good, and therefore ask attention to it, confident that it will fit the unbeliever to read the bible with better feelings, and strengthen the believer’s faith in the great principles of revealed truth. To be had at this office.

**HYMNS OF ZION**, with appropriate music, by an evangelist, (A. C. Thomas.) This is the work we announced in our last, under the title of ‘Songs of Evangelism.’ We acknowledge the receipt of a copy from the author, and hail it with pleasure. It embraces a most excellent selection of hymns, with many original, to the number of 578, with appropriate tunes to the number of 196. The arrangement is in very good taste, and convenient—a tune or tunes followed by several hymns to which the music is adapted. Of the character of the music we are not qualified to judge, but we know that it embraces some of our most favorite melodies, and which we regard as gems in every collection where they are found. The author says, ‘In

the preparation of the music, simplicity and variety were consulted. The tunes are generally easy of execution; and a sufficient number is furnished to gratify every reasonable taste.—And believing that many of the most beautiful secular melodies might be profitably appropriated to devotional purposes, a number of them have been harmonized and inserted in this work. Care has been taken to select such as are disconnected with improper associations. But should some pious persons disapprove this appropriation, they may set aside the harmonies referred to, and find herein a sufficient variety of music originally composed for religious use.’ The hymns take a higher rank as a whole than any other collection in the denomination in a literary point of view, and are equal to any for correctness of sentiment, chasteness of imagery, and devotional fervor. The alterations in many are very judicious, but there is one on page 15, (a peculiar favorite with us) which is altered by the substitution of two lines, the sentiments of which we do not comprehend; thus,—

‘Praise to the God whose mighty will  
Creation’s wide domains fulfil.’

instead of—

‘Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.’

We may be excused if we prefer the latter.

Some of the original hymns are perfect specimens of the union of true and deep religious sentiment, high devotional fervor, and refined poetic taste.

The work is executed in a very neat manner; beautifully bound and printed, and of a very convenient size. We commend it especially to the ladies, as an exceedingly pretty affair. To be had at this office, price 75 cents.

**‘THE CLAIMS OF THE MILITIA**; A discourse preached before the Ancient Honorable Artillery Company, June 3d 1839, being their 201st anniversary. By Otis A. Skinner.’ Published by vote of the company. Our thanks are due and tendered to the author for a copy of this sermon. It is an interesting production, devoted to set forth the claims of the militia to the respect of the people. The doctrine of the author is, that society requires government, and government laws, and laws require something more than moral suasion to enforce obedience, and therefore the militia has claims to be, and should be, sustained and respected. In the present state of society we regard the necessity of a well organized militia to be indispensable, and so far as the enforcing of laws, when force is absolutely needed, is concerned, we regard our author as perfectly correct. He pays an eloquent tribute to the power of love and the blessings of peace, while he advocates the claims of the militia. As a literary production, though open to criticism, it is highly creditable to the author; and we understand its delivery conferred honor on the preacher, as a chaste specimen of pulpit eloquence.

**THANKS FOR EFFORTS IN OUR BEHALF.** We have cause to be very grateful for the exertions of many of our agents and friends to add to our list of patrons, and feel encouraged that more will be done to give us that increase we feel it rational to expect. One of our agents in a town where quite a large number were before sent, has obtained 18 or 20 subscribers, acting on the principle of obtaining one for each discontinued subscription, and as many more as possible. If agents, who have the time to spare, would make out a list in writing of all the names of persons in their respective vicinities who are able to take the work and pay for it, and who are favorable to our cause, and would make it a point to respectfully solicit their patronage, doubtless a large increase would be the result. This we know is considerable to ask of our friends, but they are aware how much we are dependant on friendly exertions, and that the circulation of our work will do good. We have evidences from all quarters of the good effects wrought on the minds of females of opposite doctrinal faith, by a pe-



rusal of our pages, and might cite instances directly to the point. A ministering brother told us a short time since, that he had never met with a female 'of the contrary part' who was not willing and pleased to peruse the 'Universalist,' and he has moved among many of this class. It is this that does more than any thing else to make us willing to bear the continual anxiety incident upon a deep interest in the work.

One of our female agents who resides in a neighboring village, who commenced when we sent but 4 copies to her town, 2 of which have been discontinued in consequence of the death of the subscribers, write us,—'I know the influence I exert is trifling, and the encouragement I can offer, small and weak, yet I know you are grateful for it, and I am aware that in many villages and with many agents it is the same. But *'let us not be weary in well doing.'* I have determined upon obtaining 20 subscribers in M— if I can possibly. I shall not rest until I have.' That's what we call the right spirit—an engagedness that is very flattering to us, and the best of praise. We now send to that village 18 copies! Well done. This is not a solitary case. We are proud to acknowledge the well directed and continued efforts of many sisters in the faith, whose labors of love will never be forgotten.

**THE NEW ANNUAL.** We are pleased to see the general approbation bestowed on the proposed publication of the '*Rose of Sharon*' by our associate, and we hope that the wish expressed by our brother editors, that the work may be fully sustained, will be realized. We need such a work—we are to have it—we should sustain it. We are confident it will meet with the approval of our friends, and hope the editor may be encouraged to continue it another year. *Will our friends make early returns of the number of copies wanted?*

**NEW WORK.** We understand that Br. Skinner, of this city, has in press a volume of doctrinal and practical essays on subjects pertaining to Universalism, being the substance of a series of highly approved sermons delivered by him during the past year. Prospectuses of the work will be sent to some of our agents, and they are respectfully requested to favor the project of publication as much as they can, thus conferring a favor upon the publisher—A. Tompkins.

**REGISTER & ALMANAC—COMPANION to R. & A.** Mr. Tompkins will receive from the publishers a quantity of these useful works as soon as they are issued from the press. He requests early notice of the number of copies that may be desired from him by our friends, and solicits their orders that he may regulate his order upon the publishers.

**EVANGELICAL UNIVERSALIST.** We thank Br. A. for his notice of our work. We perceive by that notice, as well as by his letter to A. T. that our suggestion, (not *advice*, though not too young to offer advice, else unfit for the ministry) was not taken as kindly as offered. We are sorry for it. Any suggestion which our brother editors will be kind enough to make in reference to our work by which we may improve it, or by which they think we may improve it, will be gratefully received and considerably attended to.

**SYDNEY CLIFTON; OR VICISSITUDES IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.** This is the story of a supposed illegitimate charity child, the mysteries of whose birth are gradually unravelled till he finds himself at length heir apparent to an earldom. The scenes are laid in New York, Boston, and London, and the dates are within the compass of the present century. The author is, we understand, a hardware merchant of New York city, and this is his first attempt at novel writing. We doubt not he has found this *hard wear* also; but many palliations are to be offered for its faults and much praise should be awarded to its merits. For sale at 29 Cornhill, Boston. s. c. e.

**WAVERLY NOVELS.** Those who would secure an edition of these unexceptionable novels, can never hope to find them in so handsome a type, on so clear paper, at so low a price, as they are now being published by S. H. Parker, of this city—only 25 cents a volume. Let those who need a lesson on *truth telling*, buy the '*Heart of Mid-Lothian*' and study the character of Jeanie Deans, remembering meantime, that like most of Scott's characters, it is drawn from life. s. c. e.

'**RICHES WITHOUT WINGS,**' is one of the sweetest and best little books of the day. It was written by Mrs. Seba Smith, and has been twice before noticed in our Repository. It cannot be too often recommended. Let all who are sighing for the *wealth that flies*, read and remember it. A few tales like this will do their hearts more good than a dozen of the foolishly seductive novels fashionable at this day. s. c. e.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** We have been anxiously expecting to hear from M. A. D. Shall we not receive some favors from her soon? She knows how much we value them; and that our readers are always glad to greet her, is not an assurance now for the first time made. Where is E. J. C.? We should be happy to hear from her. Is Calista's harp unstrung? We hope she will tune it again for our comfort and our readers' delight.

Our thanks are proffered to Mrs. C. M. S. for her poems. We did not intend to give them all to our readers in one No. but by mistake they are all published. We hope she will continue her gifts, and she may be assured we shall be truly grateful for them.

☞ We have received several letters from subscribers recently, stating that their papers have not been received. I can only say that the papers are regularly mailed and placed in our P. O. and if any mistakes occur it *must* be in the offices through which they pass. Letters notifying us of non-reception should be post paid. A. T.

☞ No. 11. vol. 7. Several subscribers and agents have written me for copies of No. 11, vol. 7. I would say to those friends that we are entirely out of that No. I would here request that all agents who have any spare copies of that No. on hand to send them to this office by mail, on receipt of this notice. A. T.

## Monthly Record.

**NEW SOCIETY.** We mentioned, last month, that meetings were held in a section of our city preparatory to the formation of a new society. We are happy now to record that a society has been formed. The brethren met June 28th, adopted a constitution, and elected officers, as follows:—Benj. H. Brown, *Clerk*; Roland Cushing, *Treasurer*; Benj. Burchstead, Daniel Cragin, David Corbett, *Standing Committee*. The number of members at the first meeting, was 34, a larger number, if we mistake not, than commenced the Fifth Society, which is now in a prosperous state, and we doubt not that judicious management will secure like success to the Sixth.

**THE FRAMES of Meeting Houses for Universalist Societies** were put up early in July in the towns of Waltham, South Reading, and Weymouth, in this state, and the building of each is rapidly progressing. The history of each of these will show the good that may be done by *perseverance*. A frame was also raised in Charlton, Mass. July 4th.

**THE CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGEPORT** is being re-modeled, at considerable expense, and will doubtless



be made one of the pleasantest in the neighborhood. A fine bell, weighing 1800 lbs. has been placed in the tower.

**ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.** This conference held a session in Topsfield on Wednesday of last week, and was favored with as pleasant a day as ever came from heaven. About 20 ministering brethren were present, and although the season was one of the busiest to farmers, yet there was a goodly attendance on the public services. Sermons were preached by Brs. H. Jewell and D. D. Smith, and a Conference Meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were made by Brs. E. N. Harris, Brimblecom, E. Thompson, Austin and Bacon. The public meetings were rich seasons of spiritual delight, and many were the devotional influences around us to make us happier and better. The brethren in Topsfield exercised liberally the virtue of christian hospitality, and will be remembered with gratitude by the visiting friends. We hope they may be encouraged to go on in the work to which they have renewedly put their hands, and we trust their hearts also, and do much for the advancement of divine truth.

**LIBERAL ACADEMY.** The building of an elegant edifice is in rapid progression in the town of Gloucester, Mass. intended for a liberal academy. It will be under the control entirely of Universalists, being owned exclusively by members of the Independent Christian Society. The building will be very commodious, fitted up with every convenience for the comfort of the pupils who may attend the school, and very pleasantly located. The proprietors have already obtained a library of near 1000 volumes, for the use of the scholars, embracing a wide range of subjects, and intended to be enlarged so as to comprise every book desirable for reference. An excellent project, and of untold value to the success of a school of a liberal character.

**REMOVALS.** E. Partridge from Walpole, Mass. to Watertown, Mass. Gibson Smith from Dexter, Me. to Sandy Bay, Mass. Wm. Frost from Bridgeton, Me. to Meredith, N. H.

**CHURCHES** have been organized in Levant, Me. and Brunswick, Me.

**ORDINATION.** Lester G. Warren was ordained in Fairfield, Vt. May 30. Sermon by E. Ballou.

A NEW SOCIETY has been formed in Skowhegan, Me.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE CONVENTION** adjourned from Nashua to Weare, to meet on the 3d Wednesday in June next. M. Ballou was appointed to preach the occasional sermon, and R. O. Williams, the sermon preparatory to the communion, at next session. Resolutions were passed recommending to attentive consideration the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the support of constant preaching, as far as practicable, the duty of patronizing liberal academies, the elevation of the character of common schools, and the worth of Sabbath schools and Bible Classes, as being, each and all, intimately connected with the prosperity of the cause of truth and its power in the heart.

**BIBLE CLASSES.** Believing that the benefits of Bible Classes are intimately connected with the advance of truth, we rejoice to hear from all quarters of increased interest in them. In our state it is a general thing to find one connected with the society, sometimes meeting with the Sabbath school, sometimes after the afternoon service, and sometimes on some evening during the week. The teachers in the Sabbath schools should belong to such a class, for they would find its meetings furnish good and needed aids to fit them the

better for their work. *Teachers' meetings* are excellent means of improvement, and should be held as often as convenience and circumstances will permit. Both of these meetings should be free and social, and may be made of the most interesting and engaging character.

**CELEBRATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE.** It is one pleasing feature of the times to witness the manner in which our national anniversary is celebrated in many places. We have seen reports of celebrations in all quarters by Sabbath Schools and rural parties, in which old and young, male and female, unite to enjoy the rational and harmless festivities of the occasion. We care not how fast party-political celebrations are done away with, and our independence made to assume the character of the national festivals of the Jews, when all hearts beat in union with thankfulness and joy; and in the full and free flow of social and joyous feeling, brotherly affection was strengthened and increased. The celebration of the day by Sabbath Schools, we regard as highly proper, and we are happy to hear that several of our schools celebrated the day with appropriate exercises and festivities. We hope the superintendants and teachers of our schools will consider its propriety, and that next year preparations may be made for a general attendance to the subject.

**MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE,** met at Holliston, July 10th. The meeting is described as being an exceedingly profitable one. Part of the time was devoted to the reading of previously prepared dissertations on important subjects, and a discussion of the same. We rejoice in fervency of spirit at this measure, and believe that if carried out, it will be the means of much good. In the afternoon a church was recognized, sermon by Father Ballou, 1 John iii. 1. Fellowship of the churches, H. Ballou 2d. Services at the table, by S. Cobb and T. Whittemore. Joseph Oberlin Skinner is the pastor of the church and society in this place.

**ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION** will meet in Hampstead, N. H. on the last Wednesday in August (28th), and continue the following day.

**UNITED STATES CONVENTION** will meet in Portland, Me. Sept. 25th and 26th.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Aug. 1, 1839.*

M. H. B., Malden, \$12; I. S. O., Pursill's store, \$4; B. B., Ripton, \$2; M. B., Chester, \$2; E. B. F., Lunenburg, \$2; A. C. H., Levant, \$5; S. L., Bucksport, \$2; A. E., Warwick, \$2; S. G., Denmark, \$4; A. S., Hiram, \$4; L. G. F., Bingham, (if he will remit me \$1 on receipt of this, we will credit him three years up to June 1840.) \$5; A. W., New York City, \$2; M. F., Dover, \$14; O. W., Williamsville, (do you want two copies sent to your address?) \$4; P. M., Portageville, \$6; T. C., Meriden, \$2; H. S., E. Clarendon, \$4; D. S., Windsor, \$2; Post Master, Oxford, \$4; H. F. B., Whitingham, (\$4 for T. W.) \$10; Post Master, Royalton Centre, \$5; Post Master, East Liberty, \$6; R. W. O., Peabody, \$2; S. R., Claremont, \$2; B. D. H., Claremont, \$2; T. D. K., Claremont, \$2; A. W., Taunton, \$2; M. S. T., Warren, \$2; Post Master, N. Yarmouth, \$4; J. B., Adrian, \$2; L. B., Cherryfield, \$2; H. C., Darien, \$2; D. J. M., Bangor, \$2; J. H. H., Petersham, (his services would be gratefully received.) \$2; M. L. M., Hartland, \$2; L. A., Pike, (settles up to June 1840) \$2; L. M. Norridgewock, \$2; A. C., Dexter, \$2; D. A., Hudson, \$3; T. S. B., Brooklyn, (we should like for him to act as agent, \$2; W. H. C., Shirley Village, \$12; S. H., Williamsville, \$2; N. F. S., Springwater, (the money from Mrs. S. has never been received) \$2; L. H., Walpole, \$2; J. H., Spencer, \$2; E. H. H., Stafford, \$10; Post Master, Oxford, \$4.



# FORGET NOT ME.

ANDANTE

ESPRESS.



When thy lovely form is kneeling, For - get not me, When at eve thy prayer is stealing, For -



*cres.*

- get not me, When thine eye is fond - ly beam - ing, And the burning tears are streaming, When thy



*cres.*

*ad lib.*

soul of heav'n is dreaming; For - get not me.





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**THE REDEMPTION FROM ISRAEL.**

Original.

PSALM lxxviii. 41 : ' *Yea, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel.*'

THE text psalm is one of the most interesting of the collection preserved for our instruction. The author presents his lessons of wisdom by examples, by relating passages in the wonderful history of Israel, and by contrasting the astonishing works of God in behalf of his people, with the unbelief and ingratitude of man. Especially does he refer to the deliverance effected by Moses, and the conduct of the delivered while journeying towards Canaan; in our text he alludes to some rebellious spirits who knew not of firm confidence in the wise and equitable providence of Jehovah, and who by their distrust limited the Holy One of Israel—doubted the fulfilment of his promise and the goodness of his purposes towards them.

It may be profitable to us to recall to mind that passage in the history of Israel, as it is full of instruction, and well suited to increase our confidence in the fulfilment of all that Jehovah has graciously promised. And it was this result that made the pious Jew love to linger over the records of his fathers trials and journeyings—to think over the recitals of aged lips, and tell the wondrous story to his children. And it was this result that caused the establishment of the ordinance by which the fathers were commanded to make known to their children the history of the nation, as we read—'that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments; and might not be as their ancestors, a stubborn and rebellious generation; a generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God.'

What that generation had not, is what the world most needs—to have the heart right and the spirit steadfast with God! the first would produce a holy life, and the second would give a calm, sat-

isfying, and firm religious trust and hope for time and eternity.

The instruction of sacred history is not only for the descendants of the people concerned, but is for our guidance and strength, and from the conduct of the generation alluded to in our text, as connected with characters in our own times, we may draw some useful reflections.

But first to the history. This recalls instantaneously the noble Moses to our mind as the chief personage in the wondrous drama. He, when come to age, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, regarding more honorable the title of a Hebrew; and his self-denying spirit in behalf of his nation is seen in his thus yielding the honors and pleasures of a court, to participate in the afflictions of a persecuted, enslaved, and despised people. He endured, as seeing him who is invisible. He left the palace and the honors of princely state, and became a quiet shepherd, and in those peaceful scenes cultivated those qualities which afterwards so distinguished him. While in the discharge of his humble duties, the *I am* appeared to him in the burning bush, and there he heard the voice that called him to be the great deliverer and lawgiver to Israel; he heard, but he doubted; he saw and believed; and he went forth to the people, 'but they hearkened not unto Moses, for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage.'

A long and bitter servitude had bowed the spirit to despair, and they could not feel that there was hope for them. Moses exerted himself in their behalf, and the cry came to him that he had only fastened their chains the stronger and increased the trials of their lot; but he despaired not, and, through the power of God bestowed upon him, he wrought wondrous miracles to prevail with the Egyptian king to unloose their bonds and let them go. In vain did Moses and Aaron display the awful proofs that Omnipotence was with them, still the haughty tyrant kept his foot upon the pros-



trate people, and raised it not till the destroying angel was sent forth.—‘And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first born in the land of Egypt, from the first born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead.’ An awful night, indeed; all Egypt mingling their cries of anguish, which were of the most vociferous character, as the Egyptians were remarkable for their ostentatious customs of mourning. Add to this, that the most beloved child was taken away, the one in whom the most delight was taken, and we may well imagine the awfulness of the time. The hearts of the Egyptians were now relenting, and Pharaoh ‘called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel, and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also. And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, ‘We be all dead men.’

The pages of history do not contain a more remarkable picture than the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. Behold all Egypt in the most terrible commotion; in every house the dead, and all the living wailing in bitter lamentation; pausing in their grief at times to urge on the departing hosts of the Hebrews. Behold the vast multitudes of the departing; ‘about 600,000 on foot that were men, besides children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks and herds, even very much cattle.’ It was night. Each family provided for itself; and as they departed in haste, the beholder saw upwards of two millions of persons in the great company. And what a company! Not a host marching to battle; but there were the strong leading on the weak, mothers bearing their babes, children unconscious of whither they were going, and behind them they were leaving cities, palaces, towers and dwellings, while before them was the trackless wilderness. But with religious trust they followed their inspired and venerable leaders, and marched on, though between them and the promised land lay a fearful desert. What a journey to accomplish! What a task to govern and direct

so mighty a host! Men unconscious of a divine commission, would never have undertaken that work. The achievement of a Napoleon leading his army over the Alps—the region of eternal snows—was but the slight effort of a school boy in his studies compared to this; here was a host just freed from the most abject servitude, whose intellectual powers had been straitened, and who were undisciplined, subject to the fluctuations of hope and fear, now encouraged, but soon desponding, and ill fitted to meet the trials that were before them; while Napoleon had his chosen, well trained followers to effect his object, with all the excitements that attend ‘the pomp and circumstance of war.’

But that God and not man led the emigrating Israelites, is evident from the course of their journey; for instead of proceeding direct to the northward to Canaan, their course was to the eastward to the great wilderness of the Red Sea. ‘And the Lord went before them, by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.’ These took he not away from them, but continued them as symbols of his presence and power.

But how soon did they manifest distrust! The first great difficulty made them forget all the past interpositions of Divine Providence; and when they were encamped by the sea, and saw the hosts of Egypt coming forth against them, they murmured, and said many bitter things to Moses. ‘It had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness,’ was their language, showing their servile spirits, and how little they valued the distinguishing favor of God. Moses said to them, ‘Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you to-day.’ When the hour came, the servant of God, in obedience to the divine command, stretched forth his hand over the sea, and with his rod divided the mighty waters; a path was made for them through the sea, ‘and the waters were a wall to them on their right hand, and on their left. When the hosts of the Egyptians would have pursued them, Moses stretched forth his hand, and the sea rolled back, and overwhelmed the foes, and all perished.\*

\* The Red Sea is a branch of the Arabian Sea, or of that part of the Indian Ocean between the coast of Africa and India, extending towards the Mediterranean, and interposing between Egypt on the west, and Arabia on the east. The country of Edom was adjacent to this sea, and the name Edom, in Hebrew, signifies red; hence these waters were called the Sea of Edom,



Thus the Lord saved Israel that day, out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore. And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses.'

Happy for them would have been the cherishing of this fear, trust and belief; but the next terror that came, the next mystery that came over them, shook their confidence, and they again were murmuring against God, and questioning the goodness of his purposes. In the text Psalm, the wonderful works of God are recounted; how that he opened the rock to yield them water in the desert, gave them the manna, and interposed his power many times for their support and deliverance, and yet, says the author of our text,— 'How oft did they provoke him in the wilderness and grieve him in the desert! Yea, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel. They remembered not his hand, nor the day when he delivered them from the enemy.'

As we pause and consider these characters, we are struck with the similarity of their portraits to many around us, considered in a religious point of view, and the reflection may be serviceable to us if we carry it out for our own benefit, and not to cast a reproach on any one. We all, alas! have in our characters too many features in common with the limiters of the Holy One of Israel—too apt to murmur, too prone to distrust our Maker's kindness, and too negligent to believe and obey his Son. It therefore becomes us to learn of the faults of others to correct our own, and become wise unto that which is good, by contemplating the issues of human folly.

In applying the passage of history considered, we may regard the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian servitude by the miraculous passage of the sea, as typical of the revealed deliverance of mankind from the servitude of sin; and we may look upon the conduct of the Israelites as setting forth the conduct of many in our day, their fearfulness, murmurings and distrust in reference to the revealed great salvation.

We consider, 1st. Notwithstanding the Jews possessed wise instructions to guide them aright, yet they forsook God and his statutes, went in the ways of sin, and by their forgetfulness of their

or Red Sea. Modern travellers represent the width of the sea where the Israelites crossed, as about twelve miles; and it is now called by the Arabs the sea of drowning, or overwhelming.

Maker, lost the defence of their liberty, and were overcome of their enemies, and borne away slaves to a foreign land.

So with man. God made them upright, but they sought out many inventions; set their own folly above his wisdom, and forsaking God became weak in virtue, and at length were entrapped as the slaves of sin, and were borne from their native country of innocence into the foreign land of error and guilt.

When there was no eye of earth to pity, and man groaned under the weight of his burden and the misery of his lot, merciful heaven looked down in compassion, and ordained his release. As the captain of salvation to Israel was preserved from a mandate of destruction, so was this promised deliverer of man; as Moses was engaged in humble labors when he was called, so was Jesus; as Moses when he came to his people was rejected by them, so was Jesus; as he performed through the power of God many miracles to convince his enemies of his divine commission, so did Jesus; as Moses instituted the commemorative rite of the Passover the eve before the deliverance, so did Jesus institute the Supper; as Moses declared the wonders of that night should be proof of God's unalterable favor to the people, so did Jesus declare that if he be lifted up from the earth, he would draw all men unto him; as Moses after the departure out of Egypt, had to encounter the unbelief and distrust of his people, so did Jesus meet with unbelief and distrust in his disciples after his resurrection; and as Moses leading on through the terrible sea was the great token of God's willingness to interfere to aid them, so was the ascension of Jesus; and as Moses brought his charge all in safety to the shore of peace, causing the sea to divide them forever from their bitter, enslaving enemies, so will Jesus bring his charge—humanity—all safe to the peaceful shore of the better land, and in the dark and angry waves of the sea of death all their sins shall be destroyed, and the song of glorious rejoicing shall be sung by the redeemed.

Such our faith bids us to anticipate as the issues of Christ's mission. He came to seek the lost, to bring them home; to redeem the captives, and give them freedom; and to this end he labored and suffered, and gave himself a ransom for all. Moses was not contented to leave one behind—aged or young, strong or weak, faithful or distrustful, but led all on to deliverance—parents and children, husbands and wives, friends



and associates—and all partook of the salvation ; and nothing less than the complete redemption of all Jesus would ransom, can satisfy his soul ; his soul labored for the world, and he shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied. Such is the testimony of holy truth—the prophets and servants of God.

We may then regard the triumphant passage of the Red Sea by all the Hebrews, as typical of the full redemption of universal man. The first required a miracle, so will the latter ; and as they were wholly dependant on God, and without him were nothing, so are all in reference to the eternal deliverance. The Israelites were delivered, not through their merits or their faith, but through the free grace of God, and so is the scripture doctrine of the great salvation, for in both cases the promise of deliverance is founded on the purpose of the Almighty, no more to be affected by man than are the everlasting hills by the breath of summer.

But while the sea rolled between the Israelites and the shore where they would be free from their enemies, they gave free vent to their murmurs and discontent. Mystery seemed to surround them ; they were unfit to meet in battle and conquer their enemies ; and before them to intercept their progress lay the broad sea, and behind them the hosts of enslaving Egypt. Deliverance was promised, but they doubted ; they could not see *how* they were to escape, and thinking only of themselves, they forgot that God possesses illimitable means to effect his purpose, and their cries were loud and bitter against the fate that led them out of Egypt, though they had the cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, ever before them, as tokens of the presence of God with them, and of his care for them. Still the sea rolled its dark waves, to them like a terrific monster ready to engulf them in ruin, and their hearts were sore afraid, and they wished themselves back in Egypt.

How descriptive of many in respect to the great salvation. They have listened to God's dear Son ; heard his teachings that the Father hath given him all things, and of all given him he should lose nothing ; and yet they fear and doubt—the sea of death rolls darkly before them, and they dread to meet its waters lest they perish to all joy and freedom. *How* they and all theirs shall pass that dreadful sea in safety, they cannot divine, and because they cannot they doubt the glorious fulfilment of the promise of death being swallowed up, as were the Egyptians, in victory.

They limit the Holy One of Israel, and unlike faithful Abraham, they stagger at the promises through unbelief, giving no glory to God. They can perceive that if that dark sea could be crossed in safety, they shall be released from their foes ; but O that sea ! the sea of death ! how can they pass it ! The *means* they see not, and would rather dwell slaves in Egypt than meet its fearful waters.

But why is this ? Simply, because they think too much concerning themselves, as though they were to be their own saviors, and forget the boundless power of God—his unlimited graciousness, infinite means, and unchangability. They forget what he has done, the deliverances enjoyed thus far, and the astonishing evidences of his wisdom and might. They withhold their trust, and thus, in their thoughts, limit the Holy One of Israel, and their heart is not right, neither is their hope steadfast in God.

The spirit of the Lord cannot be straitened, is the testimony of scripture. It cannot be straitened by extent of space, multitudes of creatures, unworthiness of character, length of duration, or might and wisdom to accomplish desired ends ; and it is sweet to blend these thoughts with the declaration concerning the purposes of God,—‘Not by might, not by power, *but by my spirit,*’ saith the Lord of hosts.

The Lord was not straitened for means to bear Israel from the power of the enslaving foe ; the sea harmed not the people, and as its waters rolled back and engulfed their foes, the song of triumph and rejoicing went up to heaven. A majestic song was that—one of the sublimest that ever were sung by mortals, and well has the poet presented it in part—

‘Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,  
How vain was their boastings ! the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots, and horsemen are sunk in the wave,  
Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea !

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.’

More glorious shall be the song of redeemed humanity on the shore of eternity, when the enslaving powers of sin shall be utterly destroyed, and the intelligent creation shall rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God ! Let us not doubt the purpose, or promise of God, but regard his word and works as our cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, wait for the salvation of the Lord. And blessed be God, that in the bright world on high there are no wilder-



nesses, no want of bread, no burning thirst, no doubts, or torturing fears; but there with our loves, our kindred, and our race, we shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. May the hope purify us, make us grateful and confiding towards our heavenly Father, that we may patient wait the time

'When we shall reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest;  
When we shall see our Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest.'

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### SPRIT OF BEAUTY, OF LOVE AND CREATION.

From "Hymns of Zion."

SPRIT of beauty, of love and creation!

Thou who art smiling in fountains and flowers!  
Here on thy altar we pour a libation,  
Incense to thy love from well-springs in ours.  
Up from the fountains of faith and thanksgiving,  
Rises the rainbow of praise o'er the heart:  
Sunbeams of mercy, all darkness outliving,  
Brightness, and beauty, and glory impart.

Oh! for thy mercy, our Father Eternal,  
Voices and harp-tones thy praises shall sing;  
Fresh from our spirits, all balmy and vernal,  
Blessings and honors to thee we will bring.  
Bless thee, O Father! thou King of salvation!  
Love is thy diadem, mercy thy seal!  
Truth thy unchanging, eternal foundation,  
Justice thy sceptre to bruise and to heal.

Quicken, O spirit of love and creation!  
Quicken our hearts with devotional fire;  
Kindle a flame in the shrine of oblation,  
Waken our love with thy magical lyre.  
Now from the altar our music is stealing,  
Upward and onward to thee on thy throne;  
Bless, dearest Father, this tribute of feeling,  
Poor though the song be, for love wakes the tone.

S. C. E.

### FADING FLOWERS.

Original.

To the reflecting mind, there is a gloom not unmixed with pleasure, in contemplating the fading flowers. It is melancholy to witness their silver leaves fall. But who would stay the rolling year, and dwell amid the beauties of perpetual spring? Who would see the face of nature blushing in perennial bloom? It is well that the flower is ordained to fall and give place to the ripened fruit. Eternal spring would yield but a meagre harvest to the husbandman. Fadeless flowers would compensate but poorly for the fine rich fruit. Murmur not then though their glories depart. Let the year roll on, the flowers fade and fall, and though the change cause sadness, still rejoice in the prospect of an exuberant harvest.

How like a 'flower that comes forth and is cut down,' is the brief period of human life! Beautiful emblem of our earthly existence! We come into this world, our faculties expand like the swelling bud, they burst into loveliness like the opening flower, and for a while all is life and beauty. But the flower is not perpetual;—it blooms but to die. With all our majestic powers and all the glory of our nature, how soon we decay and fall. Like the lovely flower we pass away. And this change is also necessary, for the fruit to mature;—that mortality may be swallowed up of life. Like as the crimson strawberry, or the velvet nectarine, succeeds the fallen flower, so also shall it be with us. The glories of humanity will depart, the flower will fade and fall, but this change is the preliminary of a golden harvest. And it is well that God has thus ordained. Better that our earthly existence cease, that the flower should decay, than that heaven, the ripened fruit, should never be obtained. Murmur not then at the loss of friends. The fruit is more desirable than the flower, heaven than earth. Mourn their loss, this is right, but not as those who mourn without hope. And feeling that we too must close our eyes upon the bright scenes of earth, let us be resigned to all the allotments of providence. While the flower is fading, let us rejoice in prospect of an exuberant harvest, a blessed immortality, a re-union with those we love, of a 'family in heaven.'

J. A.

Hanson, Mass.

### BENEVOLENCE OF THE GOSPEL.

Original.

HOWEVER much the proud, the prosperous, and the selfish may endeavor to disguise the fact, or however lightly they may pass over it, the gospel was originally preached to the poor, in an especial manner. I am not about to deny that those who are poor in this world's goods may be more proud than many who are blessed with abundance. Pride and humility depend upon the state of the heart, and I do not very highly value that humility which is forced upon a man by misfortune. Many people who are humbled by adversity, become very haughty and overbearing when they experience a change of fortune, and from being servants become rulers. But Jesus was particularly attentive to the condition of those who were unfortunate. He fed the hungry, healed the diseases of



those who could offer him no reward, and encouraged those who were trampled upon by the lordly pharisees, in divers ways. To the young man who had great riches, he applied the test, 'Yet one thing thou lackest, sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me.' We do not read that he ever sought the friendship or the favor of the rich and powerful. His kingdom was not of this world, and he did not solicit the aid of wealth and power to carry on his work. With all impostors it has been an object to secure great names—to enlist popular men on their side. Matthias was particularly fond of attaching himself to men of substance—but Jesus studiously avoided such. He used no worldly means to advance his kingdom. So far from that, he continually built up a wall between himself and the great ones of the earth, by denouncing them in the severest terms. He sought no patronage from kings and rulers; he delighted not to be invited to the tables of the great, and dine sumptuously at their banquets. He affected no delicate refinement of language. When he spoke, he used the plainest and most cogent words, knowing that time is short, and he that would overthrow error and establish truth, must speak with decision and to the purpose.

He was reviled for eating with publicans and sinners. It was an easy thing to make out poor and despised offenders to be the worst of sinners; but it is highly probable that those whom the pharisees termed publicans and sinners were better and more conscientious persons than themselves. Jesus, in his heaven-taught wisdom, broke through that prevailing prejudice which condemns the sinner in rags, and applauds the *respectable* criminal. The lawyers and doctors who, independent of their wealth, knew how to make the worse appear the better reason, and to cover over their faults with sophistry, were not able to deceive the Savior. This was, indeed, a new era in reform; but we regret to say that it has not been carried out in this our day. How often do we see persons who are poor, and who have justice on their side, borne down by the arrogant men of wealth—the world being, for the most part, ready to decide in favor of the most powerful party! How often has it been the case that the poor man has been injured by the man of substance, and some disinterested persons have undertaken to plead the cause of those who had none to help them. Then the wealthy party has conferred with these mediators, walked with them in his pleasant gardens, and spread the banquet be-

fore them. These things have weighed more in the balance than all the arguments which have been advanced, and those who intended to reprove the rich man for his oppression, have gone away pleased and flattered by the attentions which they have received, applauding the hospitality and graciousness of the rich oppressor, now fully convinced that the poor man must be in the wrong—and not reflecting that if the latter possessed the property and resources of the former he would not have hesitated to entertain them with equal hospitality. Jesus Christ was a standing reproof to such partiality of judgment; and he preferred the society of those forsaken and despised sinners to the pleasant halls and soft speeches of those who knew how to seduce the wavering saint and bribe the false prophet. But the gospel of Jesus is a gospel of benevolence. The poor it fills with good things, but the rich it sends away empty. Those who labor largely for the body that perisheth, and provide liberally for their earthly accommodation, have their reward in the good things of this world; but while all their thoughts are given to the perishing things of time, it is their own fault if they reap none of those delights which are culled from the garden of paradise. Jesus came not to seek his own advantage, but the advantage of those to whom he was sent. He came not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him; and as his mission was emphatically a mission of mercy, we may judge of the character of the Almighty and his disposition toward his children by the character of Christ's labors on earth. 'The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.'

#### OF WHAT USE IS RELIGION?

Original.

PERSONS who ask this question must suppose that religion consists in doing something which is extremely disagreeable to the mind of man; for no one asks, what is the use in going on a pleasure excursion in the steamboat, in dining sumptuously, or in viewing a beautiful landscape, or that 'last best gift of God to man,' a charming woman.

The answers to this question would, probably, be various. The popular reply may be interpreted thus,—Religion enables us to escape hell and secure heaven. Now if this is the end and aim of religion, it is evidently a price that is paid in



order to secure some benefit; and it is generally understood that in paying a price, we submit to a loss or deprivation of some good, for the sake of securing an equivalent in the shape of another good, which circumstances induce us to prefer. A man in possession of many acres of land, might think he could spare ten or twenty acres of it in order to obtain a carriage and horses. By making this exchange, he submits to a loss on the one hand, in order that he may be a gainer on the other. On this same principle, many believers aim to lead a religious life in order that they may escape the pains of hell and secure the enjoyments of heaven. As this is their view of the uses of religion, it is very certain that they regard the leading of a religious life as a real loss, for which they are remunerated hereafter. Hence they go through the world with very grave countenances—as persons who are set apart for suffering, for tribulation, and anguish; yea, as men who have voluntarily preferred misery to pleasure, in order that their deprivations should, one day, be made up to them a hundred fold. They feel like persons who are walking, barefoot, over red hot coals on a wager. They have nothing to do but suffer until they have achieved the object, and they will be amply repaid for having held out to the end, and won the prize! Alas! have they ever examined this prize? Have they ever looked at the reward? If it has cost them so much pain and trouble—if it has been such a distasteful and disgusting task for them to live near to God in this world, how can they reap any satisfaction from the reward, which actually consists in doubling this painful duty, and in placing them in the very presence of God and his holy angels! If it was so severe a trial for them to renounce evil deeds and evil thoughts in this world, how can that heaven please them which is made up of purity and holiness, and into which no unclean thing can enter? If a holy life was a sad and painful piece of business—if virtue and godliness were such a gloomy and disheartening burthen here, what pleasure will they derive from striking the cymbal to the glory of our God throughout the measureless ages of futurity!

But if they do find a holy life happier, beyond comparison, than an evil one, how can they pretend that they lead such a life, in order to secure a future reward? Suppose that a man were seen gathering peaches and plums from a farm which belonged to some wealthy husbandman; and when asked what he were doing, should make answer,

'I am carrying off as much fruit as I can carry, in order that the husbandman may repay me for my labor.'

Would not the answer be, 'Rather, friend, you should pay him, since you are luxuriously feeding upon his bounty.'

We are not taught, by the Savior, to win a title to a future reward. So far from that it was the Son's whole endeavor to magnify the cause of truth, whereas, that cause is degraded when it is represented as ungenial in its operations. He says—'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And again—'Take my yoke upon you, for it is easy, and my burthen is light.'

If by embracing the truth, we find rest for our souls, and exchange a grievous burthen and a galling yoke for those which are easy to bear, how can this be regarded as paying a price, or submitting to a deprivation in exchange for which we could look for an exceeding great reward?

That the evil doer may find some difficulty in breaking off his bad habits, I can readily believe; but by breaking off those habits, he immediately enters into rest. Sin is like a galling thorn in the flesh, and it may be painful to draw it out, but when it is removed, ease and freedom from pain immediately follow.

That something must be done before a sinful man can realize heavenly enjoyments is very certain; and if that pure and heavenly state of mind is not worth obtaining for its own sake, how can it be coveted as a reward hereafter? A state of purity and holiness is the only heaven that we shall ever know anything about, and if that state of mind can be purchased here, by the simple renunciation of that which degrades, injures, hurts, wounds, and offends our purest and noblest feelings, it is certainly our interest to secure it; and he is the sufferer who lives in wickedness. So that if any body pays a price to purchase a reward in another life it is the sinner, and not the righteous. The righteous man enjoys heaven here, for 'the kingdom of heaven is within you;' and he therefore has a continuation of blessings, if he goes to heaven hereafter. Therefore the holy man does not pay a price for future bliss; unless he that has eaten of the husbandman's fruit has, by so doing, obtained a right to his farm.

Yet, strange to say, the question has been asked by the enemies of our faith—'If all men are happy after death, of what use is it for any man to be religious in this world? It must seem certain



that they have never known the joys which proceed from holiness, and that they have rather a distaste than a hearty relish for the things of God. Can men who have embraced the truth, in the love of it, ask such a question? Did Jesus say, I do the will of God, however painful it be to my feelings, in order to insure the great reward? No—but he says, 'It is my meat and my drink to do the will of my Father which is in heaven.' He also speaks of one who sold all that he had to purchase the pearl of great price. People are not wont to regard pearls as very disagreeable property; and what was this pearl of price but holiness unto the Lord? Is it likely that the purchaser wanted a reward for enjoying possession of this pearl? It was happiness enough to have the pearl, and nothing more was needed or wanted. Jesus came to save the world 'from their sins' which is salvation enough; and the pure in heart expect none other. It is not written that Jesus came to save the souls of men from hell in a future world; for men exist, and have consciousness in this world; and it was here that he preached to those who were in prison, in order to save them from the bondage of sin.

If freedom from sin, and purity of heart constitute heaven in a future state, is it not an object to form this heaven here; or are the joys of sin to be preferred before the paradise of God? We trust that sin is found to be the most agreeable, and that she rewards her servants better than truth, since religion is not worth having here, unless we are sure of being paid for our trouble hereafter!

Nearly all the objections to impartial grace grow out of a love for sin. It is extremely difficult for men whose wills have not been subjected to the will of perfect holiness and almighty wisdom, to imagine what they shall gain by rejecting the abominations of this world, by subduing their own passions, and escaping from the slavery of sinful feelings and desires, unless this disagreeable task is richly compensated in another state of being. They refuse to throw down their chains and enjoy perfect freedom unless they can be paid for it.

### THE STORM.

Original.

THE veil of night hangs low on Jordan's stream,  
The rushing breeze is sighing fitfully;  
The clouds that brightly glowed in the sunset's beam,  
Now darkly frowning, brood o'er Galilee.

The rising murmur of the heaving waves,  
In plaintive cadence, swell along the shore;  
While Naiads sing, within their coral caves,  
The prelude to the tempest-anthem's roar.

Clouds piled on clouds, in deepening phalanx sweep  
O'er Lebanon and Hermon's storied brow,  
The wild-winged couriers lash the moaning deep,  
And deep-voiced thunders the vast concave bow.

To heaven the mountain billows madly fling  
Their white foam wreaths, wild mingling with the storm,  
Ruin's dark angel on the whirlwind's wing,  
Rides forth night's peaceful empire to deform.

See, on the flame-lit waters, fiercely tost,  
A frail bark reels before the eddying gale;  
There, firm hearts quail, for hope's sweet strains are  
lost,  
While midnight tempests wake their wildest wail.

And lo, a slumb'rer there! with brow serene,  
He calmly sleeps, though storms around him pour  
Their fiercest deluge. Oft that God-like mien  
Has stilled, ere now, the passion-tempest's roar.

But list, they call him, 'Master, dost thou sleep,  
While round us wildly roars the foaming surge?  
And to entomb us yawns the mighty deep,  
And the death spirits shriek their mournful dirge.'

'Peace, peace, be still,' the sorrowing wanderer said,  
And lo, obedient to the high command,  
The storm rolls back, the raging winds are stayed,  
And gentle wavelets kiss the silvery strand.

O Thou, who bid'st the fearful whirlwind cease,  
And hold'st the dark sea-waters in thy hand;  
When storms of sorrow roll, then whisper peace,  
And bid the soul be still at thy command. S. B.

Malone, N. Y.

### MADNESS.

Original.

PERHAPS that the most affecting examples of human misfortune are exhibited by those beings who, while yet alive, are lost to their friends, being a prey to imaginations which render them, to all outward appearance, different persons from what they once were. It is sad to reflect that, in former times, it was customary to treat the maniac with severity, whatever might have been his character and standing previous to his indisposition. The idea is monstrous that disease and misfortune should be punished; yet the mad-houses of England and of America used to resound with the strokes of the club and the shrieks of the unhappy victim. We have, to a great degree, abolished that inhuman custom, although examples might be named of irresponsible persons that have the charge of deranged individuals, and treat them with contempt and severity, as if they regarded them more as brute beasts than as human creatures.



Mental derangement is sometimes hereditary, and often there will be found some families who retain their reason, unless some violent shock takes place; while others appear not to be capable of this malady. Sorrow may send them to the grave, but cannot unsettle their reason. Although the term in common use would imply that the mind itself is deranged, yet I cannot look upon this disorder in that light. While in this state of existence, the mind must be operated upon, more or less, by the senses. It is through the medium of the senses that people become acquainted with the things of this world; and even when reasoning upon matters which do not pertain to this state of existence, we are prone to draw our analogies from objects which are tangible to the outward senses. When, therefore, these senses no longer do their duty, the *habit* of the mind is broken up—false intelligence is communicated to it; and it is not to be expected that judging from premises altogether erroneous, it should arrive at just conclusions. If any person will show me an instance in which derangement took place while the senses faithfully performed their several parts, I will acknowledge that the mind itself may become deranged, and, if so, that it is mortal as well as the body.

When we reflect that a maniac possesses an immortal soul like ourselves, and that he is the victim of false impressions received through the senses, he becomes an object of the most lively sympathy, as he is of singular misfortune. Were he actually deceased—had he passed away from among men, he might be regarded as beyond the reach of our good offices, as having gone into a sphere where human love or human hate could no longer affect him. But to be lost to us, to the world, and even to himself, while still dwelling among us, materially changes the case. He is still capable of suffering. It is still in our power to wound his person or his feelings, while he can offer no effective resistance. He is wholly dependant upon the kindness of others, and if that kindness is withdrawn, his case is deplorable indeed. Cases of madness, incurable during the life of the victim, even up to the hour of death, have frequently occurred; and then when the soul was about to separate itself from the body, reason has again assumed the throne, and the patient has conversed rationally for a considerable time. What an affecting and thrilling scene must such a case afford! One who was known in youth to possess good intellect, and whose

conversation was edifying and agreeable, becomes deranged. His friends see him every day for forty years. He is during this time a witless creature. They are not accustomed to heed his presence, or to regard his senseless jabbering. Suddenly he is thrown upon the bed of death, and then this neglected being becomes once more a rational creature. Reason performs her office faithfully, and he is made sensible of the real situation under which, for two score years, he has been laboring. The maiden to whom he was betrothed in his youth, but whom he was prevented from marrying by his malady, stands before him, but how changed! She is now bowed with age, and the deep furrows on her cheeks, answer to his own. He has revived only to die. He is like one that has come up out of the tomb—the mind again speaks as it was wont; the eyes resume their expression of calm intelligence only to be closed forever!

And shall it not be thus with all the race of man? Shall not this mind which has expanded until we have reached middle age, and gradually resolved itself into second childishness as we have descended into the vale of years, awake in full glory from the tomb? Shall it not tower aloft from the ashes which moulders below, like a prisoner released from his dungeon? When the troubled dream of life is over, shall not it awake from the harrowing cares of this dull scene, and spring into existence where nothing can mar the beauty of its existence?

Even madness has, in some cases, assumed the aspect of beauty. Young damsels whose modesty and timidity held them in check, while in a state of health, have sung and written in such strains, when imagination was no longer confined, as have captivated the fancy of the listener, in as great a degree as they have inspired his sympathy. Shakspeare has taken advantage of this circumstance, and has drawn the fair Ophelia in colors of truth as well as beauty.

It is to be presumed, however, that madness will never take this form unless the patient is possessed of a good heart—when the common restraints being taken off, the heart pours forth its rich stores without stint or measure, shapeless and prodigal, like the fragments of a golden crown, dazzling and glittering among the sands of the desert.

But it is not always that this distemper is lasting. Persons of keen sensibility, and excellent understandings, have not unfrequently suffered



periodical returns of insanity ; an instance of which is the amiable Cowper. I believe that the mind is sometimes too powerful for the frame to which it belongs, and then poor human nature reels beneath the tread of the embryo angel.

We universally find that the more the mind is exercised, the less firm and healthy is the tenement in which it is lodged. It may be doubted, therefore, whether it is right for us to burthen it with what is not really beneficial. By overlading it with that which is unprofitable, we undermine the health of the body without doing any good. We are inexcusable if we derange the machinery of our bodies simply for the acquisition of such knowledge as can only serve the purposes of this life. 'Man wants but little here below,' and we should learn to be content with no more than we need ; and to learn those things, in preference to all others, which make us wise unto salvation.

Madness is scarcely known in uncivilized countries ; but we who seek to display our riches and to be respectable in the eyes of the worldly-minded, load our minds with vain science and lose our reason.

E. W. S.

### THE WIFE.

BY MRS. GILMAN.

It is seldom our fortune to meet with a more beautiful, interesting, and instructive tale than the one we give our readers below. Very seldom do we publish a selected article of this length, but we felt that our readers would thank us for giving place to the following, and we ask for it their attention.

I HAD been married about four years when I received a letter from my friend Eliza Somers saying she would accept my invitation to pass a few weeks with me at Washington. Five years previous, we parted with mutual vows of unchanging friendship. She was my beloved companion in a boarding school, when I was in a land of strangers, and had sympathized with me in all my childish troubles. Although we had been so long separated, our affection and sympathy remained unchanged, and our letters were records of cherished friendship and esteem. She had just returned from Europe, where a residence of some years had added to her accomplishments and intelligence, while I remained at home cultivating domestic virtues.

As the time drew near for her to arrive, I heard such accounts of her surpassing beauty and grace, that I almost regretted having invited her. I

had an undefined fear that she might be too attractive in the eyes of him who engrossed all my affection and all my solicitude ; but it was too late to retract, and I felt a feverish anxiety when I thought of her coming.

I was not naturally prone to jealousy, but it was the weakness of my husband's mind, that he could never see an interesting young girl, without seeking to excite in her admiration of himself. I was ashamed to let him know that I suffered from these flirtations, and often wept in secret, after an evening spent in the society of young girls, by whom he seemed fascinated for the time. I was frequently mortified to see him waste his time and talents in such trifling, but feared to make any suggestions, lest he should think I wished to check harmless indulgence.

The eventful day at length arrived ; it was a beautiful sunny morning, when the carriage stopped at the door, and my dear Eliza, with the bounding step of youthful grace, sprung to my arms. We wept with unsubdued emotion, but ours were tears of joy. I forgot my incipient jealousy, and looked on this gifted being as one who was to fill up my sum of earthly happiness. She was dressed in a drab-colored riding habit, with a black velvet hat and feathers. Her hair clustered in beautiful ringlets about her face, and her transparent complexion was tinged with the bloom of health. With the most perfect beauty, she seemed to have an entire unconsciousness of her attractions.

Nature had been bountiful to this beautiful creature in mind as well as in person, and I soon saw our gravest statesmen listen to her graceful conversation with delighted attention. In the enchantment of her society, I was happy beyond all my former experience. She made no effort to captivate my Henry's imagination, or to flatter his vanity, but looked on him as one set apart and consecrated to her friend ; and the thought did not enter her mind that there could be any rivalry between us. I also felt a confidence in her integrity, and in the religious influence of her mind.

My husband, like her, was gifted with every imaginable grace of mind and person, but not like her blessed with such strict integrity or singleness of heart. It was, as I have remarked, the weak point of his character, to be very susceptible to the influence of female beauty. Although his responsibility as a married man, and as a father, prevented him from expressing his admi-



ration *openly*, yet many a fair girl has felt the pressure of his hand, and many an innocent eye glistened at the tale of flattery he poured into her ear, under the insidious guise of friendship. His voice was so soft and melting, and his manners so refined and delicate, as to inspire immediate confidence.

He could not long resist the temptation of trying to excite in the mind of my friend, an admiration of himself, but while he sought to captivate her, he became unconsciously fascinated by her charms. Eliza was gratified by his attentions, because he was the husband of her friend; she was proud of his friendship, because his talents and his high place in society made it an honor to her. But although she listened to his conversation with gratified attention, and talked with him with animation and truth, she never flattered him. Thus was the seal placed on her youthful friendship, and although I might wonder how she could be insensible of his admiration, whom all the world admired, yet I had consolation in the belief that she would not willingly become my rival.

The affection between Henry and myself was not impaired by these inconsistencies. He loved and respected me more than all the world beside, and he was a most devoted parent. It is true that he often made me unhappy, and he was sometimes on the verge of danger, but I could not fail to perceive that his impression was evanescent, and that it did not interfere with his real affection for me. He labored in his profession, he sought honor and distinction for my sake, and it seemed his greatest pleasure to meet my approbation. It is possible that if I had represented to him the folly as well as danger of his conduct, he would have been influenced by my counsel; but the fear of being considered that degraded being, a *jealous wife*, kept me silent, and I trusted to the redeeming power of his own principles. Some time after the arrival of Eliza, we attended a fancy ball, and Henry with animated looks, asked her to dance. They both danced exquisitely, and with great spirit and animation. The exercise gave a glow to her countenance, and my husband looked at her as if he was surprised and bewildered by her beauty. I was sorry I had not confided to my friend the history of my husband's excitability, because she was too generous to have interfered with my happiness, and her own excellent principles would have led her to check the first indication of an undue prepossession. He was evidently dazzled by the

beauty and eclat attending her; but this was no the moment to allow me to make the humiliating confession that I feared her as my rival.

After the dance was ended, he brought her to me and said—

‘My dear Laura, I shall thank you forever for the pleasure I have enjoyed this evening. Do entreat your friend to waltz with me, for she has refused my solicitation.’

While he was speaking I was so agitated that I could not reply, and I only gave him a grave and cold bow. But he heeded not my abstraction. My hands and feet were cold as marble, and my lips dry and motionless. He stood by my side, unconscious that I was near, while he poured forth to her, strains of the sweetest flattery. She looked at him with surprise, but soon left us to join the dance. My husband followed her with his gaze, but she heeded him not, and he became as abstracted as myself.

My agitation soon passed away, the frequency of these trials had at length given me power to control my emotions after the first shock, and when Eliza returned to me, I was as serene and tranquil as usual. She was now an object of great admiration and attention, surrounded by our most distinguished gentlemen, who listened, with delighted attention, to her graceful and intelligent remarks. Henry seemed studying her character, from the manner in which she received the homage now paid her. With the selfishness of man's heart he wished she would look cold on others and listen with pleasure only to him. His pride would not allow him to love, unless it were to conquer—but at a single look of encouragement, he was at her side, and I began to be seriously alarmed lest his allegiance to me should be forgotten in his admiration of my friend. Thus I was kept in a state of agitation and dread, as I saw her power over him. But she was unconscious of the impression she had made, and I was supported by the hope that her sensibility would soon awaken in favor of one of the numerous candidates for her regard.

It is fortunate for the happiness of married life that there are interests and sympathies which bind husband and wife together, beyond the reach of external circumstances! Who could believe that he who was often quietly seated by the fire in my dressing-room, alternately caressing my lovely children and their mother, could be the same being, who, perhaps a few hours before, would almost have sacrificed their happiness and



affection, to obtain the transient admiration of some favorite young girl? When fatigued with the world, the ease and comfort of his own fire-side was a luxury to him. He took my hand in his one evening, and said, tenderly—

‘You look pale, my dearest Laura. I wish I had spent the afternoon with you, rather than those silly girls.’

The tears started to my eyes, and I was on the point of telling him how much he made me suffer. He kissed away my tears, and said that no man living had so delightful and lovely a wife, and that it should be the study of his whole life, to make me happy. Our little girl passed her fingers through his curls and felt his cheeks, and looking up in his face, said—

‘Don’t you love mamma now, dear papa, better than you do cousin Eliza?’

This simple, little question awakened all the sensibility of his character, and he seemed at once, to comprehend why I looked pale, and why the tears came into my eyes. He redoubled his assiduity and caresses; he said I was more dear to him than in our days of early love; and that if he trifled with others, it was through mere vanity and love of admiration. This was a moment of happiness to us all; and thus the bonds of affection were renewed, which had been in danger of being broken.

Some weeks passed away in all the alternations of amusement and weariness, happiness and discontent. He was proud of my beauty and accomplishments, and there were times when his attentions to me were almost exclusive and lover-like. At others, they were shared by Eliza, and frequently she engrossed him wholly. I believe at this time, I was the only object of his *love*, though to others he appeared to live but in her presence. She was often censured, while the apparently neglected wife was pitied.

Eliza was more admired than any lady who had appeared at Washington for a long period, and she might have formed a most delightful connexion, which would have satisfied even the ambition of her mother, and have secured her own happiness; but I believe that this time my husband began to have an undue influence over her. My little Henry had been quite sick; I was confined almost exclusively to the nursery; and in my anxiety for him, I forgot every other interest. From this cause, my husband and Eliza were thrown much into each other’s society. They read together—they wrote poetry for each other

—they were both fond of music, and they were very sentimental. She lost her interest in the amusements of society, and by degrees, her acquaintances, and even her admirers ceased to inquire after her.

One day when my little boy was nearly recovered, Henry proposed to take me to ride: As I had not enjoyed much of Eliza’s society of late, and she seemed dispirited, I asked her to accompany us. It was a delightful morning, and the pleasure of getting out into the fresh air, with the delight of knowing that little Henry was relieved from danger, exhilarated my spirits, and I was as gay as a bird. Henry was all attention and tenderness towards me, and we were both animated and happy.

Eliza seemed less amiable and less happy than usual, while I was like a child just released from captivity. The country in the early spring looked delightfully, and I proposed to get out and take a ramble in the fields. The proposition was agreeable to all, and we sallied forth. By degrees Eliza recovered her gaiety, and we were a happy, careless two. Suddenly we heard the crash of a fence, and on the opposite side of the field, saw a tremendous bull coming ferociously towards us. For an instant Henry hesitated which he should save, but in the next, he had me in his arms and set me over the fence! He was then in hopes of being in time to save Eliza, but the coachman seeing our peril, rushed to our assistance, and arrived just in time to place Eliza over the fence by my side. Henry jumped over and joined us, and I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him in an agony of joy and terror. Eliza had fainted on the ground. She, however, soon recovered, and as she opened her eyes, Henry gave her, as I thought, an impassioned kiss. But I ascribed it to the agitation of the moment; and would not allow it to embitter the joy and gratitude I felt for deliverance from such a peril. I was satisfied that in a moment of danger, Henry had given me the preference, when one equally helpless was by his side.

The coachman procured her a glass of water, and as she took it she said—

‘Thomas, I am glad it was you who saved my life, because I can reward you. But if it had been you, sir, reward would have been out of my power, and my obligation would have been perpetual.’

I thought she spoke with a tone of repentment, and Henry looked distressed.



As we rode home I made an effort to recover the cheerfulness of the party by entering into conversation ; but after a few ineffectual attempts we all relapsed into silence. My apprehensions for the happiness of Eliza were now seriously awakened. I feared that Henry had not been ingenuous with her. I thought that few men were so formed to dazzle the imagination of an unsuspecting young girl ; and I had seen him, when he would sometimes seem willing to sacrifice his lofty ambition and aspiring hopes to gain the fleeting regard of some new being of fashion. I feared that my dear friend was deluding herself into the belief that she might cherish an innocent, though romantic attachment for the husband of her friend ; a delusion that would be fatal not only to her own happiness but to mine.

I did not see her after our ride until she came down arrayed for a dinner party. She was splendidly dressed, and looked radiant in beauty ; she had recovered her cheerfulness and self possession. I kissed her affectionately, and told her I was delighted to see her look so lovely. Henry handed her to the carriage, and I saw a smile illumine her face, and a blush of surprise and pleasure spread over her countenance, as he stopped at the door to bid her adieu. As he turned to come in, the expression of his face gave me a chill, and a shudder ran through my frame ! It had a look of triumph and satisfaction, for which I could not account. He was going the next day on a distant excursion, and expected to be absent a week at least. Employed in making his business preparations, he allowed me no opportunity to observe his feelings. About eight o'clock he came in, and he looked so cheerful and happy that my mind was re-assured. I resolved not to disturb his few remaining hours, by making inquiries which might lead to painful discussions. We passed the evening alone, chatted, and had music, as we used to do when we were at our happy home in the country. I forgave him silently the look of affection he had given Eliza, and was almost ashamed of my jealous fears. At ten o'clock he started up and said—

‘You must be tired with the excursion you have made to day, my dear Laura, and you had better go to bed. As Eliza has gone to a public ball this evening, it will be proper for me to see her safe home.’

Before I had time to speak, he had kissed me and left the house.

I was now in an agony of suffering. I groaned

—I clenched my hands—I raved about the room until I was exhausted, and then sat down and tried to recollect myself. Many little circumstances in the conduct of Henry occurred to my mind, and a conviction that his affections were lost to me forever, almost made me distracted. I spent an hour in this dreadful state ; the idea of my sweet children at length came over my mind, and I went to the nursery. They lay sleeping sweetly together, and I burst into tears.

‘O Henry,’ I exclaimed, ‘how could you blight such a paradise of happiness ? Can you know the wretchedness you have caused !—Dear Eliza, you are innocent, for who could resist such allurements ?’

Another hour of misery passed, and Henry came not. A second paroxysm ensued. At two o'clock the door bell rang, and Henry and Eliza came in laughing, and apparently very happy. I was not prepared for this. I shut the door of the nursery softly, and fainted on the floor. How long I remained I know not ; but cold and exhausted and miserable, I lay down on the bed by the children, almost without sense or memory. At daylight the door opened carefully, and Henry came in. He took my cold hand in his, and said he came to take a parting kiss of me and the children. I could hardly recollect myself. He said he had not been in bed ; that having some unfinished writing to do, and being obliged to travel as soon as the sun rose, he had remained in his study. ‘I was surprised, dear wife,’ he continued, ‘not to find you in our room when I went to take leave of you.’ I attempted to speak, but the words died away, and my tongue absolutely cleaved to my mouth. The room was dark—he could not see the haggard expression of my face, and I was too miserable to speak. He kissed me affectionately and went towards the door ; he seemed irresolute, and came and sat by the bed. He took my hand again, and said, ‘you seem languid this morning ; are you well, are the children well ?’ My tears began to flow, and I should soon have told all my sufferings, but the stage horn sounded, and he left me.

When the maid came in to dress the children, she found me so low and languid, that she alarmed Eliza, and begged her to send for a physician. Eliza came immediately into the nursery, but I was not able to speak. I could only sigh and moan. As soon as the physician saw me he perceived at once that my system was in a high state of nervous excitement. He asked no questions,



but ordered an opiate, and perfect rest and quiet. Eliza continued to watch me through the day, and I gradually became composed and slept. On the second day I was still unable to converse, but my recollection returned, and my sense of misery was very much mitigated. I began to think I had given too much consequence to the circumstances which I had noticed. I thought of Henry's unvarying kindness and affection, and of his indulgent forbearance towards all my faults. A thousand instances of his tenderness and the sacrifice of his own happiness, rushed to my recollection, and I soon began to find comfort. On the third day I was able to enter into conversation with Eliza. She seemed unconscious that any part of my suffering had been occasioned by her, and I postponed entering on the subject until I had more maturely considered whether it would be expedient for me to notice the past, or to leave every thing to the rectitude of her own mind and heart.

It is singular that such a revolution should have taken place in my feelings, without any change of circumstances; but my nerves were again braced, and reason resumed her empire. Eliza took her needle-work and gave orders that no company should be admitted, and we sat together composedly, but we were both in a grave humor.

A servant came in and brought her a book. It was enveloped in a brown paper covering, and besides being sealed, was tied with a string of very narrow blue ribbon. She looked confused, and said, with an effort to seem unconcerned, 'You may lay it in my dressing room.' All my subdued emotions were again excited, and my boasted philosophy gone.

I said to Eliza, 'If you have no objection I would like to look at that book,' and held my hand out to take it from the servant, but she seized it herself, and said, 'It's only a book which William Brown promised to send me. Why should you be so curious?'

'I am not curious, Eliza, but I have a particular reason for seeing what is contained in that envelope. *I am convinced that the book did not come from William Brown.*'

'Then you doubt my word.'

'No, that does not follow; you may be mistaken.'

She continued to hold the package irresolutely, but at length rose up, and was going with it to her own room. My resolution was now taken.

I took hold of her arm and said, 'this book came from Henry—perhaps you do not know it, but I have too certain knowledge of the fact, for I gave him this blue ribbon to fasten a bundle of papers with, the evening before he went away.'

'O, then, I see how it is, you are jealous,' said she blushing.

'No, Eliza, not jealous, but am grieved to see you under a delusion which may prove fatal to your happiness.'

'Do you think there is any harm in your husband sending me a book.'

'None in the world. But there is harm in the mystery and concealment.'

She seemed extremely reluctant to open the package, but I was determined now to see whatever it contained. I had not at this time a vague unsettled jealousy, which never fails to obscure the judgment, but I had a clear and distinct perception of duty marked out, and I insisted on the package being opened in my presence.

She slowly broke the seal and untied the ribbon, trembling with embarrassment. At length she took out the book, looked at it carelessly, and said—

'Here is the book; it is the Pleasures of Memory. I really do not perceive why you should attach so much importance to my receiving a little present from your husband.'

'Eliza,' said I, 'you are not ingenuous—in that book is a letter; and that letter contains the reason of this agitation and concealment. I must read that letter before you quit the room.'

'As the letter is directed to me,' said she, 'I suppose you have no objection to my reading it first.'

'Certainly not; if you will read it in my presence.'

She opened it slowly, and at the first sentence, I saw that she was very much agitated. The color left her cheeks, and having read about a page she began to tear the letter in pieces. I snatched it out of her hand, rushed into my dressing room and locked the door. I sat down without sense or motion—my circulation had ceased, and I was like a marble statue. I thought I should die.

The idea that Eliza was now in a state of suffering and suspense as well as myself, at length aroused me to action. I read the letter deliberately. I saw through the whole, the sophistry of a man who was dazzled at the idea of being beloved by such an exquisite being, and who was



aiming to convince her that an attachment between them might be pure and perfectly innocent, and could in no way affect his duty or conduct as a married man. He alluded to his last interview in terms which convinced me that under the name of friendship, they had exchanged pledges of affection, and he endeavored to convince her that they violated no duty by such a course. His language and sentiments were pure, and were just such as would suit the fancy of an unsophisticated female.

I will not here repeat his arguments or his expressions, but I inferred from them that Eliza still believed herself under the influence of a calm and holy friendship. It was my painful duty to enlighten her mind on this most momentous occasion.

I went to her room, and found her involved in the deepest misery. She acknowledged that she had deceived me, but she said she had also deceived herself. She begged my forgiveness and entreated that I would guide and direct her.

'I am in utter despair,' said she, 'and would fly to you, to my friend whom I have injured, for relief.'

'My dear Eliza, there is but one course of rectitude, but one right way. If you have really been yourself deceived, you are not so much to be blamed as pitied. We are both placed in difficult circumstances, and we must take council together.'

I took Henry's letter, read it through to her, and simply pointed out the consequences which would result from his reasoning.

'He has deceived himself as well as you,' said I. 'If you are sincerely desirous to act on christian principles, you have but little to do. I do not wish to appear in Henry's eyes as an *irritated* and *jealous wife*, and perhaps if I should remonstrate with him, he would ascribe it to unreasonable suspicion. You shall therefore answer his letter in the terms which your awakened conscience and unbiassed judgment shall dictate. If Henry acquiesces in your opinions and relinquishes all intercourse with you, what has passed shall remain a secret between us, I shall love you better than ever, and Henry will be saved the pain of knowing that the wife whom he respects and whom he will again love, is acquainted with his dereliction.'

This proposition was exactly suited to Eliza's character. It showed a confidence in her integrity and regard for her feelings, which attached

her more than ever to me. After some further conversation, I left her to write her letter.

She brought it in the evening for me to read. It met my approbation entirely; it contained reproof and counsel, as well as expressions of regard, but showed so clearly that she was governed by religious influences, as to leave no room for an appeal from this decision. We passed the evening tranquilly but seriously together; before parting for the night joined in a devout prayer, that our heavenly Father would protect us and enlighten our path of duty, and teach *all erring* minds the way of truth.

Eliza and I separated on that eventful night on terms of perfect confidence and friendship. She saw that she had erred, but such was the integrity of her mind, that although she might feel sorrow in resigning the friendship and affection of such a being as Henry, and feel deeply the loss of his society, yet she resolved to act up fully to the promise she had given me.

And here let me pause to pay a tribute to the power of education. Principles of truth and piety and responsibility to God had been inculcated with every incident of her life, and although great attention was given to her improvement in other respects, yet all was subservient to moral and religious culture. If Eliza forgot for a while her duty, it was owing to the great reliance she placed on Henry's integrity, and on her respect for his character. She did not perceive that she might be the means of alienating his affection from his wife and family, and thus be guilty of a great moral evil, but was led insensibly by the guise of friendship.

I was now more miserable than I ever had been. I had known sorrow and disappointment, but here was desolation and despair. I thought my husband's affections were lost to me forever, and that he had forfeited my esteem in his attempt to interest the heart of my dear friend. This reflection added bitterness to my grief, and I was almost distracted. I did not attempt to sleep, and I found myself uttering exclamations of woe with wild gesticulations. Then I would sit down and try to be calm. I recollected all his tenderness, all his care for me when I was sick and in trouble, and all the instances of devoted affection he had demonstrated for me through our married life.

'Is it possible,' I exclaimed, 'that all this happiness is lost to me, and that I shall live through it? Shall I become indifferent to him and again see him flattering and caressing other beautiful



girls? Shall I still be his wife, and yet perhaps an object of pity to my friends. There is something appalling in this inroad on the affections.'

At length morning dawned. I heard the servants below; the doors opened, the shutters were unclosed, Henry's favorite servant went whistling through the hall. All seemed busy. All seemed happy. I alone was wretched. In order not to be spoken to, I laid down in my bed and pretended to sleep. Soon the cheerful voices of my children in the nursery told me they were awake and well; and a feeling of gratitude to my heavenly Father that he had preserved them through the night was the first gleam of comfort I had experienced. I became more tranquil, and was soon able to address that Being who is ever ready to answer the supplication of an humble sufferer. I did not rise to breakfast, but sent for Eliza to bring her prayer book to my room, and she read to me the morning prayers and a portion of the scriptures, and thus were our hearts sanctified and strengthened for the trials of the day.

It were vain to tell of the alternations of hope and despondency, of renewed affection and deep resentment which agitated my mind until the day arrived when we might expect an answer to Eliza's letter. She too partook of my agitation, for she was uncertain how Henry would act on the occasion. We sat together in my dressing-room, abstracted and sad; the post horn sounded, and in the next moment a letter was brought to me, which I knew to be in Henry's handwriting. We both turned pale. There was something very affecting in our situation. So much of the happiness and respectability of our lives depended on the present communication, that we were almost breathless when I broke the seal.

I read in silence the first passage! I sprang from my seat. I threw my arms round Eliza's neck, and exclaimed, 'We are happy once more! Virtue is triumphant, and my dear husband is restored to me.' I fainted with excess of emotion. When I recovered, I found Eliza standing by my side, and we mingled our tears and our caresses, until we were sufficiently composed to proceed. He entered into a detail of all his feelings and all his transgressions, and enclosed Eliza's letter for me to read, that I might witness his humiliation and learn the value of her character. He said his affection for me had always been paramount to every other sentiment, and it was only in the late unhappy incidents that he had ever been in

any danger of sacrificing his allegiance to me. 'But,' he continued, 'if you and Eliza will forgive this dereliction of principle, my future life will show that I am worthy of your confidence. Although I can offer no excuse for the past, yet I will prove that I am now awakened to the responsibility conferred by the obligations of married life.' In conclusion he said, 'I shall depend on you, my dear wife, to watch over me and remind me of my duty. If you see me yielding to my love of female admiration, you can interpose your gentle spirit and reasonable mind, and I shall be shielded from temptation by the armor of hallowed affection.' He thus in a frank and manly spirit acknowledged his faults and his danger, and I was too happy in the belief of his restored affection to investigate too closely the reasons for his disclosure. There is indeed a redeeming principle in wedded love. Providence has wisely planted about it interests and affections which enable married persons to bear with each other's aberrations and infirmities. As our union had been threatened with danger, we mutually felt the necessity of avoiding future trials, by an increased vigilance over each other's faults, and by perfecting our own character as moral and accountable agents.

Though the position of conjugal intercourse in the United States is one among the most beautiful features of society, still there is danger, as European customs more extensively prevail, that this profound deference to the married tie may be loosened. Let every unmarried woman then, by the sanctity of her deportment, check the first impulse to overlook the barriers which are her dearest safeguard, and let every married man remember when he trifles with the young and inexperienced, that he desecrates a 'holy temple.'

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## SEPTEMBER.

Original.

THE summer's glorious types of God

Are fading fast away,

And beauty in a thousand forms,

Is yielding to decay;

The blighting breath hath entered in

The bosom of the flowers,

And changed, as angel wings by earth,

Are now sweet Flora's bowers.

The streams have now a sadder flow,

The birds a serious tone,

The skies look mournful e'en when bright,

The winds now sigh and moan;



The golden fruit drops from the bough,  
The grain droops in the field;  
And one by one earth's vernal charms  
To sober autumn yield.

Autumn, so like consumptive's own—

Roses strewed on the dead—

Will soon her wand of magic wave,—

Summer's last smiles are fled!

And far o'er ocean deep and wide,

And desert lone and drear,

Flee, with mysterious flight, the birds,

With no dark boding fear.

And when life's summer shall have fled,

And we like them must flee,

Shall we less willing plume our wings

O'er Jordan's dreaded sea?

Shall we then doubt there lies beyond,

*The summer of the heart?*

Where love's bright flowers can never fade,

Nor cherish'd joys depart?

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### EPITAPHS.

Original.

'I READ of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? What cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their life-time discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely?—Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.'

CHARLES LAMB.

AND who does not also love this *trait* in human nature? Who does not see in it something to teach the heart, that when the feelings are chastened and subdued, the passions calmed and softened, and a solemnity pervading the mental being, men's judgments always lean to mercy's side—never harsh and severe, but more as they would have the Supreme Judge judge them? '*Man wars not with the dead.*' We would this were a universal trait in man's character, as it is a trait in our nature. But religious errors have risen and do rise, above nature, blunting those fine feelings which otherwise would be developed strongly in behalf of mercy and generosity, and persuading each to leave the dead in the grave with *hope*, not sending dark thought beyond, and pronouncing the spirit to be there in hopeless wo. We never saw a grave-stone bearing such a doom recorded against a sleeper. And why? Not because there have not been any erected over the resting places of evil ones—those whom doctrines antagonist to ours freely condemn to utter wo; there have been, and these have often borne mottoes of *hope*,

making manifest that if the head denied, the heart wanted, our broad and merciful faith. Affection rears the tomb-stone. She is willing to forget the errors of the dead. She would hope all things. Her memory goes back to the analogous time, when the departed was an infant, helpless, utterly dependant; and there is something that tells her, Infinite Wisdom can introduce that same being into the other existence as pure—and she feels that it will be as helpless and dependant. Man sometimes wars with the dead—but it is not with those he loves. For *those* he hopes.

Man is made merciful to the dead by the seriousness of the thoughts awakened by the event of death. He thinks of himself—of Him who judgeth all—of the errors of past days—of secret faults—of the dark future. He acts more as he hopes God will act towards him—he is merciful, for he desires mercy—he ceases to be severe, because he feels he should thereby condemn himself. As he sees himself and eternity, he knows that as he hopes for himself, he may and should for others.

There is much in this subject, if we will give thought to it, to teach us to be merciful and to hope for the departed; to see in the generous inclinations of the human heart, a persuasion to trust in the greater extent of pardoning and sanctifying grace, than partial doctrines have allowed; and to make us apply the lesson of the poet,

'Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human;  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *why* they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark,  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring—its various bias;  
Then at the balance\* let 's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.'

H. B.

\* This is a fine allusion to one of the ancient Egyptian customs of adjudging the dead before burial. See page 4, present volume.

PRINTERS FORLORN HOPE. To have to work six days in the week, with intervals of being requested to assist in the night work of a daily paper—with a very polite invitation to labor on Sunday for the public good, accompanied with a promise to pay, when subscribers pay for their papers!



**AN ALLEGORY.**

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Original.

THE inhabitants of the village of Unbelief were one day somewhat surprised, by the arrival of a stranger of gentle and beautiful appearance. A single herald announced her arrival, and endeavored to secure her a permanent residence among the villagers. She was attended by three handmaids of modest, humble appearance, whose names were Faith, Hope, and Charity. Her aspect was lofty, yet benign, her robes of pure and stainless white, were the gift of changeless truth; in her hand was the olive branch of peace, and her radiant brow was wreathed with the unfading garlands of immortal glory.

Bright, angelic visitant! How soon did thy glorious presence create a change in the prospects of the benighted throng. They had wandered amid shadows and gloom; they had strayed in the dark valley of error; and stumbled, and wounded themselves sorely upon the fearful mountains of wickedness. Without guide or chart, they sailed heedlessly down the stream of time, dreading still more and more their gloomy destiny, as they neared the chilling plunge that should launch them upon the waveless ocean of oblivion. The genial sympathies of the heart were curdled by the chill and gloomy mists that hung around the horizon of time; the affections were estranged, the soul was dark, and imperious gloom rested on the future. But religion shed abroad the radiant light of truth, she reared her altars in the hearts of men, and taught them to offer up the sweet incense of praise and thanksgiving to him who reigns above the starry concave; whose throne is upheld by the pillars of eternity, before whom the radiant spirits of light veil their glorious faces, as they sweep the unnumbered wires of the harps of glory. Man no longer walked in gloom, every gladdening scene wore new impressions of beauty, the flaming orb of day shed a holier light when viewed as the emblem of him whose throne shall stand unmoved through all the changes of time; whose dominions shall increase though the sky should be rolled together as a scroll, or the spheres, unloosed from their orbit, rush wildly through the trackless concave.

Joy and peace, benign seraphs from the realms of light, came down and made their abodes with the children of men. A temple was built to the Most High, and the joyous throng gladly worshipped in its courts. Human nature was eleva-

ted, the mind enlightened, claimed affinity with the angels, and looked with joyful anticipation, toward the better temple, whose crystal battlements ever gleamed in the cloudless light of immortal beatitude.

But alas, for the wayward fickleness of the heart! Though the blessings of heaven were showered upon this community, they began to be unmindful of their source. The institutions of religion began to be disregarded, her altars were neglected, and the worship of the temple by degrees forsaken. The bowers of peace and joy were almost overrun by the creeping vines of selfishness, worldly ambition, and pride; and hope often wept as her sweet songs were drowned in the unholy strife of lawless passion; while faith was kept as a kind of invisible guest, being considered very necessary to the comfort of man, though rather unpopular; and charity was altogether an unfashionable personage. And religion, what became of her? O she had almost been discarded from the village she had rendered so happy. True she was still gladly received by a few, but the many had ceased to worship at her pure shrine; and some who still professed to be her followers, had invested her in robes of such a neutral tint, and doubtful character, that it was quite difficult to recognize her. I hope this account will not apply to more than one community, viz. the one above named.

*Malone, N. Y.***INTOLERANCE.**

Original.

PERHAPS there is nothing which more fully exhibits the frailty of poor human nature than that spirit of uncharitableness which would prescribe an individual for a mere difference of opinion. It affords no apology that other sects are uncharitable toward us. If we condemn their intolerance, we pronounce judgment upon ourselves if we fall into precisely the same error. Why should we imitate a bad example? Let them pronounce sentence of excommunication against us, and bind us over to endless torments, what can it avail? The Lord reigneth, and their unrighteous judgment will he bring to nought.

It is a great mistake, to suppose that it argues a lack of sincerity in us, because we do not condemn others for their opinions. In proportion as we are convinced of the rectitude of our own doctrines, we shall be ready to oppose those doctrines



which appear to be erroneous. If we are firmly persuaded of God's impartial goodness, we shall look with no manner of allowance on the horrible doctrines of Calvinism. But can we be intolerant or uncharitable toward those who profess the doctrines which we condemn? Surely not—for if we do, we give the most certain evidence that we are *not* believers in the doctrine of universal benevolence! How can we cherish such feelings toward those whom we believe God will save with a great and everlasting salvation? How can we hate those, whatever may be their errors, with whom we expect to sing the praises of our God in a happy eternity? How can we hate the children of God and our brethren whom our common Father loves? There can be no intolerance in Universalism, and when we are intolerant or uncharitable toward those who differ from us in points of doctrine, we may rest assured that it is because we do not entertain a living faith in those doctrines which we profess, and that the love of Jesus Christ has not redeemed us from all iniquity. Love to God comprehends love to his children.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 100.]

Matt. v. 13. *Salt of the earth.* In the hot climate of the East, undressed meat cannot, even for a short time, be kept sweet, without the application of salt, and many are the allusions to it in this view. One of the Levitical laws referred to this. Lev. ii. 13. As salt, therefore, was used for preventing corruption, or correcting meat, so were his disciples to be as a spiritual salt in reference to a sinful and corrupting world—they by their teachings and examples were to season men's minds with wisdom and grace, and so correct or prevent corruption. Col. iv. 6. Livy calls Greece *the salt of all the nations*, in reference to the intellectual advantages they had derived from thence.

*Salt lost its savor*—or seasoning, preserving qualities. The ancients used rock or fossil salt, which being exposed to the rain, sun and air, soon loses its savor. Maundrell in his *Journey* states that in the Valley of Salt, near Gebul, four hours journey from Aleppo, there is a small precipice occasioned by the continual taking away of the salt. 'In this you may see how the veins of it lie. I broke a piece of it, of which the part that was exposed to the rain, sun and air, though it had the sparks and particles of salt, yet had perfectly lost its savor. The innermost, which had been connected to the rock, retained its savor, as I found by proof.' The application to the disciples is very obvious—If they, whose mission was to prevent corruption in the spiritual world, should themselves become corrupt, they could have no correcting power in themselves or for others.

They might have the appearance of possessing wisdom, as the savorless salt wore the sparkling appearance of salt, but could only possess usefulness as they clung to Christ, as the salt retained its savor only as it clung to the rock. 'When the salt is only on the meat, it will not preserve; but when it is through the whole, the meat is safe. A bare knowledge of Christ is not enough, we must have Christ in us, Mark ix. 50.' Mere surface piety is but of little worth; we should know its *power*, as well as its *form*.

*Cast out and trodden under foot.* Not even fit for salt-ashes which was used upon land. Some have thought that our Savior made an allusion to the use of this savorless salt to which it was sometimes placed by the Jews, which was, to strew it on the pavement of the ascent to the temple in wet weather to prevent persons from slipping. An application may easily be made of this by connecting Gal. vi. 1.

14. *Light of the world.* The properties and advantages of light are here metaphorically used as in the previous case of salt. This term was sometimes applied to the eminent Jewish Rabbins. As the sun is the reservoir and dispenser of light to the natural world, so the disciples were to be the reservoirs and dispensers of spiritual light. We call illustrious men 'the lights of the age.'

*A city set on a hill cannot be hid.* Our Savior is supposed to have referred to a city which stood upon a very eminent and conspicuous mountain in sight, and seen at a great distance. His disciples were as conspicuous—they were exposed to the sight and scrutiny of all. They should not desire to be obscure—for no man who values light will hide his lamp under a bushel, where it can give no warmth or light to others, but sets it in a station where it can shed its rays to the best advantage. A good lesson to those whose bushel is popularity or selfish interest. The disciples were taught much, and Christians are taught by their scriptures much, of the necessity of letting their light shine—of advocating the truth to them revealed, and being openly for what they in secret believe is right. Eph. v. 8; Phil. ii. 15; 1 Thess. v. 5; Luke xi. 33.

16. *Light so shine.* Here a particular manner is implied in which they were to let their light shine—the light of truth and example. Not for vain-glory, for boasts of superior wisdom, but in a manner that shall glorify God and lead others to receive the doctrine of Christ and obey it. John xv. 8; 1 Pet. ii. 12.

17. *Think not—destroy law, &c.* Think not that I am come to abrogate the law of Moses and the writings of the prophets; I am come 'to fulfil,' i. e. to accomplish what was designed and foretold by them. Luke xvi. 17. Adam Clarke states that the word rendered *fulfil*, also signifies *teach*, and that our Lord might have intimated that the moral law was still to be taught by him and his apostles; he quotes Col. i. 25. where the word *fulfil* implies *to teach*. Doddridge paraphrases thus—'I am not come to dissolve, but rather to vindicate and illustrate, to complete and adorn them,' i. e. the holy precepts contained in the law and prophets.

18. *One jot or tittle.* An allusion is here made to the small letters, points and strokes of the Hebrew alphabet. *Jot*, as an English word, answers to the name of the least letter in the Hebrew alphabet, and the word rendered *tittle*, properly signifies one of the little ornamental curvatures or flourishes, which, when Hebrew is elegantly written, are generally used at the beginning and end of a letter, and some-



times at the corners too. Doubtless a proverbial saying, as in English, to denote the smallest possible part of anything. Campbell renders the text—'Heaven and earth shall sooner perish, than one iota, or one tittle of the law shall perish without attaining its end.'

Of the word *verily* in this verse, it is proper to remark that 'its proper signification is *true*, as spoken of things, *observant of truth*, as spoken of persons, and sometimes *truth* in the abstract.' Campbell. A general definition is thus given,—'*Verily*, without mistake or failure.'

19. *Least commandments.* The chief religionists of that time were in the practice of making great distinctions between different parts of the law, and this declaration of the Savior may have some allusion to this custom. He showed that all duties were important, and his rule was like the sentiment in the Psalmist's prayer: 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults, let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be innocent and free from the great transgression.'

*Break.* He who by his mode of explaining the word of God, or by his conduct, shall set aside or violate one of these, though it were the least, shall be called the least, or entitled to the least honor, among my disciples. The disciples desired honorable stations, as was afterwards revealed, and this showed them the only way of obtaining honor. *Break and teach men so—do and teach*; here action or example, is put before teaching, showing that if men would be consistent, they must teach as they act, and cautioning us to beware of acting wrong.

2. *Scribes*, see note on chap. ii. 4. *Pharisees*, see note on chap. iii. 7. Matt. xv. 3. 6.

*Righteousness exceed—righteousness of the scribes and pharisees.* Their righteousness was mere surface righteousness—the heart was not in love with right doing, and they better understood the *form* than the *power* of godliness. The disciples were commanded to have more of the *spirit* of righteousness, and carry out more the true *design* of the law. *Enter kingdom of heaven*, signifies to embrace the doctrine of Christ, and become truly his subject. None who did not possess more true righteousness than the scribes and pharisees, would be owned as his true subjects; the heart must be surrendered and made fully to love the right, or the man would not be fit to meet the trials and difficulties that were before the disciples.

21. *By them of old time*; rather, *said to the ancients*. Clarke remarks—'It is probable our Lord refers' (or makes allusion) 'to traditions and glosses relative to the ancient Mosaic ordinance; and such as, by their operation, rendered the primitive command of little or no effect.'

*Shalt not kill*, i. e. murder.

*In danger of the judgment*; rather, obnoxious to the judgment or punishment of the judges. The historical accounts of the Jewish tribunals are not clear and satisfactory. It appears that in every city there were elders who formed a court of judicature, having power to determine lesser matters of law and right in their districts; Deut. xvi. 18; xvii. 8. 9; xxi. 1—9. Josephus states, that Moses ordained in every city seven judges, to whom two ministers were added out of the tribe of Levi. The judgment referred to in the text, must have reference to these lesser courts, which were in every city. Some tell us, that a court of twenty-three judges, which before the subjection of the Jews to the Romans, had the power of life and death, was called the *judgment*.

22. *But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.* Wakefield remarks on this verse thus—

'Indeed, no literal translation whatever, but a commentary only, can remove the obscurity of such passages. What our Savior intends by these specific references to Jewish institutions is generally this; "My religion requires so much more purity of heart and strictness of manners than the Jewish, that calumniating language from a christian shall be esteemed equal to actual crimes of the deepest dye in other men; and the murder of a brother's good name as heinous as the murder of his body has hitherto been regarded." It appears evident that Jesus alluded to the different judicial tribunals in a metaphorical manner, to give his disciples an idea of the purity and benevolence of heart required by his religion. The religious teachers had taught that the overt act of taking life, was all that need be denounced; he on the other hand *dealt with the feelings and passions that would lead to such acts*; as John calls him that loveth not his brother a murderer, because hatred leads to this crime, and instances the case of Cain. 1 John iii. 11—15.

*Angry without cause*, i. e. unreasonably angry, from a malicious disposition, as Cain was angry with Abel, or the elder son in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

*Raca*, i. e. a vain, worthless, empty fellow—an expression implying great scorn and contempt.

*Fool.* It should be observed here, that the Savior and his apostles have used this term; fools and blind, Matt. xxiii. 17. 'Oh fools and slow of heart,' Luke xxiv. 25. Gal. 3. 1. James ii. 20. Hence this expression when justly applied, does not render the speaker obnoxious to punishment, but only when it is wrongly, and from rash and causeless anger, applied. As used in this passage it denotes—'*a graceless villain*'—'*a wretch or miscreant*.'

*The Council*, i. e. *the Sanhedrim*, the highest court among the Jews, established about 150 years before Christ, and consisted of 70 or 72 members. They held their sessions in Jerusalem, and decided cases of the highest importance, or that came before them by appeal. It is said, that in the time of Christ they were empowered to pass sentence of death, but the execution rested with the Roman governor. This tribunal is often referred to in the New Testament. By it Jesus was condemned.

*Hell-fire.* The injury done the cause of truth by our common translation, is untold and immense. Why should the term *Raca* be retained, and *Gehenna* not? As this is the first time we have met the much controverted term *Gehenna*, we must give it particular attention.

It is found twelve times in the New Testament, and translated *hell*. Matt. v. 22. 29. 30; x. 28; xviii. 9; xxiii. 15. 33. Mark ix. 43. 45. 47. Luke xii. 5. James iii. 6. It is a word of exclusive Hebrew origin, and never used in any of the recorded teachings to the Gentiles; is not found in any of the epistles but that of James, which was written to the scattered twelve tribes; James i. 1. Our duty is to inquire and search out its scriptural meaning, and very justly Prof. Stuart has remarked,—'The christian scriptures are intimately connected with the Jewish sacred books, and they cannot be understood and explained except by means of them. The words of the New Testament are Greek, but its idioms, cos-



time, its manner of thought and reasonings, its allusions, in short, the *tout ensemble* of it is Jewish; nor can these ever be duly understood by any person who is ignorant of the Jewish nation, its laws, customs, and history.' *Gehenna* was never made to mean endless misery, or spiritual torment in a future existence, by investigation made according to this judicious rule; but this has been effected by leaving and forgetting the elder scriptures, and poring over Talmuds and Targums. The scriptural usage is what we want—none other will aid us in the least to understand Christ's teachings. 1 Cor. ii. 12, 13. Matt. xv. 1-10. Mark vii. 1-24.

All allow that '*Gehenna*, signifying the *Valley of Hinnom*, is composed of the common noun *Gee* (valley) and the proper name *Hinnom*, the owner of this valley. The valley of the Sons of Hinnom (Josh. xv. 8.) was a delightful vale, planted with trees, watered by fountains, and lying near Jerusalem on the southeast by the torrent Kedron. Here the Jews placed that brazen image of Moloch, which had the face of a calf, and extended its hands as those of a man. It is said, on the authority of the ancient Rabbins, that, to this image, the idolatrous Jews were wont not only to sacrifice doves, pigeons, lambs, rams, calves and bulls, but even to offer their children. 1 Kings xi. 7. 2 Kings xv. 3, 4. Lev. xviii. 21. 2 Chron. xxviii. 1-3. Ezek. xxiii. 37, 39. In the prophecy of Jeremiah, vii. 31, this valley is called *Tophet*, from *Toph*, a drum; because the administrators in these horrid rites, beat drums, lest the cries and shrieks of the infants who were burned, should be heard by the assembly. At length these nefarious practices were abolished by Josiah, and the Jews brought back to the pure worship of God. 2 Kings xxiii. 10. After this, they held the place in such abomination, it is said, that they cast into it all kinds of filth, together with the carcasses of beasts, and the unburied bodies of criminals who had been executed. Continual fires were necessary, in order to consume these, lest the putrefaction should infect the air; and there were always worms feeding on the remaining relics.'

We see, then, that *Gehenna* in its primary sense, denoted the Valley of Hinnom; and because of the odiousness and horror attached to it by the Jews, it very properly became used metaphorically to set forth the terror of punishment, and especially was used in reference to the destruction of the Jews. For its metaphorical use, see Jer. xix. vii. 29-34, where it is made an emblem of degradation, punishment and desolation. Jerusalem was once like the valley, beautiful and pleasant; its holy places became defiled by cruelty and iniquity, as was the lovely vale; and it was to become as *Tophet*—the valley of slaughter. When Jesus came, this prophecy was impending over that people; they stood, as it were, upon the very borders of *Gehenna*, and were filling up their cup of iniquity—hastening on to the meriting the doom denounced. As the prophets warned, so a greater than they warned, then exposed, and bade them flee those sins which were hurrying them on to destruction. *Gehenna* was a true emblem of the odiousness and horror of the destruction of that people—in verity Jerusalem was made *Gehenna*. Why this term is made to imply more than it metaphorically implied in the Old Testament, is a question not yet answered satisfactorily. It has been asserted that it is found in Targums referring to punishment in the future world, but Targums are not the true source of knowledge respect-

ing the scriptural usage of a term, no more than they are of the true nature of the law of Moses. Jesus described the season of the overthrow of Jerusalem as a time of tribulation, 'such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be.' Mark xiii. 19. That the term is never used in the gospel of John, nor in the epistles, other than James, is a fact worthy of consideration, showing that it was a Jewish term, and by the Jewish scriptures to be understood. See Balfour's '*Enquiry*,' and his Reply to Whitman, Expositor, Vol. 2, p. 351. The Savior aimed to warn the people against the indulgence of those passions and feelings which were incompatible with social love, benevolence, and unfitted men for the right study and understanding of the truth, and thus make them of the rebellious part who would suffer the torment of the fulfilment of the prophecy that Jerusalem should be as *Tophet*. The former beauty and pleasantness of the valley of the sons of Hinnom was never restored, and so Jerusalem was to be, and is, as the potter's vessel broken, that cannot be made whole again.

23. *Gift to the altar.* Therefore, in the opening of this verse, shows that this is an inference from the doctrine justly inculcated, that it is a duty to strive to be reconciled to our fellow beings, and live in peace and love with them. Without this spirit, no service can be acceptable to God. Does it not seem to be a thought deserving the consideration of those who draw from the preceding verse an argument in favor of the doctrine that God will cherish eternal anger? Worship, to be acceptable, must be offered by the spirit of love; for 'God is love,' and in sincerity, for he is 'the God of truth.'

24. *Leave gift.* 'Do not attempt to bring an offering to God whilst thou art in a spirit of enmity against any person, or hast any difference with thy neighbor, which thou hast not used thy diligence to get adjusted.'

25. *Agree with adversary quickly.* A caution to heal wounds of offence as soon as possible. Adam Clarke says: 'Those who make the *adversary*, God; the *judge*, Christ; the *officer*, Death, and the *prison*, Hell; abuse the passage, and highly dishonor God.' Delays are dangerous in all matters of disagreement. This passage is referred (unreasonably and to the dishonor of the divine character) to the invisible world. Those who thus refer it, give the Catholic one argument for his purgatory, and make God as man.

## TO A WANDERER.

Original.

COME, come back from the paths of folly and shame,  
Thy league with dishonor and darkness disclaim!  
Is honor all worthless, its smiles to be scorned,  
And is not its absence by man to be mourned?

Is life to be spent in the service of sin,  
The foes of all goodness to triumph within,—  
No longings and strivings for righteousness' crown,  
The soul's eagle wings to the earth fastened down!

Shall time be eternity—earth all the heaven,  
In which thou wouldst live, and to which thou art given?  
Wilt turn a deaf ear to the voice of thy God,  
And slight all his kindness, provoking the rod?



Has the magnet of virtue no power on thee,  
Thine eye lost the vision its beauty to see?  
Is evil thy good, and thy friends virtue's foes,  
Though for thee Jesus lived, loved, died and arose?

Awake thee! arouse thee! burst the bonds that have  
bound,  
And feel in thy strength thou true freedom hast found;  
Let life have a purpose—an aim that is worth  
The deep thoughts of a mind that is not of earth.

Come, come back from the paths of folly and shame,  
Thy league with dishonor and darkness disclaim!  
Come home to thy God, and to holiness' arms,  
No longer the victim of sin's syren charms.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER'S FIRESIDE CONVERSATIONS, &c.

Original.

#### RECOLLECTION SECOND.

IN the days to which these recollections carry us back there were no Galls, no Spurzheims, no Combes, to enlighten mothers in the discharge of their duties. Whatever opinion may be entertained by mothers or fathers now-a-days in regard to the conformation of the brain and its alleged correspondence to our inward, mental capacities and dispositions, maintained by these and other promulgators of phrenology, we have no hesitation in believing that they may derive much assistance from the expositions which phrenologists give us of the constitution of our mental nature. The view of the powers and capacities, feelings and faculties of the soul given by the leading phrenologists is much more simple and plausible, and much more easily applied to the purposes of education, than any of the systems and theories of previous expounders of our mental and moral constitution. We know parents who think they have derived advantage, in their educational efforts, from the phrenological doctrines in regard to our innate propensities and dispositions, their proper direction and uses, and their liability to abuse. The excellent results attained by these parents, would incline us to concur with them in the above named opinion. They act with more discretion, more judiciousness, than the mass of parents, whatever be the source of their superior light and wisdom, phrenology or not. Of this much, however, we are confidently assured—and we wish we could impress the conviction upon every mother, and every father, who is sincerely and anxiously endeavoring wisely and well to discharge their duties to their children—that no parent such as we have supposed, can read Combe's 'Constitution of Man' or 'System of Phrenology'

or Spurzheim on Education, without finding in the pages of these excellent productions, enough, and more than enough, to remunerate him or her for the expense, time, and thought, expended in the attentive perusal of them.

Leaving mothers, in modern days, to avail themselves of aid from phrenology, or not, as they have opportunity or think best, we revert to the days when there were for parents fewer helps of any kind, and none from phrenology—to days before Gall had determined a local habitation and a name for a sentiment which mothers well knew the existence of, and the proper management of which they had, for ages, found a hard problem. We refer to the sentiment possessed by us all, though more powerful and influential in some than in others—the desire of distinction, the love of approbation. Phrenology had not yet revealed to my mother the locality of this sentiment's nervous machinery; but common sense had revealed to her its existence and its influence, and the great importance of so pruning it—restraining and directing its growth, that it should bear good fruit, instead of bringing forth such monstrous and unseemly products as it does, when unrestrained, unpruned, and undirected in its early growth and out shooting, receiving no care nor culture, left to its native luxuriance in the unweeded garden of the mind.

The following are among the opinions which seemed to regulate her own conduct and her parental management, and form a part of the many lessons which she endeavored to instil into the minds of her youthful charge in reference to the sentiment we have named and its management.

Already you have a wish to be noticed, to be applauded, to be held in respect and in estimation. This desire, my children, will stay with you during your life; and if you choose noble and worthy qualities upon which to rest your claim to estimation, and pursue these in a judicious manner and with unswerving perseverance, you will derive from this source many exquisite and really satisfying enjoyments. On the other hand, if you base your hopes of distinction on the possession of riches, or of official rank, or on qualities which a nice and uncorrupted moral sense condemns, you will find the way of the transgressor hard, and the wages of folly to be regret, remorse, and vexation of spirit. When you are in adversity, or in sickness, then will your heart tell you for what it is most wise to seek to be distinguished. In such seasons will it be any comfort to you,



think you, to have been laboring after a name, for beauty of person or of form, to have been endeavoring, all your life, to gain admission into society which calls *itself* good and fashionable, or even to have been aiming after eminence in intellectual acquirements? Nay verily. But in trouble, sorrow, or sickness it will comfort you to reflect that you have been aiming after moral excellence, real goodness, the virtues of your elder brother, Jesus Christ. If you have had an eye upon the approbation of heaven, rather than of men, in all affliction you will find consolation.

Strive, my children, she has often said, strive to be good, not great. You will be great enough if you are good enough. Neither riches, nor talent, nor station, will ever bring to you such satisfying proofs of your commanding the respect, the confidence, the best affections, the attachment, the support, of those who know you, as will a character for sterling integrity, for real goodness. And to be trusted, respected and beloved, is much more gratifying, than merely to be stared at and admired.

A good name or character, we were often told, like other commodities, had its price. It was not to be bought with money or with talent, neither could it be attained without exertion. Desultory exertions which aim at nothing but freedom from gross vice or folly, will not gain for us a character for goodness, true heartedness, integrity. The exertions requisite must be steady, well meditated, and ardently pursued—hardy exertions reiterated endeavors. Our money, our time, our ingenuity, our power of self denial, were so much ready money, she used to say, which we were to lay out to the best advantage.

Within the circle of our acquaintance, she would point out to our notice many who were seeking distinction on account of their wealth; some on account of their rank and station; a few on account of their talents; and one or two on account of their learning. Some sought distinction in gentility; some in dress and equipage; and some in eminence in their profession or business. One elderly pair we were taught to esteem and venerate more highly than any of these—a worthy pair; and with them it was a pride and a dear satisfaction that for many years they had been aiming principally at securing the approbation of their own consciences and of him, by whose authority these consciences spoke, their Father in heaven. Their sincere desire was to know the *right*; their honest, well becoming pride

consisted in the doing of *RIGHT*, at all hazards, at whatever seeming or temporary sacrifice. This worthy pair were held up as models for our imitation; and of all distinctions we were urged to be most ambitious of that which consisted in conscious worth—in being worthy of esteem, the esteem of the excellent of the earth, of our own hearts, and of the fountain of all goodness.

May many mothers be found endeavoring to impress similar sentiments upon their children: men would respect them, heaven would richly reward them, and, in future years, their children would rise up and call them blessed. O! what an immense amount of warm-hearted gratitude a mother can secure for herself. May many mothers in our denomination resolve to entitle themselves to this gratitude, and to send out into the world children, followers of them, even as and so far as they were of Christ Jesus. Thus will they silently but effectually adorn our doctrine and promote our faith.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

Original.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

### IV. HOUSEHOLD GRACES.

As indivisible as are mind, heart, and body, in life, so are the necessities for their individual education; and so intimately connected are they, and so dependant each upon the other in bringing about the high purposes of their existence, that a neglect of one or its imperfect cultivation will very often neutralize the happiest influences of the others. There is a class of morbidly sensitive minds that shrink from the inculcation of physical precepts, as from something almost indelicate and sensual. They talk about *rude health* as something that cannot exist with refinement of intellect and manners; as almost identified with clownish ignorance and rusticity. They have yet to learn that perfect health is alone delicate, and almost essential to the preservation of mental and moral purity.

In this age of intellectual refinement, physical education has been greatly neglected. There was a time—our grandmothers remember it—when it was a disgrace for any young lady in our land not to be instructed in the *graces of industry*; when the scale of female excellence was graduated by degrees of notableness, evinced in the affairs of the household. It is now reversed. In



these days of *useless* accomplishments, young ladies do not commend themselves by an enumeration of their labors. It is seldom indeed that we hear them describe the quantity of wool they have spun, the stockings they have knitted, their luck in making soap, and the excellence of their pickles; such things belong not now to female accomplishments. Nor should they, for the occasion for them has in a great degree passed away. But might they not have been succeeded by something equally useful? The time will come to every woman in our land when she will feel the need of household knowledge; and in what, we inquire, and we know thousands will echo it, in what is there a greater fascination than in a graceful and faithful performance of domestic duties? We know a little story to the point; one at least, which will illustrate the necessity and reward of domestic education.

Early in the spring of 183—, a disastrous year for American merchants, the house of Elliott and Ashton became bankrupt. It is not necessary to revert to the causes of their failure; when the whole world was failing few were so captious as to bring accusations of improvidence. It was a clear cold night when Aubray Ashton entered his elegant dwelling to bear the tidings of ruin to his family. He was a man of great moral courage, but there was something in the thought of the affliction he was carrying to the hearts of those he loved, that made his own heart quail and his lip tremble. A soft gay voice met his ear from the parlor, and before he had time to lift the latch the door flew open and his gentle wife glided into the arms that opened to embrace her.

'This has been a long day, Aubray,' she whispered, looking up into his face with a fond smile. 'You must have been *very* busy, or I know you would have been home *once* since morning. Our tea is waiting—will you have it now?'

He made no reply, but followed her silently to the table. She looked at him anxiously several times, and at last inquired if he were ill. 'A little tired, my love—nothing more. I *have* been very busy to-day. Are the children all well?'

'Yes, perfectly, and as playful as lambs. Mammy is with them in the nursery! I thought their noise might disturb you while at tea.'

Again she received no reply, and the remainder of the meal was eaten in silence.

They retired to the parlor and sat down side by side upon the sofa, 'I have something to show you,' said Mrs. Ashton, gazing into his eyes and

striving to win from him a smile. 'Thompson has sent those splendid diamonds that you so admired, for me to examine. I never saw any so beautiful. They will be just the thing for Mrs. Elliott's party. Will you look at them again?'

Ashton could bear no more—he sunk his head upon his hands and sighed deeply. 'You are ill, indeed you are very ill,' exclaimed his wife, drawing his head upon her bosom. 'What can I do for you? Has anything happened to distress you? It will break my heart to see you so *silently* sad.'

He lifted his head, and with a strong effort made himself calm. 'Catherine,' he exclaimed in a soft, energetic voice,—'Catherine we married for love. You were rich—so was I; but wealth has never hardened our hearts; we love still.'

'Oh, how truly,' responded his gentle companion.

'And shall time or circumstance ever change that love?'

'Never.'

'While it is left to us need we look to aught of earth for happiness?'

'Why such questions, Aubray? You know that in the wealth of your affections, every worldly loss would be unheeded. Have you not often said that while your wife and children were spared to you, you would never breathe a murmur, or heave a sigh? Do tell me then why you are thus sad?'

'Because, dearest, I must see you and our little ones struggling in the cold grasp of poverty, with no power to rescue you from its toils. You are the only riches that remain to me. All else has taken to itself wings and flown away. With all the rest of the world, we too, have failed.'

For many moments he dared not look at her, and when at length he summoned sufficient resolution, it was with a timid glance as though fearful of witnessing some appalling change in her beautiful countenance. It was as calm as an angel's. She was gazing upon him with a sweet, and even a happy smile; and when she met his anxious look, she drew near to his side, and twining her arm about his neck, pressed her lips to his and whispered, 'Now I can show you how truly you are loved!'

What to a creature so affectionate as she, could be half so sweet and precious as the fervent blessings that fell from her husband's lips? He pressed her to his heart again and again, bestowed upon her the most endearing epithets, and driving the shadows from his brow, declared he



would never ask for wealth while he could call an angel his. He then confided to her the whole magnitude of his loss—the almost utter destitution that would follow, and he was surprized to find that just in proportion as she was made acquainted with the extent of her privations, the strength of her cheerfulness seemed to increase.

‘How excellent is woman, when she gives  
To the fine pulses of her spirit way;  
Her virtues blossom daily, and pour out  
A fragrance upon all who in her path  
Have a blest fellowship.’

‘But dearest Catherine,’ responded the husband to one of her earnest declarations of content, ‘What do you know of toil or privation? From your cradle up you have been the child of luxury; and though the poetry of love in a cottage may have fallen very sweetly on your ear in prosperity, think you the reality will be quite as pleasing? How can these delicate fingers toil—these slender arms bear burdens from day to day? How can one so fitted to shine in the saloon, resign all the pleasant gaieties of life, and pass the brightest days of human life in penury and domestic servitude? Oh Catherine, it is too bad!’

‘Wait a few months, my husband, and then if I am proved so weak as to have neglected the noblest powers my Maker has bestowed on me,—to be incapable of domestic duties and ignorant of the cares that in every situation rest upon the faithful housekeeper, then Aubray, then you may lament the fate that has taught you the imbecility of one whom you chose for your companion not only in prosperity, but in sorrow and adversity—one who should sustain you in the rough paths of life, as you have her in the smooth and flowery ones. Try me a while, love, and if you do not find me equally cheerful and intelligent as a companion, and equally self-possessed in refined society as now, and far more useful in every day life, I will join with you in bewailing our misfortunes, and all the good effect that is produced by it shall be awarded to what the world has been pleased to admire, as my accomplishments.’

Aubray did try her, and found all her predictions of the future true. They were true because she made them so by energy, perseverance and heart effort. Her struggles were neither few nor slight—but when the heart directs, what hand ever failed to accomplish the work? With the little wreck of property that remained to him—some few hundred dollars—Mr. Ashton retired to the country, and took charge of an academy, with a moderate, but not penurious salary, equal to

his wants, and with some dollars left for the coffer. It was an employment to which he had been accustomed previous to entering the mercantile profession, and one too, that he had always loved. So far, therefore, as taste was concerned, he returned to it with pleasure. But he found no recompense so ample for his privations as the newly revealed excellencies of his wife. We will describe a scene or two.

The first morning after they were fairly established in their new home—it was in early June, Mr. Ashton was aroused by a slight tap at his study door, and without waiting for an answer, his wife entered with a bright sweet smile, and invited him to breakfast.

‘Why my love!’ he exclaimed, ‘tis but just six o’clock.’

‘Oh well, dear, that is not too early these delightful mornings.’

‘But who prepared the breakfast? Not you?’

‘And why not I, pray? The sun arose at five, and so did I. Lizzy, too, has been up and at work. Come and see if our breakfast is not nice.’

She led the way down stairs to a little room at the east side of the house, where the table was spread and the chairs arranged. The scene was very pleasant. The windows were low and formed with seats, and were shaded, the one partially with a budded eglantine, the other densely with the sweet scented honeysuckle; through these, which were open, the morning sunbeams entered, soft and bright, and lighted up the whole apartment with their smiles. There was a door leading into a little trellis portico toward the north, and through this the pure and fragrant air came in as though loving to breath on faces so lovely and bright as were there assembled. The table was arranged very neatly. The cloth of snowy white was marked by the straight *clean looking* folds—the pale blue dishes, edged with white, glistened with that *clean* polish that every true housewife knows how to give—the hard yellow butter, cut very smooth, was laid on a small clean plate—the bread, new and light, was cut in *thin* slices—the radishes were set in a clear glass, and wine glasses and spoons were placed for the eggs. In the centre of the table, stood a little china vase filled with primroses, whose language is, ‘Have confidence in me.’ What an affectionate request, and how delicately conveyed.

Mr. Ashton was not in the custom of ceremonious devotions, but when he stood at the head of that neatly spread table, and cast his eye around



upon the healthy smiling countenances of the little group—all his own, his heart was moved with gratitude, and impulsively lifting his hands he called down a blessing upon the scene with a fervency that brought holy tears to the eyes of his devoted wife, and made all the little hearts that were gathered at their sides, throb with sweet, though silent gratitude.

‘What nice coffee, you have,’ said Ashton, pouring it out, clear and creamy, into his saucer.’

‘I guess mother knows better how to boil and settle it than Sally did, don’t you mother? And you don’t make it so strong either—and when it is weakened with warm water it isn’t half so good as when you boil it just right at first. I learned how to make good coffee this morning—that is my first lesson in housekeeping, father,’ said the eldest child, bright eyed Lizzy, of twelve.

‘A useful lesson, my dear,’ replied the gratified parent.

‘But making the coffee isn’t all, Lizzy,’ exclaimed the son, Harry, ‘I do not think you would have had it so nice, if I had not gone to farmer Hale’s—its a half mile there, father, and got a pint of new sweet cream.’ He says we may have it every morning that I will drive his cows to pasture, and the pasture is right on my way home, so Rosy goes with me to bring the pitcher, and we have real fun, don’t we Rosy?—and mother says it will give us an appetite to drink it. Oh I do feel so stout!’ and the little fellow expanded his muscles, and drew himself up with the miniature dignity of a giant.

‘Your talking about muscles, Harry, makes me think of that interesting book you gave me to read, mother,—Dr. Combes’ work on Physiology. I scarcely breathe or stir now, without thinking of the way in which it is done—by the nervous impulse of the mind upon the muscles. And how singular it is about perspiration—that it carries off so much poison from the system every hour! I understand now, better than I ever did before, though mother has tried to explain it to me—why it is necessary that we bathe so often, and wear flannel when it is not cold weather.’

‘And what was it you were crying about, Lizzy, when you were reading about the bones and the skull, and all those *anti-pathetic* things, as aunt Susan says?’

‘I wasn’t crying, exactly, Harry, I believe—but I could not help being affected by the touching and delicate displays of God’s benevolence in the anatomy of the human frame. Dr. Combe

says that pain is the chief instrument in healing broken bones—and so much depends upon it, that when they remain in a state of nervous insensibility, the surgeon is obliged to inflame them by knocking the broken ends rudely together. How ungrateful then to complain of what is intended for such beneficent purposes! But I can’t describe half the wise contrivances that are made for our comfort and enjoyment.’

‘But mother,’ cried little Rosy, whose ideas had scarcely yet expanded sufficiently to take in the great subject of their discourse, ‘don’t let’s talk about those *hard* things, such as bones and pains and all them—tell us how you learnt to make bread and coffee, and do such strange work as you didn’t do when Sally was with us.’

‘Yes, that was just what I have been fifty times on the point of asking,’ exclaimed her husband; ‘sure enough, where and how did you learn such excellent housewifery?’

‘Ah! ah! you know not what Ariel has been at work instructing me these many years past—I will tell you how it has been done. Six or seven years ago, an intimate friend of my youth, who had been brought up in luxury and indolence, as I was—was reduced to the same circumstances that I now am. Her husband failed, and all the power of wealth to buy comfort was gone. She had no resources in herself, and she strove to acquire none. Her household matters were left untouched, and she did not even prepare decent food for her family. The children went hungry, dirty and wretched. Her husband reproached her—she wept, refused to be comforted, and at length died of a broken heart. Her children were sent to the orphan’s asylum, and her husband is a poor inebriate cumbering the streets. Could I read such a lesson with a careless heart? Not I, Aubray; you and the children were too dear to me. From that time till now, I have never neglected a daily lesson in the accomplishments of the kitchen. But I have never told you of it, thinking my knowledge could be best displayed by practice, if at any time rendered necessary. Am I not a thousand times repaid for all my trouble, in being thus able to minister to the comfort of those I love.’

‘O Catherine! even to your husband you have been but a half read book. We will all study you more—you shall be our text. “Thou lookest well to the ways of thy household, and eatest not the bread of idleness. Thy children rise up and call thee blessed; thy husband also, and he



praiseth thee. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

One other little conversation we will relate to illustrate her minute attentiveness to her husband's habits and partialities. He loved to have her with him even while at study, and one afternoon, as was her wont, when the children had all gone to play in the grove—(she never introduced the children to the library)—she took her needlework and sat down by his table, carefully and quietly as she always moved. In the centre of the table, but not in the way of his books or papers, she had placed a little glass of pinks and eglantine, his favorites among flowers, and within their shadow his never wearying flute, to beguile the pains of intense application. He noticed and alluded to them.

'How very differently I find my study arranged since you have had the care of it. The pleasant breath of flowers is around me in my toils—and music to steal from me my weariness; everything is in its proper place, and better than all, you never set my table "in order." I find everything as I leave it, except the dirt and litter; that is all removed. I have often wondered how you can make everything so clean and yet not get it out of place. This morning when I left my botany open at Gynandria, there were several flowers of that class lying torn in pieces on the pages, and under the book several stalks with perfect blossoms. When I returned this afternoon, the library had been swept and dusted, all the bits of leaves and stems carefully removed from the table, the wilted stalks revived in the flower-glass, and the botany still open at Gynandria, with all the dissected flowers lying, just as I left them half analyzed. Now had Judy been the sweeper, we had been to the flowers, and all my morning's study too.'

'That all comes of a little knowledge of botany. Poor Judy would see no possible use in a few faded and broken wild-flowers, and as for the open book, she would naturally believe it the result of carelessness. More like than any way she would have placed it on the shelf, and congratulated herself that you would approve her tidiness.'

'Yes, many and many a time have I left my books in a "fix" to which I had been working hours to bring them, and then being called hastily away, and forgetting to lock the door, on my return they would be all safely packed away on the shelves—romance and jurisprudence, poetry and physics together! It is never so now.'

'Taking all things together, then, Aubray, you are as happy, are you not, as when very much richer?'

'As happy? Believe me, I was never half so happy before in my life. Only one thing at all troubles me—the fear that you, in secret, may regret the loss of the ease and abundance of your earlier days.'

'Oh Aubray, why will you doubt that I am entirely happy? I would not change my condition if I could. I have enjoyed more deep rational happiness in the three months that we have lived here, as in as many years previous, though with you I have ever been most blest. It is not half the labor, (and oh how much more heart to help it on!) to perform my simple domestic duties here, that it was to dress for parties, and prepare for company at home, when we resided in the city. My health too is so much better, and the children are so happy and well! I shall teach my girls the necessity and practice of housewifery. Their domestic education shall be thorough, and it shall not be mere drudgery either. Something of mental wisdom shall be connected with all their tasks;—chemistry with mixing bread, and anatomy with the cooking of meat. When they sweep, they shall be taught to think of its useful effect upon their muscular system, and when they wash, they will recall what they have read of the benefits of cleanliness. How much better for their bodies, minds and hearts, than to have been confined to the city, and instructed only in the light accomplishments of vanity. Every day I live here, I am more and more delighted with the change. We do not, it is true, enjoy so much refined society, neither are we troubled by so many of its *floating straws*. Our children do not see so much of human nature, but more of physical; and I cannot say that I do not think the influence of the latter the most moral. I find they feel very sensibly the religious influence of the woods, and streams, and flowers, and I think that I can perceive that their minds grow vigorous and active. But I am not prospering your studies I fear. I will try and keep silent awhile, and *feel* my blessings.'

'O pray talk on, Caty, my love. No study is so sweet as that you are teaching; a cheerful and hearty obedience to duty—duty of all kinds, moral, mental and physical. I pray you go on.'

'Nay, my babies have come now; it is time to make our tea. When that is through, I will come again.'



'Tis happily contrived that man is made  
 With tastes and powers of every varying shade :  
 Hence every one the other's wants subserves,  
 And each her own peculiar praise deserves ;  
 As well the housewife 'neath the humble roof,  
 Plying the wheel, and laboring warp and woof,  
 As the gay charmer, mistress of the heart,  
 Who plays in higher life a brighter part ;  
 But she above all competition towers,  
 Who adds to other gifts high mental powers—  
 This is the friend, in all the scenes of life,  
 The kind companion, and the loving wife.'

### THE EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.

Original.

*An address to my Lay Brethren and Sisters :*

DEARLY BELOVED:—Conversing lately with some of my brethren of like precious faith in a distant society, I found that almost the whole of that society had been highly delighted by some recent discourses of their pastor on the destruction of Jerusalem. He had carried back his hearers in imagination, to the days in which that event happened and to the times of the Savior, and pictured to their mind's eye the state of society, and the prevailing sentiments of those times, so that they were almost able to imagine themselves living and conversing with the men of that age, and spectators of the events which occurred during our Savior's sojourn on earth, and during the times which followed until the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem. They had many passages of scripture explained to them as referring to the destruction of Jerusalem, which have been hitherto popularly considered as pertaining to the future world ; and for these and other reasons they seem to have been highly gratified with the discourses delivered by their preacher upon this subject. It is not often that I have observed among the members of any of our societies such wide spread, such general satisfaction. I found that none of our brethren to whom these discourses had been delivered were readers of that very excellent periodical, the Expositor and Universalist Review. I therefore said nothing to any of them regarding certain articles which have lately appeared in that periodical upon the subject of those highly interesting lectures which they had heard. But, in an interview with their worthy pastor upon whose table I found the Expositor lying, I discovered that the article by Br. Thayer on the reasons why the New Testament writers so frequently mention the destruction of Jerusalem, and the editor's late commentary on the 24th chapter of

Matthew, had proved highly interesting and instructive to himself, and had been the basis of those discourses which had given so much instruction and gratification to his congregations. He said in conversation upon the subject, that he had always derived a great deal of assistance in his labors as a preacher from this excellent periodical. Now that he has so often experienced aid from its pages he would not want it for double the sum that it costs him. He was sorry, he said, that it was so little patronized among his brethren in the ministry, for whose use, he thought, it was principally designed. He was sure, he said, that no ministering brother who sincerely endeavored to make his people intimately acquainted with the New Testament, and especially to interest them in perusing it for themselves, and devoting to it other hours than those of a Sunday alone, would find it as valuable as he had found it. I mentioned to him that I had lately noticed a statement in the Repository, which had very much surprised me—that of between four and five hundred preachers in our denomination only about one hundred and fifty were subscribers to the Expositor. At this he had been no less astonished than myself, and he thinks this lamentable fact must arise, partly from their not knowing the excellence of its contents, and the extent of valuable assistance it would render them in their preparations for the desk, and, partly, from the scantiness of the funds allowed them for their services, hardly sufficing for their decent and comfortable subsistence, and not allowing them to indulge their taste and desire for reading as they would if they were more liberally provided for.

Now, brethren and sisters, I am much inclined to think that the latter named cause is, perhaps, the chief reason why our clergy are so backward in patronising this work. Doubtless it would be a benefit to themselves ; and if they made a similar use of it to that which the preacher already referred to made, it would become by their instrumentality a benefit to us of the laity also, and to the whole denomination. In this respect, we look upon it as a work which will do much to enlighten and carry forward our denomination. It is to be lamented if any of our preachers who know its value are obliged by stern necessity, almost, to deny themselves the privilege of possessing it. It is a pity also if any of our preachers are ignorant of its value.

My lay friends, for the sake of our own gratification and instruction ; for the sake of our pas-



tor's improvement and usefulness ; for the sake of the spread of scriptural knowledge among our people ; and for the sake of the honor and respectability of our denomination, let every preacher be provided, by some of us, with a copy of the *Expositor*. So should it be, thinks

A LAY BROTHER.

### THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.

Original.

THEY come—they come ! the father with his son,  
The mother with her daughter, while the child  
Leans on her hand for aid. The rich and poor,  
The murmurer and contented ; those who are  
The honest and upright, and they whom none  
Can trust ; the strong and weak, the gay and grave,  
The careless and the prudent,—they who deem  
Life has no higher object than to drink  
The cup of pleasure and to waste their days  
In her wild rounds, and they who feel the truth  
That time is ever precious and demands  
Of man that he be active good. And some  
Have come to learn to wiser be, and lean  
More on the wisdom of the all-wise Mind,  
While others seek to note 'who comes to church,'  
And mark each stranger face—the air and dress,—  
The fashion latest out and most approved.  
And others come, with hearts oppressed, to seek  
The Comforter, and soothing balm to heal  
The wounds of sorrow and the pains of grief,  
While near them comes the cold and self-wise one,  
Who mocks at Jesus and denies his truth,  
And often talks of priestcraft, and its power  
To blind the reason and prevent the mind  
From throwing in the sea the book he scorns ;—  
And there he sits beside that aged saint,  
To whom that book is priceless, and whose truths  
Are now his only joy—his comforter.

O wondrous contrasts ! mine the task to feed  
The mind of each, and deal out truth for all !  
To wake the pulse of virtue, to confirm  
The doubting in the faith, to rouse and warn  
The sinner reckless of his God and good,—  
Give to the mourner hope, the sorrowing joy,  
And to the troubled heart speak peace. Would I  
Could touch in every breast the jarring string,  
And tune it in accordance with the voice  
That ever in the soul doth speak for God ;  
That all united the best feelings might  
Plead for religion's mastery, and yield  
The inner man to be baptized anon  
In the deep river of that heavenly grace,  
'Whose streams make glad the city of our God !'

Without thine aid, O God ! how weak am I !  
Be thou my helper !—still this fluttering heart !  
Let not in vain thy sacred book be oped,  
Its truths displayed, thyself revealed, thy Son,  
The way, the truth, and life, made known ; but seal  
Instruction to each heart, and thou be praised.  
A word—a thought—a look has sometimes woke  
Deep and enduring feelings in the heart,  
And turned the current of the thoughts fore'er  
From wandering with the bitter streams of sin:  
O glorify thyself, my God, and make  
The weakest of thy creatures thus to be

An instrument of good, that he may joy  
Over a lost restored, no more to roam.

Soon will earth's Sabbaths and their joys be past ;  
The hearts that now beat joyously be stilled ;  
And other tongues speak here thy truth, and swell  
Thy worthy praise, and breathe the fervent prayer.  
Then may our souls, led by thy Spirit on  
To worlds of light and glory, worship Thee  
In that temple that is not made with hands,  
Eternal in the heavens !

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### 'AM I NOT IN SPORT?'

Original.

FEW, perhaps, have considered as they should,  
the amount of mischief and actual misery produced  
by what the doers would call *sport*. That has  
been a word used more than almost any other to  
excuse the injurious effects of frivolous daring,  
rash exposure, and plots to frighten and alarm  
the timid and unwary ; and though every day  
brings the repeated lesson taught us by the fable  
of the boys and the frogs in our school days, yet  
the application is still too little felt ; and was I  
not in sport ? or I was only in sport ? is yet the  
excuse for acting like the madman who casteth  
fire brands, arrows and death.

But the reckless, heedless sporter, is not to be  
excused as the mad-man must be, for foolish rash-  
ness cannot merit the apologies which with pro-  
priety can be made in behalf of the insane. To  
see a fellow being bereft of reason, wildly exert-  
ing his strength in attempts to produce commo-  
tion and alarm around him, is a melancholy sight,  
we may well mourn over the wreck of prostrate  
powers—the death, as it were, of the affections,  
and the perversion of his best feelings, and pity  
—deep felt and strong—may rise up in our hearts  
towards him. But to see men with the full pos-  
session of their intellectual powers capable of  
reasoning, reflecting, and rationally deciding re-  
specting right—conscious of the sensibilities of  
our nature, the fine feelings of the human heart,  
the worth of affection and the sweets of society—  
to see such by their *love of sport* producing as  
evil effects as the maniac's wildness, is a mourn-  
ful spectacle indeed, and we must pity them, but  
our pity is blended with feelings of condemna-  
tion of their rashness.

'You are making too serious an affair of your  
subject !' perhaps some may wish to say to the  
writer. 'Nay !' he would answer ; and if thou,  
friend, wilt but think as he has thought, seriously  
and at length, on the theme, thou wilt find that



many proofs exist in thine own memory that sporting has sometimes proved serious business.

Here are a brother and his sister. Like twin roses they turn to each other in love, and could you look into their hearts, you would see there the most devoted affection. Life has been a day of mutual joy to them; together they have studied, together they have trod the paths to school; together they have spent the hours of play, and the joy that has visited one has given gladness to the other, and when the cloud of sorrow came over their path its shadows have rested alike on both. Ask that brother if he would harm that sister? and the tears would fill his eyes at the very thought of harming her, as he feels conscious he would rather suffer pain himself than cause her one throb of grief. Yet he loves to sport—he has a favorite gun, and as he goes forth to sport with the birds who find it death to them, he will often point the deadly instrument towards her. She is timid and easily affrighted, and starts back with horror; he laughs at her—exclaiming—'There's no danger—the gun is not loaded!' This soon becomes a habit; he returns from one of his excursions into the fields—his sister runs to meet him—and forgetful that he has left a charge in his gun, he *in sport* levels it at her—it is discharged—she falls dead! What misery is brought into his home—his heart—to linger in his memory, by one moment's sport. How frequent such and analogous cases! how little are they heeded.

Take another case from a class more common. A person leaves his place of business for home; as he approaches the house, he sees a coach at the door, immediately he meets a friend and asks him who went in from the coach? The friend, in sport, not knowing who was the passenger, tells him his wife was carried in wounded by an accident; and, alarmed extremely, the husband flies to the house—enters, and finds that a dear friend has unexpectedly arrived, and the story of his wife's being hurt false. But there is no sport nor falsity about the feelings occasioned by the rash trifling, and he is utterly unfitted to enjoy the visit of the unexpected friend because of the effects of the other's sport.

Other examples are common where man, aye, and woman too, has sported with that holy and delicate thing—a susceptible human heart. Often a tender maiden who has long felt the necessity of loving—who has revelled in day dreams of love and devotedness, and longed for nothing so much as for a kindred spirit to whom she might

yield herself without reservation and feel her affection returned in all its fulness. One attracts her attention and is attracted by her. He never knew what a holy thing the capacity of giving up our whole being to another is, and he never dreamed of yielding to one the concentration of his love. For sport he excites a tender passion in the breast of the unsuspecting maiden; he nourishes the flame; he feels flattered by her partialties, and ere the victim is aware of it, she has given to him her whole heart, and ventured upon him all her earthly hopes. But when she is promising herself the realization of her fondest dreams, she discovers there was no sincerity—no deep meaning in all that woke her heart to hope, and she is left a victim of sport!—Unhesitatingly—looking the assertion full in the face—we declare our sober judgment, that such a being, one who can thus torture and crush a sensitive, trusting heart, is morally worse than a highwayman. Yet how common are such cases! Men may jest and sport about romantic attachments, and smile at the idea of a broken heart—but their jests, nor sport, nor smiles, cannot alter reality—cannot resolve into imaginations the agony endured by deluded confidence.

'Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
In the wide world, without that only tie  
For which it loved to live, or feared to die;—  
Lore as the hung up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master chord was broken!'

There is in the law of love a clear revelation of condemnation against all sporting that is productive of human misery.

The scriptures contain many examples of the terrible effects of rash sport. Samson became the captive of the Philistines. Disrobed of his mighty strength, blind, and miserable, he was reduced to an abject state. His sad condition touched not their hearts; they were merry on a certain occasion, and ordered him to be brought forth to make sport. Forth came the sightless man, led by a lad; he who could once look the lion to trembling and conquer in the struggle, was now dependant on the guidance of a youth—and to mock him, to insult him, in the absence of his former prowess, a large multitude gathered. He leaned against the key pillars of the building. The house was extensive, open on all sides, and the victim in sight of the great throng, while on its flat roof, doubtless, a great number stationed themselves. While the shout of derision, the laugh of scorn, and the wild mirth of the merci-



less sport rent the air, the strength of Samson returned to him; he twined his arms around the pillars—bowed himself in his full and awful strength, and down came the structure with a crash, that with the screams of the involved multitude, must have echoed like deep thunder, and the cries of a deluged army. So much for making sport of a sightless, reduced mortal being! Terrible sport indeed.

Look also at Goliath. The youthful David came forth to the arena of contest, having cast aside the ponderous armor of Saul, and gathered from the brook five smooth stones for his sling. What a look of utter contempt does the Philistine cast upon the Israelite! His shield dropping on the shepherd would crush him, and shall he enter the lists with such an unarmed, presumptuous mortal, while he had challenged the bravest and most skillful of the army of Israel for forty days! 'Come to me,' is his bravado speech, 'and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.' But unmoved the youthful champion replied, 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come unto thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hands; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.' This was doubtless fine sport to the Philistine, and only excited his scorn. He deemed no skill needed to be brought into exercise to destroy so insignificant an antagonist, and ere he was aware of it, he was prostrate by the smooth stone from the shepherd's sling.

We have said enough. Our object will be attained, if any are led to exercise more caution in reference to sporting. 'It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom.'

H. B.

Haverhill, Mass.

THE earth, the grass, the flowers, the shrubs and trees—the stars, the moon, the sun and sky, radiate forth the majesty of nature!

## PRACTICAL UNIVERSALISM.

Original.

A LETTER TO REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

WE are not privileged to give the name of the respected and intelligent correspondent from whom the following letter was received, but we are fully persuaded that his heart is one that desires fervently the moral elevation and improvement of the order to which he is attached. The suggestion is, to our mind, one of great value, and that will be responded to by great numbers. Our venerable sire does not, however, need anything from one so young as ourself, to incline him to the work, if it approves itself to his judgment, and his health will permit the exertion. We wish there were more works of a practical character—speaking to the heart, and waking up to constant action the better feelings of our gifted nature. We are confident the want will, in some measure, be soon supplied.—H. B.

REVEREND AND RESPECTED SIR: That denomination of christians which, throughout a most widely extended territory, looks up to you with feelings of filial respect and affection as unto a venerable father, has the unwelcome prospect before it of your being removed, ere many years more, from your earthly labors. A few years more, and the well-strung and long vigorous silver cord must be loosed, the weight of years must be felt bowing you down; as a shock of grain fully ripe you must be removed from the field you have so long adorned, and as a diligent and faithful steward you must be transferred to mansions where the grateful sound will greet you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' From all appearances, the angel commissioned to remove you to a loftier sphere, will find you as busily employed in your Master's service, as in your younger and more vigorous years, dispensing from the pulpit and the press, the treasures of heavenly meditation. From what you have already left on record, and from what you are yet to bequeath to us your children, we will have a most valuable legacy, by means of which we can derive instruction from lips long silent, and be able to say of father Ballou—'Though dead he yet speaketh.'

In addition to all the past productions from the press which will go to compose the legacy of father Ballou, there are some among us who very much desire to see yet one more, before the 'golden bowl be broken.' You have lived long enough to see that faith which, in these latter days, you were one of the first to embrace and promulgate, most firmly established by controversy and proofs of holy writ. You have lived to see it most extensively embraced. You have lived to see many of its defenders prevail against



the GOLIATHS who opposed them. You have lived to see so many publications issued in its defence and support that, by every impartial inquirer after truth, it must be considered impregnable. The testimony is abundant, and the evidence without a flaw, by which this precious faith is confirmed as the truth of God, and the glad tidings of Jesus. If any waver it cannot be for want of evidence. If any wander in darkness, it is not because the true light doth not shine. Without the publication of another work in its defence, you could die without any fears of its failure. The bright hope must now be cheering your declining years, that the doctrine of Universal Salvation, despised and rejected of men in your youth, will, ere many generations, have become the universal faith. You have lived to see its battles fought, its victories won, its dominion established. And now, at this period of its progress, what is to be desired by the friends who are zealous in its behalf?

It is the belief of some, that the present would be a most fitting time for the appearance of a work on practical Universalism. It is thought that it would prove of benefit, to friends and to foes, to direct the public attention, at the present time, more to the lovely fruits of this faith, and less to its proofs and foundations. Let the conduct becoming those who have believed the joyful sound be pointed out, and the sources of their support and strength in the duties of life be laid before them; let the resources furnished by this faith for giving us the victory in all temptations, be brought out distinctly and powerfully before the world, and it is thought that many will thus be enabled to adorn as well as enjoy the doctrine of God their Savior in all things. From such an exhibition also, many philanthropists and lovers of virtue might be induced to embrace the faith, who will not listen to controversy, who will not be convinced by argument. It is fondly hoped that such a work would powerfully promote the interests of truth and of human well-being, both within and without the limits of our denomination. In these views, we very confidently presume, you must heartily concur. Doubtless, ere you leave your large family of children, you should highly delight in hearing that they are giving all diligence to adorn their doctrine, that they are employing the utmost earnestness to add to their faith—to furnish their belief with virtue, their virtue with knowledge, their knowledge with self command, their self command with patience, their

patience with piety, their piety with brotherly affection, their brotherly affection with universal love. These you would wish to be in them and abound.

Who is to furnish the denomination and the world with such a work? Who is it to address his brethren of like precious faith the words of encouragement and exhortation? Who is to show us how to use the bread of life so that it may refresh and invigorate our souls? Who is to point to us the way to that fulness of peace and rest which belongeth to those who believe? As the voice of a mighty multitude in all lands the answer cometh to our ear—from our venerable father, HOSEA BALLOU. Yes, my esteemed, beloved Sire, we look to you. Let such a work be the employment of some of your remaining years; let it be your last and dying bequest to the world. From whom could such a guide and companion to Christ-like conduct come with so good a grace? From whom, with so much authority and influence? From whom would the world receive it with so much welcome, or his children with so much affection? The answer again points to you.

Another voice reacheth us—a gentle beseeching voice from the sisterhood: we would transmit it to your ear. They love not rough controversy, their gentler spirits love not to wield the weapons of warfare. While much labor has been employed in putting into the hands of men the armor and weapons of truth, much less has been expended in recommending this truth to woman's heart, and in thus giving her a shield against inward doubts or outward attacks. Upon such a work, displaying the consoling, purifying, peace-speaking power of Universalism, woman would peculiarly fix her regards, as, in general, she is more swayed by the internal than the external evidences of christianity. To woman there is no array like the beauty of holiness. Guide her to this. Is there not a voice from on high now in your ear, 'Feed my lambs—comfort, cheer, guide, protect, and teach them how to draw waters of refreshment and support from the wells of my salvation.'

O! may some voice be heard which shall call you to such a work. That you should undertake such, and leave it as a dying bequest to the denomination and the world, we know to be the wish, the earnest desire, the fervent prayer, the respectful request, of

MANY UNIVERSALISTS.



## LETTERS TO AN EDITOR DOWN EAST,

FROM A READER 'FAR WEST.'  
Original.

RESPECTED SIR:—There are a great many things in the religious and literary world with which those who live in a city or in old settlements are so familiar, that they do not once dream of any one's not knowing them just as well as themselves. For this reason, I presume, it is, that we in the West frequently find ourselves exceedingly rusticated and behind our eastern brethren in the knowledge of events, when we have any intercourse with them. For the purpose of supplying you with *data* whereby you can judge of the extent of the opportunities and deficiencies of many of your readers in the western and rural districts, I propose to give you some thoughts upon such reading as comes under our review, and to make such inquiries as we think the generality of your readers would be gratified in having a reply to. It might be too much to expect you to notice all our deficiencies, and supply all our needed information, but from yourself and your eastern contributors, conjunctly, the West can confidently look for a supply of all the intelligence they lack or make inquiry after. As we think a notice of our case and inquiries may be interesting to your readers in rural retreats in the East, as well as to us of the remote West, we are the more urgent in entreating from you and your eastern contributors a column or two occasionally for the especial gratification of your rural and remote readers. For the sake of facilitating reference I shall number the paragraphs.

2. There are a great many readers, reading clubs, and social or society libraries, 'remote from cities,' with whom Miss Martineau's writings are in high repute. We have had an opportunity of reading her Prize Essays, and from these we have formed the idea that she is capable of deep and sound reflection, that her knowledge of human character and history is extensive, her acquaintance with scripture minute and accurate, and that she has the pen of a ready and forcible writer. We know that she is Unitarian in name, and Universalist in sentiment, as Unitarians in England generally are. We know, moreover, that she is deaf, and that, of course, she is removed by this defect from the distractions to which those who hear are subject, in their trains of thought, from the noisy world—the busy hum of men. More than this we know not much concerning her. We presume a brief sketch of her career thus

far would be very interesting to all your readers, and we would especially wish to be informed what benefit we might expect from an outlay of our time and money in procuring and perusing her latest production—*DEERBROOK*. We should be gratified to receive from any one who has perused it an outline of the story, or an account of the lessons it is calculated to enforce, of the talent and sentiment it displays, and of the main purpose it seems intended to effect—likewise any other information regarding it, and its cost at the East. In relation to cost of books we beg to make a remark for the benefit of city publishers and country purchasers—individuals and libraries are often prevented from ordering a book, because the price is not known, not given along with the advertisement. We know not the wherefore of this with American publishers, but we know that publishers in England always attach the price to all books published or advertised by them. Are any of the writers in this Repository familiar enough with the secrets of the 'trade' to advise us upon this point? We believe the English plan more beneficial to readers and purchasers if not to booksellers. We should, in addition to the above, be glad to know what works of this lady can be had in this country, and what of them are most worthy of a place in a private or society library? Which of all her works are most adapted to advance us in religious or other useful knowledge, to stimulate us to good resolutions and corresponding practice, and to aid us in the pursuit of that perfection for which our heavenly Father hath destined us, and which should be the object of all our aims and exertions in this probationary scene?

3. As Unitarian churches and preachers are rare out of New England, we are little acquainted with them save by their writings; and few have thus visited us beside the everywhere present Channing. In his discourses we have found universal salvation and unlimited paternal mercy as fully and freely proclaimed as by any Universalist. Such, but for some loose hints, we had supposed the general belief of Unitarians. We were surprised, therefore, to find in Br. Sawyer's notice of Dewey's Dedication Sermon, that Mr. Dewey was not explicit upon this subject—that he was not consistent rather, for in some passages he seems explicit enough as to man's final destiny—'dwelling in some loftier sphere'—and yet in other passages he seems to contradict his own expressions on this subject. Now many



would wish to know what is the general tenor of Unitarian preaching and writing upon this question, and in what consists the distinction between Unitarian and Universalist—if any. Is there a want of uniformity of belief among Unitarians on this question, or why does one proclaim heaven for all, and another hell for some?

Many societies have libraries in connection with them—an excellent plan. Now, after supplying themselves with strictly denominational works, are not the next most appropriate volumes for such libraries to be found in the productions of the Unitarian press? Oblige a few, perhaps many, such libraries, by naming a few such volumes that will be found excellent and appropriate.

4. What is the religious character of the Quarterly Reviews—of the North American, the New York, the Boston Quarterly, &c.? Or to what denomination do the editors or contributors of religious articles belong? Who edits the North American Review? What we mean is, so far as the influence of these 'heavy artillery of literature' extends, in favor of what views in religion is that influence exerted—liberal or limitarian?—What are the principal monthlies, bi-monthlies, and quarterlies, among the limitarians—what are generally esteemed their most learned or most weighty weapons of warfare? Where and by whom is the Biblical Repository published, from which we had an extract in the July No. of Expositor.

5. You take, we believe, a very considerable interest in Sabbath Schools, and are conversant, we may presume, with the chief works suitable for class or library books. For this reason we have thought that you could give many interested in these schools some useful information in relation to books of both kinds through the medium of your columns. We might suggest that a brief notice of the principal books of this kind might be useful even where the books were in circulation, and might prove very helpful as a guide to those who are entrusted with the selection and purchase of such. But what we wish particularly to know, at present is, what list of books for the library, would you be disposed to recommend to a society who are able to order only ten dollars' worth as their first purchase.

6. There has lately been published a school book for the use of children from eight to twelve years of age in the common schools of America, entitled the 'MORAL TEACHER,' and written by a clergyman. We think moral science a subject

on which all children should be called to exercise their powers, but the task must be accomplished with skill, if many of the topics included in this science can be made interesting or intelligible to youth of the age for which this book is designed. We would wish to know its adaptability to the uses of parents or other teachers, if accompanied with questions, if free from partialism, if written by Jacob Abbot, and the size and price of the book.

[Our correspondent's letter reminds us, how much easier it is to ask questions than to answer them, and how much more space answers must often occupy than queries. We will answer some of his questions, which may be deemed of general interest, in future numbers. We would remark in this connection, that sometime since we made the proposition to our associate, to give monthly a list, or account, of books which we thought would be useful to readers who had but little money to spare, and wish to spend it to the best advantage. Many would like to order books from a distance, if they knew what were of intrinsic worth. We will endeavor to help them—having learned many lessons from buying books that taught nothing, excepting how words may be spread in orderly array and wasted. n.]

### I KNOW GOD IS GOOD.

Original.

'I know God is good, said little Amy to her mother.

'How, my child?'

'By looking at the pretty birds and flowers. See! He has put honey in all these lily-cups for the bees and humming birds, and he has given them long bills to suck it with. Oh see him, mamma,—that pretty little creature with green shiny wings! How he does spin in the air—so swift I can scarcely see him. Don't you think God made him so pretty to please us?'

'Certainly, my child, for of what use can his beauty be to himself? The flowers, too, as your poet, sweet Mary Howitt says:

'Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore have they birth?  
To minister delight to man—  
To beautify the earth—  
To comfort man—to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith grows dim;  
For whoso careth for the flowers,  
Will care much more for him.'

'His care for the flowers then, is all care for us—because it is to 'comfort' us—as dear Mrs. Howitt writes, that he has made them beautiful. I wonder we ever treat these sweet little gifts so rudely. If God were not very good, he would be displeased with us. I know he is good, mamma, everything makes me think so.'



And a very natural inference it was too, which Amy drew from her observations of nature. Every thing *should* make us think that God is good. And the more deeply we pry into the mysteries of creation and the more minutely we scan the wonders of the physical world, the more eager is each individual to exclaim, 'I know God is good!' Nor is it in nature alone that we are supplied with evidences. His providence teems with them; and so firm is my faith in the perfection of his goodness, that no event in my whole life—and no event in the experience of my observation, be it the darkest and most agonizing that the history of human nature records, has ever awakened in my mind one doubt of the utter benevolence of the Deity.

Were every blessing in life to be torn from me—were I to traverse the earth a wanderer and an outcast, without home or friends—begging my bread from door to door, without a spot whereon to lay my head, still no doubt of God's parental love would for a moment obtrude itself into my mind, and I should *know* that this affliction was working out for me a far exceeding and eternal *weight of glory*! But would it be the same, were I a believer in the dark and miserable doctrine of eternal woe? Could I then exclaim from the depths of human misery, 'I know God is good?'

The only thing that can reconcile the sins, pains and sorrows of our present life, with the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator, is a clear and undoubting faith that all these ills are subservient to great, eternal, and universal good; and no person who disbelieves that Jesus Christ is the Savior of all men, can declare, with a distinct faith in his own words, 'I know God is good!'

S. C. E.

### **A NATIONAL NAME.**

Original.

AMONG a variety of excellent articles which 'our Irving' is furnishing for the Knickerbocker, is one upon 'National Nomenclature,' in which he urges with a great deal of feeling, and certainly with a good degree of propriety, the necessity of a NATIONAL NAME. 'We want it,' he says, 'poetically, and we want it politically.' With the practical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave it to our poets to tell how they manage to steer that collocation of words, 'The United States of North America,' down the swell-

ing tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic poesy. I am now speaking of the mere purposes of common life. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive, for we have now the United states of Central America; and heaven knows how many 'United States' may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spanish America.

Does he not reason well? We think so; and we know of no one more worthy than himself, to serve as god-father at the new christening. He suggests the title of Appalachia, or Alleghania, as appropriate and poetic—an appellation derived 'from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its back-bone, and ran through the "old confederacy," when it first declared our national independence.' To be known as an Alleghanian!—the name he prefers, and the name we prefer of the two, who would not be proud of the title from its very softness and poetry? How far more euphonious than Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman or Frenchman! It would seem that our very name must convert us into a people of chivalrous patriotism and wild, daring romance. Even apart from its appropriateness and distinctive significance, it is prettier to our taste, has a sweeter melody and a more graceful orthography than any title by which our country has been heretofore designated—as America, Columbia and Fredonia. The United States of Alleghania—God bless, protect and strengthen them!

Names, in general, are not matters of such slight importance as many imagine. We form many and strong prejudices from them. Do not the names, Washington Irving, and Diedrich Knickerbocker present very different images to the mind? Would you prefer an introduction to the humorous 'Boz,' as represented by Cruikshank, or to the quiet, intellectual, and refined Mr. Charles Dickens! 'What's in a name?' A whole character, perhaps. We have often imagined that the constant association of personal appellations with certain images or spiritualities which they present to the minds of the individuals to whom they belong, must exert a strong influence in the formation of their distinctive characters. We should judge it to be almost an impossibility for a damsel named Molly to raise her



ideas above a mop and scrubbing brush; and before we became acquainted with a fine young man bearing the title of Ichabod, we could conceive of it attached to no other shape than that of the hero of 'Sleepy Hollow.' But the world is reforming in this respect, and we rejoice at it, if it do not run into the opposite extreme of 'Angelinas, Seraphinas and Laura Matildas.' We are anxiously awaiting the day when we shall no longer be known as Yankees and *United States of Americans*, but to all the blessings and noble characteristics allied to these appellations, we shall add poetry and rationality with the title of *Alleghanians*.

S. C. E.

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### MRS. SHERWOOD.

Original.

PROBABLY most of our readers have noticed in our weekly religious journals the account of the conversion of this distinguished lady to the Universalist faith. In a work like ours, devoted to the promotion of female piety and literature in our denomination, a circumstance so important in the history of Universalism, and so conducive to the advancement of that literature, should not pass without a word of congratulation.

Conversions of the great and wise and good to our faith, are circumstances neither new nor rare; it is not, therefore, the accession of a great name to our lists that causes our delight and gratitude. We look upon Mrs. Sherwood as destined to become an instrument, in the hands of Providence, to work out great ends in the promulgation of truth. Already her influence seems to have been exerted to good effect. In her letter to Mr. Thom, a Universalist clergyman of Liverpool, Eng. she says, 'There is not one person in the house I live in, who does not hold this proscribed doctrine. A violent paper against me in the *Record*, about a year and a half since, caused it to be much agitated in Worcester,' (the place of her residence.) 'There was a general preaching against it; and the consequence is, that many persons, once most bitter against it, are now gradually taking it in, and it will prevail, I have no doubt, amongst the children of God, even on this earth.'

It will be apparent to every one, that the conviction of the truth of this 'proscribed doctrine' must have been very strong in Mrs. Sherwood's mind, to have induced an acknowledgment that will destroy all the well earned popularity of years; and the effect cannot be other than an awakened interest, among her opponents, in the peculiar tenets she has embraced. Universalism is not a doctrine to be studied with a cold heart, nor can its evidences be passed by without the insinuation of powerful light into the mind. Wherever Mrs. Sherwood has friends—and she

has many in England, as, also, in America, and wherever the pious teachings of her pen have reached—there will be excited a spirit of inquiry that will not rest until it has led its possessors into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

For this cause, more than all others, we congratulate ourselves upon the acquisition of a new and efficient laborer to the budding vineyards of our Zion. We congratulate her, too, upon her entrance into the riches of the true kingdom. She will find them not only righteousness, but joy and peace; and whatever may have been, heretofore, the extent of her usefulness, we are certain she will find, under the new dispensation, a far more capacious field for her labors. It is true, where formerly she met honor and applause, she will now receive contempt and injury, 'but,' she says, 'what is the loss of human praise, when compared with what others have endured for the cause of truth,'—ay, and we may add, what is it compared with that sweet approval of conscience which supplies its void? Far more precious to a pure heart like hers, will be the consciousness of serving the cause of her Redeemer, than the enthusiastic praises of the greatest and wisest of earth. Heaven bless her, and make her the instrument of salvation to unbelievers. S. C. E.

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### OBITUARY.

IN Charlestown, Mrs. HANNAH, wife of John Runey, Esq. 52. A long and painful illness was her lot to bear, and she bore it as we might expect one to bear sickness, and pain, in whose life there has been a daily beauty, and in whose heart dwelt, as in a favorite home, the spirit of Universalism. An exemplary patience was hers, and the soothing and strengthening influence of her resignation did much to render her afflicted family submissive, in christian submission, to what they long expected to come. They know what they have lost—and, thank God! they know what will console them under their loss, even the same comfort that consoled and cheered the wife and mother. She will be missed by a large circle of friends, to whom she was endeared by many amiable qualities and gentle offices of kindness. Her memory will be blest. Her death scene was a triumphant exhibition of the power of the gospel, and how its spirit can cast a smile of gladness on the features of expiring mortality. She longed to go, yet was willing to wait her father's time. Her last breath was used in requesting her children to sing some of her favorite hymns, and as the melodies were closed, she would respond—beautiful! beautiful! Br. Streeter was in the room—was engaged in prayer, when the soul was unchained and went home, as we trust, where sickness never comes.

'Who seeks the vanished bird

By the forsaken nest and broken shell?

Far thence she sings unheard,

But free and joyous in the woods to dwell.'



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future, the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some Agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**ANNUAL BY MAIL.** Several persons have made requests to have the annual—*The Rose of Sharon*—sent to them by mail. This cannot be, as it is a bound volume, and the expense would be great. It can be had—as also the new work by Br. O. A. Skinner—of P. Price, New York city; Grosh and Hutchinson, Utica, N. Y.; W. A. Drew, Augusta, Me.; and D. Forbes, Hallowell, Me. Persons can send to either of these places and persons and obtain either of these works, the same as they can be had of the publisher in Boston.

**SUBSCRIPTION PAPERS** for the Annual and Br. Skinner's work, are requested to be sent in by the friends who have obtained subscribers, immediately. These works will be ready for sale when this No. is received, and those who wish to obtain them, will have a good opportunity from many places, by the ministering brethren who pass through our city on their way to the convention in Portland. Any one will be willing to take the trouble to obtain the volumes needed by a brother or family. Let the opportunity be improved. The volumes will afford excellent reading and food for thought and meditation next winter, the season when books are most needed.

**UNIVERSALIST REGISTER AND ALMANAC;** and the **COMPANION**—two distinct works. Orders for these useful works are solicited by Abel Tompkins. The price of each is \$2.50 per hundred; 50 cents per dozen; 6 cts. single.

**SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTOR.** In the No. for Aug. 15, we find the following: *Ladies Repository*. We are sorry that the ladies so much resemble the gentlemen in their editorial notices of infant, or unfledged publications. The Contributor, poor thing, is acknowledged to have a good sound body, but because the feathers of its wings were not full grown on its very first appearance, the Ladies' Repository must tell everybody of it. And not being satisfied with that, it must echo the note which the Trumpet sounded about that unfortunate cut; well, madam, we wont task you to look back to your infancy, for we suppose ladies as well as gentlemen might be half inclined to act the part of that beautiful bird with plumage so gay, that when gazed upon by admiring visitors it glories, unless they glance an eye at its homely feet; then it very modestly covers them with its feathers.—It is one thing to criticise a work, or notice one, to suit an author or publisher, and quite another thing to do it for the public benefit. Our rule is the latter, although as our organ of love of approbation is large, we may often

be inclined to the other. Br. Harris of the Contributor, can understand this. We only notice his remark to correct an impression that might be made by his equivocal language—our associate did not pen the notice; it should be credited to N. We are not ashamed of the infancy of our work—wish no feathers to cover it—it was then under the editorial care of Br. Streeter of Boston, and a better book does not exist in the order for instruction.

**ESSEX CONFERENCE AND METHUEN SCHOOL.** We have seen in several papers a statement made, that the following resolutions were passed *unanimously* at the late meeting of the E. Conference.

*Resolved,* That this Conference rejoices to learn that the brethren in Gloucester have determined to establish a Library (Liberal?) School of a high character, for the instruction of youth, and are securing a valuable library for their benefit. We hail it as an evidence of the great intelligence and worth of our friends in that place.

*Resolved,* That in the opinion of this Conference, the Methuen Liberal Institute should be removed to Gloucester, at the close of the next, 2d, term.

These resolutions were not presented. The facts in the case are the following—and we mention them because the resolutions would seem to praise the Gloucester friends at the expense of the Methuen brethren, which was an action far from the minds of any. Late in the session—while tea was waiting, and the hour for the evening meeting nearly arrived, the subject of a resolution like the 1st, was introduced. But after a long, and by no means concurring discussion, Br. E. N. Harris was appointed a committee to frame a resolution approving the design of the Gloucester friends, and that under existing circumstances it was advisable to remove the Liberal Institute to Gloucester, promising the whole with a clear and full statement of the whys and wherefores, with delicate regard to the Methuen friends,—for all acknowledged they had done well. Why such an equivocal return is made to the public, we know not, but we do know that many have been wrongly impressed in reference to the matter. For one—the writer was strenuous in advocating the need of both schools—at Methuen and Gloucester. They should be both sustained. We are exceedingly rejoiced to learn that the one at Gloucester will be a permanent one. It is an excellent location.

**NEW PAPER IN VERMONT.** We received, just as our last was going to press, the third No. of a new weekly paper in Vermont, or rather an old one and several new ones merged into one, entitled the *'Green Mountain Evangelist and Universalist Watchman,'* a noble name certainly. It makes a good appearance, is filled with good matter, and no doubt will be highly useful to the cause of truth. The patrons have much to persuade them they shall be richly entertained, and persons wanting a good paper, have much to induce them to subscribe, in the fact that no less than eight editors and corresponding editors, are attached to the Evangelist and Watchman. We wish them all success. Published at Montpelier, Vt., large folio sheet, fair type, \$1.50 in advance. N. Packard, proprietor.

**COMPANION TO UNIVERSALIST REGISTER.** This is a pamphlet of 36 pages of doctrinal matter, sent out as a companion to the annual Register, and is one of considerable value. It contains very able articles from the editor, A. B. Grosh, and from J. M. Austin, W. S. Balch, and others, and is deserving of attention; and as it is very cheap, will be a very good work for distribution, to enlighten the mentally benighted.

**'HEALTH TRACTS.'** Such is the name given to a se-



ries of pamphlets published in a very neat manner by Mr. Geo. Light, of this city, from the pen of Dr. Alcott. We have read two—'Thoughts on Bathing,' and 'Dosing and Drugging,' and pronounce them worth the price of the whole. There are in the first many practical hints of great value—they have been of value to us—and we doubt not but that many would be profited by a perusal. 'Dosing and Drugging' we like much in general, but not in all its parts, believing not to the full extent in Alcott's physical philosophy; but we feel assured that many who are evermore dosing and drugging themselves, would find it to their advantage to save the expense of one dose and buy this tract, and read it; not being frightened at the name of its author as some are.—The others received of the series are—'Right use of Fruits,'—'How to prevent Consumption,' and 'City and Country.'

**REVIEW OF THE SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE** by elder Ferdinand Ellis, of the 1st Baptist church, Livermore, by Geo. W. Quimby, pastor of the Universalist societies in Livermore and Winthrop, Me. We have received from the author a large pamphlet of 40 pages with the above title, for which he has our acknowledgments. Our time since its receipt has been so engaged by numerous duties that we have not been able to read it; but by a cursory perusal, we judge it a well written and judicious reply to a discourse against Universalism. Popular pamphlets should be as condensed as possible; but as there are very diversified circumstances in different places it is impossible for one not acquainted with local affairs to judge how much was required to be said. This publication speaks well for Br. Quimby's candor and patience, as for his critical and argumentative talents.

**THE ANNUAL—'ROSE OF SHARON.'** We hardly dare to say what we think of this work, lest we be regarded as enthusiastic to an unpardonable degree, or exaggerating because of our partiality for the editor; but we have endeavored to judge of the book separate from all connected with it, and do say—must say—that of all the Annuals we ever examined—and we have examined many—this is intrinsically the superior. It contains a greater variety than any other; is entirely devoid of those jarring notes that strike harshly on the ears of the unbeliever in unlimited grace, and is entirely of good tendency upon the mind and heart, being in charity with all who do not go with us in religious sentiments. We say all this, separating our own contributions from the rest. The work is 'got up' in a style of typography that is among the best specimens we ever saw; embellished with 3 fine plates and a vignette title; gold edged leaves, and highly ornamented covers—pages 352, all original matter. Price \$2, extremely low.—We are proud of the work, and feel constrained to tender the editor and publisher our hearty thanks for the undertaking and the manner of its accomplishment. We cannot doubt its full success. Supported it must be, or a shame will come upon the order of Universalists we hope never to see. Miss S. C. Edgerton, editor; A. Tompkins, publisher.

H. R. N. by careful reading will see that in the 11th verse of Matt. iv. we were speaking of another affair, that in the 2d verse. One was before the temptation, the other after. If the Savior was miraculously sustained before the temptation, why was he tempted to turn stone into bread? After the temptation when exhausted by the intensity of thought and mental trial, we are expressly told—'Angels came and ministered unto him,' and this *was* miraculous refreshment. The latter had reference to the immediate time and that only. Our Br. must have read in haste.

**THE KINGDOM SHUT.** Such is the title of a pamphlet of 33 pages, containing 2 sermons by T. D. Cook, and A. B. Grosh, both on Matt. 23. 13. They are both founded

on the all acknowledged power and influence of example, and are intended to set forth the ways in which men shut up the kingdom of heaven against men. To be had at this office.

**BUSINESS ITEMS.** A. P. G. of Corners, Vt. is informed that we cannot send the Rose of Sharon by mail. He will please send for it to this office. Of the \$5 sent 3 was cr. on account of the Repository, and \$2 on payment for the Rose of Sharon.

**MONEY.** There is no mistake about the absolute want of the subscriptions of our delinquents. The receipts are depended upon to meet the expenses of publication, and while so many hold back our dues, it is really hard times with us. Be merciful, ye who owe us. Send immediately the amount of your debt. Do not put this from your sight till you have portioned out to us the due—else you will forget it. There are a good many on our books whom we want to remember as honest and faithful subscribers, but we have fears, that we shall have to remember them as something very different. We do not like to indulge these fears, because they are so far from being honorable to the persons concerned. **PAY UP,** and we can work with much lighter hearts and you will feel better. Persons coming to the convention by way of Boston will bear us these payments. We expect much this way.

**OUR FRIEND BERGIN** can send for the Annuals he wishes to P. Price, 130 Fulton St. New York. All well.

**BR. GROSH.** In the Magazine and Advocate of Aug. 16 you make some complaints relative to the non-reception of the Repository.

In reply, I would state that the No. which contained the names alluded to, was never received at this office. I have credited three names and charged you. Am I correct? A. T.

H. Flower, Athens, Pa. will please send to the Union office for the two copies of the Rose of Sharon.

**THREE MONTHS** are now past. Pay up! pay up! delinquents.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.** We have several articles on hand—crowded out this month—from Br. Landers, Greenwood and others.

## Monthly Record.

**UNITED STATES CONVENTION.** An error occurred in our last record concerning the meeting of this body—the days are the 18th and 19th of Sept. It is expected that a very large gathering of ministering brethren will be present, and we trust that a love of truth, a desire for christian progress, and a fixed purpose and aim to preserve gospel fellowship, will be owned and felt by all. Such are holy seasons to influence the heart to plead for a deeper sanctification of the energies of the whole being to the cause of truth and holiness. May the September convocation be so blessed to many. The Convention meets in Portland, Me.

**BEACON.** A Mrs. Moody, of Lexington, through the influence of religious despair put an end to her earthly existence the latter part of July. She was aged about 70; had been, it is stated, of exemplary deportment and was beloved by all. She was a member of the Methodist church for many years, but that fellowship was not enough to prevail above the influence of fear of what might be her case according to her belief.

**GREEN MOUNTAIN ASSOCIATION** met at East Clarendon, Vt. on the 12th and 13th of July. Occasional sermon by W. S. Ballou. A resolution, earnestly advising the establishment of churches in connection with societies wher-



ever practicable, was passed. Several new societies were received into fellowship.

**MICHIGAN.** By the 'Trumpet' we learn very favorable accounts of the state of Universalism in Michigan. An association was held in Columbia, Jackson Cy. early in June, at which 7 preachers were present. Letters for fellowship were received from the society in Tecumseh, and from churches in Hanover, Commerce and Columbia. One brother, A. H. Curtis was prevented from attending by a broken limb, occasioned by the overturning of a stage coach while on his way.

**A SMILE CAUSER.** A Methodist clergyman by the name of Hoyt, in Gainesville, N. Y. opens a letter to Br. W. E. Manly with—'My very dear Sir,' and closes it with, 'Yours with no concern.' Very consistent.

**CASTINE, ME.** Br. Folsom of the 'Gospel Witness' thus writes of this place.—'For many years there has been a Unitarian society in this place, but it has recently resolved to employ a Universalist minister, and I was highly gratified to learn that the services of our worthy Br. T. P. Abell, who has preached there two Sabbaths within a few weeks were such, as to secure for him an invitation from that people to settle with them. It will be a very excellent location, and I am glad that our friends there have been so fortunate as to obtain the labors of Br. A. He is well qualified to feed them with knowledge and understanding, and under his care they must flourish and prosper. Some of the members of this society are among the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of the place, and they are as liberal as they are wealthy. One firm consisting of two merchants has paid for many years \$75 each for the support of Unitarianism. Since the revolution of the society they have voluntarily doubled their subscription. It takes but a few such men to make a society, either as far as pecuniary support or moral example is concerned. To many others of property I would say 'go and do likewise'—according to what you possess, be your charity. Br. Abell is to commence his duties immediately in that place. May God bless and prosper both him and his society. They have a fine meeting-house in Castine. There is one Orthodox church only in the place.'

**MINISTERIAL CONVERT.** Br. W. Wilcox, of Cheshire Mass. in a letter to Br. Grosh states that Rev. Lorenzo Chase, a Baptist clergyman, of Stephentown, N. Y. has embraced the doctrine of universal salvation, and commenced preaching it. He is represented as a man of good talents, and unblemished christian character.

**NEW MEETING HOUSES.** A meeting-house mostly owned by Universalists, is being built in E. Randolph, Vt. It is in the centre of the village, and will be a neat and commodious edifice. A Union house is also being built in South Woodstock, Vt.

**A NEW SOCIETY** has been formed of members from Columbia and Cherryfield, Me. Br. Blacker, pastor.

**DEDICATION.** A beautiful church in Danby, Four Corners, Vt. was dedicated July 25th. Sermon by Br. L. C. Brown, of Troy, N. Y. A Union church was dedicated in Roxbury, Vt. July 3d. A church was dedicated in Wayne Cy. Pa. on July 21st. Sermon by Br. Bullard.

**REMOVALS.** Br. J. Grammer has removed from Andover, Mass. Br. Jerome Harris from Berlin, Vt. to Danville, Vt. Br. M. H. Sanford from Bath, N. H. to Hartland, Vt. Br. T. P. Abell, from Boston to Castine, Me. Br. W. M. Fernald to Newburyport, Mass. Br. Waldo Lyon to Stafford, Con. Br. B. H. Davis from Cumberland, R. I. to Wrentham Centre, Mass. Br. W. Bullard has removed from Cortlandville to McLean village, Tompkins co., N. Y. Br. J. Britton from Dummerston, Vt. to Cherryfield, N. H.

**DUNKERS.** Br. Gurley, of the Star in the West, has

been publishing in his very excellent paper, a series of letters descriptive of incidents in a journey, and did our limits permit we should be happy to make many extracts. But as our readers, doubtless, as well as we, often hear of a sect at the West called *Dunkers*—a peaceful and temperate people, we think the following extract from one of Br. G's letters will be interesting;—'On the day following the one I spent in Quincy, I attended an appointment about fifteen miles distant, and delivered a discourse to a very large congregation of Dunkards. I was much pleased with the visit, and with the people. Here I became acquainted with Father Wolf, a preacher of the above order, but of our faith in all things relating to the doctrine of the bible. He is a remarkable man for his powers of reasoning, and is esteemed by those best acquainted with him, as possessing natural powers of mind equal to any in the state. He has preached Universalism more than twenty-five years, and has been the means of converting hundreds, and perhaps thousands. His success in the southern part of the state has been great, and his talents and character command the highest esteem and respect wherever he is known. He preaches to a regular society where he resides steadily; and his congregations are uniformly large. Great anxiety was manifested by him and his society to hear an eastern preacher; for although old in the faith, they had never listened to one connected with our denomination. They desired to hear for themselves that they might know of a certainty whether we agreed with them in sentiment. I delivered therefore a doctrinal sermon to which was given the most fixed attention; and as I proceeded I was wonderfully pleased at the appearance of the assembly. Not a word was lost, and each one seemed to say—There! that is just what we believe—that is our doctrine. How singular! he preaches precisely like our preachers, and uses the same arguments. And at the close of the services all seemed satisfied with the sentiments put forth; and Father Wolf assured me that what I had advanced was in perfect harmony with his own belief, and that of his denomination.'

**LOWELL AND NASHUA.** We learn that Br. A. C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the second Universalist society in Lowell, and that Br. L. C. Brown, of Troy, N. Y. has done the same in respect to the society in Nashua, N. H.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Aug. 26, 1839.*

A. M. S., Bristol, \$2; J. S. M., Abbott, \$4; M. L., Hancock, \$2; B. W., Bangor, \$2; M. R., Prompton, \$2; S. R. S., Albany, \$9; L. H. T., Calais, \$4; N. T., Reading, \$2; W. H. F., Claremont, \$2; W. S., Ladlow, \$2; C. S., Claremont, \$2; A. D., N. Bennington, \$10; C. W. M. Royalston, (we take no subscribers for less than one volume) \$5; B. F., Bridgeport, \$2; Post Master, N., Fryeburg, \$4; H. C., Exeter, \$2; A. K., Pavilion, \$10; J. P., Beverly, \$2; D. P. F., Bradford, \$2; M. S., Attleborough, \$2; H. S., Troy, (pays up to June 1840, \$5; A. S., Troy, pays up to June 1840,) \$5; A. P., Winchester, \$2; S. G., Alexander, \$8; Post Master, Troy, \$4; W. B., Ravena, \$4; P. O., Amesbury, \$4; F. W. B. Thomaston, \$10; C. F., Westerly, (the book will be sent with the September No. of Repository,) \$2; E. M. D., Wolf Creek, \$2; P. P. F., Parkman, \$10; I. H., Claremont, \$2; M. F., Claremont, \$2; W. A., Wolcott, \$10; H. P. Cazenovia, \$2; A. C., Sullivan, \$2; E. W., Meads Creek, (the \$5 sent was cr. to G. M. A., and M. C.—of W. Catlin, \$2 each—and \$1 to L. G., M. Creek, next time say who you wish credited when you remit) \$5; Post Master, Springwater, \$2; A. P. G., Corners, \$5; P. M., Hartsville, \$6; T. C. E., Middlebury, (his account is all right—and he has remitted the different sums alluded to in his letter,) \$4; W. W., Cheshire, \$3; W. C., Warren, \$2; Post Master, Eaton, \$6; W. E., Claremont, \$2; C. W. M., Royalston, \$5; J. P. Franklin, \$4.



# LAUGH, LADY, LAUGH.

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Laugh! La-dy, laugh! There's no a-vail in weeping; Grief was never made To

be in beauty's keeping; Tears are of a stream Where pleasure lies de-caying;

*ad lib. a tempo.*  
Smiles like rays of light O'er ma-ny waters playing: Laugh! La-dy, Laugh! There's

no a-vail in weeping; Grief was never made To be in beauty's keeping;

2  
Sing! Lady, sing!  
There is a charm in singing,  
When melody its spell  
Upon the air is flinging;  
Sweet sounds have often won  
More than the fairest faces,  
And harps have been  
The plaything of the graces:  
Sing! Lady, sing! &c.

3  
Love! Lady, love!  
There's always joy in loving,  
But sigh not when you find  
That man is fond of roving;  
For when the summer bee  
Takes wing through beauty's bower,  
He knows not which to choose  
Among the many flowers:  
Love! Lady, love! &c.



# THE Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

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No. 5.

## FRIENDSHIP.

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG LADY.

Original.

BY J. M. AUSTIN.

..... 'Is aught so fair  
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
The summer's noon-tide groves, the purple eve,  
At harvest home, or in the frosty moon,  
Glittering on some smooth sea—is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship?'

TRUE friendship may be compared to a sweet and beautiful flower. In heaven, its native clime, it blooms in perennial splendor, and sheds its ambrosial fragrance upon those gentle zephyrs which fan the celestial groves of paradise.

'Angels from friendship gather half their joys.'

On earth friendship grows upon the pure and rich soil of virtue alone, and can be warmed into life only by the bright rays of the sun of holy and reciprocal love. It is as fair in its appearance as it is joyous in its influences. Nought is so pleasant to the eye as to behold those acts of kindness which betoken the presence of the spirit of genuine friendship—nought so grateful to the soul as to realize that we are esteemed by the virtuous and wise; by those whose approbation we covet, whose good will we prize. Remove friendship from the earth, and this world would speedily become a moral wilderness, a black, barren waste, desolated by envy and malice, and trodden under foot by every hateful and evil passion. But allow the celestial visitant to dwell among men, and in its presence earth becomes a terrestrial paradise. All around will bud and blossom the plants of kindness, benevolence, charity, mercy, and the sister band of heavenly fruits—while the sensible, the good among mankind will seek them and pluck and partake, and find peace and gladness in their hearts.

'From friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed,  
The wise extract earth's most hyblean bliss,  
Superior wisdom, crowned with smiling joy.

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Valuable as friendship is—to be sought after and prized as it is—still it is as delicate and fragile as the tenderest flower born beneath the kindling rays of morning. Envy, like the frosts of winter, will wither its leaves and scatter them upon the passing wind—Neglect, will fall upon it as the blasting mildews of midnight, and cause its fragrance to cease and its dazzling hues to fade and vanish away—Jealousy, like a wild fire driven by the furious gale, will burn it up both root and branch. Hence friendship should be guarded and protected with the utmost care and watchfulness. No thirst for gain—no promptings of ambition—no secret whisperings of pride—no love of show or display—no tyrannic law of heartless fashion—should be allowed to cast its malign influence upon it, or to endanger for one moment, its existence or its presence. For without friends, all else the world can afford is poor, vapid and empty.

'Poor is the friendless master of a world:  
A world in purchase for a friend, is gain.'

That you, my young friend, should desire to surround yourself with those who shall be interested in your welfare, and to interchange with them the reciprocal enjoyments and tokens of friendship, I can well suppose. This is an inclination peculiarly fresh and vigorous in the hearts of the youthful and virtuous—it is natural, it is commendable. Under its promptings friendships are frequently formed in the morning of existence, which continue through a long and changeful life. And fortunate are they whose connections, thus formed and thus continued, are of a virtuous and laudable character.

—As the enjoyment and prosperity of the young, depend in no small degree, upon the friends with whom they associate, I crave your forbearance in penning a few suggestions upon this subject. In endeavoring to obtain the commendation and friendship of others, which is a laudable desire,



allow me to caution you against placing too much dependance upon outward appearances, or vain and useless accomplishments. The young lady who rests solely on these adventitious circumstances to win admiration, places her reliance upon a slender reed. They whose friendship can be secured by the display of personal charms alone, are not worth possessing. Their regard will be as empty and valueless as the means by which it was secured; and it will continue in existence no longer than the fleeting beauties which first attracted it. When those charms are wasted by time's slow, yet certain steps, or become effaced by the pallid wand of sickness, the boasted friends which they have gathered round will turn away with freezing neglect, as from a flower whose leaves have fallen scentless to the ground! To obtain true and sincere friendship, place your reliance upon the native goodness of your heart—upon a sweet and gentle disposition—upon a spirit filled with kindness, benevolence and universal philanthropy—upon a well cultivated understanding, and an intelligent mind stored with useful information. In the expressive language of the poet:—

‘Let minds less blessed employ their meaner arts  
To reign proud tyrants o’er unnumbered hearts;  
May M—learn (for nobler triumphs born,)  
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.  
To form the bosom to each generous deed,  
To plant the mind with every useful seed,  
Be these thy arts; nor spare the grateful toil,  
Where nature’s hand has blessed the happy soil.’

Friendship formed upon this basis will not be as evanescent as the morning cloud, but will endure through life. Yea, it will become immortal, surviving the assaults of death itself, and in the brighter and happier life to come will send its divine light into the soul, and shed abroad its blissful influences while being shall continue.

While you would not endeavor to secure friendship by outward and fleeting charms, permit me to caution you not to allow your own admiration to be won by a like display in others. In selecting your friends, strive to look through the outward covering of personal appearance, and scrutinize the mind and the heart. Form friendships with none but those who commend themselves to your notice by their virtues, their good sense, and the graces of their disposition and soul, rather than by the graces of their person. Friendship is a *golden chain*, when it links together congenial and virtuous souls—but when it unites unworthy objects, it becomes an *iron fetter*, which corrodes while it binds its victims in degrading

and wretched companionship. ‘Except in extraordinary cases,’ says a certain writer, ‘friendship is never worth more than par. Yet some people put so high a value upon theirs, that you must love all they love, hate all they hate, enter into all their feelings and prejudices, and sell yourself and all to them. This is asking too much.’ It is indeed asking too much! Never enter into a friendship of this nature. Those who would require it, have no equivalent wherewith to repay you—their regard is not worth seeking for. Let your friendships and intimacies be only with those who are above such weakness and selfishness, and who possess true dignity of spirit, true generosity of heart, and true purity of soul!

May you be so fortunate as to secure many such friends, and enjoy the pleasure of their society for a long series of years. May this beautiful album become a record of their regard. And may the expressions of their esteem which impress these pages, be in spirit, like gems of the mine, which sparkle as brightly, and emit their lustrous light as vividly, when years have passed away, as when first shaped by the lapidary’s skillful hand. Let no erroneous sentiment, no improper expression, no thought opposed to truth, virtue, honor or goodness, sully these leaves. But may they remain sacred to friendship’s offerings—a repository of those tokens which shall remind its fair owner of the regard of those who have the happiness to call her friend.

### WOODLAND DREAMS.

Original.

I.

How I do love these woodlands! Here I sit,  
Breathing the dreamy air till all seems pure  
And full of God’s own spirit. I forget  
I am a mortal, fated to endure  
Upon my soul the heavy yoke of sin.  
Angels come down in visions to my mind,  
And softly link their arms mine own within;  
And the low breathing of the scented wind  
Bears me the gentle whisperings of their love.  
Sweet spirits! wherefore are ye sent to me?  
Are ye, indeed, commissioned from above  
To bless, and sanctify, and make me free?  
Or are ye but ideal—born of thought—  
Uprising in a spirit too much given  
To long, lone dreams of purity and heaven?  
Oh why are ever thus the woodlands fraught  
With haunting images of spirits loved,  
To whom, long since, I wrung out sad farewells?  
I had not dreamed my heart could be thus moved,  
By wild-wrought phantasies and dreamy spells!

II.

The scene is changed. My native wood recedes,  
And palms spring up along a fertile bank;



Dates twine their branches, and tall, slender reeds  
 Stand, where, in elder time, the Hebrews drank,  
 When, stealing from their heavy tasks awhile,  
 They quaffed the sweet, rich waters of the Nile.  
 On a soft mound, with flowers around him spread,  
 An infant sleeps, with mosses for his bed;  
 His virgin-mother sitteth by his side,  
 Watching her treasure with a mother's pride;  
 And something more seems mingled with the light  
 That beams from her dark eye; her spiritual sight  
 Sees on his pure, sweet brow a holy zeal,  
 Waiting its solemn covenant to reveal,  
 When the mysterious spirit shall come down,  
 And place upon his head a SAVIOR'S crown!  
 A smile soft dimples o'er his downy cheek—  
 What wouldst thou whisper, infant, couldst thou speak?  
 Another smile—it wakes him from his rest—  
 He springs delighted to his mother's breast—  
 Twines her soft tresses round his little hands,  
 And hears, in sweetness, all her soft commands.  
 Leaps to the flowers and plucks them from the moss,  
 With hands now forming to embrace the cross;  
 And crushes now, in play, the thornless bud,  
 With feet ordained to stain that cross with blood.  
 Mid thornless flowers, Oh holy Son of God!  
 In infant years alone thy pure feet trod. S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

### THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

Original.

'A leaf

Fresh flung upon a river, that will dance  
 Upon the wave that stealeth out its life,  
 Then sink of its own heaviness.'

THE weather had been uncommonly warm in the crowded and uncomfortable city. The sun through all the day had been pouring his scorching rays upon the brick walls and slated roofs of the houses, the air was hot and stifled, the sky was of a color almost like brass, and the sun looked red and angry.

A young girl stood upon the door-step of a large brick house, holding her bonnet in her hand, and seemed undecided whither to direct her steps. At length she started and passed quickly down the street, and soon lost sight of the house; she walked through two or three streets, when her steps grew timorous, and she started at every sound as she neared the more unfrequented part of the city; then turning down a narrow alley, she stood before a low wooden building; she gave a low knock, which was answered by a voice within, bidding her enter. She entered slowly, and stood in the low, meanly furnished apartment. The sole occupant of the room was an old woman, Mother Brown, as she was generally called—a well known fortune teller. She was seated in the farther part of the room, her head resting in the palms of her hands, and her gray eyes wandering

round the room till they were at length fixed with a steady gaze upon the girl before her. She evidently knew the purpose of her visit, for she called her to her side, and began the examination necessary to unfold the hidden mysteries of fate. She muttered a few words to herself, and then silently resumed her former position. The girl stood before her with her head thrown forward, and her long, ringletty hair flowing gracefully over her neck. Her cheek was flushed, and her dark earnest eyes were fixed upon the wrinkled face of the old woman, who still sat apparently lost in thought. What hast thou to tell me? at length spoke the girl in a low voice. The old woman started as if that gentle voice had power to frighten her. She gazed upon her countenance a few moments and then spoke, 'Go home child, and be happy while thou canst, for sorrow will come and that right early, ay even before thy hair is turned to grey, or time has cast one wrinkle upon thy brow. 'The lines of fate,' continued she, as if talking to herself, 'are too distinctly visible, yea, all too much are they like *hers*, and did not *she* meet sorrows early? did she not drink deeply of the bitter cup? and yet, when she was laid within the silent tomb, was she not still in the morning of youth? Yes! she died of a broken heart; broken by deep and bitter misery.' Then, as if recollecting herself, she spoke to the girl, 'Go home, the tale is not for *thy* ears, better would it have been if thy steps had not sought the fortune teller in her lowly hovel.' The cheek of the young girl turned pale at the sibyl's words, and her voice trembled as she spoke—'But what sorrow and what trouble am I to expect, thus early?' 'What matters it in what shape it comes, was the reply, 'thou wilt know full soon enough.' The girl turned and went out of the room, and was soon on her way homewards.

A fanciful and somewhat wayward creature was Louise Stanley. Her imagination was most vivid, and it lent a coloring to every passing incident. Her heart was sensitive, almost painfully so, and yet by her appearance you would hardly think it; still if you noticed her closely you would see at the slightest unkind word, the painful flush rise to her cheek, her eyes instantly fill with tears, and the pulses beat quickly in her white and slender throat. You could not judge of her heart by the few words she uttered; these might be nothing more than common-place, for all her deep and burning thoughts were cherished in the heart, it might be all too much concealed and garnered up



in that rich storehouse. For hours would that bright young creature sit and give full scope to her imagination, calling up pictures which were too often sad, musing upon fancied scenes of sorrow—till deep sighs would burst from her heart, and she weep at the creations of her own fancy. She had been left too much alone, allowed to feed, unrestrained by reason, upon her own fanciful thoughts, and now in the very freshness and morning of youth, the time of joy and sportiveness, she seemed to have lost nearly all her childish glee and joyousness, and to live in the land of dreams. Her mother had died while she was yet in her infancy. The old nurse—she who had been in the family ever since her own young days, seemed to consider herself as the sole adviser of Louise. She seemed to think she had the same control over her as when a wild and reckless girl she used to take her upon her knee, smooth back her dark and tangled curls, and tell her of her departed mother. Indeed, nurse Bentley was affectionate and good, and Louise, she used to say, was her sole hope and consolation.

Mr. Stanley was very rich; in his hours of relaxation from business, he liked a good frolic with his dark haired daughter, but as to every thing else he considered that nurse Bentley had her under her own especial care, and she, faithful creature must, he thought, take the best possible care of her; and so she did as far as she was able.

On the afternoon of the day I have mentioned, Louise had escaped the vigilant eye of nurse Bentley, and sought the abode of the fortune teller. She returned from that visit with a strange feeling at her heart, and her imagination excited to the highest degree.

The warm, summer evening had succeeded to the sultry day. The moon rose high in the heavens, and the city lay in silence, and alternate light and shadow beneath its pale beams. Louise sat at an open window, her cheek was flushed, her eyes were fixed upon the summer moon. She leaned from the casement to catch the slightest breath of air which might be stirring; but there came no welcome breeze to fan her fevered cheek, or stir the lightest curl which hung upon her burning brow. She rose and paced the chamber. 'What is it,' said she, 'what is it hides the future from our view? Yes, there are some who have pierced the veil, there are some who have looked upon the hidden future, why may not all? I would that I could read the page which unveils

futurity, and what, what is it hides it from my view? It almost seems as if I felt the power within my soul. I have been told that sorrow is to be my lot, has not my own heart ever told the same tale? There are many bright young beings round me, and it seems as if I could read upon their brows their future destiny. I have ever considered this to be a freak of imagination only, but why, why is it not the gift of foresight?' The step of the girl grew prouder, as she fancied she saw the page of futurity laid plain and open before her. We do not consider how far, how very far imagination may lead a young and enthusiastic heart; especially one that has ever given full scope to its fancy, one that has lived but in its ever wild and glowing dreams. Reason and philosophy can go very far into the realms of thought, they can bring forth their strong arguments to prove their positions good and true, but imagination will outstrip them all. Where reason stops and dares not attempt a higher flight, imagination has but plumed her airy wings.

A year and a half had passed away, and one bright, moonlight winter evening found Louise Stanley in the hall of mirth and gaiety. The scene to her had its own peculiar beauties. She loved to gaze upon the groups of dancers, to catch the soft sounds of the flute—like tones stealing from the lips of beauty, intended only for the ear of the favored one. She loved to watch the silent gaze, to muse on each slight word, and to form from every passing incident a tale within her own heart. Her attention was attracted by the gay and merry voice of her youthful friend Amy Clinton, a creature of joy and gladness. She was leaning on the arm of her brother, and their steps were directed to the place where Louise had stationed herself.

'Louise, said the gay girl, after she had seated herself by the side of her friend, 'a strange fancy has come into my head, I have often heard you say that you could tell at a single glance the future destiny of a person. Now I have come to hear my future destiny from your lips.'

'Hush, Amy,' said Louise, the bright blood mantling to her cheek.

'Hush, Louise,' said Amy, 'nor is this all, this brother of mine also wishes to know what the fates have decreed to him, for he thinks his fortune must be a happy one if foretold by one so beautiful.'

'Amy, Amy,' said Louise reproachfully, 'you should not thus have told of all my fancies.'

'Well, well, I will do so no more, but I am



weary with impatience, speak, my fair fortune teller, and satisfy a woman's curiosity.'

'Amy, speak not so lightly of the future, you know not what it may unfold. There are dark spots upon thy path my friend, and yet I would not cloud thy joyous spirit by a sorrowing word. Nay, I had much rather you had not introduced the subject.'

'Yes, Louise, tell me all your prophetic eye can see concerning my destiny.'

'Amy, said Louise, thou now art young, thy spirit is joyous and thy heart light as the summer bird; but yet how often the most joyous spirits meet with dark and bitter affliction! *Thou* wilt meet with misfortunes, but still thou wilt maintain thine own pure and unsullied heart, still will thy step be anxiously watched for, and the tones of thy voice listened to as to sweet strains of music. But it will be by the sick and dying, by the wretched and the forlorn, to such thou wilt be a ministering angel. The votaries of fashion have bowed to thee the knee, and thou hast listened to their words of praise; but other sounds will meet thine ear in after years, the heart rending tale of affliction, the soft plaintive voice of the sufferer, the last, feeble words of the dying—these, yea all these, thy heart must listen to; but first thou must drink of the cup of affliction, and though the reed may bend, it will not break, and sweeter to thy ear will be the prayers of the widow and the fatherless, than is now, in this hour of joy and festivity, the sound of the rich and deep toned music, that thou lovest so well.'

She ceased, and the bright blush rose to her cheek, as if she was startled at her own words.

'Now for my fortune,' said Sydney Clinton, 'what is my lot in life?'

The eye of the enthusiastic girl grew brighter, and she gave one glance at the face of the speaker, she looked but once upon the broad and noble forehead, but once into the dark, yet soft and gentle eye, and then in the tone of one who saw at a glance his future destiny, proceeded.

'Yours is a bright, a glorious lot, Sydney Clinton. Man often aspires to much, *thou* wilt seek for fame, and thirst for knowledge, and thy thirst and thy search will be gratified. Yes, thine will be a glorious career, glorious in the sight of him who rules the destinies of nations. And yet,—and she paused as if confused, the bright blood rushed to her cheek and brow, the red lip quivered and her slight frame shook convulsively.

'Are you ill, Louise?' said Amy, alarmed at her appearance.

'O no, it is nothing, it will soon be over,' said she, though her voice faltered as she spoke, and the blood rushed from her cheek and brow back to her heart, leaving her pale as marble.

'You are indeed ill, Louise,' said Sydney.

'O let me return home,' said she, 'this is no place for me.' She leaned upon the arm of Sydney Clinton, and with feeble step left the gay and lighted hall, and none knew when she went out, of half of the deep and overpowering thoughts which rushed through her burning heart.

It was the deep, the silent hour of midnight, and Louise was alone in her chamber. She pressed her hands to her aching brow and exclaimed—'Yes, yes, I know 'tis so, I have heard it in my dreams, voices have called me from above, and heavenly music sounded in mine ears, all seemed to call me from the earth—but then, close to my side, I heard one soft, gentle voice, and that one tone had power to chain me still to earth, and that rich and melting music almost seemed to grow fainter, before the power of that well known voice.'

'Yes, when the spring comes with her opening buds and blossoms, when all nature seems to revive, then, then I must prepare to die, and *he*, if ever *he* loved, will not he forget amid the praises of men, and in his high and glorious career, the young, the imaginative being who faded from before him, and went from earth, even while that earth seemed unto him the brightest. I ever knew that I should die ere any of my brightest hopes were realized. It must, it will be so!'

The bright and glorious spring had come and clothed the earth in beauty, the breath of the earliest flowers was wafted on the soft breezes, and the tones of the birds were to the ear delicious harmony.

On a sofa in a neatly furnished parlor sat three persons. Amy Clinton and her brother and Louise Stanley. The frame of Louise was wasted to extreme thinness, her face was very pale, every vein was clearly distinct in the fine forehead which looked still more pale and spiritual from the tresses of raven hair which was parted smoothly back and gathered in a knot behind.

'Sing me one of your rich sweet strains, Amy, my gentle friend,' said the soft voice of the suffering girl. Amy sung as required, it was a sweet, an almost heavenly tone, one calculated to lift the saddened heart from earthly things to heav-



only. The song ceased, the head of Louise had sunk upon the bosom of Sydney, her hands were clasped in his, her eyes were closed. He bent over her to see if yet she breathed, she opened her eyes but once more; she gazed once more upon his countenance, there was deep and unutterable love in that gaze, her lips parted, 'Sydney I am dying.' Sing to me once again, my Amy. Again that soothing tone stole on the ear of the dying one, though the voice of the songstress faltered. Again the voice ceased, Louise was still in the same position. Sydney gazed upon her marble countenance, he called her by name, but she answered not, he kissed her blue veined eyelids, but they were closed for ever, he pressed her to his heart as if he would impart life to hers which had ceased to beat. The spirit of the enthusiastic girl had soared to heaven, even while that sweet music was sounding in her ears! Long did the brother and sister sit in silence gazing upon the beautiful form before them, like one in calm sleep, so gently had she died. At length they each pressed a long and fervent kiss upon the brow which was now icy cold, then gently laid her on the sofa and left the room with holy, chastened and subdued hearts, feeling that though imagination is a grand endowment of our nature, it is one that unrestrained and ill directed, may produce the most mournful results.

Charlestown, August, 1839.

### STANZAS.

Original.

THE bird that leaves his northern home,  
To seek the southern air,  
Thro' cane and orange groves to roam,  
'Neath skies forever fair,  
Sings mournfully a feebler strain  
Than that he sung before,  
And pines to wing his flight again  
To cold New-England's shore.

He cares not for the fragrant breeze—  
For fields of golden air—  
For deep blue skies, and scented trees,  
And flowers forever there;  
He sighs for purer northern gales—  
For skies more softly bright—  
And changes there his plaintive wails  
For songs of sweet delight.

So doth the wandering spirit pine  
When from its home away;  
It pineth for its home divine—  
The land of endless day.  
A few faint, walling notes are given  
To cheer its earthly flight,  
But only in the fields of heaven  
It sings in free delight.

Glen Viola.

EVELEEN.

### MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Original.

THE mind of man is lost in bewildered amazement when it would attempt to scan the profound wisdom and the measureless power of the Almighty Being. We naturally shrink from too familiar a scrutiny of his character; and those who live the most conscientious lives are the least likely to speak with irreverence of one whose nature they have begun to understand. While we look up to him as a bounteous Father, we must still feel that he has a strife with all manner of iniquity; and the soul that is consciously alive to its own imperfections will realize the vast disparity between a pure and immaculate being, and one whose erring steps often lead him from the straight and narrow path of true holiness. Those who address long and flippant prayers to the Creator, give evidence that they are not in the habit of drawing nigh unto him in their own hearts, and yielding implicit obedience to the infallible teachings of the Holy Spirit.

But we can turn, with more confidence, to contemplate those unseen but beneficent spirits who have reached a higher and nobler state of existence than that which we enjoy. Man is a progressive being, and it is hardly to be supposed that an ordinary individual, or a mere child, on first leaving the earthly body, reaches at once its highest state of excellence. The blessings extended to us in this world, should convince us that the change will be a merciful one—that the author of our existence can have no object in giving us being, but to bless us. The change will, therefore, be a happy one; and it is probable that we shall rise higher and higher in the scale of being throughout eternity.

What will be our sensations after leaving behind us this veil of dust, must always remain a pleasing mystery—a bright vision that death alone can unfold. We shall, doubtless, have much clearer ideas of the character of God and his providence; and we shall receive a glorious accession of light and happiness. We shall take a more elevated stand than that which we can occupy here—but in what our enlargement of vision will consist, and the exact way in which we shall be affected by the change, it would be preposterous to decide. Jesus left this subject, with a few remarks, knowing that our earthly imaginations could not be greatly enlightened on that point. The very fact that it is necessary for us to lay down the body, with all its appetites, organs



and passions, before realizing it, is sufficient evidence that we are not capable of estimating 'the exceeding weight of glory' which follows the ultimate decay of animal life. Thankful then should we be that this state of being is so brief, and that the angel of death soon removes us and our friends to the splendors of another world. Thankful should we be that we are not left to linger on in this gross tabernacle of clay so long as the early patriarchs, but that we are taken hence before our souls have grown weary of the world, or have become wedded to the things of time with a base and degrading affection.

Many Indians have entertained the opinion that the spirits of just men and women were conveyed to a far land, where they existed as mere shadows, and where rocks, trees, and dumb animals existed as mere shadows also—that here they amused themselves by hunting, fishing, and pursuing such occupations as had pleased them during life—that here the husband embraced the beloved wife as she followed him from the world of pain and uncertainty, and here the children rejoined their parents. This view resembles, in some respects, that held by the ancient heathens, and came about as near to the idea of *spirit* as we could reasonably expect.

Christianity teaches us to hope for a more pure, elevated and etherial state of existence.

We may, nevertheless, be permitted to imagine that departed beings do hover about us, and exercise a kind influence over our destinies. While here, we are permitted to be the ministers of good to our fellow-men and even to inferior orders of being.

It is pleasing to see pure and benevolent beings employed for our benefit.

Behold yon radiant and glorious being moving through the meadows and sprinkling the earth with flowers. When on earth, she was a noble maiden lady, who had buried the beloved of her heart before she had known him long; but whose unshaken affection, founded on rational esteem and virtuous admiration, withstood the flattery of meaner minds. She went to the grave as she had lived. Behold the benign expression of those dark eyes! what holy purity! How like the sun her head appears, as the golden locks stream, like shafts of light from her brow. Her feet are clad in burnished silver, and her movements are like the winds when they rush noiselessly over the plain.

Yon angel whose garments dazzle the eye, and

who bears in his hand a wand tipped with a ray of light, is marshalling Aurora to her home in the eastern sky. The mists cannot abide his presence. He waves his hand, and the clouds roll back like Jordan's waters to afford a passage for the morning beams.

But what is that infant cherub doing, who seems struggling amid a halo of glory—now the tips of his rapid wings are suddenly lit with dazzling rays, and now the light falls upon his smiling brow—now his limbs are bathed in the silvery fire, and now his hair is touched with the glowing beam! I see. He is grappling with a sun-beam, and endeavoring to guide it through the broken pane of yon cottage window, that its cheering ray may fall upon the sick man's couch—the poor forsaken beggar who moans in solitude a victim to lingering disease and pining want! Blessed little creature—it has just left the world, having died nearly as soon as it saw the light, and it has already begun to exert its untried energies in the service of the God of love! Ay, and it has succeeded too. A flood of light irradiates the desolate room of the invalid. His spirits revive. He feels a throb of gratitude to the giver of all good. But what do I see? the stream of light has also fallen upon a bible which some thoughtful visiter has purposely left behind. The sick man reads. His heart is moved, and he secures those riches of which the proud cannot deprive him.

But what do I now see? A man chained to a stake. The combustible wood is piled around him. He looks to heaven as if in despair. His countenance becomes ashy pale. The fire is kindled—he shrinks from the smart—but lo! another is with him. A beautiful being whose robes are whiter than the untrodden snows of the desert—whose light and etherial form is invisible even to the sufferer—is whispering in his ear. She touches his tongue with her finger. Ecstasy glows in his eyes, and he sings the song of triumph in the midst of the flames. The dark countenances of his persecutors grow livid in the ghastly light of the flames, but his face is as serene as the cloudless sky.

What gentle seraph is that who leans over the slumbering form of a boy, who reposes at midnight on a humble pallet in the garret. It is his mother. She is speaking peace to her bereaved orphan—she is infusing into his mind a love of virtue, she is fortifying his heart to endure the ills of life, and bear up under the tyrannical con-



duct of the stern guardian to whom his helplessness has consigned him.

Ah! little dreams the despairing mind when apparently plunged in irremediable wo, by what soothing agency the spirits are unexpectedly calmed—the natural fearfulness of the heart subsides—and it is enabled to go forth strong in hope, and bold in conscious rectitude, disregarding the threats of those who can only kill the body.

Little do we dream how often we should have gone desperate with anxiety, or sunk beneath a load of sorrow, but for the timely agency of unseen and ministering spirits.

BETHA.

### NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR A SON.

BY DELTA.

Original.

(4.) MATT. iv. 1—11. Mark i. 12. 13. Luke iv. 1—13.

THE above are the passages in the Evangelical memoirs which contain the details of what is usually called, Christ's temptation. I have frequently commented upon these passages, when the chapters of which they form a part occurred in the course of our regular family perusal of the New Testament; and the substance of these various comments and practical observations I will now endeavor to collect for your future reference, and as a remembrancer when you in your turn, shall attempt to make the New Testament an interesting and instructive daily study in your own family, as I have done in mine. Some content themselves with reading a chapter daily in their families without endeavoring to make it intelligible to those who listen to it, and indeed without putting themselves to any trouble to discover its meaning for their own satisfaction and edification; but this has always appeared to me like the unwilling performance of a prescribed task, and very likely to produce in the minds of the young a distaste—not easily eradicated, for the perusal of this book of life, which to them most probably continues during life what the want of explanation made it in youth,—the most mysterious and unintelligible of all volumes. I trust you will never allow any young people to grow up around you with such unfavorable and prejudicial impressions. I have endeavored to save you from such by making the chapters read in the family and at other times intelligible, instruc-

tive and interesting. Grudge not the little labor of thought and research, and the few moments of time which may be necessary to enable you to do so also.

The power against which Jesus had to contend was not that of a personal devil, as has been the popular and prevailing impression for centuries. That such a tenet should gain credence with so many in an age which boasts so much of improvement and of the 'march of intellect,' will appear equally astonishing to our grand-children as does the belief in witches and their supernatural power among our grand-fathers appear to us. This dogma your reason has utterly rejected, and I presume, you will coincide with me in thinking that the power of evil against which Jesus had to strive was identical with that which we feel daily in ourselves—the power of selfishness, of self gratification, of self-aggrandizement, of self-display. In all these and other points he was tempted like as we are. While we meditate upon the forms which this power of seduction from right and duty assumed in its conflict with the second Adam, let us sincerely endeavor to imbibe from our great exemplar a portion of that power of goodness, and devotedness to duty, which will enable us also to overcome in our oft-recurring conflicts with the power of temptation.

As soon as Jesus received the assurance, by a voice from heaven at his baptism, that he was indeed the chosen one, the Messiah, and that he had not been indulging vain and delusive hopes, he seems to have been impelled, by an overwhelming sense of the greatness of his vocation, to retire from social intercourse and interruption for solitary musing on the extraordinary duties and trials before him, and on the sources of that strength and support which he felt the necessity of. In the words of one who has done much to render the evangelical records plain, pleasing and instructive, \* Jesus was now 'to leave the labors of the artisan for the toils of a religious ministry, to bear the last messages of God to Judah, and to change the religion of the world. What a moment was this! What wonder that he felt inclined, that he felt it necessary to seclude himself! He could have no thought for anything but the toils and trials before him, and for communion with his own soul, and his father.' He retired to a desert or uninhabited place where he had probably nothing to subsist upon save ber-

\* Ware, in his Life of the Savior.



ries and other fruits. He is said to have fasted forty days, by which we understand that he subsisted for a *considerable length of time*, not forty days exactly, upon such food as the forest afforded him. It is now well enough ascertained that the phrase 'forty days,' in the languages of several Asiatic nations, both ancient and modern, is used to express an indefinite period—a considerable length of time.

In the exhausted state produced by this long abstinence from usual food, and by the intense abstraction of mind which we naturally suppose to have existed, the gifted with miraculous powers was assailed by the temptation of employing these powers for the purpose of supplying himself with some refreshing nourishment. In the moment of the temptation's power it doubtless seemed a small matter, only a slight dereliction from duty, to make this use of his gifts. But in the next moment, the moment of mastery, the conviction was strong that not at all for such a purpose were these miraculous gifts bestowed. His wants, he felt persuaded, 'would be supplied by *ordinary means*.' With this trust, and this faithful adherence to the purpose for which the power of working miracles was conferred, the temptation was overcome. With fuller details, in familiar discourse, I have endeavored frequently to picture to your imagination the state of our Savior's mind; but this is the substance: the *minutiae* you yourself can supply.

We do not think that Jesus was *only once* thus tempted; rather, that similar temptations occurred to him in his future career. But we find on record no miracles for his own gratification; only for the benefit of others, and the proof of his divine mission.

The following seems to have been the mode in which the next temptation operated. Jesus foresaw that in the establishment of his kingdom he was to meet with opposition, and expose himself to ridicule and deadly hatred. To avoid these, hateful to all men, is it not very natural to suppose that sometimes the thought would occur to him, that he might accomplish the objects of his mission without incurring all this unpopularity and persecution, that he might make his entrance and first appearance among the people as they expected the Messiah to appear, and that he might command universal admiration and acceptance, by descending, as if upon angels wings, from a pinnacle of the temple—is not all this likely to have occurred? The Jews expected their

Messiah to come attested in some such way, it is said, and it seems altogether likely that Jesus might feel wishful to establish his title to this honorable station at once, and thus secure honors and distinctions, instead of having to encounter opprobrium and persecution as an impostor. How was this temptation overcome? Probably Jesus knew that his father had not designed for him an easy reception, and this kind of proof of his Messiahship, although in accordance with popular opinion, and likely to give him present acceptance and popularity, was not such as his miraculous gifts were conferred upon him for, and not such as would conduce to the permanent establishment of the kingdom or dominion delivered to him of the father. It did not appear to be his Father's will that he should be received with pomp and parade, with admiration and applause; therefore Jesus acquiesced, and, as a good son, did the will of his Father.

The Jews not only expected their Messiah to come to them with some attestation of heaven, but they expected him to be the leader of their armies to victory over their oppressors, the Romans, and perhaps to victory over all other nations. As a Jew, he doubtless felt the degradation of his people, and probably participated in their eager anticipations of independence. But although he felt tempted by this magnificent prospect which produced so many pretenders to the Messiahship—so many false Christs—a few years afterwards, to concentrate under his direction all the forces of his brethren, yet this splendid temptation vanished as soon as he recollected that the kingdom he had been raised up to establish was of far more dignity and importance than the most extensive temporal dominion. This was not the work appointed him to do; therefore, said he, get behind me, thou opposer.

We have similar temptations, and so had his first disciples for whose use mainly, we think, he designed this narration of his private experience. We are tempted to turn aside from the plain, straight forward path of duty by the pressure of wants, real or imaginary, and by the charms of wealth, rank, power and splendor. Let us cherish, my dear son, devotedness to duty, faithfulness to conscience, filial affection, and esteem above all things the approbation of heaven; in the strength of these let us resist, and we too shall overcome all evil suggestions.

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UNIVERSAL justice is humanity's shield.



## A LOVE RUIN.

Original.

*'A woman's heart takes a lang time o' breaking.'**'That's according to the stuff they're made o', sir.'*

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

God has not fashioned every heart alike, neither has he tempered them by equal trials. The story of Helen Walker, the original of Scott's noblest, and may be his humblest heroine, is a thrilling picture of a strong heart and an unblenching conscience; in contrast with her is Elizabeth Curran—the subject of that delicate and most touching sketch by Irving—'The Broken Heart.' Each character is beautiful in its own light, and while one excites more of our admiration, the other claims more of our tearful sympathies. The heart of Helen might be said to resemble a strong green oak, upbearing itself resolutely against the fury of a noonday tempest; but Elizabeth's was like a beautiful ruin seen by moonlight—the breath of heaven stealing with mournful melody through its broken arches, and the whole fabric crumbling silently, but rapidly, to decay. I never yet could rear any particular standard for my admiration. Whatever is beautiful in nature or in art, in the intellect of man, or the affections of woman, be it awful and sublime, or gentle and full of winning grace, is equally—yes, I may say equally—to me, an object of interest and admiration. The rainbow has differing colors, but I love them every one. Summer has various flowers, but they are all my favorites; the year has contrasting seasons, but in each I find beauty and delight. Because I can one moment follow with enthusiasm the free, unshackled spirit of divinity that ranges so gracefully through the writings of Channing, my mind is not rebellious the next, to the chains imposed upon it by the genius of 'Geoffrey Crayon.' I can leave my wanderings with the melancholy, and life-weary 'Childe,' and descending from the sublimity of feeling, awakened by a contemplation of the mournful and stupendous ruins of the old world, join with a fresh and eager delight in the brookside rambles of our own Bryant, shedding a tear over the 'yellow violet' and 'fringed gentian,' that his gentle hand has hunted out from their beds of withered leaves. From the meteor-like glory that shone forth in the character of Joan of Arc; from the patriotism and masculine energy and devoted heroism that made her *LA PUCELLE* of her nation, I can turn with unabated sympathy to the gentle, timid and unfortunate Mary of Scotland, and find

in her history as much for admiration, as much for pity, and as much for love.

But were I to instruct my sex in the regulation of their affections, I would hold up for their example the victor instead of the victim of love—the heart that bends, and not the heart that breaks. But it should be a heart made elastic by the exercise of its holiest energies—by faith and obedience, by gratitude and cheerful humility; a heart that can feel deeply and resist nobly. A spirit that will succumb to grief without a struggle, long and resolute, scarcely merits our sympathies; yet when the struggle is finally unsuccessful, and we feel sure that the heart has resisted all that its latent energies can resist, we forget reproaches in intense compassion and tenderness. Those who do not use broken hearts for a by word, may perhaps find interest in the little incident I am about to relate. It is true to nature, if it be not true to history, and though I would not throw a fascination around blighted love to make it a mania irresistible to maiden hearts, I would make this simple picture of devastated affection a lesson to such as carelessly trifle with the tenderness of woman's nature.

I had been taking a long ramble one cool August day through some of the wildest of our village solitudes. Following a grassy lane that led from the road, I found myself penetrating the depths of a beautiful woodland, with wild flowers surrounding me on every hand, and a verdant arcade above my head, showering down a delicate fragrance that ministered to the spirit more than to the sense, and brought repeatedly to memory that *haunting* verse,—

'Are there no phantoms, but such as come  
By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb?  
—A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,  
Can summon up mightier far than these!'

I had wandered nearly a mile into the lonely wildwood with no other object than to trace out the windings of the beautiful path, and to indulge in those delicious reveries that a wayward imagination is forever creating. The soft sound of wave lashing against wave, awoke me to a new beauty—a sweet little brook rippling underneath the alder boughs, as clear as the falling waters of heaven. It is so seldom that I meet with an object like this—a pure stream afar off in the solitary wood, where the voice of man can rarely disturb its melody, and it can sing on forever and forevermore its everlasting song of love—it is so seldom that I meet the consecrating water of God in the temples he has builded for his worship,



that I obeyed the first glad impulse of my soul, and kneeling upon its mossy brink, bathed my brows till the unction of the Holy Spirit was in my heart.

An aged trunk, overgrown with moss, had fallen athwart the brook, and upon one end of it I sat down to repose awhile. Some tall wood-cardinals—a favorite flower—grew up among the green ferns at my feet, and I was busily braiding them into garlands, when a strange, unearthly sound vibrated upon every nerve of my heart. Unearthly, I call it, for what sound in nature was ever so thrillingly and mournfully sweet? It was a music moan, a clear, wild plaint that penetrated the hidden depths of the soul, as a moonbeam penetrates the still deep fountain of the woods. It was a woman's voice, but the wild birds of heaven surely cannot sing so sweet! It rang through the long green aisles like the wail of a lost seraph, yet the voice was not raised above its natural key. The words of the song were something as follows.

I had a heart! I had a heart! 'twas a gay and a happy thing;  
And it danced about in my youthful breast like a lamb  
in the flowery spring;  
But now it lies like a slaughtered lamb, its life blood  
trickling out—  
'Tis a faithless heart to believe him false—I told him  
it should not doubt!  
Doubt, doubt, doubt,—  
Oh days pass on, long weary days, but they bring no  
end to doubt!

Oh what will he say when he finds my cheek has grown  
so thin and pale?  
I will hide it close like a wicked thing, beneath my  
bridal veil;  
He shall not know how the tears have worn the spot  
that he loved to kiss—  
Oh what will my own dear Willie think to meet such a  
wreck as this?

This, this, this!  
Oh little he thought, when he left me last, to meet  
such a wreck as this!

Come back, come back, my love, come back,—

The voice had proceeded thus far in the third stanza, when the singer appeared before me upon the opposite bank of the stream; she stopped immediately and ran in among the trees, but presently returned, and stood some moments gazing at me in silence. I had been at first excessively alarmed, but became soon convinced that there was no occasion for fear. Though evidently a maniac, she was mild and timid. Her age could not have exceeded twenty years, and to her youth were added many vestiges of extraordinary beauty. Her stature was small, and her form much

wasted; like most of her unfortunate class, her dress was somewhat fantastic, though displaying delicate taste. Among her curls—soft brown curls they were—she had twined a species of woodbrake, the most delicate of its class, with here and there a beautiful wildrose. On one side of her head hung a blonde veil, white, as was her dress throughout, and in several places she had looped up her skirt with tasteful bouquets. So exceedingly fair a complexion, I have rarely seen; and her large eyes, of a soft hazel color, were fixed upon me with such a strange, wild gaze, I turned away my head to dispel the witchery they threw so heavily over my senses.

She ventured very close upon the brink of the stream, and placing one little foot upon the fallen tree, leaned anxiously forward and inquired in a soft, plaintive voice, 'Have you seen my Willie?'

I shook my head in reply, and she turned away with a disappointed look, murmuring, 'O yes, so they go on shaking their heads forever! If they knew what it was to hunt for one they loved from morning till night, and weep and pray for him from night till morn again, they would go and find my Willie, and bring him to me once more.'

'Where shall I go to find him,' I inquired, 'and what is his name but Willie?'

'Name? his name is Willie—my Willie. You will find him where the sun rises, I think—for he loves sunshine, and flowers, and all bright, and beautiful things. He is beautiful himself—don't you think so,' she inquired, sitting down upon the opposite end of the log, with such a smile.

'I do not know him,' I replied.

'Ah, few do—you are right; very few know him, or they would not call him faithless. Didn't I promise to believe him true, and didn't he smile and kiss my hand, and say he would repay my confidence by unchanging devotion? God and I know thee, Willie—thou hast two friends that will not forsake thee, nay, nor doubt thee—but love thee forever and forever!'

'How long since he left you, dear?'

'Dear? dear? He called me dear,' she murmured to herself; then recollecting my question, replied, 'Oh yesterday, I think he went away. He never stays longer than one day from me. The last words he said were, Believe me true, Lucie. Oh you who never have known what it is to love, cannot imagine what bliss I have found in conning over those simple words. True—true—true—I awake in the morning and the birds are singing true—true—true—I look out upon the



sky at night, and it is written all over with starry words—true—true—true.' She leaned her head upon her wasted hand, and for minutes her thoughts seemed lost in the past. Once a slight shudder passed over her frame, and once she lifted her eyes toward heaven, as though invoking a blessing upon some one she loved. At length she turned to me again.

'Those are pretty flowers you are braiding. Willie has often twined them in my hair—and I suppose that is why I love them. If you will go home with me I will show you a great many faded wreaths and flowers that Willie gave me. I never threw one of them away. Perhaps you would laugh were you to see them. Some people do. But if ever you come to love—to love deeply, and truly and passionately as I have loved, you will know what it is to make a deity of everything that he has looked upon. Yes, you will worship withered flowers, and faded leaves, and all things in the wide earth that the hand of love has consecrated. There will be some stars in the heavens always brighter than others, and they will be ever those that he has pointed out to you, or that have smiled upon his vows; there will be a few trees set apart in the woodland multitudes, whose shade will be to you the sanctuary of all adoration—they will be ever those that have embowered you in the holy converse of love; there will be some flowers amid the countless thousands that will seem to you more beautiful than their kind—some that will breathe a sweeter fragrance, that you can never pass by without a glance of tenderness and a baptism of tears—they will be ever those that he has loved—that he has admired—that he has chosen to whisper his affection. Come, go with me, lady, and I will show you my willow tree. He plucked it from the little stream where we were rambling—he dipped it in the water and sprinkled over me a thousand jewels. How they sparkled in the setting sunbeams! And when we reached my cottage home, he threw it down beside the step. I found it in the morning still bright, and planted it upon a mound behind the house. It has grown to a sweet little tree, very soon they will make my bed beneath it. Come, go with me and see it.'

She held out her hand, and I could not resist without causing her sorrow. My curiosity too was awakened to know her history. But just as I had crossed the stream to follow her, a young man met us, and caught poor Lucie by the hand. 'You have caused me a great deal of trouble by

straying so far, Lucie,' he said in a voice of tender reproach. 'Why will you grieve mother by such conduct?'

'Why you know, Edward dear, I came out to meet Willie. Is not this the night for the bridal? And this lady is going home with me to be bridesmaid, won't you?'

I turned to the young man. 'How far, sir, is it to her home?'

'Nearly a mile.'

Of course I did not think it expedient to walk so far at an hour so late; but I hastened to gather from him some incidents in the poor girl's history. The facts were simply these. She had been wooed by a young man of great personal beauty, but of exceedingly volatile temperament. He had apparently loved her, and had succeeded in gaining a most passionate return. They were betrothed, and the time was appointed for their union. He left her for a short visit to his parents in another state, and the next tidings they had of him he was married. Lucie would not believe the rumor until it was confirmed by a letter from himself, in which he attributed his faithlessness to the persuasions and denunciations of his father, protesting that he never did and never could love any one but her. This letter threw her into a violent fever, from which she came forth a bewildered and melancholy being. She seemed to retain a consciousness of duty, and devoted herself assiduously to the wants of her aged mother. But she had times of being very wild, and of wandering far from home, dressed in the garments that had been purchased for her wedding, and inquiring of all she met, 'Have you seen my Willie?' She was never turbulent or sullen; sometimes even, she seemed merry and full of hope. But a great part of her time was spent in singing mournful ditties of her own composition—and oftentimes they seemed poured forth without any preparation or forethought at all.

Having gathered these facts, I bade them good evening; but the poor girl turned upon me a reproachful look, and exclaimed in the most touching accents, 'So you will not come and look upon the willow where very soon I am going to lie me down to sleep, and dream of Willie all the live-long day and night forevermore! Well, may you never love as I love, if you must weep as I weep. Farewell!'

I never saw poor Lucie again. Her mother died early in the winter, and in a few weeks after the beautiful love ruin lay beneath the willow



which her own lover had gathered, and her own hand had planted to weep upon her grave.

S. C. E.

### TO ONE.

Original.

LIFE and love shall be one word  
With us, as we travel on ;  
Dead within the heart that chord  
Which to love's no answering tone.  
Life is death where love is not,  
For the better feelings sleep,  
And the charm of earth forgot  
In heart slumber, fixed and deep.

What the dew is to the flower,  
What the sunlight to the plant,  
What the spring to garden bower,  
What the air to birdling chant ;  
What the rivers are to ocean,  
What the rain to tree and field,  
What free grace is to devotion,  
Love to life will ever yield.

Take the bird from vernal garden,  
Prison in the narrow cage,  
Take from guilt th' hope of pardon,  
Blot him out from mercy's page ;  
Then you've done like when is driven  
From the human heart all love,—  
Earth with love's a type of heaven,  
Without love no heaven's above.

### A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Original.

WHEN William Penn laid out the plan of the city of Philadelphia, he so arranged the streets that a wide area should be left next the water—or, in other words, that no stores should be built within a certain distance of the wharves. Had this plan been adhered to, it would have insured the pleasantness of the lower part of the city, and supplied the mercantile part of the inhabitants with conveniences that can hardly be estimated. But the rage for building destroyed Penn's arrangements, and succeeding generations crowded their houses almost into the river itself. In consequence of this, Water Street, that runs along by the river side, is a narrow lane, always muddy, crowded, and very poorly adapted to the wants of the commercial community. I wish the reader to bear in mind that the original plan of Philadelphia was a good one ; but that this deterioration was gradually brought about by the generations which followed.

The original christian church was pure in doctrine and in practice—an example for us in these

latter days. The writings of the fathers are copied and quoted by us as authority for faith and practice, and the epistles of the early apostles are regarded as a part of the New Testament. But we find that the declension began at an early date. The stars of heaven fell to the earth. The church of Christ became desolate, and that kingdom which is not of this world, became a by-word and a reproach, on account of the worldliness of those who professed to seek for its appearance, and to be guided by the precepts of its potentate. All seemed to be lost, when the Reformation was suddenly set on foot, and an attempt made to restore the church to its original purity and excellence. Of course that was not immediately done. Such a work cannot be achieved merely by the abolition of a few forms and ceremonies, and the setting aside of several mal-practices. The spirit of anti-Christ still prevailed. The Holy Ghost, which had been so largely poured forth upon the original church—that Comforter, without whose aid and presence there can be little advancement in christian knowledge—was in a very limited degree manifested even to the reformed church. Yet that individuals, in several instances, became, more or less, the subjects of divine inspiration, we may not doubt. But persecution was still carried on. The most abominable of the Romish vices were not abolished. Much remained to be done—and much still remains to be done. Those who object to Universalism on the ground that it is a new doctrine, would do well to reflect that such a charge does not make against its truth—since we have reason to believe that the church of Christ is becoming more and more reformed from the errors of popery—errors in doctrine, as well as in practice.

The reader will perceive that I have cited two cases of deterioration—to wit, that of the plan of Philadelphia, and that of the original christian church. To these I will add the fall of man from primitive innocence, and the declension of the Israelites whom Jesus found in a very low and sinful condition—having substituted the traditions of men for the commandments of God—and the requirements of the law having become matter of speculation and trade, by which even the temple had been turned into a den of thieves.

It appears that, in these two latter cases, the special interposition of Providence was necessary, in order to restore mankind to the path from whence they had strayed. No believer can doubt that a special Providence was exerted to recover



man from the effects of the fall, and Israel from her declension from the laws of God. When the lamp of truth has gone out, it has been lighted at the holy altar—fire has descended upon that altar from heaven. This has been a special interposition of heaven, lest man should go wholly astray, and the world should be irrecoverably swallowed up in sin and consequent misery.

Now we have no reason to doubt that a special Providence has been exerted, from the beginning, to redeem man from the power of sin, and restore him to the paradisaical state from which he fell.

After Adam had lost his primitive innocence, it was not to be supposed that he could redeem himself, for with the loss of virtue, we lose the desire to become virtuous. A fall from virtue includes the idea that our motives, disposition and desires, have changed—that we no longer take pleasure in that which is good; but that our will is corrupted. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and the heart which has become depraved, cannot return of itself to the paths of virtue. Were this the case, the scriptures would not say, that 'as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.'

The declension of Adam called forth the special providence of God for his redemption. A way was provided by which he might return to holiness, without which there is no salvation. In the coming of Jesus Christ, we discern not only the hand of Omnipotence employed for the redemption of the human race collectively; but the appearance of the Messiah was at a time when Israel herself had become a cast away, and was captive not only to another nation, but was also in bondage to sin and disobedience. It was at such a juncture that the Redeemer came—a most remarkable case of the special providence of God! The hopes and promises of the gospel were held out to a sinning and fallen people—the lost sheep of the house of Israel were called to the fold, but they came not. Jesus Christ was specially raised up—even as Moses had previously been anointed of God to redeem Israel from Egyptian bondage, and to prepare them for the christian advent.

Now is it presuming too far to suppose that the Almighty has exercised a special providence in other cases besides the two which have been mentioned? Can there be a more comfortable reflection than that the hand of Infinite Wisdom and goodness is employed in human affairs—that

his voice is heard by the waves of adversity—'thus far shall ye come and no farther!' and that in all we enjoy and all we suffer, there is meted out to each one of us, exactly such a proportion of good and ill as our case requires, and as is best for our real and permanent welfare? The poet says, 'Happy the man who sees a God employed in all the good and ill which checker life,' and most cordially will every one respond to the sentiment who feels satisfied that all is intended for the best, and that all will work together for good. Resignation to the Divine Will is the solace in adversity, which blunts the arrow and breaks the quiver of affliction; but how can that resignation be obtained, unless we see the hand of Omnipotence in our sorrows as well as in our joys?

Nothing but a special interposition of providence can redeem a nation from sin. Let us then believe that providence did interpose to bring about the reformation from popery. It is true that he did not send a Paul or a Jesus to perform the work—and we see the consistency of this. The work which Jesus had to do, and which Paul was called to forward and assist in establishing, was a much more original and mighty work than that of Luther and his brethren. Dark as was the Romish church, the truths of the Bible were not disputed. The christian church had started aright—the fundamental doctrines had not been abrogated by the popish clergy, although much abuse and error had crept into the church. To those who already believed in the gospel, it was not necessary to address by the agency of miracles and prophecies. It was chiefly required to put that gospel into the hands of the people, and call on them to judge for themselves whether the church was corrupted or not. But that the spirit of Christ was measurably poured out upon the reformers, I do not doubt. The hand of Providence was visible in the work.

As William Penn marked out the bounds of his fair city, so had Jesus and his apostles marked out the plan of Zion; and as the Philadelphians have come short of Penn's plan and deteriorated from it, so did the professed followers of Jesus and the successors of the apostles deteriorate and fall away from the principles on which Zion should be builded.

Now it is not to be expected that the same individuals who have thus destroyed the beauty of Philadelphia, in one point, will restore it to its pristine condition. If it is ever done, it must be



achieved by those who have the same mind which was in William Penn. Neither was it to be expected that those clergy who had destroyed the beauty of Zion, would restore it to its original excellence. It must be done by those who, disregarding the commandments and traditions of men, go back to first principles, and in whom dwelleth the same holy spirit which was in Jesus. If the reformation had a tendency to restore the brightness of the New Jerusalem, then was it set on foot and is still continued by the agency and influence of the Spirit of God.

If, through the operation of his Spirit upon the hearts of men, the Almighty produces events in his outward creation, which, without such operation would not have been produced, then it is very certain that he may, with other means also bring about changes in the outward world. Happy is he who, under a sense of this, can say always, 'Thy will be done.'

BETHA.

Boston, Mass.

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### LINES TO A CONVULVULUS.\*

Original.

LANGUAGE—'Worth sustained by affection.'

ELOQUENT wildling! I listen to thee  
As a prophet of blessings preparing for me!  
How couldst thou have chosen a pleasanter theme,  
Than one that hath burdened my heart's ev'ry dream!

By Huron's green banks, gentle prophet, thy vine  
O'er a frail trembling aspen doth sweetly entwine;  
So thy prophecy tells a heart shaken by fears,  
It shall find a *love-shelter* through perilous years.

They shall not be lonely and desolate days,  
When the eye groweth dim, and loseth its rays;  
When the form is bowed low, and the dark hair turns  
white,  
And the heart hath forgotten its early delight.

I shall win me some hearts—so thou tellest, sweet  
flower—

Whose love shall then yield me a limitless dower;  
If (holy proviso!) my own heart be given  
To truth, and the worship and practice of heaven.

Glen Viola.

EVELEEN.

\* Or *Wild Morning-Glory*, received from a brother  
at the west.

MARRIAGE. It is absolutely necessary to the enduring happiness of the marriage state, that the temperament, habits and disposition of the parties be as closely in unison with each other as possible—for, say what you may, unless this is the case, secret heart-burnings will arise, which will create feelings of cold indifference.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

#### V. MANNERS; OR INWARD AND OUTWARD GRACE.

'WHAT a difference in those twin sisters,' said a lady to her friend who sat with her at the tea table of a fashionable city hotel, casting, as she spoke, a glance at two young ladies who were seated some distance down the opposite side. 'Every motion of Isabel's is graceful—but poor Love betrays actual *mauvaise honte*—I wonder at her want of refinement.'

'I should not judge her to be deficient in that quality,' replied the gentleman respectfully; 'there is too much softness in her eye, and her cheek reveals too many blushes to bespeak indelicacy of feeling. Her *naïveté* is to me rather pleasing—it shows a heart uncontaminated by intercourse with the world. Her sister is certainly a model of grace—every limb and feature is fashioned for perfect action. Bred in an Irish hut, she would have still moved with consummate elegance; and nature has not been neglected with her. Taglioni need not blush to own her a pupil. Yet I like better the manners of Love. They are very simple, but full of heart. Even in bestowing the most trivial attention upon any one near her, she betrays a degree of tenderness that could only have existence in a pure warm heart. Isabel is polite; Love is affectionate.'

'But how much more beautiful Isabel is!'

'She is, certainly, according to popular taste. But even in that particular I prefer Love. I see no beauty in anything save expressions of intellect and moral purity. Love's countenance is radiant with these. For a long time before you spoke of them I had been watching the beautiful variations of expression that flitted over her face while listening to the conversation of those scientific gentlemen below her. Her sister meantime was drinking in the sweet flatteries of the *roué* at her side. Isabel may excel in outward, but Love I am certain, excels in inward grace. I should like much to inquire into their histories. They cannot have been educated together.'

'That is true, sir. They were not. Their father was a lieutenant in the navy, and died at sea. His widow was left with only a small annual pension, insufficient for the support of herself and two children, and consequently accepted the



offer made by a wealthy brother of her husband, to educate and provide for one of the daughters, while with the other, she retired to the country and became mistress of an humble village residence, where she has almost supported herself by needle-work, till a recent occurrence has rendered such toils unnecessary. Some wealthy relative of hers—a West Indian uncle, I think, has lately died and left her heiress of all his estates. Legal business connected with the investment of the property has called her to the city for a few months, and she has taken both daughters to board with her. It is Love's first visit to town since her childhood. Isabel has been ever a resident here, and her uncle has spared no expense in procuring for her all the advantages the city affords for education, society and amusements. She must be greatly disappointed and mortified to find her sister such a simple rural maid—so absolutely rustic, and ignorant of conventional politeness.

There is more to be proud than ashamed of in that timid creature, thought the gentleman, but perceiving his companion to have little disposition to concur with his tastes, he changed the subject to something more congenial.

Love Mandeville, meanwhile, was gradually engaging in conversation with the party around her. For some time she had been discoursing eloquently with her clear intellectual eyes, and after one or two encouraging looks from her mother she ventured to add a remark to one which had been offered by Dr. L—a very scientific man.

'The observation made by Dr. L—' she said, modestly, blushing as she spoke, 'reminds me of a beautiful probability noticed by Robert Mudie in his *Work on Nature*. Were he not a scientific man himself, I should scarcely venture to allude to an idea which seems rather the offspring of poetry than philosophy; but may there not be some truth in his theory of the delicate organs of sense being nurtured by what affords them gratification—physically nurtured, I mean—as for instance, the eye—may it not, as he supposes, gain health, and vigor, and beauty, by resting frequently upon lovely scenes in nature?'

'I am not qualified, Miss Mandeville,' replied the doctor, 'to add certainty to a supposition which is really beautiful, and I think quite warrantable. If Miss Mandeville, however, has herself been educated amid the beauties of nature, we shall certainly have one presumptive proof that such an effect is produced.'

This gallant reply from the gentleman occasioned Love much embarrassment, but she had too much good sense not to subdue it, and continue her investigation of a subject which afforded her interest. The doctor, moreover, was an elderly man, and highly courteous.

'I think the *poetry* of this theory is contained in the probability that only beauty, fragrance and melody administer health to these organs. It helps to establish a holy truth of God's providence—that no part of man's nature, either moral, mental, or physical, finds sustenance in anything which is not pure, and good, and beautiful.'

'A very fine idea, Miss, as I have no doubt my clerical friend will admit,' replied Dr. L—turning to a gentleman on his right—an elderly personage whom the Dr. had invited to take tea with him.

Mr. Lardner was a very grave man, but there was an urbanity in his manners which conveyed a favorable impression of his benevolence. His answer was very deliberate, and to Love and her mother, exceedingly gratifying. 'What the young lady says is very true, and I listened to her remark with high satisfaction. I wish it were a fact more thoroughly and generally understood. Natural science should always be studied thus—always studied with reference to God's providence. I am looking forward to the day—though when it dawns it may be upon my humble grave—when natural theology will have no distinct existence, when it will be so incorporated with revealed religion as to lose its identity, and yet, at the same time retain its high and glorious powers. When this union is consummated, when natural theology gains an inseparable connection with divine revelation, we may look then for a perfect religion from which the creeds of men will shrink confounded. When religion takes science by the hand, the kingdom of satan will be demolished. Yes, young lady, the holy truth of God's providence will be understood and regarded; man will seek sustenance in the good things of earth alone; he will turn from the broken cisterns that hold no water, to the great fountain of life and salvation.'

The high tone of these remarks, and the liberal character of his prophecies, won for the venerable man the respectful attention of the whole company, save Isabel Mandeville and her beau attendant, Maj. Atherwood. Isabel could not but feel gratified at the commendation bestowed upon her sister, whom she really loved, but there was something excessively ludicrous to her mind, in



being preached to upon the subject of religion, by an old man in rusty black garments, at a public tea table. She could attend church one half day in the week, because other people did so, and the bishop looked very dignified in his rich surplice; but any where else, religion was something for which she had neither taste nor talent. Major Atherwood's entire ignorance of any thing belonging to man's higher nature was a sufficient reason why he sought to ridicule all religious principle in others.

Mrs. Mandeville turned several reproachful glances upon Isabel, and watched with deep anxiety her intimacy with a man so profligate and unprincipled as Atherwood. Before she left the table she had formed the resolution to quit the city with both her daughters at the earliest opportunity. She was confirmed in her determination by the reply of Mr. Lardner to an inquiry concerning the length of his visit to the city.

'I shall leave early next week,' he replied. 'I go in company with my nephew yonder,' casting his eyes toward the young gentleman whom we have previously introduced to our readers, 'to spend a month or two in F. with an old friend of mine, Dr. Waitt.' This was the village where Mrs. Mandeville resided, and she felt that the society of such a man as Mr. Lardner would be a great benefit to herself and children. Love, she knew, would be delighted, and Isabel she hoped, would be improved. Dr. Waitt was the clergyman under whose ministry she had reared one lovely daughter—he was her intimate friend and wise counsellor—her residence was near his, and of course she enjoyed his constant society together with such as met frequently at his house, the learned, and wise, and good.

The evening being very balmy and delightful, the young gentlemen of the house proposed a walk, inviting the whole company to the table, indiscriminately, to join it. Mrs. Mandeville retired to their chamber for their bonnets. 'Love,' exclaimed Isabel, as soon as they were alone, 'I expect you will have several rival attendants in this walk. I hardly know which will find most favor in your eyes,—Rev. Mr. Rusty Coat, or Dr. Scientific. Come, Love, no secrets, with your sis, which is to be the happy man?'

'They are both happy, and ever will be happy men, while they are guided by just and noble principles,' replied Love, blushing a little at her sister's tone of raillery. 'I should be very proud

of either Mr. Lardner, or Dr. L. for an attendant, though I cannot hope for such an honor.'

'Then I fear you will have to trudge alone, for what mortal man, except he be purblind with age, would care to walk with a body so equipped, is really more than I can guess. Mob bonnet, crape shawl, plain cambric handkerchief and thick walking shoes! Pray, when did you come from beyond the west?'

'Dear Isabel,' said Love, beseechingly, 'why will you laugh at me so? My dress is such as mother approves, and I think respectable. A cottage straw bonnet is always in taste, and how much more suitable for an evening promenade than my thin light silk hat. My shawl and thick shoes are much better than colds and agues to which I am constitutionally subject, you know—and as for a plain handkerchief—I never did, and never shall carry any other.'

'Never did! Is it possible you have handled such dowdy things as that all the while you have been here? How foolish! If it were not for some of these prudish quaker notions of yours, you would be a sister after my own heart—but mother has been shriving you up in the woods till you are a most absolute rustic in manners and dress. What objections have you to embroidered handkerchiefs, more than to the embroidered collar you wear?'

'I object to them, dear sister, for several reasons. In the first place, I cannot think them in good taste; in the second place, I am guided by certain principles of economy in dress dictated by conscience, and then living in a small country village, as I do, such innovations upon the simple habits of rural costume would be ridiculous and sinful. It is not worth the while to dispute about matters of taste, Isabel—we have been educated very differently. We think very little of dress in the country. We study nature more than art—the flowers created by God and inwrought with living verdure, more than those fashioned by human device, to pamper vanity. Your handkerchief probably cost twenty dollars—mine but one; twenty dollars saved a poor man his cow last week. Think you I am not happier in this knowledge than you are with that show of lace and needlework? I do not pretend, dear belle, to be wiser and better than you; but while you follow the customs in which you have been educated, leave me in peace, I pray you, with my rusticities.'

Isabel said no more, and they descended togeth-



er to the parlor, where the company were assembling. Maj. Atherwood took Isabel's hand, and drew her arm in his, while Love stole gently to her mother's side. 'Let me go with you, mother,' she whispered. Dr. L—who stood near, overheard her. 'If Miss Love will accept of my poor escort,' he said, smiling affectionately, 'she shall have one arm and Mrs. Mandeville the other.'

'I must be pardoned, Dr.' said young Mr. Lardner, stepping forward from the crowd, 'if I pronounce you somewhat selfish in claiming two fair partners, while uncle and I are left destitute. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the ladies, though I trust it is awaiting me; and then I will make my plea to them.'

'Bless you, my lad, I beg a thousand pardons! Mrs. Mandeville, Miss Mandeville, allow me to introduce to your favor one of the best fellows in the city,—Henry Lardner, a true American merchant and a worthy nephew of his excellent uncle.'

'Thank you, doctor,' said the young man, laughing and bowing. 'With so many recommendations from one so entitled to credit for nice judgment, and sober truth, I shall find it very easy, I trust, to ingratiate myself into favor with the ladies. What a happy thing it is to have good natured friends.'

'Yes, yes, I understand,' exclaimed the doctor, 'I understand why you are flattering my good nature. Well, these young fellows must be indulged, I suppose; so Miss Love, with fewer protestations of regret than is strictly gallant, I must resign you to a younger and handsomer beau.'

Had Love felt really displeased with this arrangement, her countenance would not have varied its sweetness, she only blushed very deeply, as she took the young gentleman's arm, and shrunk back from the observation of the company. It is possible she thought his politeness a little too much dashed with assurance; but it was the assurance of a frank temper—not like Maj. Atherwood's, the effect of vanity and self consequence. It so chanced as the party left the steps of the hotel, that Mr. Lardner and Love found themselves in the rear. To young people who are forming acquaintance this position is never other than agreeable. It gives the freedom of private intercourse, without the embarrassment that actual solitude imparts. There was one thing, however, unfortunate to Love in her situ-

ation, for directly in front of her walked her sister and Maj. Atherwood—a man whose manners were to her sensitive delicacy, exceedingly repugnant. The levity of his address, and the pleased attention with which Isabel listened to his flatteries, made Love's heart ache with many anxious fears. She blushed, too, that her companion should observe them; and this shame excited her to efforts in conversation that soon enlisted his whole attention.

If Henry Lardner had been pleased with Love's deportment at the tea table,—her modest blushes and intelligent countenance—he was fascinated now, by the lofty and delicate tone of her thoughts, so sweetly and timidly uttered. It is true, once in a while, she merely said yes, or no, when his remarks demanded something more; but this was not occasioned by vacuity of mind, for all the time beautiful thoughts were trembling on her lips, afraid to be spoken. Shall we write the idea that was passing in Henry's mind while he silently compared the conversation of the two sisters? One, thought he, opens her heart and all its sweet and holy sentiments slowly and delicately, as a rosebud unfolds its beauty and fragrance; the thoughts of the other spring out like a nest of mushrooms, spontaneous and without grace or delicacy, leaving nothing to be drawn out, day after day, in the intimate communion of love. That he did not fully understand Isabel's character remains to be proved in the progress of our story. Weeds sometimes grow over deep springs. The value of the mind's fruitage depends something upon the natural soil, but more upon the kind of seed sown in it. Take care of the seed then, dear young friends, that no tares mingle with the roses that grow up in your tender hearts. They are to be eradicated.

After our party left the park where we were promenading, the rain began to fall from a heavy cloud that had gathered in the sky. There was but one shelter, or get utterly drenched. A public hall was opened for a lecture, and they were glad enough to find entrance. To many of the party the lecture proved highly interesting; perhaps to none more so than to Henry Lardner and his fair companion. The subject was English poetry, and as the orator passed from Chaucer and Spenser through all the bright array, down to the Wordsworth and Southey of our own day, he proved himself not only capable of a critical perception of beauties



in the sentiments and language of others, but gave some brilliant specimens of his own poetic genius. Love was enchanted. The lecture exceeded any thing she had ever heard, and she could not avoid whispering to her companion, that she regarded it a most fortunate shower which had driven them to such a shelter.

When they left the hall the stars were shining gloriously in the heavens, the air was cool and pure, and no traces of the shower remained except the water that covered the streets. Love found her thick shoes an effectual shield to her feet, and had no little perplexities to disturb the enthusiasm that the eloquent lecturer had awakened in her ardent mind. 'What a beautiful thought was that of his,' she exclaimed, after considerable conversation upon the manner in which he had treated his subject, 'that every pure and elevated spirit breathes poetry as naturally as a rose exhales perfume. I believe it!'

'So do I,' replied Henry Lardner, venturing to draw her arm a little closer within his, 'I have had too many sweet proofs this evening to doubt it.'

The next morning when Love rose early in joyful spirits, as the young and innocent ever awake, she was alarmed to find Isabel quite unable to leave her bed—the consequence of her imprudent dress the preceding evening. This indisposition confined her to her room during the remainder of their residence at the hotel, and Love made herself happy in nursing and amusing her. Isabel was sensible to her kindness, and confessed that though she was not so much as some accomplished in drawing room politeness, she understood the graces of a sick chamber better than any one of her acquaintance.

It was a very bright September morning when Mr. Lardner and his nephew and Mrs. Mandeville and her daughters, passed up the river to the quiet village of F—. Isabel was still feeble and depressed in spirits. She had left the city without an interview with Atherwood, who was absent; and she knew not what to hope or fear for the future. She loved him but too well; yet she was sufficiently acquainted with his reckless habits to trust little to his promises. Her mother, too, had remonstrated with her very seriously for associating so intimately with a man of notorious profligacy; but love is wayward, and it would not be brooked in its regrets. She wept for him, chided her tears, and then—wept again.

Love sympathized with her sister in her griefs,

though it was surprising to her how Isabel could be weak enough to bestow her affections on a person so little worthy, either mentally or morally. She was quietly happy in her own gentle affections, and innocently deemed that all might be the same. She loved her mother and her sister—it was sufficient for her happiness to minister to their enjoyment. She felt sure that had Isabel been well and lively as usual, she never could have enjoyed herself so much as in their passage up the beautiful Hudson. Uncle Lardner,—they all called him uncle to distinguish him from Henry—uncle Lardner was so kind and social, and talked to her so instructively that she was never weary of listening, save when Henry was near to talk, and so very sweet and patient a listener was she that the old man talked on and on till his nephew grew very impatient and wished old age would not always make people garrulous. He was growing selfish very rapidly.

Well, weeks passed on in the pleasant village of F. and Isabel was nigh unto her grave. At least, so her physicians said, and so her friends believed. A great change had certainly passed over her mind and person. The ravages of disease were upon her form and countenance. Her wasted cheeks and sunken eye, her bowed and emaciated form, and feeble motions so different from the fascinating grace that a few weeks before had charmed all observers, told a tale of severe suffering. But her mind had been renovated, not weakened. She had been surrounded by holy influences. Sickness and thoughts of death are never without ministries of sanctification to the heart. The devoted mother, too, wearing her strength away in services around her bed—praying for her health and teaching her lessons of piety and heavenly wisdom; the gentle Love, the sweetest of her sex, gliding like an angel of mercy to her side to alleviate the slightest weariness, cheering her with low-toned songs, and pleasant conversations; reading to her such holy and beautiful sentiments, with an emphasis so thrilling and a tone so penetrating that Isabel felt her whole soul changing into music; the grave and pious instructions of uncle Lardner, and the tender sympathy of brother Harry as she called the nephew,—all these sacred influences were around her, and aided her in casting off the bondage of early follies.

One day she seemed better than usual, and was sitting in her chair by an open window, when a chaise stopped at the gate and Maj. Atherwood



alighted. Before she had time to withdraw from the window, he stood close before her. He held out his hand; she yielded hers coldly and he received it coldly; uttering exclamations of surprise at seeing her thus altered. She invited him to enter the house. He hesitated for some moments, said he was merely passing through the town and for old acquaintance's sake had called for a momentary interview; and then, not knowing how to excuse himself, he entered the room where she sat with her mother and sister, and having gazed at her till he was satisfied she was very ill, and conversed with her till he found her mind was as much altered, and he thought as badly as her person, he bade them all adieu, and in five minutes was driving rapidly out of the village.

From this hour Isabel gradually improved. She was able to join Love in her walks several times before Henry left, and convinced him by her serious conversation and chastened manners that where mushrooms have sprung up, the sweetest of roses may be planted and nurtured. And while Isabel improved in inward, Love improved in outward grace. Her naturally affectionate and gentle manners became more free and unembarrassed. She learned to talk without blushing at every word, and to take a gentleman's arm without trembling. Indeed, there was one arm that she began to lean upon quite confidently, and one time as she walked thus, a voice breathed words like these in her ear. 'Gentle Love, it is a precious name of thine—wilt thou give it to me?'

Probably the generous girl gave him one name that night, and it was not many months ere she cast aside the other also, and he gave her his in exchange. He loved her for the graces of her heart, and he was happy to find that time, and sickness and sorrow were alike powerless when exerted against charms like hers. Her heart was always good, therefore her manners were always gentle; her mind was always clear and consequently her conversation was always intelligent and engaging. Conventional manners have little grace compared with such as these; so Isabel wisely learned, and made them subservient accordingly.

Good deeds pay themselves! Vice pays itself! Want and wretchedness, twin brothers, receive their merited deserts! Pride, the inflated imagination of vain minds, receives too, his hollow applause! Eternal friendship alone is pure!

### IMPROMPTU.

Original.

In the forests, by the fountains,  
Where the moss grows soft and green,  
In the dells, or on the mountains,  
God alike is felt and seen.

Who would love the peaceful river,  
Where the waves are soft and low,  
Where the aspens lightly quiver,  
If God spake not in its flow?

Who would care to hold communion  
With frail beings born to die,  
If no hope of future union  
Gave a sanction to the tie?

What young heart would waste affection  
On sweet spirits of this earth,  
If they had no sure connection  
With a high immortal birth?

Who would love, if love were mortal?  
For a curse 't would then be given;  
Now we look thro' hope's bright portal,  
To th' undying love of heaven! S. C. E.

### THE VOICE OF THE DYING.

Original.

A SHORT time since I noticed in one of our periodicals, a suggestion that a collection of facts, descriptive of the closing scene of the lives of Universalists, which have been made radiant by the light of a glorious and 'good hope through grace,' should be published, in the form of a tract for distribution. And the propriety and importance of the measure suggested, has impressed itself on my mind with a force which has impelled me to call the attention of some one of our well qualified brethren to the work; for I believe it could not fail to do incalculable good. And the reasons I would offer for the belief I entertain may not be unsuited to a brief space in the REPOSITORY.

There are minds in community, which might be awakened to the investigation of religious truth by the influence of such a work, which, perhaps, would otherwise remain in a state of coldness and inactivity scarcely a *faint* emblem of death itself!

The 'cunningly devised' saying of the opposers of the doctrine of God's impartial grace, that '*Universalism will not do to die by*,' has doubtless operated with a power, little less than a spell of enchantment, on many timid souls; and being so well calculated to coalesce with the fears and prejudices of the unenfranchised mind, it has helped to weave the *worm-wood chaplet* which has crowned death '*KING OF TERRORS!*' And



through constant fear of this great devastation they have been all their life-time subject to bondage! and oh! how cruel has that bondage been.

The ideas which are naturally and inevitably associated with the thought of death—when we gaze upon the motionless form, the rigid features, the glazed and rayless eye, and the forever sealed lips of some one whom we have fondly loved,—with whom we have been wont to hold sweet converse, and whom we are about to commit to the cold tenancy of the 'narrow house'—are of themselves sufficiently painful! And then, when the thought comes, of pleasures vanished,—of friendships severed, of hearts bleeding, and of hopes blasted by his touch!—and when, too, we reflect as we look upon the marble representative of what was once life, and joyous motion, that *we*, too; yea, that all who live, are soon to be summoned to join

—'The innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realms of shade, and take  
Our silent chamber in the halls of death.'

We all know that the ghastly pageant of the pale monarch, as he thus presents himself, is well calculated to check the hearts pulsation,—to cause the purple current to run back, blanched, to its source, and the poor affrighted mortal to shrink from the remorseless tyrant, with aversion and dread! For we do know that a desire for life, and aversion to death, are principles interwoven with every fibre of our being. But when to these considerations, in themselves sufficiently dreadful, and appalling, are added the horrific scenes and the dreadful enginery of torture, which the cruel invention of man has placed in the unseen world,—there is surely no cause for wonder that the UNCHRISTIANIZED mind should turn in an agony of fright from the woe fraught picture, whose every lineament thus drawn, is rife with horror.

Now such is the imposing array of dismay and terror, which has been brought by unfeeling man, to give currency and force to the trite saying that 'Universalism will not do to die by.' The pulpit and the press have groaned beneath the burden of *assertion*, that, when Universalists approach the confines of the domain of the universal conqueror, they discover that the terrors which death usually wears, are not all that make it terrible. That they now, alas! too late, discover their too fatal delusion;—that they see through the vista of the grave those tremendous scenes of woe, which before, they had deemed were unreal;—that they now have opened up to their startled

vision, those gloomy cells, whose only rays are emitted from hate's lurid lightnings leaping from crag to crag of their infernal prison, to make darkness and desolation more drear; to sear and scar, and burn the conscience to immortal torture! and where, they are taught to feel that *their doom is that horrid place,—*

Where friends shout *victory* as hope expires!  
And man pours blasphemy at God's DESIRES!

And by such dreadful phantom scenes as these, transcribed from the wild working of the fanatic's brain, have the opposers of the doctrine of God's impartial love, thrown up before the uninformed mind a barrier to investigation; and even frightened thousands from confidence in the word of God!

People have from infancy been taught to confide in the statements of their ministers. And hearing from them the saying so oft repeated that '*Universalism will not do to die by*'—hearing from them so frequently the statement that Universalists renounce their sentiments on the death bed, the deceived ones are inclined to believe the truth of the remark; and hence, they feel little or no disposition to investigate the evidence on which a doctrine rests, which they are taught to believe, yields so little support to the mind, when support is most needed. Indeed, fear holds them back! And the startling array which she is able to conjure up, and martial around the dying couch, is such, that many minds are unequal to the encounter! And I am fully persuaded, from what has fallen under my own observation, that there are thousands of minds in community, whose souls are freed from these fetters last of all.

Such persons are ignorant of the blessed truth, that there is power in the gospel of Jesus, to scatter all the clouds that veil the clear sky of the future; to disarm the grim monster of the tomb, of all his terrors, and soften his once haggard visage, into the welcome features of a friend, sent by our common Father to unlock the portals of immortal life, and lead us on to those we love! They are not aware of the fact, that there are *thousands* of our race, who, under the sustaining and peace giving influences of Universalism, have descended to the grave in tranquillity and peace; chanting in spirit as they departed from the scenes of earth, the almost inspired sentiment of the poet;—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast, I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there!'



And I have known instances in which, when every other cloud, and shadows of doubt had been dissipated from the mind, by the light of investigation ; when the doctrine of the universal PATER-NITY,—and the SALVATION of our God, seemed clearly and brightly reflected from his works, and word, the early imbibed fear that the doctrine might not prove adequate to the mind's wants in the dying hour, was the very last to be conquered ! and indeed was given up only from witnessing a scene where the gentle spirit of a beloved friend, sustained by that glorious doctrine, in an unfaltering trust in God, was enabled to sink in the arms of death, not as a trembling victim to his power, but a triumphant conqueror through him that loved us ! Then, the spirit of the survivor was freed from the last earthly clog and rose on the pinions of a living faith—as the eagle soars with unblenched eye, in the gushing sun-light,—to the upper atmosphere of faith and love, which the believing christian breathes, and went on its way rejoicing !

Let then, the happy death scenes of Universal-ists be painted by the pencil of truth. Let names and places, and references be given. Let facts be spread before the minds of the doubting, on the subject, as helps with the other means which are used, to deliver them who through *fear of death* are all their life time subject to *bondage* ; and their enfranchised souls shall hail the truth with joy, and rise up and call those blessed who have thus been instrumental in breaking the shackles from their minds. For they shall live in PEACE, and when they come to an exchange of worlds, 'the weary worn out winds do not expire so soft' as they shall breathe out their spirits to the God who gave them !

T. J. G.

*Marlboro, August 1839.*

### CONSCIENCE ; A FEW QUESTIONS REGARDING IT ANSWERED.

Original.

ALTHOUGH the moral sense, the inward monitor, the vicegerent of God, has been the theme of a thousand tongues, in many ages, yet there are many questions connected with the subject upon which there still exists a variety of opinion. Philosophers and divines differ in their opinions on questions relating to this subject, from which we may infer that more light is still wanted to enable men to perceive the whole truth, or that it is one of those subjects upon which men are likely always

to differ, as their vision is confined or enlarged, clear or beclouded by interest or prejudice—There are however, a great many well established truths on this subject, and in relation to these, if not incumbent upon us to seek more light, yet it is good for us to be put in remembrance of them though we know them, and as St. Peter says, to be stirred up by way of remembrance. Our theme, then, although hackneyed may not be unprofitable.

*Can conscience be rendered keener or blunter, can it be seared or rendered more sensitive, can it be injured or improved ? and how ?*

The well known facts and laws regarding the improvement and injury of our other faculties render it altogether highly probable, so far as analogy can be trusted, that conscience also may be improved or deteriorated. It is well known that the power of certain parts of the body can be increased or diminished. Take for instance the arms of a blacksmith, or the fingers of a player upon a musical instrument. The law holds with regard to the mental powers. A man accustomed to entrust the charge of his business to his memory, in a great measure, will in the course of time find his memory much more serviceable than will be the same faculty in a man who seldom has charged his with any burdens. The power of expressing one's thoughts extemporaneously is also well known to be much improved by frequent exercise. It is indeed a generally known and admitted law of our mental constitution that those faculties are the strongest which are used the most.

What analogy thus renders probable, observation and experience confirms. We remember a somewhat paradoxical expression of the celebrated Chalmers, which conveys briefly this testimony of observation and experience. He said that the more nearly a good man approaches the goal of perfection, the more imperfections he perceives in himself. We trust there are many readers of this, so far advanced in the christian life as to be able to subscribe to this somewhat startling proposition. To such it needs no word of explanation. To those, whose own experience does not furnish at once proof and explanation, it may be said that a perusal of the biographies and diaries of some eminently good men will give them proof enough of the fact that the consciences of such are stronger as they are more used. And in explanation of this we would say that the power of discerning between right and wrong in motives



and actions seems to follow the same law observed by the other powers of the mind, and to become strengthened by use. Now it is characteristic of good men that they minutely inquire into the moral character—the rightness or the wrongness of their actions, feelings and motives; and of bad men it is equally characteristic and notorious that they trouble themselves but little about the right or the wrong of their conduct, and regard only its deceitful promises of present profit, pleasure or fame.

These observations, then,—mere outlines to be filled up by the reader's reflections—go to demonstrate that conscience may be either improved or injured, and indicate the process by which these effects are produced.

Now for the application to practical purposes. It is a truism too plain to require any other proof than a bare announcement, that we are progressing in goodness, and have our faces heaven-ward, when our consciences are becoming stronger to perceive, and more sensible to feel the moral character of our actions; and *vice versa*, that we are on a downward path when the rightness or the wrongness of our actions is little regarded by us. If then we would desire the upward path and its final goal, and avoid the path whose end is destruction, the means to be employed are evident: we must make it our first question in premeditating or reviewing our actions—what is right, and avoid that negligence or shrinking which dictates indifference to the nature of our actions. If we do these, if we go to conscience for its verdict upon all our inward feelings and outward conduct frequently and habitually, then what we *ought to do*, will soon, in all cases, be plain before us, and then happy are we if we so do. The path that leads to *perfection* is plain—it consists in consulting, listening to, and obeying the monitor within. Who then will walk therein?

*Should conscience in ALL cases be obeyed?*

Some may wonder at this question, supposing that although men are every day actually disobeying, yet few if any could be found who would advocate or defend this disobedience to conscience. We admit there are but a few cases in which this question can be *rationaly* entertained. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer to the question—should conscience be obeyed—is only to be answered positively. But there are cases of uninformed, over scrupulous conscience where the question is not to be thus readily decided. Some would thus immolate

themselves by excessive self mortification, and others seclude themselves as monks from the world by their fear of every enjoyment and gratification being an unhallowed indulgence, all cheerfulness, all amusement being sin. Here the question is certainly allowable—would it not be better for such a one to break through these needless restraints, and thus save himself from the severe penalties he incurs, and from the still increasing domination of a superstitious and thwarted moral judgment. Before determining this question we think a very considerate and minute estimate ought to be taken of the advantages of implicit obedience on the one hand, and of the disadvantages of obedience in such cases on the other. These general advantages we may present on a future occasion: meanwhile if any one think us in error, let him freely show his opinion.

### THE URN OF THE PAST.

Original.

THE urn of buried years—how mute it stands,  
And yet how eloquent its records are!  
Sad memories rise, like antiquarian bands,  
To bring to life the wrecks reposing there—  
Sweet blighted hopes, like withered flowers of June—  
And love, a broken pearl of wasteless parts—  
And plighted vows, the remnants of a tune  
Poured from the keystings of united hearts—  
And tender friendships formed with kindred minds,—  
All scattered like the dew-drops from the flowers,  
When from their rosy beds the morning winds  
Glide swiftly thro' the bright ambrosial bowers—  
And long hushed voices, like the riven links  
Of some sweet-tinkling, but dismembered chain—  
And smiles and tears, like drops the sunbeam drinks,  
Or rainbows fading ne'er to glow again—  
All these and more, are strewn upon the urn  
That holds the sacred relics of the past;  
And, lit by memory's torch, the fragments burn  
With a reviving incense to the last!

Clad in our sad funereal robes and copes,  
We come to thee, oh urn of buried years!  
To read the epitaph of vanished hopes,  
And sprinkle o'er thy records with our tears!  
What canst thou tell us, that our spirits yearn  
To know of what we loved and lost so soon?  
Speak, tomb of hopes and joys!—mysterious urn!  
And grant this simple, yet all priceless boon.

'Ask, ask me not—to you a mystery still,  
Must be the knowledge sealed within the urn—  
What I may not reveal, the Father will,  
When to his open arms your souls return.  
The spirit hath its gifts, but never this—  
To know the wanderings of exiled love;  
Enough to feel its destiny is bliss—  
Unfading bliss in brighter lands above.'

Glen Viola.

EVELYN.



## OUR COUNTRY.

Original.

THE history of our young nation is peculiar. There have been republics before us, and there have been republics formed since our system of government has been tested. It is not in the form of our government that we are peculiar; but it is in the stability and orderly administration of it, that we differ from all other nations who have thrown off the yoke of kings and nobles. There was virtue enough in the American people to originate a peculiar form of government, and therefore we may hope that they can maintain it: while our neighbors of South America merely followed our example, and it is to be feared that the people were hardly prepared for the change. Their Bolivar trode in the footsteps of Washington until success had crowned his patriotic endeavors; and then he fell. He could endure adversity he could brave peril and hardship; but when tried in the ordeal of prosperity, he was found wanting. We cannot be too thankful for the gift of such a man as Washington. Some ardent persons, during the revolution, found fault with his moderation. They would have had him a Hotspur, a Charles of Sweden, a thunderbolt of war. Even John Adams did not estimate the peculiar qualities of Washington. But the world has seen a great many heroes, a great many daring warriors, and adventurous chiefs. It has seen but one Washington. People are prone to admire extraordinary feats of bravery. They do not reflect that daring exploits are no proof of a warrior's superior courage. It is to be presumed that every general who goes into battle, has prepared himself for the worst. He holds his life in his hand, although he may not rashly endanger it. He has other matters to engage his attention besides the display of personal valor. It is highly necessary to the welfare of his cause and his country, that he do not risk his life more than his duty absolutely requires. He has a heavy duty to perform. A weight of responsibility rests on his shoulders; and the winning of a battle is his aim, by the most judicious means that he can command. Washington was obliged to husband his means, in every possible way. His murmuring, half fed and undisciplined troops were not efficient for his purposes; and because he would not rashly peril the existence of the whole continental army, there were some who thought him more prudent than adventuresome. Herein they have utterly mistaken the character of Washing-

ton. He was, personally, intrepid; and much inclined to endanger his own person. He sought to preserve his army, knowing that final success was his object. Had he taken the advice of others; had he risked a battle whenever an occasion offered, the star of American liberty would have gone down in blood. Then, indeed, he would have been denounced on all hands, as a traitorous rebel, and an unskilful general. It is difficult to please everybody. Washington wisely determined to study the best policy, and leave the event to the great Disposer of all things. He determined to do his duty, according to the best of his ability, and to disregard either the threats of the adversary on the one hand, or the murmurs of his own countrymen on the other. He aimed not to dazzle the common mind by brilliant feats of useless daring, but to succeed in delivering his country from a foreign yoke. He did succeed. Honors now were showered upon his head; but alas! those honors could not remunerate him for the days of toil, the long and anxious nights, the powerful exertion of all his bodily and mental powers, during eight long years of almost hopeless conflict with the most sagacious and warlike nation on the earth. The boastful and supercilious Briton had bowed his lofty crest—the employers of savage and bloodthirsty myrmidons had been humbled, and mercenary hirelings left our shores to carry home the tidings of the sound drubbing which they had received from the sons of liberty.

The enemy was gone, but the country was in tatters. Many men can fight, but the hero of the revolution was the presiding genius of his country. We may truly say, that our government was 'without form and void.' Each state had a separate government, and there was an implied union between them, which union was wholly ineffective, and which did not save the country from the first throes of anarchy. Rebellion and mutiny showed their grim visages; and the commotion of the late war seemed to be degenerating into the most dangerous symptoms, threatening our very existence as a nation. George Washington was chosen as the pilot to conduct the struggling bark of the nation through the whirling eddies and between the hidden rocks which had paralyzed the stoutest hearts. I need not say how faithfully he performed his task—how calmly yet decisively he grasped the helm of state—how successfully he composed differences and satisfied rival interests, until the constitution



of the United States emerged above the broken waves, the rock on which we have built, and which has so far proved impregnable amid all the storms which jarring interests and factious enterprises have engendered. The example of Washington—who never took one step in the path of ambition, even when the hearts of the nation were all bound up in his single person—stands alone, unrivalled, and proves his mind to have been thousands of years in advance of the age in which he lived. Perhaps the man breathed not on the face of the earth, at that time, who would have so sternly adhered to duty—so disinterestedly have sacrificed all personal interests.

But in vain did Washington live, if we are unmindful of the lesson that he taught us. The success, the honor, and the stability of our institutions, rest with the people. The same stern regard to right, to justice, to the greatest good of the greatest number, which distinguished him, must be our watchword in the hour of national danger. Petty schemes of self-aggrandizement, reckless indifference to the happiness of others, must be thrown aside, for the fathers who are gone, cannot act and think for their children. Public virtue and private honesty will save our nation, and carry her on heart-whole to the verge of the millenium. Paltry ambition will soon be regarded as detestable, by the whole world, and he who now figures in marble and in history as *Napoleon le Grand*, will be designated as *The Imperial Fool*; while the name of Washington will be as lasting as truth, honor, virtue, and humility.

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### LETTERS TO ANNIE. No. I.

Original.

POETRY.

Glen-Viola, Sept. 1st.

DEAR ANNIE,

OUR friend A. in his last letter, gave me some sweet ideas upon poetry; and among his quotations there was one which I particularly admire. It is this, 'when the imagination is shut out, and our thoughts are surrendered to the dominion of the mere speculative power, infidelity is ready to follow quickly in the train, because the aspirations of the soul are suspended.' Poetry then is the aspiration of the soul after beauty and purity sealed to the human eye. It is a yearning for the veiled glories of Paradise—for the beautiful

mysteries of heaven; and when this thirst of our spiritual natures is appeased at an earthly spring, we lose the hope of those clearer and sweeter fountains that well up at the feet of God. But am I not talking to thee of mysteries, dear Annie? thee, whose pure heart never for one moment rested away from the brink of the water of life? Thou, surely, canst not dream of being satisfied at the well-springs of earth, and of losing thy strong yearning for those fountains of beauty that give life to the wild-roses of heaven! Yet they say there have been poets who knew no beauty beyond this dark, gross earth—poets whose lyres have been tuned to the praises of sin! Let us not believe it, my friend. They were not poets *then*, for does not one of the excellent of God's children say, and say truly, that poetry is 'a holy thing?'—and can the most refined perceptions of the intellect—which vision is, indeed, *the* gift that constituted the poet,—discover any beauty, or any purity in the creations of guilt? Poetry is immaterial and cannot sin; it was born in heaven, and cannot disunite itself from the Divinity that dwells in all things.

As a wild fawn shrinks from the step of man, so does the spirit of poesy shrink from material affinities. Like a wild fawn, too, it tracks the solitary and dreamy retreats of earth, nestling about in the tangled wildwoods of the human heart, and reposing itself on the soft mosses that grow above the hidden fountains of love; it hunts through the solemn shades and the sunny nooks of life, seeking for the pure springs of faith, and darting like a frightened thing from the unhallowed eye of scorn, to the far dim coverts of the heart, burying forever there the bright glances of its untamed freedom. It is as timid as it is innocent, as wild as it is beautiful; and the young antelope might as well be yoked to a dull plough, as the holy spirit of romance to the grovelling service of vice.

I give you the following original passage from A.'s letter. 'The poet,' he says, 'is gifted with a mirror, by which he throws a brilliant light on nature, and clears away obscurity, so that thoughts of angels may be read upon all things beautiful and fair. A highly intellectual friend of mine once remarked, that he sometimes thought men might at a future time be gifted with a vision that could read the writing of angels upon the leaves of trees and flowers. That is the ideal of the poet in my mind. He has that vision.' Do you not think, Annie, that A. has this same vi-



sion? Why, then, is he not a poet? Not that he does not perceive as clearly as any other person, the sweet and holy revelations of the Deity in creation; not that his heart is not keenly alive to the tenderest and most delicate affections of our natures—for in his emotions and perceptions he is truly and peculiarly a poet,—but when he attempts to throw his feelings into rhyme, it is like the imprint of a love motto upon cold wax—the measure will not yield, the impression is left faint, and half its meaning becomes obscure; or to use another simile, his metrical poetry is like a stream that gushes from a full fountain through an even, though it may be a flower-bordered and gracefully curved channel; it is constrained to a uniformity that destroys the romance of its beauty.

We have not a sweeter poet among us than my beloved friend J. She is what I call a 'wood-note' poet—wild, free, and full of nature. Her style reminds me of an impetuous stream, dashing at times over sharp rude ledges and tossing its foam into the sunbeams; anon stealing beneath dark drooping willows, and again rippling out into the sunshine, and winding into verdant nooks to steal the image of a wildrose and the sweetness from a tuft of mint—irregular through all its course, yet always full of melody and beauty.

There is one thing that annoys me in almost all the poetry of the last century—its imagery is not delicate—it is not spiritual. There are too many *incantations*, and what may be called clownish personifications. They remind me of an engraving spoken of by Mrs. Hemans, of a 'great fat pleasure, with gouty looking feet.' Personifications rarely please me—never unless characterised by delicacy or sublimity. How like you the poetry that places swords in the hands of angels to fell 'squadrons at once,' with 'broad sun' for their shields, all fighting, terrible with anger, in the fields of heaven? Sweet Annie, wouldst thou be such an angel?

But enough for the present upon this subject. I have thrown together these few hints upon the proper character and true expression of poetry, as I understand it, thinking they might be pleasing to you, and available to some others whose eyes may fall upon this page. Sometime in the future I may give you another dissertation.

EVELEEN.

ABSENT friends, how dear in memory!

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

ON HIS LEAVING HOME. — AN EXTRACT.

Original.

BY DELTA.

DURING the years you have spent under the domestic roof, it has been the chief object of your parents, without neglecting any other useful learning or accomplishments, to habituate you to the control of reason and conscience, and thus to secure for you the inward satisfactions and the outward respect and reputation which are usually awarded to moral excellence—to virtuous character. The plant they have been assiduously cultivating has hitherto flourished sufficiently to reward their labors and encourage their hopes. To you the care of this tree of life is now to be wholly confided. As you would attain to peace and happiness in your own bosom, as you would enter life to advantage, as you would secure success, respectability, well earned wealth, or fame, neglect not the cultivation of your moral dispositions, habits and character. These will all continue to grow and assume some form, whether you are attentive to their right guidance or not: a wild, unseemly, unfruitful one, most probably, nay, almost certainly, if no care is hereafter bestowed on its conformation. Some shape the mass will take: a mere lump if neglected; the elegant vase, if care and skill conjoin to form it. Blast not, then, your parent's hopes and toils by remitting all care and labor in the direction of your conduct, in the formation of your character. Self cultivation is now to supply the place of parental discipline. Of the results we entertain no fears, if heedlessness of consequences and irresoluteness to duty, do not take the place of forethought, plan, and faithfulness to the dictates of your own judgment.

If your impulses are not laid under the gentle restraint and guidance of your judgment, they will carry you from the paths of wisdom, pleasantness and peace. Your amiable and generous dispositions will only lead you to weakness, frivolity and indecision, perhaps, to being duped and imposed upon: your noble aspirations, without care, may shoot up into extravagance and perverseness. Youth needs the bridle; restraint and guidance.

A consciousness of the dignity and *manliness* of your aims—of the supremacy of judgment and conscience in regulating your conduct—of your steady endeavors to deserve the esteem of the



worthy—this consciousness will preserve you from timidity and diffidence which sometimes has hidden excellent talents under a bushel, and driven noble natures in despair, to an association with vulgar and unworthy characters. Against your natural bashfulness proving injurious to you this will be your securest safeguard. You will not shrink from observation of the worthy and friendly, at least, if you are supported and emboldened by the consciousness that you are a *man*, at least, in aim and firmness of resolution, and that by and by it will be apparent that you have been cultivating the approval of heaven and of the excellent of the earth. Be not discouraged because you receive not full credit for your virtues now—at first sight: a few years of probationship over, and even the most backward will have to acknowledge tested worth. Those who held back from encouragement and companionship the longest will probably be, after a sufficient trial of your firmness in virtue, your most attached and most valuable friends. A station among men and among the worthy will soon be assigned to you if you lay aside all boyishness and persevere without seeing any immediate beneficial results, in pursuing manly and worthy aims.

If this consciousness does not support you, if you are childish, without good aims, and without steadiness in pursuing them, your consciousness of these deficiencies will cause you to shrink from the notice of the worthy, and will sink you into the society of the worthless and the vulgar. The excellent, the judicious, the good will keep aloof from you; and without high aims and self exertion you can hardly escape from being ranked, and taking your station, among the thoughtless, the vulgar, the characterless; and at last, among the mean, the worthless or the villainous. Whatever things, then, are lovely and of good report—these aim at, these resolve to attain, these with decision and steadiness, pursue. The consciousness of all this will keep you from taking your rank anywhere but among the excellent of the earth.

For confirmation of these views, look around you among the young who have been, or who will soon be, within the circle of your observation. Do you not perceive among the thoughtless, the aimless, that they are either awkward or impertinent, and consequently ridiculous or detested—that their habits are disgusting and debasing, their manners low, their phraseology vulgar, and that occasionally, at least, they are be-

trayed into acts which disgrace them, and utterly disqualify for respectable society? Are they ever confided in, or ever respected by the worthy who are not related to them?

Let then your aims be after excellence in some form or other, let your plans be well considered, and frequently ask yourself whither am I going—to what will this course lead me? Recollect how seldom any real good is attained without labor and skill, how seldom excellence is attained without persevering exertions. Only make a *beginning* in this good work, only begin to improve, and the consciousness of this improvement, of this upward progress, will be so sweet to the taste, that your future continuance in well doing is secured,—you will go on with accelerated force.

It is a good rule which you have often been admonished to put in practice;—to realize to yourself the presence of your heavenly Father, and to feel and act as if in his immediate presence. In addition to this rule, the practice of which, we trust, has now become habitual to you, it would be well that you should *now* consider yourself, at all times, the subject of observation by your parents or by some very worthy person whose excellence you should like to imitate, or whose approbation you should wish to procure, and endeavor to regulate your feelings and behavior as if always under their eye.

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### JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON.

Original.

SHE was alone! alone in her deep woe  
As in her hour of victory and pride.  
She had unclasped the armor from her form,  
She had unloosed the helmet from her brow,  
And cast them by:—And then once more arrayed  
In female garb, she stood in heart and form  
A woman; lone and with nothing left her  
Save her heart; a woman's heart to suffer  
And endure! grandeur and power, there were none,  
Not e'en their relics, save helm and armor  
Lying at her feet. Her trust was broken,  
And the strong faith which had enabled her  
To bear thus proudly on was gone! her path  
Had been through war and blood, and she had stood  
With armed and mailed forms, herself the chief,  
The leader of them all; but yet in all  
She was a woman still. Say 'twas a dream,  
Delusion, or the phantoms of a brain  
Wild and romantic, which had led her on  
In her strange, glorious career, so bright  
It almost dazzled, and so high that men  
Looked on and wondered at a woman's power.  
But if it was a dream, she had awoken,  
Or if delusion she had broke its spell,  
Or if the airy phantoms of her brain,



They too had fled; whate'er her faith had been  
'Twas powerless now.

Within her dungeons walls  
She sat alone! O 'twas a bitter lot  
To rise so far above a woman's sphere,  
To stand in kingly halls and hear the shout  
Of victory, and see a nation bow  
In gratitude, and feel that 'twas to her  
They bowed, to see a king receive his crown  
And know 'twas she that placed it on his brow,  
Then from this dizzy height of power and pride  
To fall into the depths of wretchedness  
And wo! and yet, all this she might have borne—  
It was not this that bowed her spirit down,  
But she had been deceived, and basely wronged,  
And e'en those in whom her heart had trusted  
Had proved to her worse than her deadliest foes!

What are power and pride unto a woman?  
Yet there are many things man will not do  
For power, yet she will go on fearlessly,  
And she will win the meed of praise and fame,  
And be the sign and watchword of a land,—  
And yet, it is the power, the secret spring  
Within her heart which gives her strength to do  
All this; and it is something nobler far  
Than love of power or pride. But then destroy  
That power, but touch with a rude hand that spring,  
And all things else are nothing. There are things  
Which may be taken from a woman's path,  
And yet she will endure it cheerfully;  
But there is one if torn away too rude  
Fearful and deadly ruin will succeed!  
It is the hope which she has cherished, nursed,  
It is the faith in which she has believed,  
It is the trust where she has placed her all,  
It is the love which she has ever bound  
Around her heart of hearts, until it is  
Almost her very being, life and breath!  
Destroy this hope, this faith, this trust, this love,  
And 'twill be fearful; should it rouse revenge  
It will be 'deadly and quick and crushing';  
But oh more apt to be like thee, Joan!  
A rich and deadly withering of the heart  
A very pausing of the tide of life,  
As it should cease to flow when such deep wo  
Could be.

Charlestown, Mass.

N. T. M.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 141.]

Matt. v. 27. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.* The great Teacher shew the spirituality of this commandment in the allusions he made to it in verses 27 and 28, impressing on the mind its extent, and guarding from the indulgence of those secret desires and thoughts which are the springs of unholy and impure actions.

29. *Eye offend, pluck it out.* The marginal reading is the best—*cause thee to offend*, i. e. cause thee to go contrary to the obligations of a disciple of truth. By eye and hand, the Savior represented objects or things that seemed dear and needed, and the plucking out, &c. signified the relinquishment of these for the sake of duty. It was better to relinquish the possession or enjoyment of these dear objects, and enter into the joys of the new and spiritual life of the gospel, than to cling to them to offend

ing against duty and leading to a disregard of Christ and his warnings, and to participation in the gehenna torments approaching.

31. *Bill of divorcement.* Deut. xxiv. 1. The language of the Savior referred to the custom that had obtained among the Jews of giving a wide application to the permission of Moses, extending it to all dislikes of the personal appearance of the wife, and making it lawful to 'put away' a wife for the slightest causes. Josephus tells us that he put away his wife, the mother of three children, because he was not pleased with her manners. The Savior shew that the law extended only to unfaithfulness.

32. This language is not to be strictly interpreted according to the letter, but the spirit of it, and teaches that the lawful connection of man and wife cannot be dissolved for slight causes—that when thus dissolved, the dissolution is not morally right, and connections formed with others are criminal under these circumstances. The apostle Paul uses equally strong language on this subject, as see Rom. vii. 2. 3. 1 Cor. vii. 11. 39.

33. *Forswear thyself.* Lev. xix. 12. Numb. xxx. 2. Deut. xxiii. 23. The Jewish doctors were accustomed to teach that perjury was a breach only of the third commandment, and made no scruple of using voluntary oaths in common conversation, regarding the nature of their vow or promise less sacred if they did not use the name of God in offering or making it; but Jesus taught, that promises and vows were never to be made without consideration, and that to swear with the lips and annul the vow by mental reservation, was wickedness in a high degree. It is evident from the nature of the evil against which the Savior spoke, that the 'swear not at all,' in the next verse, referred to the common intercourse of life; and another evidence of this is found in verse 27. It is questionable whether society would be served by the abolishing of all judicial oaths, though they are attended by many evils.

34. *Swear not—neither by heaven, &c.* The Jews were accustomed to rate the sacredness of an oath according to the nature or sacredness of what they swore by; our Lord referred very distinctly to this quibbling in Matt. xxiii. 16. 18. 22. where we learn that they deemed an oath 'by the temple' as not binding, while one 'by the gold of the temple' was. To swear by heaven, earth, Jerusalem and the head, were forms in common use, and it was the Savior's object to show that to swear by any part of God's creation, was the same as to swear by himself. How wicked, and yet how common is the practice, to swear the most solemn oaths in the commonest conversation and concerning the most trivial things! Let such as are guilty consider their guilt and reform.

37. *Yea, yea; nay, nay;* i. e. simple affirmation, or negation, without any oaths to confirm either, for whatsoever exceeds this rule, can result in no good. James v. 12.

38. *An eye for an eye, &c.* The use of the law of retaliation by the Jews, was another proof of the low state of morals and spirituality among them, being used in vindication of the most trifling as well as great acts of private revenge. It originally—Ex. xxi. 24. Lev. xxiv. 19. Deut. xix. 21—was a law of enforcement by magistrates, but the Scribes and Pharisees had made it a rule for individuals. The Savior taught the need and value of a different disposition. 'That our Lord did not mean a tame submission to insult, is apparent from his own exhortation when struck by one of the officers in the



presence of the high priest, John xviii. 22, 23; and that Paul did not receive his words in that sense appears from his language on a similar occasion, Acts xxiii. 2, 3. It should be remembered that Jesus is cautioning his disciples against retaliation of injuries, which is so contrary to the spirit of his religion, and so pernicious in its consequences, that it is better to endure some evils, to experience some loss, even to make a temporary surrender of our rights, than by resorting to like means of resistance with those which the ill-disposed would use for our injury, to inflame passion, kindle strife, and bring greater suffering both on ourselves and on them. This is the substance, if not the exact meaning of the instruction given, verses 38-42. Prov. xx. 22; xxiv. 29. Rom. xii. 17-19. 1 Thess. v. 15. 1 Peter iii. 9.

39. *Resist not evil*; i. e. retaliate not upon the injurious man. Literally considered, this precept would be death to all government and progress in holiness, for these require resistance of moral evil and evil persons, and we are bound 'to resist the devil' always.

*Smite one cheek, turn the other also.* A command enjoining a pacific temper, not to be understood literally, for our Savior, in the case already cited, did not thus do. John xviii. 22.

40. *Take cloak, &c.* This precept is a cautionary one, guarding against permitting ourselves to be drawn into vexatious and protracted litigations; far better is it to make some sacrifices and keep clear.

41. *Compel thee to go a mile, &c.* This alluded to a custom then prevalent, that any one who was on a government mission had authority to command the service of any one on the road when necessary.

42. *Give to him that asketh, &c.* This, like the preceding precepts, is to be taken with limitations, for a strictly literal interpretation would lead to those indiscriminate charities which are not always beneficial. The connection of the command shows that this precept had special reference to the wants of those whom we might consider ourselves released from an obligation to assist by their harsh treatment of us. The connection of the words in Luke's gospel makes this meaning more evident as the correct one. Luke vi. 35.

43-45. In these verses the Savior continues to rebuke the exclusive and vindictive spirit so prevalent among the Jews; and he refers his disciples to a high standard of duty—even the merciful Father of all, who measures out his kindnesses, not by the conduct of men towards him, but by the compassion of his own nature. To be children in character of God, we must have our hearts imbued with mercy, for he is kind unto the unthankful and the evil. Luke vi. 35.

46, 47. In these verses, the Savior intimates that as they have higher principles of conduct, more ennobling doctrines, it became them to be more generous in their intercourse with others. If they were no more generous and philanthropic in their intercourse with others, they surely would give no proof of possessing better principles of duty, and that they had more human love than the spirit of the age required.

*Publicans*, were the tax gatherers, or the persons employed by the Roman officers who received the revenue of the tribute of the Jews to their government. This tax the Jews paid reluctantly, and those of their countrymen who were engaged in receiving the same, were despised and reproached, and are always spoken of as a class of stigmatized persons.

These had love among themselves, saluted, or were friendly to each other, and if the disciples loved and saluted only their brethren, they were no better than these.

48. '*Be ye, THEREFORE,*' or because of the preceding reasons, '*perfect, even as your Father is perfect.*' The peculiar duty herein enforced, is that of benevolence and generosity. Luke has it—'*Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.*' Luke vi. 36. The spirit of this verse is well summed up thus,—'*Aspire to a resemblance of that perfect goodness which you venerate in God, who never discovers a selfish or vindictive disposition, but sends down blessings upon the ungrateful and wicked as well as upon the devout and obedient.*'

Chap. vi. 1. *Do not alms before men, &c.* Some would make this command at variance with Matt. v. 16. but the careful reader will perceive that in the latter instance the good works are to be done to glorify God, and with this disposition or intention they should be done before men, whereas in the former instance the disposition to do good works '*to be seen of men,*' is rebuked. There is no jar between the two, that which is done *before men* may not be to be *seen of men*. The Savior had shown that the use made of the Mosaic precepts by the Scribes and Pharisees, must be disregarded by those who would enter his spiritual kingdom, and he now proceeds to point out other defections that must be avoided, and by his allusions to almsgiving, prayer and fasting, shows a corrupt motive in the religious leaders of the age, and the spirituality required to make these religious acts beneficial to the heart and soul of the doer. The religious mannerisms of the times, was the subject of his rebukes and cautions.

*Alms*, marginal reading has *righteousness*, and we may understand good deeds as designed to be referred to in this verse; and we repeat, that our Lord did not condemn the publicity of good deeds, but the performance of them from a desire to attract attention and secure the praise of men. Of the Pharisees our Savior emphatically said, '*All their works they do to be seen of men.*' Matt. xxiii. 5.

2. *Do not sound a trumpet, or as marginal reading, do not cause a trumpet to be sounded.* It is said that it was a custom among mendicants in the east to sound a trumpet in honor of those who bestowed alms upon them; but the expression in the text was doubtless a proverbial expression denoting a display of beneficence in vain glory. When we speak of ostentatious professions and pretensions, we sometimes use the phrase, he came with '*a flourish of trumpets.*'

*They have their reward*, i. e. the attention and applause they seek; but those who would have the higher reward, the approbation of God, must obey the spirit of the command—'*Let him that giveth, do it with simplicity.*' Rom. xii. 8.

3. *Let not left hand know what right hand doeth.* It is said that the chest for the poor was on the *right hand* of the entrance to the synagogue, so that a person entering, might in the most secret manner put his offering in. If such were the fact, there was great beauty in this reference; but however this may be, the precept is against ostentation in doing good.

4. *Reward thee openly*; i. e. thou shalt have the fullest assurance of the divine approbation.

5. *Prayest.* The same ostentatiousness of manner is here reproved. Social, nor public prayer, was not the subject of remark, but the manner of performance.



*'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed.'*

6. *Enter thy closet, &c.* The Jews in general had a secret chamber, or place for prayer and meditation in the upper part of the house. The spirit of the precept, is that the heart must be alone with God. The silent language of deep feeling constitutes some of the most expressive and acceptable prayers that rise to heaven.

7. *Vain repetitions.* It was a custom among the heathen to indulge in a mere multiplication of words, repetition of epithets, as though a reiteration of these would better attract the attention of the gods. In 1 Kings xviii. 26. we have an illustration of this, where the prayer of the worshippers of Baal from morning to night, was but the repetition of their god's name. Devotional fervor will sometimes lead to great length in prayer, but this is not in the least to be associated with the 'vain repetitions' of those who think they are to be heard for their much speaking.

8. *Your Father knows what things ye have need of, &c.* Matt. vi. 32. 'Jesus did not urge the divine Omniscience as a reason why men should not pray, for this duty he enjoined in the plainest terms, Matt. vii. 7. but as a reason for discarding the notion that by their importunity they could persuade God that they were in want.

9. *After this manner,* i. e. let this be your pattern, your model. And what a beautiful pattern—simple, concise, and comprehensive. It was customary for the Rabbins to give forms of prayer to their disciples, and Christ in giving one offered a guide for all others. All our prayers should partake of the spirit, doctrine, and sentiment of this, for this embodied the substance of all prayer.

*Our Father.* Is it not worthy of remark that in this model or pattern of secret prayer, Jesus should use language in the very opening that recalls man's brotherly relation? '*Our Father.*' This is an acknowledgment of our social nature, our common origin, our common filial relation, and let but the spirit of this expression be in the heart, and all the wishes and desires of the soul will accord with generous love. Man should never forget that there are others to pray for besides himself, and give a right direction to his feelings by a remembrance of the ties that bind our common nature.

*Father.* Though a simple term, yet this is a name whose fulness as applied to God, is not discerned as it should be. What is it that makes God our Father? Not simply that he created us, for he is the Creator of the hills, the trees, the animals, and we never call him the Father of these; but the communication of his own Spirit—a kindred nature—is what constitutes him our Father. 'God is a Spirit,' 'there is a spirit in man,' God is 'the Father of the spirits of all flesh.' This is the chain of the paternity. And in this our spiritual nature is written the best assurances of ultimate redemption and bliss.

*In heaven.* Heaven, it is well known, is used in the scriptures both in reference to the material and visible, and to the spiritual and invisible. We read of the clouds and fowls of heaven, and the angels in heaven, and in the text, of our Father in heaven, and hence we are to derive the meaning of the term from the connection in which it is found. Among the Jews there were three heavens; 1. The aerial heaven, i. e. the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, 'where the birds fly, the winds blow, and the showers are formed;' 2. The higher regions in which the stars are seen; and 3. The spiritual

abode or state of beatified spirits, from its purity and bliss regarded as the peculiar dwelling place of God—'the high and holy.' We can scarce think of our heavenly Father, without imagining a state peculiarly his residence, and when we say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' we recall the purity and blessedness of his nature—what our souls most ardently aspire to. Heaven is used in scripture to denote the attributes of God; (vide A. Clarke,) his omnipresence, 1 Kings viii. 27., his majesty and dominion, 2 Chron. xx. 6. His power and might, 2 Chron. xx. 6. Psalm cxv. 3. His omniscience, Ps. xi. 14; xxxiii. 13–15. His purity and holiness, Deut. xxvi. 15. Isa. lvii. 15. Hence, the perfection of the divine nature and the state of the blessed, are to be recalled to mind and felt, when spiritually we use the term heaven, and especially when we speak of, or meditate upon, our Father in heaven.

*Hallowed be thy name.* The name of God is his character. One name is more dear and eloquent to us than another, because of the associations of character connected with that name, and hence the name of a dear friend is more sacred than that of a stranger. The character hallows the name, and so should be the case always in reference to our thoughts upon, or use of the divine name. To *hallow*, is to sanctify, or consecrate—set apart from worldly uses; and we hallow the name of God, when we remember the sacredness of his nature and character, and use it not with earthly feelings.

10. *Thy kingdom come.* There are three senses to the *kingdom of God*. 1. Absolute dominion over the universe and all therein; 2. The reign of his truth and laws; and 3. His government over his rational creatures when they receive and obey his requirement—the triumph of love and holiness over all their opposites. The Jews were accustomed to pray for the kingdom of heaven, i. e. the coming and reign of the Messiah; and in the language of the text, Christ taught his disciples to pray for the like, that the reign or dispensation of which he was the head, might be established. His was a spiritual kingdom—not of, though in this world. When we pray, '*Thy kingdom come,*' let us never forget the emphasis that belongs to *thy*, referring as it does to the term *our Father*. Our Father's kingdom, proving to us that the government of our world is a parental government.

*Thy will be done, &c.* The sacred writers represent angelic spirits ever ready to hear and obey the instructions of divine wisdom, with perfect submission; and the spirit of this portion of the prayer is, that among the inhabitants of the earth there may be the same willingness to obey and delight in doing the will of God. The apostle speaks of the will of God as good, acceptable, and perfect, Rom. xii. 2. implying that all the purposes of his counsel and requirements of his truth, are emphatically good, promotive of the highest good; acceptable, or approved of Infinite Wisdom, and perfect, producing perfect results, to the happiness of man and the glory of God. A useful and instructive employment is the search into the scriptures to trace out the associations of the will of God—those passages and their connections where that phrase is introduced.

11. *Daily bread.* Bread in scripture, is used to denote all needed sustenance; and this part of the petition implies the recognition of the divine bounty, our dependance, and the goodness of God to us ward, and he that feels its spirit will be daily grate-



ful, and use all the means provided in the providence of God for his welfare.

12. *Forgive us our debts*—trespasses, &c. Here is again the recognition—as indeed there is through the whole—of our social nature and relations; and as we remember the offences of others against us, we should remember our offences against God, and as we would have our trespasses forgiven, so we should forgive others. The spirit of this part of the prayer, inculcates a merciful and kind disposition, and does it by the most important consideration, viz. if the divine compassions were not extended to us, how miserable would be our condition. Benevolence and piety should always be united, for through the exercise of the first, the benefits of the latter are experienced.

13. *Lead us not into temptation.* To be led into temptation, and to enter into temptation, in the language of scripture, signifies to be overcome of it. When therefore we pray God that he would not lead us into temptation, we desire that he would not place us in circumstances wherein we shall be overcome of temptation. The language of the Apostle in 1 Cor. x. 13. is a fine comment on this. In James i. 13. we read that God tempts no man, i. e. he entices, or solicits no man to sin; but he surrounds us by circumstances which try our virtue or fidelity, and over which we may conquer if faithful to ourselves and the word of encouragement. We should avoid all the temptations we can avoid, and resolve and strive, by the help of God, to resist all that we cannot avoid. Happy they who can feel the triumphant spirit of St. James language—James i. 2-5.

*Thine is the kingdom*,—absolute dominion; *the power*, the energy by which the purposes of their dominion are executed; *the glory*, the honor that results from the perfect and happy results of the designs of the kingdom and the operations of the executing power. 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

*For ever*; as here used, this term may denote the present and the interminable future, for the dominion, energy, and glory of God are perpetual. This is one of those terms that must always be understood according to the nature of the subject with which it is connected.

*Amen*; a Hebrew word signifying faithful and true. 2 Cor. i. 20. It is also used at the end of a prayer, as an expression of an earnest desire or wish to be heard, or for the accomplishment of what has been prayed for; in this sense it signifies so be it, or so let it be.

## A CHARACTER.

Original.

READER, shall I introduce to you a Mrs. Wilson whom I met last winter at my uncle's? She looked about so, so; was neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly. She wore a bonnet that was 'all in the fashion of it,' little cousin Frances said, rich in material and modern in style. It had been raining all the morning; and her dress, which was costly and elegant throughout, was besprinkled and bordered with mud. In short, she was as 'unco' a creature as you would wish to see.

She rang violently, then bounced into the sitting room, before my aunt had time to lay aside her sewing. She began as she threw herself into the proffered seat, 'I will sit down a moment, for I am tired almost to death; but I cannot stop long, really I cannot; for I left my children with my wash-woman, and I suppose they will plague her life out.'

'Are your children well?' inquired my aunt.

'No, they all have bad colds; and Emma Augusta Jane met with a bad accident while I was out yesterday. My cook made a great fuss about going home to see her sick mother; and I was obliged to let her go and spend the day, or lose her services entirely; so I gave her leave to go. But I can never forgive her for the accumulated misfortunes her absence occasioned. I ordered Emma Augusta to commence preparations for dinner, if I did not return by one o'clock. My babe was very troublesome; and she was obliged to keep him rocking, while she was getting dinner. Somehow, in setting the boiler on the stove, she let it fall, and scalded her feet very bad. I know she must have been careless; but that does not excuse my cook.'

'I do not see that any blame attaches itself to your cook;' said my aunt, 'and your daughter is very young.'

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Wilson, 'but she generally gets along well enough; and she would yesterday, but Horatio Albert and Amanda Mollima Euphrasia had ran away, and left her to rock the babe, and get dinner too. Manda tore her new merino dress all to atoms; and I shut her up in a dark closet, and should have kept her there three hours, to have her out of the way if nothing more; but she was so frightened I was afraid she would go into fits.'

'Do you approve of that mode of punishment?' said aunt.

'I do not trouble myself about the mode of punishing,' answered Mrs. Wilson! 'I know it is my duty to chastise them some way; and Mrs. Fifield says she thinks that the best method she has ever adopted.'

'Her children are not afraid of the dark, and I have heard you say that yours were, I hope you are convinced of its inutility, nay, positive injury, by its effects on your child.'

'We will drop this subject if you please;' said Mrs. Wilson, drawing herself up in the dignity which a recollection of the elevating nature of her errand inspired, just at that moment! 'In the



language of some holy person, Paul, I believe, 'I am doing a great work, so that I' must not allow myself, like some one else the bible tells about, to be 'careful and troubled about many things.' You smile Mrs. Clement at my want of recollection, but I only heard our minister preach from them once; and his subject on both occasions, naturally led him to discourse of the poor heathen; and I am always so affected when their awful situation is described, that I cannot recollect anything. Besides I never can recollect names or countenances.

'A phrenologist would tell you that you lacked individuality of character,' said my little cousin.

'Pray do not talk to me about phrenology,' said Mrs. Wilson, looking darts of dignity, 'I think it the most wicked thing ever invented. But really Mrs. Clement,' turning to my aunt, 'I must do my errand. Horatio Albert went out while I was gone yesterday, to the canal, which you know is quite open now. He was carelessly skating about, the ice gave way and he fell in. Fortunately there were other and larger boys with him who rescued him immediately. He wore his wet clothes until I returned, took a violent cold by the means; and to day is quite feverish. My wash-woman recommended penny-royal tea. I gave him a strong dose of it, and sent him off to bed. I ordered Martha to pile all the comforters she could find, on his bed; and make a large fire in his room, before she went home. I must return, or he will become tired of his burden, throw it off, and thus add to his cold. What time is it, Mrs. Clement?'

My aunt looked at her watch, 'Just twelve, by mine.'

The woman looked really conscience stricken. 'Bless me,' said she, 'I did not think it half so late. Three hours I have spent this morning; but I must not grudge it, for 'the Lord loveth the cheerful giver;' I have not made many calls, I have been so hindered. I called at Mrs. Slacks; gathered her children around me and told them about the heathen; how wicked they were in worshipping gods of wood and stone; and how they threw themselves under that great wagon, I forget the name of it, and were crushed to death, &c. &c.; but I could not make them understand me. The eldest girl answered me with a stupid 'why!' but she cast in her mite; and that was all I wanted. However I got something from them all. Just see Mrs. Clement, how they daubed my new dress! Their hands were all covered with roast-

ed apple; and they wiped them on me. Their mother is rightly named, for she is the slackest creature I ever saw, and keeps three maids too. I have only two now; and they are not worth much, they do not take care of anything. I do not know what I am going to do; for Mr. Wilson thinks he cannot keep but one. 'Retrench and economize, retrench and economize,' is his song from morning till night. He has just dismissed one of his clerks, consequently he will have more to do himself, and will be in the house less; a fortunate circumstance for me. You look amazed, Mrs. Clement; but you do not know how much I suffer. My husband is a good man I know, but he does not take that interest in the affairs of the poor heathen that he ought to.'

'Perhaps,' said my aunt, 'he attaches a paramount importance to home missions.'

'No, it is not that; I understand it all; but cannot stop now to tell you of my multitudinous domestic grievances; but depend upon it Mrs. Clement, I am a woman "of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." But I must do my errand. I never know how to tear myself away from you, Mrs. Clement.'

My aunt coldly bowed.

Will you sign this paper Mrs. Clement? You know all about it, I presume; how our monies are entrusted with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—how those who 'now sit in darkness' will thereby be made to 'see a great light,' and so on. You know all about it Mrs. Clement; and you are so benevolent, so charitable, you will not need to be pressed to a discharge of your duty.'

'Yes, Mrs. Wilson,' replied my aunt, in a cool reproving manner that did her honor, 'I do know all about it; but for various reasons, which I will explain to you if you will call after taking care of your children, your suffering children, I do not think it my duty to sign your paper.'

Mrs. Wilson evidently felt the reproof thus faithfully and judiciously given. She was about answering, when one of her girls came in to tell her that she 'had just returned from home; and found things in a dreadful condition. The house was all in a clutter; Horatio Albert had gone off somewhere all in a perspiration; Emma Augusta Jane's feet were much worse; and the babe had been crying itself almost to death, so the wash-woman was obliged to leave her tub, and take care of him. And beside,' she added, with eyes still farther distended, while those of Mrs. Wil-



son increased correspondingly in dimensions, 'the parlor is full of company. They are the folks I heard you tell about after you came home from Boston, Deacon Bentley, and Reverend A. Holmes and'—

'No more, Martha, I am half crazy now. Good morning, Mrs. Clement,' said Mrs. Wilson, as she ran off followed by Martha.

'My dear girl,' said my aunt to me as she left the house, 'you see Mrs. Wilson's foible and its fearful consequences. I am informed that she spends a greater part of her time, ostensibly for the purpose of sending religious instruction to the heathen, while her little flock at home are starving for the bread of life. It is a lamentable fact, that they cannot even repeat the Lord's prayer. I do not thus expose her fault to you, my dear niece, because I love to talk about my neighbors; nor yet, that I do not adequately appreciate the self-denying, persevering efforts of many of those, who like their great example, "go about doing good, not to the Jew only, but to the Gentile," but I would assist you in treasuring up to yourself the warning which her example affords.

'She was once a warm hearted, benevolent girl; but I fear she has failed to learn of Jesus. Unlike him, she loves "to give alms, standing in the corner of the streets and in the market places, that she may be seen of men." Your lot will be like mine,' she continued as she led me to the dining room, 'one that must secure your chief devotions to the cause of "home missions," if you would be happy and useful. Then your benevolent and enthusiastic nature may sometimes need the restraint which a recollection of Mrs. Wilson will afford.'

Dear (patient?) reader do you regret the presentation of Mrs. Wilson? Disagreeable acquaintances are a bore I know; but if we cannot profit we can 'cut' them so easily. And I think if we heed aunt Clement's advice, we shall have no reason to regret just one interview. E. J. C.

### THEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS WITH NATURE.

Original.

I SAW a man stand before the torrent of Niagara, and his countenance bore evidence that thought was working in his brain from the mysterious influence of the type of God's immensity that lifted up a thunder voice of praise. I drew near to listen to the involuntary utterance of his soul and

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heard him say:—'O how these rising vapors remind me of the ever ascending smoke of the torment of the damned, and these roaring voices, that seem to issue from the depths of the water, seem like the groans of those agonized spirits!'

He vanished, and another came. He had a softer countenance and less darkness shadowing the light of the eye. His brow did not wrinkle as he gazed, but seemed to expand and become as a broad tablet on which benevolence was engraved in angel characters, plain to the soul's vision. I drew near him, and heard the language of his heart;—'O how these vapors remind me of the clouds of incense of praise that at last shall rise from universal man—God's living censers—wearing on their fronts the everlasting glorious bow from the reflected smile of God; and how do these voices of sublimity seem like the universal chorus of redeemed humanity—thunders of praise—like the song the revelator heard—"As the voice of many waters!"'

He vanished. When next I saw them, they were arrayed in theological armor, and the one was a Goliath and the other a David—the one was for the limitarian Deity, the other for the universal Father. I marvelled not at what I heard at the former meeting, for well I knew and know that a dark theology will always blend dark images, with nature's glorious things, while a bright theology will reflect its own brightness on the beautiful creations of God in the outer world. Keep me (O Father!) from those doctrines that blind the souls of thy children to the beautiful and glorious, and cause them to feel themselves in the presence of an eternal Tartarean abode, and hearing the roar of its fiends, when in the great cathedral of nature, and sounding in their ears the magnificent tones of the sublimest organ, played by thine own spirit hand!

### HERESY.

Original.

THE English language contains but few words which convey a more unfavorable impression to a majority of professed christians than the word heresy at the head of this article. Let some one, supposed to be sound in the faith, sound an alarm by charging a neighbor with *heresy*, and the accused will be dreaded as is the deadly plague, and shunned as would be the fabled Bohon Upas. To charge a man with heresy is in many places to



ruin his business, exclude him from society and bring his family to wretchedness and want. In one word, it murders a useful member of the community, orphanizes his family, and brings disgrace upon them. Yet many a one glories in assuming the task of 'the corrector,' and hurling denunciations upon all whom they deem their foes or enemies to their faith, vainly expecting heaven as their reward. Misguided souls, they have their reward!

But let us inquire who are guilty of heresy. First the apostle Paul confesses that he is guilty of heresy (Acts xxiv. 14) according to the language of olden times. There was also the heresy of the Pharisees, the heresy of the Sadducees, of the Ebonites, the Nazarenes, &c. The Arians were condemned as heretics in one age, and their opposers in the next. The learned, pious and devout Origen, was condemned for heresy by the council of Nice, A. D. 553, his tomb violated and his ashes burnt. Again we find the Romish church charging the Waldensenes with heresy; the pope and John Calvin uniting in charging Luther with the same crime. Servetus expires at the stake for being guilty of the popular crime which has filled the world with blood and stained many a page of church history with a deadly hue.

But there is one more charge of heresy to which we must refer, in order to convince the reader that heresy may be sometimes a virtue. In the reign of Henry VIII. Dr. Buckingham, prior of Black Friars, charged Latimer, afterwards bishop of Worcester, with heresy for endeavoring to persuade the monarch to allow the scriptures to be translated into English. Perhaps some of his arguments might be instructive to the denouncers of heresy at the present time, answering as a mirror to reflect their own. 'If that heresy,' said the Dr. 'were to prevail, we should soon see an end of everything useful among us. The ploughman reading, that if he put his hand to the plough and should happen to look back, he was unfit for the kingdom of God, would soon lay aside his labor. The baker likewise reading that a little leaven will corrupt his lump, would give us very insipid bread. The simple man also finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes, in a few years we should have the nation full of blind beggars.\* From the above it appears the world has been full of heresy, and what is orthodoxy in one age and country is the rankest heresy in another; but still the weapon

goes round leaving dismay and ruin in its footsteps. Here the reader is ready to inquire 'what is to be done?' The bible charges some with being guilty of heresy, as though it were guilt. We answer, Return to the bible usage of the term, and what that usage is, Dr. Campbell correctly tells us;—'the Greek word for heresy which properly imports no more than election of choice, was commonly employed by the Hellenist Jews, in our Savior's time, to denote in general any branch of the division which existed, and was nearly equivalent to the English word class, party, or sect. The word was not conceived to convey any reproach in it, since it was indifferently used either of a party approved or of one disapproved. In this way it occurs several times in the Acts of the Apostles, where it is always (one single passage excepted) rendered sect. We hear alike of the sect of the Sadducees and of the sect of the Pharisees. In both places the term is adopted by the historian purely for distinction sake, without the least appearance of intention to convey either praise or blame.

Thus in the historical part of the New Testament, we find the word heresy employed to denote sect or party indiscriminately, whether good or bad. It has no necessary reference to opinions true or false. The Dr. adds, that the acceptance of the word as it occurs in the epistles, is not materially different from that in which it always occurs in the Acts of the Apostles. Let us learn wisdom from the example of the inspired writers, and do by all as we would that they should do by us in like circumstances. Let us also have courage to meet those who expect to conquer the world by denouncing those of a more liberal faith as 'heretics.'

W. W.

### MIND.

Original.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

WHAT is mind? That mysterious, incomprehensible principle that animates the dull, corporeal frame? Is it less than an emanation from Deity? A spark from the eternal fountain of intellect? Ever unsatisfied, aspiring upward, toward something beyond and above it. At every acquisition of knowledge does it not approximate toward divinity? In what sphere does it delight to dwell? Amid the stars of the intellectual horizon. It aspires to walk the sapphire plains of knowledge, far above the vapors and clouds of

\* British Plutarch, vol. 1. pp. 193.



ignorance. It goes forth upon the rainbow's gorgeous arc, and on the chainless pinions of fancy, it soars along the jewelled galaxy that overarches the temple of wisdom. We have no evidence that it ever slumbers. The frail organs by which, and upon which it acts in this dim sphere, must and do sleep. But how seldom is that rest so profound as to destroy the consciousness of thought? When midnight wraps the world in gloom, and the silent spell of sleep, that mirror of death is cast upon earth's wearied millions; where wanders the uncurbed spirit? It revels again, perchance, among the green hills and flowery dales of childhood. It roams over boundless and unknown planes; it climbs lofty and dizzy heights such as the natural eye has never seen, and tremblingly clings to some towering crag, while dark rolling wastes of water yawn beneath.

Judgment sleeps, and fancy freed from the rein, weaves her wild vagaries before the conscious vision. The brute creation seek no more than a supply to their natural wants, and the savage is satisfied with little more. But awaken the dormant principle of thought; dispel in a slight degree the dark mists of error from the mind, teach to man the moral excellence and powers of spirit, and you stir the divinity within—the restless, soaring, towering spirit, that rests satisfied with no limits, but reaches forth toward the boundlessness of light and knowledge. If, then, the soul is a particle of infinity, what must be its glorious destination? Can the alloy of the baser metals destroy the existence of the fine gold, or is it of no value because it is not purified? Will the refiner not perform his office, because the silver is mixed with dross? Does the wheat become valueless, because encumbered with chaff? What saith the scripture? 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' 'He hath taken his fan in his hand, and will thoroughly purge his floor. The wheat he will gather into his garner, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire.' 'What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?' It must be the mind that is compared to wheat, silver and gold. It cannot mean any particular class of individuals, for no one is pure enough to bear the comparison of fine gold. All are frail, all are 'made subject to vanity, not indeed willingly but by reason of him, who hath subjected the same in hope.' But when God makes up his jewels, to shine in the crown of eternal glory, can a particle of mind be lost? Oh no. He who came down from the pavilions of light to give life

to the lost and dead, shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; and that can never be until the whole of his purchased possessions are redeemed from the corruptions of sin, and the whole universe of intelligences form but one glorious temple, filled and pervaded by the omnipresent spirit that created, and sustains all things.

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### PRAYER.

Original.

How **SUBLIME** are the emotions we experience, when retiring from the corroding cares and anxieties of earth to hold high converse and communion with our heavenly Parent, to breathe into his listening ear our wants, to implore grace and strength to perform the allotted duties of our station, to beseech of Him needful help for the frailties of our nature, knowing that we have a High Priest, who is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' How delightful to offer the incense of a grateful heart to the Author of all our blessings, whose munificent hand has beautified the earth with foliage and flowers, with the sparkling rivulet, the dancing waterfall, the flowing river, the mighty ocean, and the waving forest, and lighted up the concave of heaven with brilliant and innumerable stars. Can we withhold the tribute of love, gratitude and adoration, when we gaze upon these works of our Creator? Can we fail of exclaiming with Israel's sweet psalmist, When we consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of Man that thou visitest him?

Oh, what deep, unearthly feelings spring in our hearts, when our voices go forth with the first rosy blush of morn, and ascend with the departing ray of even, in intercession for our beloved friends, who share the first place in our earthly affections, and whose souls seem a part of our own. All of earth's boasted attractions are nothing, as we pray that heaven's blessing may descend upon them, giving them 'peace, like a river,' enduing their hearts with love and charity for all mankind, with firmness and resignation in the dark hours of misfortune and affliction, and with faith and hope in the last moments of dissolving nature.

Prayer exerts a soothing, invigorating power upon our minds, raising us above the vanities of earth, even to our beautiful home on high, and giving us, amid our thorny pathway, bright pre-



libations of heaven ! In every situation and circumstance of this mortal life, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer should be heard. If the sun of prosperity shines upon us, let us give thanks : if the bleak winds of adversity sweep over us, let us implore grace from the 'Father of mercies.' Should friends grow cold, and forsake us, and words of harshness and reproach be uttered, where once were breathed the warm confiding accents of love ; should distant, averted looks be given, where erst the very soul of affection beamed, *still let us pray*—pray for meekness, patience, and forgiveness of injuries, in the gladsome hope of a rest far beyond the billows of time, where

God's own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.

Let the maiden, with her laughing eye, radiant with the unclouded lustre of innocence and happiness, pray ere the dark hours come upon her, and kneel at God's holy shrine, laying the offering of an unsullied heart on the altar of her Maker. Let the child, the hoary head, the youth, the philosopher, and the sage, acknowledge their dependance upon God, and their veneration and love for Him. And may we all cultivate a devotional frame of mind, for in so doing, we shall not only lay up in our hearts rich stores of consolation, but we shall imitate the example of Jesus. *He* arose a 'great while before day,' to spend the balmy hours of morn in prayer ; and at the quiet evening hour when he 'loved to be alone,' he ascended the mountain top to enjoy communion with his Father. Who can peruse, without emotion, his last earnest prayer on earth, so fraught with resignation, uttered amid the lonely shades of Gethsemane, when his soul was 'exceeding sorrowful,' and his 'sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground ?' Yet even in *that* dread hour, there was sent him from above, a 'gift of strength' to die, that a world might be redeemed from the bondage of sin. And if he, the sinless One, needed the sweet, consoling influence of prayer, how much more do we, who are liable to error, temptation and infirmity ! Then let us delight to pray always, for

'Prayer is the christian's vital breath,  
The christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.'

Millington, Ct. Sept. 1839.

LOUISA.

## OBITUARY.

Original.

MRS. ELIZA H. GUERRY.

DEPARTED this life on the 21st of August, A. D. 1839, in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Eliza H. Guerrey, consort of Mr. Grandison Guerrey of Charleston. Mrs. Guerrey was a native of Liverpool, but migrated to the United States when she was but fourteen years of age, and has resided either in New York or Philadelphia ever since, until last fall when she came on to Charleston, South Carolina.

The subject of this notice, was a lady of strong mind, which was improved by culture and observation. She professed great firmness and decision of character, and untiring industry. She was a member of the first Universalist Church of Charleston and assistant teacher of the Sunday School. When in Philadelphia she was a member of the Universalist Church under the charge of the Rev. A. C. Thomas, where she also was an instructress of a Sabbath School class.

About three months since she visited her family in New York, at which time she was married to her present bereaved husband. Soon after this event she returned to Charleston, looking forward in the hope of many years of connubial felicity—But alas ! how vain are human calculations ! being a stranger to the climate, she contracted the yellow fever, which baffled the skill of her physician, and she now rests in that narrow house where all are doomed to go.

Her last moments were a beautiful commentary upon that religion which she embraced upon conviction and practised upon principle. When in answer to an enquiry made by her as to her situation, she was informed there was no reasonable hope of her recovery, a smile of seraphic sweetness played upon her countenance, as she rejoined, 'I AM NOW CONTENT, I AM READY.'

A mother, sisters and brothers have lost a sincere friend and near relative, and her husband has to lament the loss of his surest stay, and kindest comforter when the cares of life may encompass him about. Let them find consolation in the reflection that they will meet again in the paradise of God. COMMUNICATED.

GRACE, beauty, and sunshine, pre-eminent satellites in the moral world ! May they be the rubies worn by us all !



## Notices.

**THE ROSE OF SHARON.** The new annual we are glad to perceive is winning its own way along to favor among the lovers of good things in literature and religion. A large number has already been sold, and we expect soon to see the remnant disappearing. But 2000 were printed, and surely that is a small number compared with the number of those who should patronize it. Should the work receive favor sufficient, it will be continued from year to year, and all will wish to have complete series—so each had better supply him or herself soon. The old fashioned gift day—Christmas—is hastening on, and what more beautiful or appropriate gift could be selected for that season than *'The Rose of Sharon.'* Indeed, the very name would be worth much for such an occasion, and better rose was never yet given to lady love than this. New Year's Day, is also coming, and to have a Rose for a January gift will be fine, and one too that will not wither. Supply yourself soon. Delays are dangerous, for it would be sad to come for a rose and feel only the thorn of disappointment.

**'UNIVERSALISM ILLUSTRATED AND DEFENDED.'** Such is the title of a new work from Br. O. A. Skinner of this city. It is designed for those who wish to have, in a convenient and compact form, the general arguments for universalian opinions on the several controverted points in theology, and the practical tendencies and duties of the system illustrated and enforced. The author has written his work for the general reader; and there is a feeling of candor, persuasion, seriousness and sympathy with man's highest good, pervading the whole, that must, we think, commend the writer's labors to the attention and deep thought of the reader. There is no repulsive harshness, dogmatical presumption, or lordling authority, to be met with in these pages; the man, the preacher, the christian, speaks; and whatever may be the reader's conviction or judgment in reference to the system the author defends, he will have respect for him. We have no disposition to criticise, and had we, perhaps we should express only the opinion of one. The book will do good, and we commend it to the attention of our readers and friends. They will find here discussed all the subjects of importance and interest, connected with doctrinal and practical Universalism, and will possess, by its purchase, a work of ability. Its publisher is Abel Tompkins, who has done himself great honor in the style in which it is sent out; beautiful print and paper—pages 360—price \$1 per copy.

**'UNIVERSALIST REGISTER AND ALMANAC,—COMPANION TO R. & A.'** These are titles of two useful pamphlets published by Grosh & Hutchinson, of Utica, N. Y. The first is a statistical *Register* of the Universalist denomination—the names and residences of preachers, accounts of societies, meetings of conventions and associations, and divers other matters of general interest, together with an *Almanac*, calculated for Boston, Portland, and New York. The 2d pamphlet is a *Companion* for the 1st. containing articles of value for wide distribution. These two are not only published separate, but also united as one, for greater convenience to those who want both. They are neatly printed, and are afforded at the following prices;—*Register and Companion united*, \$7 per hundred, \$1 per doz. *Register and Almanac alone*, \$3, 50 per hundred, 50 cents per doz. Being a periodical pamphlet, of one sheet the R. & A. can be sent by mail at the usual rate of postage—under 100 miles 1-2 cents; over 100 miles 2-2 cents.—A large lot

has been received by Mr. Tompkins, and they await the orders of those who wish them at the above-stated low prices.

**THE TOKEN**, edited by S. G. Goodrich, published by Otis, Broaders & Co. and for sale by B. B. Mussey. This volume, like its predecessors, is filled with good and pleasant things. It contains ten engravings. The vignette, by Cheney, is a real gem—classical and full of plaintive tenderness. 'The Fairies,' so softly and naturally mingling L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, is a sweet little sketch, delicately executed by C. Pelton. 'The Haunts of the Sea Fowl,' and 'The Politician,' are both full of life and nature. The literary department is, as usual, filled by our best writers. Miss Sedgwick has given us one of her excellent tales—not the best we have read of hers, but still better than others write. Miss Gould has contributed a string of pearls—pure, soft, bright—of which the 'Silver Bird's Nest,' with its sweet moral, is most *her own*. There are some soft, tender melodies by Mrs. Whitman, and a fine poem by Grenville Mellen, commencing:

*'Great God! thy works oppress me.'*

The articles are generally well written, and worthy a place in this best of American annuals. We could wish, for one thing, that the contributors were entirely American. The *Token*, at this age, should not forget its nationality. The embellishments are by native artists—so should its literature be by native authors.

S. C. E.

**THE RELIGIOUS OFFERING**, edited by Catherine H. Waterman. In many respects, this is a good annual. The articles are generally of a high tone, but a few are deeply colored with sectarianism. This is bad taste in a work of this class, though a very besetting fault where people write upon religion. The editor is well known to the public as a young lady of fine poetic talent, and the contributors are such as William Howitt, Rev. Thomas Dale, Professor Park, Miss Bowles, Miss Lynch and Ellen S. Rand. The engravings are selected, and some of them are very beautiful. We particularize 'The Condemned' and 'The Reapers.' To be had of B. B. Mussey, at 29 Cornhill. S. C. E.

**THE GEM.** This is a new annual, and from a hasty examination we should judge a good one. Some of our best writers are among the contributors. Like almost all works of a miscellaneous character, some of its articles are too much tinged with *creed*, but as a whole, its literary character will not suffer in comparison with the best of its class. It is in rich binding, and embellished by seven fine selected engravings. Mussey's Bookstore, 29 Cornhill. S. C. E.

**THE VIOLET.** This is a juvenile, edited by Miss Leslie. There are many sweet and pretty things in this, but 'the trail of the serpent'—*partialism*—is over them *not* all—but a few—which should not be in a work of this kind, for children, too. They need not the terrors of 'the dread, undying flame,' so eloquently sung of by Mrs. Sigourney, to make them love goodness. These things excepted, the *Violet* is worthy of its name—pure, bright, sweet. The engravings are generally neat and appropriate. 'The Spoiled Child,' however, is better fitted for the Comic Annual than for this modest and humble little flower. Our young friends will find the *Violet* at Mr. Mussey's Bookstore, Cornhill.

S. C. E.

**MEANS AND ENDS OF SELF TRAINING.** By the author of 'Home,' 'Poor Rich Man,' &c. &c. Marsh Capen, Lyon, and Webb, Boston.—Of this little book we cannot speak in too ardent terms of commendation.



tion. We consider it the best work that has emanated from the pen of this delightful author—the best because the most useful. The dedication is to her young countrywomen, and surely in the article of books they were never presented with a more precious gift. Many of the principles contained in the ‘Poor Rich Man’ and ‘Live and Let Live’ are here amplified and illustrated with even greater earnestness; and we know that no person can read this best of the series without being wiser and better. We almost despair of selecting one portion to commend where all parts make such a perfect whole, but we cannot pass by without particularly approving the chapters upon *Health*. She treats of this subject as a *duty*, and we hope and believe that the time is coming when it will universally be so considered; when it will be thought equally a sin to violate the physical and moral laws of man’s nature; and when it will be regarded a *moral duty* to attend to the *physical duties* of our present life. We beg all young ladies to purchase this book and *study* it; study it too, with a daily practice, and if the result be not beneficial to their moral, mental and physical nature, we will confess then, though not till then, that Mrs Sedgwick is not doing more for the improvement of her sex than any other lady author in England or America, not even excepting Miss Edgeworth. The chapters upon Housewifery, Nursing, Dress, Manners, Reading and the Rights of Woman, should be read again and again by every young woman in our land; and if the precepts of this beneficent lady and her friend and co-worker, the author of the ‘YOUNG LADIES’ FRIEND,’ do not improve female principles and habits, we despair of ever witnessing a reform.

S. C. E.

✂ We have received orders for the Rose of Sharon from Genoa, Cazenovia and Vernon, N. Y. The persons who sent the orders are informed that we have sent a supply to Grosh & Hutchinson, Utica—to whom they will please make early applications.

A. T.

✂ CAUTION. P. G. Tignor of Woodville, Miss. formerly an agent for this paper, has absconded from the above place—(so the Post Master writes me) and is indebted for monies received on my account—\$7.50. Subscribers in that section of country will please govern themselves accordingly.

A. T.

UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY. We have before us a catalogue of books belonging to this society, whose object is to gather the rare and important works pertaining directly or indirectly to the doctrine of Universal Salvation. Quite a collection has already been made, and this catalogue has been sent abroad that all interested might know what the collected volumes are, and if they have any books not therein named, and feel willing to part with them to further the laudable object of the society, they may know where to send them. The depository is in New York, and books may be directed to Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, the Recording Secretary, or Mr. L. Seymour, the Treasurer of the society. Books deposited with Rev. T. Whittemore, or Mr. Abel Tompkins, Boston, would doubtless be forwarded by them at a convenient time.

‘BARNSTABLE PATRIOT.’ Will friend Phinney send us a copy of his paper for Sept. 18th? The one sent us was a half blank sheet, which, as we always send perfect copies, we do not like to greet, and found it quite provoking to find the reader’s attention drawn to the Governor’s speech on outside, and find there all blank. Do send us a copy, Major.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We hope Louisa’s favor in this month’s paper is but the prelude to many such. They will be very—very welcome. Her *chirography* is among the most beautiful specimens we are privileged to greet; and a fair and clear hand writing is no small circumstance to editor or printer.

We received three articles of rhyme which the author says, are ‘*light as puffs of empty air*.’ He certainly will not marvel that they have—vanished.

E. J. C. with her happy natural descriptions is heartily welcome again. Her favors will always be valued by us highly.

‘The Spirit’s Serenade’ is found and will appear in our next. S. P. L. is crowded out.

We will see what we can do in answer to the request of W. S. E. in reference to Sprague’s poem by our next issue.

Sister Broughton will excuse the mistake about her papers. The publisher supposed her name was entered on the books when it was not, and hence the mistake. She will receive the Nos. now, we trust, regularly. She will see that we have not made any statement of her being engaged to write, &c. We had no authority to do so. We only expressed the expectation, as we would now, that we shall hear from her often.

‘The Song of the Syren’—‘To a sick Friend’—will appear in our next. ‘So will Vesper Bell.’

## Monthly Record.

U. S. GENERAL CONVENTION. This body met in Portland on the 18th and 19th of Sept. last, and we learn there was a full attendance. Those who went from Boston had rather a disagreeable passage—many were sick, but all arrived in safety. Br. Drew, of Me. was chosen moderator of the convention, and Brs. S. Laws of Reading, Vt. and M. Black Jr. of Danvers, Mass. clerks; all the business, debates, &c. were conducted with harmony, and the spirit of brotherly love pervaded the whole of the concerns of the council. The reports of the cause in various parts of the U. States were of an encouraging character, and gave many and abundant reasons for the most devout thankfulness and praise. The preachers during the session were—Br. J. Moore, the occasional; and Brs. R. O. Williams, A. B. Grosh, A. C. Thomas, W. S. Balch, H. Ballou, S. W. Fuller, E. H. Chapin, and A. Case. The rite of holy communion was attended by several hundreds of believers, and the sweets of fellowship with Christ and one another were deeply and richly felt. The large and elegant Unitarian church was kindly granted for the use of the convention, for which favor the society have the grateful acknowledgments of the denomination. The concourse of people who attended was exceeding great, so that on the evening of the 19th both houses were excessively crowded; and without the least variance, all accounts describe it as one of the richest spiritual seasons ever enjoyed, and honor the friends in Portland for christian hospitality and kindness. The convention adjourned to meet in Auburn, N. Y. in Sept. 1840. Rev. K. Haven was appointed to preach the occasional sermon.

NEW ASSOCIATION. A new association has been formed by the ministers residing in the western part of the state, which will be of great utility in that region. It is called ‘the Winchester Association.’

ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION met at Hempstead, N. H. on the 28th and 29th of August. We were favored with fine weather, large congregations, and warm welcome from the friends. Sermons were preached by Brs. H. W. Morse, (occasional,) J. S. Barry, H. Bacon, H. Jewel, W. M. Fernald, and S. Cobb. A conference meeting was held on the evening of the 28th, which was attended by a vast assembly. The whole season was a happy one, and added another to the list of the peculiarly blessed meetings of this association. The illness of Br. King, and the sudden sickness of Br. T. Whittemore, lessened our enjoyment, but made us to feel more the need of that patience and hope that come alone from religion.



**ORDINATION.** Br. Abel C. Thomas was ordained as pastor of the Second Universalist Society in Lowell, Mass. August 26th. Sermon by Br. Thomas Whittemore. We mourn for Philadelphia while we rejoice for Lowell, and desiring a good and faithful servant to be given to the believers in P. we welcome Br. T. with our whole heart to Massachusetts. Lowell is an important station, such is the continual incomings and outgoings of people belonging to every section of our country, and every such place needs an evangelist that shall be like a powerful magnet, always ready and capable to impart, and ever imparting, its influence to those drawn to it, so that as they go away to other regions they carry the virtue with them. Thoughts breathed in that church one hour, may ere long be operating mightily in a far off part of our land.

**THE CONNECTICUT RIVER ASSOCIATION** met in Unity, N. H. August 20th. Br. T. Nichols chosen standing clerk. It will meet in Langdon, N. H. on last Wednesday in August next.

**DEDICATIONS.** The new Universalist church at Waltham, Mass. was dedicated on Sept. 11th, sermon by Br. Cobb. It is a neat and commodious house, and confers great credit on the zeal and enterprise of the friends there.

The church refitted at Cambridgeport, Mass. was dedicated the next day, sermon by Br. J. G. Adams. An excellent alteration has there been made, the church has one of the finest situations in the place, makes an imposing appearance, and the friends have now just such a neat vestry as every society should own. An excellent church was dedicated the succeeding day in Weymouth, Mass. and is says the 'Trumpet,' 'universally allowed to be truly elegant, a monument of the liberality, zeal, and good taste of the brethren at Weymouth.' On all these occasions, the services were attended by crowded congregations, and were of an impressive character.

**A MONUMENT** to the memory of the beloved and lamented Br. Wm. C. Hanscom was erected over his grave in Waltham on the day of dedication there. Prayer was offered by Br. T. Whittemore. An impromptu address by H. Bacon, and a hymn sung, composed, as we presume by Br. T. J. Adams. 'To die is to go home.' Hanscom.

**REMOVALS.** S. P. Landers of Penn. has removed to Andover, Mass. J. V. Wilson, from Alstead, N. H. to Brewster, Mass. W. S. Clark, from Calais, Me. to Chatham, Mass.

A. A. Miner of Unity, N. H. has accepted an invitation to remove to Methuen, Mass. R. Bartlett to Meredith, N. H.—wishes all letters directed to 'Meredith Bridge.' Br. Asher Moore, of Anson (not A. M., of Roxbury, Mass) has accepted an invitation of the society in Gray, Me. to become their pastor.

**NEW PREACHERS.** Br. J. A. Milliken, of Cherryfield, Me. has lately entered the field of the gospel ministry. Br. S. S. Turner of New Portland, Me. the same. Br. Dennis Chapin of Charlton, Mass. the same.

**INSTALLATION.** Br. E. N. Harris was installed pastor of the 2d. society in Lynn, Mass. on the 26th of Sept. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner.

**ORDINATION.** Br. Willard C. George was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry and as pastor of the society in Dresden and Richmond, Me. We rejoice to hear of his success.

**NEW CHURCHES.** The frame of a Universalist church was raised the 15th of August last in Bath, Me. It is expected it will be finished about the middle of October. A church will at the same time be finished and dedicated in Middletown, Conn.

**A NEW SOCIETY** has been formed in the western part of Waterville, Me. The second Universalist society in W.

**DEATH OF BR. THOMAS F. KING.** It is hard, but we must, record the death of this beloved brother, who departed this life on the 13th of Sept. For a long time he had been declining, and hope and fear alternately were the portion of his friends. But for some weeks previous to his death, all hope was given up, and they felt he must leave them. Through all his sickness he had in full exercise the patience and hope of our most holy faith, and looked upon death and all its dark retinue with composure. His natural vivacity never left him while consciousness remained, and he gave us many testimonies that God was still to him a Father, Jesus a universal Savior, and Heaven the all gathering and everlasting home. His cheerful trust in the providence of God enabled him to resign his wife and children to the merciful care of heaven, believing that he who has ever been over them for good, will never leave or forsake them. We pray that they may know the sweets of a like filial and unreserved confidence in our heavenly Father and the providence of his grace. Br. King was buried from the church where he had labored in Charlestown. It was dressed in the solemn drapery of death and mourning. An immense congregation was present, and the services were of a very serious and impressive character. 'Come ye disconsolate,' was the very music of comfort—the melody of christian hope, and the notes fell on the ear so meltingly that they entered the heart, balmily as the soft dew steals into the far depths of the flower, nestling at the very core of life. Prayer was offered by our venerable Father Ballou; and according to Br. K's request, Br. S. Streeter preached the sermon. It was an excellent production—Br. S's own heart and feelings spoke out in the happy language of his own peculiar eloquence, of pathos and power, and produced deep and we trust, abiding serious feeling. A vast procession of ministers, members of the society, sabbath school teachers and scholars, and friends accompanied the relatives as they followed the beloved remains to the resting place. May God bless them. How much we loved our brother, we have no words to tell. We shall meet again.

**SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS, SUPERINTENDENTS AND LIBRARIANS,** will hold a meeting in Boston on Tuesday, the 5th of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M. for mutual consultation and the discussion of measures for the promotion of the interests of our sabbath schools. Public meeting in the evening. Representatives from as many schools as may find it practicable to send, are desired.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Oct. 1, 1839.*

A. O. W., Jaffrey, \$2; A. C. C., S. Livonia, \$2; Post Master, Colden, \$4; E. L., Dixboro, \$4; J. G. G., Guilford Centre, \$2; T. W., Jamestown, \$2; M. H. B., Malden, \$6; H. R., Potter, \$4; E. P., E. Clarendon, \$2; M. D., Tioga Centre, \$2; Post Master, Watertown, N. Y. \$4; C. C., Howlett Hill, \$2; M. B., Homer, \$2; J. H. H., Petersham, \$10; J. C. B., Sharon, \$2; E. T., Lynn, \$4; J. A., Pittsford, \$5; H. H., Poolville, \$2; L. B., Middletown, \$2; J. T., Lowell, \$10; J. E., Wentworth, \$2; S. B., Charlton, \$2; W. W. Cheshire (in the hurry of getting your box off, we forgot Br. Manly's back Nos. of *Expositor*—they now wait your order) \$5; A. K., Hartland, \$2; T. C. E., Fredonia, \$5; L. F., Depeyster, \$2; P. S., Mottville, \$5; N. J. H., Smithville, \$2; E. W., Meads Creek, \$5; G. M. L., Pittsford, \$2; A. P., Winchester, \$4; A. R. G., Henderson, \$2 for T. W. \$10; J. B. S., N. Woodstock, \$2; C. W., South Canton, \$2; N. D. S., New London, \$2; R. K., Warren, \$2; E. A., Leicester, \$2; A. F., Salubrity (\$4 for *Expositor* and \$6 for T. W.) \$20.



# THE CORAL BRANCH.

A JUVENILE SONG BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

1. I thought my branch of co - ral, A  
2. It builds its co - ral palaces Than

pret - ty shrub might be - Un - til I learned a lit - le worm Had made it in the sea.  
lof - ty hills more high: And then the structure to complete The lit - le worm must die.

Down, down so deep, Where soft waters sleep, The co - ral in - sect lives, But rests not there with  
Thus teaching me, When co - ral I see, The dy - ing I should leave Some good work here, My

toil and care, It upward, upward strives, But rests not there, With toil and care it upward, upward strives.  
friends to cheer When o'er my tomb they grieve, Some good work here, My friends to cheer, When o'er my tomb they grieve.



THE  
**Universalist and Ladies' Repository.**

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**THE MINISTER'S WIFE.**

Original.

WE do not possess the happy talent of putting practical truths into the beautiful Mosaic work of fiction as is owned by the author of 'Our Minister's Wife,' and so must content ourselves with the plain joiner work of simple fact and sober sense, thankful if thus we succeed in a useful performance. Certainly, we deem that greater skill than ours is required; but as David was commended for his *good intentions* towards building a worthy temple in Israel, so we here rest our hope of reward; and though we succeed not, our efforts may prepare the way for the perfect success of a Solomon that may come after us.

'The Minister's Wife,' is our theme, and we believe she may be made 'the glory of the man,' a help meet for the holiest and most grateful offices that can be fulfilled by mortals. To be such should be her ambition; and never glittered before the eye of woman a crown so radiant with rich jewels as is thus presented—a crown of holiness, starred with the good deeds of a useful and honorable life. It is not the association of her name thus that gives her honor; no office, however exalted, can confer true honor, else fierce tyrants and oppressors, that now are infamous, would be honorable. Office is to be honored or made honorable; and many an humble and obscure maiden, full of good works, is in the eyes of the Searcher of hearts, more honorable than she who sways the sceptre of a queendom. To be a minister's wife in name simply, is no more than to be the wife of the humble laborer. God is no respecter of persons; but according as each is faithful to the appropriate duties of their sphere or lot, they are accepted of him. But such is the present constitution of society, many do pay more deference to the wife of the minister than ordinarily they pay to persons of equal worth; the peculiar station of the husband—the sanctity and

purity that should ever be associated with his office—give her in their minds a peculiar claim upon their respect and attentions. But she who is in the least fitted to assume the responsible duties of the companion of a christian teacher, has common sense enough to know that *there* rests no substantial ground of respect, and she who rests her claims for esteem upon being *the minister's wife*, will in due time discover that she has leaned upon a name, without giving it any power or value. Better, far better for herself, society and truth, had she sought and dwelt in obscurity.

Society does, and justly ought to expect to witness in the wife of an ambassador of Christ, one who will not dishonor the cause of the embassy, nor be careless of the direction she gives to her social influence. When a being is placed in a sphere of extensive usefulness, society naturally expects that one will give attention to the appropriate duties there; be diligent in acquiring the needed qualities to succeed in discharging them, and according as this attention and diligence are apparent, honor is conferred upon that one by all from whom honor can come. The springs or moving power of these requisite virtues are in the ambition cherished towards those duties, and the pleasure taken in their execution. What has not ambition done for woman! Exalted or degraded her according to the character of its direction, making her like Josephine of France towards Marie Louise, or as Elizabeth of England towards Mary of Scotland; or to draw from sacred history, like Esther, or Jezebel—Ruth, or Herodias. Ambition has made her put away a woman's heart—forget a woman's sympathies—and mailed in the sternness of an unsanctified love of power, she has gone on to dominion over the wreck of the holiest feelings and all that throws around woman the charms that make her more of heaven than earth. History is full of ex-



amples, that rise up, like the spirits of the dead, around the whirlpool to the mariner, warning the soul of woman to beware of the eddying waters of false ambition.

But to turn to a picture more radiant than shadowed, look on the devotee of fame—see how the soul may be given up to the enchantments of its smile and the heart wholly won, in all its deep and unutterable worth, by its syren tones ; and then ask, how satisfied is woman ? Let the gifted and sorrowful poet answer :

‘Thou hast a charmed cup, oh Fame !

A draught that mantles high,

And seems to lift this earth born frame

Above mortality ;

Away ! to me—a woman—bring

Sweet waters from affection's spring.”

Here—here is the work for woman's ambition,—to win the hearts of others so that they bear to her the pure and life-giving waters from affection's spring, so that she shall never be athirst. Without these waters welling up, the fire of thought will burn with anguish, and each holy picture of pure and devoted love she greets, will cause her to breathe more fury into the flame. Woman was made for love. That law is written on her whole being, even in clearer lines than on man's—clear as on the throne of God to the eye of the seraphim. She must be faithful, or alas ! what revelations of the utter perversion of the holiest and most gifted powers, will be seen in the workings of her spirit to the eye that looks down into the far depths of her being. If woman seeks for fame, and would be happy, it must be affection's fame. And where has woman a better sphere in which to seek this fame, than as the wife of a christian minister ? On the throne, she cannot love as she would ; she cannot be permitted to enter as she please into the lowly abode and cheer the afflicted and poor ; every step of that throne is a remove higher and farther from the sweet and tender sympathies that will bless and save. She may do great deeds, but they often favor the most undeserving ; and while the horn of her plenty is turned to pour abundance into the arms of a martial chief at her throne, already possessed of thousands, there is a poor and perishing mortal driven from her gate ; and when she would feed on the luxury of doing good to the obscure and lowly, she must ‘feed on pageantry.’ But the throne of her, who may be a sacred queen, is never raised above the level of the lowliest cot ; there is no descent for her to make to enter there ; there is no need of throwing the

disguising cloak around the queenly robes lest disgrace should come upon the crown ; and no necessity of formal courtesies ere others can be in her presence. No. To be seen without disguise, and felt to be a friend, is enough ; and as she takes the hand of the poor, sick and suffering to bless, the queen of Sheba in Solomon's court was less admired by Israel, than is she by the angels of the poor as in heaven they still the soothing music of their harps, yielding to her their office.

To be beloved, then, is the ambition of the rightly ambitious minister's wife. The soul of this ambition is delight in her appropriate duties ; for she cannot be ambitious to succeed in that office in whose duties she does not take delight. This holds good throughout the vast range of human effort, and wherever superior excellence is seen, this is the sum of its progress. Therefore, in order to be exemplarily successful, it must be a woman's ambition to be a minister's wife, and not to rest proud and contented in simply being the minister's wife.

The first, chief, and oh how valuable a requisite, is *sympathy in the ministerial profession*. Without this, she may be a wife, but she cannot be a minister's wife, for with the ministry she has no union—for it she has no heart. ‘O who will understand you now—who will have sympathy for you ?’ were the exclamations of the dying wife of an ambitious and hard struggling artist, and were the expression of the thoughts that most embittered that hour. She knew how he had needed the encouragements of one who understood his aims, desires, strugglings, and all the elements of his professional being, and who had sympathy for his art, a delight in what he delighted, a love to hear him reveal the visions of beauty that flitted before his fancy, his glowing dreams, his brilliant projects, and who had a heart to feel all that baffled him in his progress, and by its ministries soothe the spirit too keenly touched by the ungenerous and harsh judgments of the unsympathizing world. All this taken from him, where, thought she, will be his joy and encouragement ? where will he unburthen the sorrows of his soul ? whose eye will smile when all others are averted, and whose voice will cheer and soothe when many tongues are active to misinterpret his objects and severely criticise his labors ? All this she felt, for she was a true artist's wife, and knew what he must meet of trial who would follow the masters of the pencil in hope of



excellence and honor. Is it less to be a wife of a spiritual artist, whose zeal and labor is to reproduce the works of the Great Master who made living pictures of holiness and active love? Who, oh who, needs sympathy more than the christian minister! that sympathy which can only be exercised and manifested by the wife. There should be one mind that thoroughly knows him—one heart that thoroughly feels for him—one place truly a home—one voice to encourage and bless, as others will not, as others cannot. Without this sympathy, he is to be pitied; with it, he can never despair, or for any length of time despond. How much to bespeak the experience of a kindred sympathy is expressed in the dedication of Willis' dramatic poem, 'The Heart Over-tasked'—'To her whose praise is the first sought and the dearest, to his wife, the author dedicates this play.' Happy he who can dedicate every sermon, written for the glory of God in the good of man, thus, for a rich and full fountain of sympathy is ever open for his wants. A lively sympathy in one's calling is always one source of great encouragement to the husband from the wife; and well has a certain writer remarked,—'It is always a proud and happy moment for the devoted husband, when the eyes of her for whom he so much lives and labors, gaze with delight on what his hands have wrought, or mind conceived. It is strange that so many wives are insensible to this fact.'

There is one great excellence in the employment of the minister to waken sympathy in the wife—it can be loved not only for his sake, but for its own sake, from self-engagedness in those parts that fall under her especial care. The wife of the mechanic, or the merchant, is not so associated with the profession of the husband as is the wife of the minister; and here is one powerful persuasive and grand reason for her to cultivate genuine and active sympathy for the ministry.

This possessed in a sufficient degree, and good sense will dictate all other duties. Set rules are not needed in reference to duty by her who is heart-engaged in the success of the husband's ministry, for her own heart will dictate what is right. The ministry is designed, and her energies will be directed to promote truth and righteousness; and as to the minister, so to the wife, the meek, lowly, and compassionate Jesus, will be the bright and perfect example. Then they will be one in the best of senses; one in confidence, sympathy and affection; one in active

desire to promote each other's best good, and make more diffusive, powerful and spiritually beautifying, the holy and happy influences of the christian religion. What a heavenly place is the home of such! There is the ark of rest! Happy such a man—happy such a woman. She sways a peaceful sceptre. 'Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children, natural and spiritual, rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own work praise her in the gates.'

B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### THE VESPER BELL.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

Original.

'At the sound of the bell which calls to Vespers, all, whatever be their employment or situation, at that time kneel, and offer their evening prayers.'

'Twas the vesper bell,—

It was borne afar on the evening air,—  
The call to devotion, the call to prayer;—  
The warrior knelt on the blood-red sod,  
And offered his prayers to a gracious God!  
But his brow was as stern as when in strife  
He joined in the desperate struggle for life,  
And his hand still grasped the weapon of death,  
As he muttered the words with a hasty breath.

'Twas the call to prayer,—

And the young child stopped in her playful glee,  
And bowed on the verdant turf her knee,  
And clasped her hand, and closed her eyes  
To the joyous earth and the laughing skies,  
While the flowers were still in her eager grasp  
Which she had torn from their twining clasp,—  
While her laugh seemed still on the summer air,  
That bright, young heart poured forth its prayer.

'Twas the call to prayer,—

And the mother knelt in the hallowed hour,  
And her soul, in its strong and holy power,  
Poured forth its prayers for that household band,  
Who were wont to wander hand in hand,  
And to pray with her when the Vesper Bell  
Was heard afar over hill and dell,—  
But their steps were far, and their voices gone,—  
The mother offered her prayers alone.

'Twas the call to prayer,—

And the prisoner knelt at the well known sound,  
And offered his prayers on the cold, damp ground;  
And the proud man stopped at the solemn call  
And offered his prayers in his lordly hall;  
And the laborer knelt on the verdant earth;  
The children paused in their noisy mirth;  
And the priest, knelt down in his convent cell,  
As he heard the sound of the Vesper Bell.



'Twas the call to prayer,—  
 And sad hearts bowed at the bed of death,  
 And the dying prayed with their last, faint breath;  
 And the mourner knelt by some hallowed tomb,  
 And offered his prayers in the gathering gloom;  
 And the maiden knelt in the silence deep,  
 While all was hushed as an infant's sleep;  
 And the christian whispered the few words given  
 By him who hath prayed, our Father in Heaven.  
*Charlestown, Mass.*

### THE GOSPEL PREACHER.

BY REV. S. P. LANDERS.

Original.

THERE are those in the world, and their number is not small, who affirm that christianity with all its pretensions to goodness, and with all the efforts of its advocates to refine the heart and feelings by its precepts, is perfectly useless among men, and prejudicial to the well being of society. They would have us believe that it is only suited to the capacity of children and some few weak minded men, and silly women—that it is only got up to support a favorite few in idleness; and that this few are very much interested in urging its claims, enforcing its commands, and frightening the world by setting forth the terrible consequences of a non-compliance with these things, knowing that all this is for their interest. It is true that this class have labored long and hard to awaken the public mind to a sense of its duty, and to a knowledge of the imposition that is practised upon it; but they find that their arduous toils are vain, the people love to be in slavery—they love the marvellous, and prefer to adhere strictly to the exploded fiction of christianity, rather than to become *profound, philosophic, and learned unbelievers*. These are very modest sayings, it is true, when we consider the source from which they come; but with all due deference to the opinion of these persons, we beg leave to differ from them. Among the numerous examples which might be cited to prove the incorrectness of the above remarks, and to show the actual benefit christianity confers upon the world, we shall name but one. The life of the preacher, is like most other professions, beset with numerous cares, and attended with a reasonable proportion of perplexities. There are times in the journey of life, when we can look back over the past, and contemplate it with a great degree of pleasure and satisfaction. Like the traveller when he ascends the eminence, we behold many a lovely spot, and many happy scenes far in the distance behind us,

which we would gladly revisit and enjoy again. But our journey is onward, and these can only be held in grateful remembrance for the pleasure they have afforded. In our fancy we may enjoy them, and for a time we may suppose ourselves actually there, engaged with what has been, but the reality soon drives away the fond delusion, and we find that our interest calls us to look at what is coming, instead of admiring the beautiful and lovely of the past.

Some few years since, while travelling in Chenango, Co. N. Y. I had the pleasure of witnessing a circumstance, which at the time gave me pleasure, and which has since been a profitable lesson. Through this county runs the Susquehannah river, one of the most lovely streams that ever came down from clouds, or wound its way among the hills to the great reservoir of all waters. There are places along the banks of this daughter of the Otsego Lake, where nature seems to have arrayed herself in her most costly apparel, furnishing a retreat for the poet, and subjects for his imagination to describe. The valley on each side of that river is frequently very extended, and is bordered by hills, which rise into notice, like some men, on account of their size. These mountains frequently rise abruptly from the water's edge, and then again, they retreat far away, and are seen towering up to the clouds, far behind the plain, being dimmed and tinged blue by the distance. Through this valley runs the quiet and limpid stream, before named, with its mirrored surface striving to interest the visitor, by reflecting the trees and flowers that grow upon its banks. Its course is, as the christian's should be, noiseless and unpretending, faithful in the performance of the will of its Maker, giving beauty and richness to all around, and imparting life and happiness to every thing within its influence.

It was into one of these lovely spots that I chanced to stray, while winding my way down the banks of this stream. In a small village near the centre of this valley, may be seen a beautiful temple, consecrated to the worship of the one living and true God. Next day being Sabbath, I determined to be one of the worshippers in that temple, so modest and neat in its appearance, and so beautifully situated. Sabbath arrived, and nought could be heard or seen in the streets. A perfect stillness prevailed. At the appointed hour for service to commence, might have been seen the villagers and country people, in large numbers, moving slowly towards the church; a love-



ly sight to the sincere worshipper of God, and lover of truth. But there seemed to be a solemnity pervading among them, the cause of which I could not understand, and which was rather uncommon for christians of their faith.

Curiosity was excited to learn this singular state of feeling on an occasion like this, when every thing was calculated to render the believer happy, and to inspire confidence in God.

After the congregation was collected, a middle aged man arose in the desk and commenced service. There was a mildness and benevolence in his countenance which characterize the religion which he preached. As he began to read from the holy word a solemn silence reigned, and some were deeply affected. The stranger could have discovered nothing that could be the cause of grief or joy. But when the preacher, at length, rose and announced his text, the mystery was explained. He selected for the occasion the last and closing words of the apostle to the Corinthians, 'Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' He discoursed with great earnestness and power, and at the same time, with feeling, upon the subjects and duties embraced in his text. And while he reproved the sinner in the most severe language, and set forth man's obligations to his Creator, to his religion, and the world, in the most forcible manner, there was a mildness and serenity beaming from his countenance, which spoke like the roar of thunder to the conscience of the open transgressor. He enriched his discourse with so many pleasing and apt illustrations of his subject, and sent home to the heart the truths he spoke with so great weight—his style of delivery was so easy and graceful, and above all, he was so feeling and so earnest in all he said, that I verily thought that the careless sinner who attended his ministry long, would either be preached out of the church, or into righteousness. 'Finally,' said the preacher, 'I conclude my labors with you as I began them many years since. Then you were weak—you were surrounded with enemies on every hand, you had foes without, and false brethren within—you had to contend against the ignorance and superstition of the people, against a prejudice as obstinate as death, and cruel as the grave. But what a change do you this day behold? By practising the precepts of your Master, and following his example, those enemies have laid aside their hostility—prejudice

and ignorance, like the iceberg under the influence of the sun, have melted away—your friends have become more zealous, the cold-hearted and indifferent have been warmed up and animated, and many of your most bitter enemies are with you this day, rejoicing in spirit that they have found the way of life and salvation. And how pleasing to you, as well as to us all, to see this great change, to know that you have been the means in the hand of God, of breaking the chains of slavery from off the necks of many of your neighbors and fellow beings, and they are now rejoicing in those truths that make free indeed. You have seen the power of this truth—you have seen it break and subdue the stony heart, and awake to life the morally dead—it has enlightened the benighted mind and reformed the vicious, and it has opened a fountain in the soul that expands into universal benevolence and love for all men. You have seen the effects of kindness and benevolence to your enemies—you have seen them changed from that character to your warmest friends—and all of this growing and populous community entertain a respect for that once despised doctrine you believe. I have only now to add,' continued the preacher, 'that this is the course for you to follow in the future. Be firm and bold in contending "for the faith once delivered to the saints," but treat all with kindness and respect, live the doctrine you profess, and "*the God of love and peace shall be with you.*" AMEN.' Perfect stillness reigned through the whole of these protracted services. Every eye was moistened and fixed steadfast upon the preacher, and all seemed to forget whether they were in the body or out of the body. I felt the truth of his remarks, and they were offered with so much grace and feeling, that no count was taken of time, it fled like the lightning, and I truly thought that it was good for me to be here. As the congregation passed along the aisle, I heard a pharisaic looking man observe to his friend, 'I truly regret that he is going to leave, although I have more respect for the man than faith in his doctrine.' 'Yes,' rejoined the other, 'he is so devoted to the interests of community and good order in society that he is a valuable man, and I have thought that he had much to support his doctrine.' Another was heard to say, 'he has been the cause of my salvation, and in a great measure has made me what I am.' As we passed out of the door, I saw the minister engaged in a conversation which attracted much atten-



tion. 'Then you are really going to leave us,' said the deacon of his church. 'We had fondly hoped that you would be convinced that it was for your good, as well as ours to remain a time longer. We are therefore very sorry to see you thus firm in your determination to leave us. We can hardly be persuaded that this is your farewell sermon.' 'Well,' said the minister, 'I have been deliberating upon this subject much for a few weeks past. It gives me pain to think that my duty calls me to leave you. It is truly trying to give the parting hand to those with whom I have labored so long, and so arduously—with whom I have had seasons of joy and sorrow, times of prosperity and adversity, and with whom I have prayed, and to whom I have preached the gospel.' 'Yes,' said the deacon, 'and it gives us pain also to realize that your labors are here finished. You know that things are materially changed in a few years. You have borne the burden and heat of the day, you have stood up in front of the battle, and led us on to victory, to conquest and to glory. In justice to yourself and us, you ought now to stay and enjoy the fruits of your labors.' 'But you know,' observed the minister, 'that when our Master calls us to work in his moral vineyard, other things must not be heeded. I am going to preach the good tidings, to those, "who sit in the region of the shadow of death," and build up another society.' This conversation was continued in an animating manner for some time. The deacon used his most weighty reasons to induce him to remain, while the preacher, on the other hand, brought forth arguments more conclusive and weighty in favor of the course he had taken. There was such a thrilling interest and feeling manifest by both parties, that I was determined to seek an opportunity, and learn of the deacon the cause of this uncommon attachment between pastor and people. Such an opportunity soon presented itself, and I learned the history of the society in which I had become so much interested. After being introduced to the deacon, who seemed to be a man past the meridian of life and of much dignity of character, possessing a mind well cultivated and stored with valuable information, I asked him if he would confer a favor on a friend by giving a history of the society of that place. The old gentleman with a bland air and cheerful countenance readily gave his assent to the proposition. He seemed very much interested when conversing about his minister or the society of which he had long been pas-

tor. He observed, 'when our brother, whom you have heard to day, first came into this place, there was but very little interest felt in religion or attention paid to virtue. There was then no religious society in the place, although there were many professors of religion. There being no attention given to these things, of course the morals of the people were of the lowest kind. We had no church, nor did we dream that we needed one. Our children were left to spend the Sabbath in the manner that best suited their inclinations, our young men did the same, and we either passed the day at home, or in wandering about the fields and streets, like the maniac, without motive or object to accomplish. Universalism was then little known among us, and of course it was held in the greatest contempt by the community in general. There were a few here professing that name, but they were scattered, without zeal, and without the spirit of the doctrine. Thus we were situated for some time. At length we concluded that we would have the form of godliness among us if no more, and our minister was invited to favor us with a discourse occasionally. He was then young, but possessed a good share of sense, much native talent, a well cultivated mind, and a warm and devoted zeal to the cause of religion. His first sermons were purely doctrinal, but he was very careful that nothing like sarcasm, or anything of the kind, should be thrown out against other professors of religion. He set forth his doctrine in the strongest and clearest light, used arguments, like mountains, which nothing could resist or overturn. He laid down his premises and established his conclusions with so much clearness, that none could avoid admitting their correctness. The novelty of having preaching in the place, called the multitude together. Some came to gratify curiosity, some to see and be seen, some to while away time, some to hear what he could say in favor of his theory, some to get arguments to whip and entangle the orthodox, and others because they loved the truth. This course of preaching was pursued, till the sentiment was generally known and understood, and then he began to draw inferences and conclusions of a moral nature, and enforce the practical results of the doctrine. He was equally bold in enforcing the moral obligations we were under to God and mankind, and urged in solemn tones the claims of christianity, and humanity upon our attention. Great success attended his labors. We soon learned that a nominal religion was of but



little consequence to us. That though we could speak with the tongue of an angel, and possessed the most beautiful theory in religion, it was all to no purpose, so long as an upright conduct was wanting. We soon began to improve in morals, and to concentrate our efforts for the promotion of righteousness and truth. We organized ourselves into a society, and did not find much difficulty in procuring funds to build a church. Our minister, who continued faithful in his duties, formed a bible class and sabbath school. Our young men and children were called in from the woods and streets to learn the precepts of Jesus—to engage in schemes of benevolence and improvement. They learned to sing, to speak, and their whole attention seemed to be engrossed in improving in science, morals, and religion. In the mean time, other things went on prosperously. Our congregation increased, the singing was improved, a library was purchased, and we were all rejoiced at the growing interest taken on the part of our friends, for the advancement of the cause. Vice of every description was looked upon with indignation. The temperance cause was prospered by the labors of our minister, idleness and profanity were seldom seen or heard. The charity of the people became more enlarged, and we thought it folly to alienate friends on account of a difference of faith. This flourishing congregation, which you have seen to day, has been collected in this way. Some attend who are not believers in the doctrine of God's impartial grace, and seem to take an interest in the preaching. They wish us well, in the way of well doing. Above all things, we have been fortunate enough not to let doctrines and party feelings destroy that friendship and union which should exist between those believing in one God, one Savior, and one revelation. This in few words, observed the old gentleman, is the history of this society. Our minister is universally beloved by all sects, ages, ranks and conditions. He visits his neighbors and friends, he is social and kind to all, he talks over the matters pertaining to the interest of his society, encourages them on in their duties, and in this way he has accomplished more than he could in any other. He visits the sick, and comforts the dying, and seems faithful in all his duties, and active in the discharge of all virtues. We are united and happy under his ministration, and glad should we be could we retain him, but his duty calls him elsewhere.

Here the deacon closed his narrative, and I

soon taking leave was left to my own reflections. I thought that the gospel preacher and the believer in christianity had great reasons for thankfulness for the revelation with which the world has been blest. Vain are the pretensions of those unbelieving philosophers who would hold up their system to enlighten the world, and teach us the way to be virtuous and happy. They go about holding up their insignificant flambeau, as though there was no sun in the heavens, and expect that by orphanizing the world, robbing man of his sweetest hopes and brightest prospects, they shall guard man against the evils of life, and particularly against the dogmas of christianity, and thereby gain to themselves an immortal name for thus having served the world. But we find that christianity has a moral power which is sought in vain in this system of negation, and that proper exertions to extend its principles and hopes are attended with salutary consequences. Notwithstanding we hear the alarm so often, that it is cruel and deleterious in its influence, yet we find in numerous cases, like the one above, that the reverse is the fact—that the more we see of its influence in society, even in its worst form, the stronger will be our convictions that it has more to recommend it to our notice and observance, than infidelity in all its pomp and glory.

*Andover, Mass.*

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### BURIAL SERVICE.

*Original.*

It is a beautiful custom to attend to a solemn service at the last earthly home of the loved and sleeping, and we deem it as recommended to us by many good reasons. At the grave, we feel most the absence of life from the beloved form, and as we look around, find everything that meets our view reminding us of death and the crumbling clay. Too often there is an aspect of desolateness and decay in the place of the body's rest, that is scarcely to be met with anywhere else, and deeply do we feel that 'dust to dust' is the mandate soon to be obeyed by the form that has moved amongst us as one essential to the enjoyment of life. It is then we need the voice of religion—with its lofty hopes, its holy aspirations, and its spiritual picturing of a better world—to teach us, or wake up to stronger action, the truth of *man's* spirituality, that limits death to the body. Then the eye will be lifted to heaven, and the soul feel calmed and comforted, and a less harsh



sound will strike on the ear as the earth rattles upon the coffin. We never drew near the grave when a relative or friend was about to be laid there, without feeling, deeply and solemnly, that *there* is the place for the burial service—for the voice of prayer, of holy comfort and hope, and the plaintive dirge. There the sacred rites of our religion would be attended with the best effects—the most deep and serious impressions made—and the heart most gratefully made to feel that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly—that though our earthly home of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—that mortality might be swallowed up of life; and that He that hath wrought us for this self same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the spirit; and

‘No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom,  
They are travelling robes to a fairer home,  
Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love,  
Shall meet to inherit the kingdom above.’

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### GENEROSITY.

Original.

ON one hot summer day, Frank Wilmington came into farmer Johnson's house, flapping his gloves with indignation, his face rather highly colored, and his eyes glowing with even more than their usual lustre. As these freaks were not uncommon, no person present felt the necessity of remarking upon his appearance. He therefore opened the matter himself—‘I do hate meanness!’ cried he.

The company looked up. He went on. ‘I had intended to go to town this afternoon, for the purpose of attending the theatre,’ said Frank. ‘And as I can never endure to go anywhere alone, I called on your young schoolmaster, and gave him an invitation to go with me. He refused, and what do you think he gave as a reason? Upon my word, he said he should delight to go with me; but could not endure the *expense*. The offer to pay all charges was on my lips, but I checked myself, and am glad I did. I should be ashamed to be seen in his company.’

‘Does it follow that he was mean,’ said Mrs. Johnson—‘because he was not rich enough to indulge himself in a pleasure for which I know he entertains much desire?’

‘That wo'nt go down,’ answered young Wil-

mington—‘for I know that he received his salary not two days ago. Nothing can excuse such meanness.’

‘But he has denied nobody save himself,’ continued the lady. ‘If he had refused you a sum of money which you were very much in want of, I should not be surprised if the disappointment gave you offence.’ ‘I don't like to see a person worship money,’ was the reply. ‘A miser is my abhorrence. Give me the frank, open, generous man, who throws down his purse, and never looks behind to see what has become of it.’

‘I should call that imprudence,’ said Emily Johnson—a pale, slender girl of seventeen.

Frank turned toward her, and said in a calmer tone, ‘Well, Emily, I know that you are a professor of religion, and cannot be expected to approve of expending money for any purpose but building churches. But do you not find anything in the New Testament to sustain my views? Was not the rich young man told to go, sell all he had, and give it to the poor? I suppose that if the young man had obeyed his Savior, you would have called it *imprudence*. So, you see, my pretty lassie, that your opinions do not hold together.’

Emily smiled, and after a short pause, said—‘I can see a great difference between expending money for our own gratification, and giving it to the poor. But if you throw down your purse and leave it, perhaps the finder may be a rich man—one of those very misers of whom you speak—and he will lock it up among his hoards: or the finder may be a drunkard, who will *generously* lay it all out for destructive draughts.’

‘I should not inquire particularly who found it,’ said the youth. ‘I do not think money worthy of a thought. But your schoolmaster, of whom I was speaking, does. He will hoard up his gains, and worship them.’

‘Are you quite sure that he will do so?’ asked Mrs. Johnson. ‘Unless you are thoroughly acquainted with his private matters, would it not be uncharitable to make such a charge against him?’

‘Really,’ answered the youth, ‘you are making very serious of this affair. I certainly should never take the pains to inquire what he does with his hoarded change, nor do I care an iota. But I do say that any man who begrudges himself a night's entertainment on the score of the expense, must possess no small degree of meanness.’

‘Do tell me, sir,’ said Emily, ‘whether you conceive that person to be mean who denies himself indulgences?’



'Yes, when it proceeds from penuriousness.'

'Let me keep you to the point,' answered Emily.

'We know that if a person does any act, from bad motives, he is censurable. But you have declared that the schoolmaster was mean, on account of his action; therefore you are bound to name no motive. Your words would lead us to suppose that you despise the man, who under any circumstances should deny himself pleasure, for the purpose of saving his money.'

'Yes, and I maintain it,' cried the youth.

'You then approve of selfishness,' said Emily.

'Not I,' said the other, 'for he is selfish who keeps all his money to himself, instead of letting it circulate freely in the community.'

'But do you feel quite sure that this young gentleman of whom you were speaking keeps all his money to himself?' inquired Mrs. Johnson.

'I do feel convinced that he does, and that he has it put to interest,' said Frank.

'That is true,' replied she, 'and now for the reason. I am acquainted with his mother, an excellent old lady, indeed, and one who in her more fortunate days, was a real lady Bountiful. She is now a widow, and she is poor. In a late conversation which I held with her, she informed me that her son was saving up all the money he could, and even denying himself the necessities of life, to buy her a small cottage. She has been put to serious inconveniences for the want of a home of her own. It is probable that when the cottage is purchased, her son will take a partner, and give her a home in the same house with his mother.'

Frank Wilmington glanced quickly at Emily. A slight tinge could be observed just coloring her brow and neck, while her eyes drooped for a moment beneath the ardent gaze of Frank, which was now riveted on her countenance. She, however, looked up in a moment, and their eyes met. Frank then said, 'Miss Johnson appears to be a somewhat zealous defender of your good young man.'

'I ought always to defend the innocent,' returned she, blushing—'but I am afraid I do not do so at all times.'

'Only on particular occasions, I suppose,' said young Wilmington, with something like a sneer.

'I am not sorry that the conversation has taken this turn,' said Mrs. Johnson—'for an important purpose may be gained by it.'

'What is that!' cried Frank.

'It will afford me the opportunity to assure you that Emily's hand is engaged to the young man

of whom you have spoken in such unmeasured terms. I mention this because I have sometimes thought that you imagined her wholly free.'

The youth was evidently surprised, and there was that in his countenance which expressed wonder at the good woman's presumption. He looked at these matters as the world generally does; and he knew that the young schoolmaster was poor.

'Indeed, madam,' said he, 'you do me great honor, thus to make me the confidant of your family secrets. But you may rest assured that I am not of an inquisitive disposition; and concern myself very little about the marriages of my village neighbors.'

He remained but a few moments longer, and when he took his leave, it was in a haughtier manner than usual. Soon after, Emily received from him the following note.

'Miss Johnson must be sensible, that owing to the dissimilarity of our views, and may I not say of our *tastes*, it could hardly be an object for our acquaintance to continue. Coquetry is always offensive; and on some occasions, the results are such as to inspire its victim with pity and disgust rather than with regret or disappointment.'

Emily immediately penned the following answer:

Sir—I have just received a note from you, and need I say that I was surprised at its tenor. You speak of discontinuing our acquaintance; but I can see no cause for such a determination on your part. With respect to your sentiments about liberality, I cannot believe that we should long disagree, if the question were fairly discussed between us. I do not defend miserly and penurious habits; but I meant to say that some judgment should be used in the disposal of our money. That which is expended for our own personal gratification, cannot, of course, be given to others. I care not how liberal a person is; only that he be just. Generosity and self-denial go hand in hand.

P. S. You speak of coquetry. I condemn it as much as you possibly can. Will you not do me the justice to say that I never practised it toward you? From the first moment that we became acquainted I had been engaged to Mr. W—. As you never talked to me on the 'delicate subject,' what opportunity had I to introduce such matters to you? Neither have we held more conversation with each other, than has been held between you and the other members of the family. I cannot misunderstand the reflection upon Mr. W. in the



latter part of your note. I beg you to become acquainted with him ; for his actions and his manners are the best interpreters of his heart. In the mean time you will always be an acceptable visitor at the farm-house. We estimate your many good qualities ; and our afternoons will sometimes be dull without you.

Your sincere friend,

E. JOHNSON.

### POETRY.

Original.

*True poetry is the spiritual association of pure thought and deep feeling with nature and outward things—only existing in the soul of the lover of the beautiful, the true and the good.*

THERE is a light on hill and tower,  
A beauty in each blooming flower,  
Reflected by the poet's power  
From th' fountain in his mind ;  
And none can see that soul-born light,  
More spiritual than moonbeam bright,  
And pure as angel wings snow white,  
Till they the secret find.

That secret is, to fervent love  
The beautiful below, above,  
And bid the heart's deep pulses move  
To all things good and true ;—  
Around material forms to throw  
The spiritual, that gives a glow  
The loveliest things can never know  
Robed not in this mind-hue.

This secret in the soul confessed,  
Will teach the mind to see impressed  
On every form by Flora dressed,  
Sweet images of heaven ;  
And then on every verdant sod,  
And every spot by feet untrod,  
And mid the stars, the name of God  
In clearer lines be written ;

And more the mind will clearly scan  
The golden chain of heaven's wise plan,  
Which links eternal good with man,  
And firmer will it trust ;  
Sweet voices will be heard to sing,  
And often felt the unseen wing,  
Of angels, who rich blessings bring,  
To make hearts ever just.

And glorious visions of the past,  
And of the present, fleeing fast,  
And distant future, will be cast  
Before the spirit's eye ;  
Richer by far than aught that's seen  
When this mind-light comes not between  
The seeing eye and outward scene,  
That, earthly, passes by.

And this is poetry !—deep thought  
Up from the soul all holy brought,  
And with the purest feeling wrought,  
The deepest chords to thrill ;  
It ne'er can be by words made known,

Though each may be a music tone,  
Or fitted like Mosaic stone  
In work of ancient skill.

'Tis like the wealth of christian love ;  
None can its satisfaction prove,  
But those who in its paths will move,  
And treasure up its sweets.  
The polished phrase and classic turn,  
And all the glowing words that burn  
With fervor's warmth, can never learn  
What the true poet greets.

Haverhill, Mass.

### PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Original.

'WHAT'S in a name ?' A good deal. Give a new name to old ideas, and they come forth as a new revelation of knowledge, and the record is eagerly sought for. Much is in the name of a book sometimes to awaken curiosity and obtain purchasers. 'Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage,' is certainly a new phrase, and we suppose that soon there will be two classes—Those who are philosophical in their mode of attending to these delicate matters, and those who are unphilosophical. Queer notions will arise to the imagination at the thought of such philosophers, and many will shiver as though struck with a chill. Farewell to romance, poetry, moonlight rambles, and all the etcetera of Cupid's diplomacy, is the result immediately inferred. All must now be attended to by rule—philosophically !

But no ! The philosophy meriting attention is the philosophy of truth, acquainting us with duty, human nature, and God. Its lessons may have a place in the heart that is consecrated to affection, and full of the poetry of passion and sentiment, and the romance of love's idealities. Its warnings preserve affection's purity—teach where rightly its treasures may be expended, and saving from the wild adventures of unguarded hope and feverish desires, delivers from the intrusion of the sharpest and most rankling thorns that ever wounded the heart, and often made the victim—

'As the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Views his own feather on the fatal dart  
And winged the shaft that quivers in his heart ;  
Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,  
Drinks the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'

What is philosophy ? We are told that we owe this term to the modesty of Pythagoras, who de-



clined being called after the manner of his predecessors—*The Wise*, regarding it as too assuming, and chose to be styled friend, or lover of wisdom. Philosophy is therefore compounded from two Greek words signifying—*friend, wisdom*. It is used to denote the study of the most important subjects that can attract human attention. Cicero called it 'the science of things human and divine.' To *philosophize*, must therefore be to think with concentration of thought, with the object to attain clear and definite ideas on subjects pertaining to duty and happiness. Some have made philosophy and mysticism well nigh synonymous terms, but there is as much difference between a friend of wisdom and a friend of mysticism, as there is between the definite and indefinite.

Well, then, what is the philosophy of courtship and marriage, but the purpose of the mind to obtain the aid of that wisdom that is friendly to the end desired—lasting affection and happiness?

What is called romance, will not give this. The charms of moonlight rambles, talking of poetry, discussing the merits of novels, and reveling in 'unwritten music,' or unuttered feeling and sentiment, will not give this. We live in a world where we must deal with reality—stern, sober, stirring reality; where the language of all eyes is not a pure language, and where the lips give passage to other than the words of sincerity and truth; in short, ours is a world, or rather such are its inhabitants, that we cannot, should not, must not, trust wholly to feeling, but call in the aid of judgment, calm, deliberate reason and reflection, in forming our estimate of characters, and what we can soberly promise ourselves from their friendships. If any one regard a discriminating observation of character, as not harmonizing with devoted love, such an one has a strange idea of that passion. What is the ground of our confidence, with reverence in this connection, be it asked, in the Divine Being? We answer,—his *character*. And so it is through all human life and relations. If we seek not to discover whether our affection is rightly placed, or will be rightly placed, we may find too late—

'Her lot is you—silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear thro' suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches from affection's deep,  
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!'

THERE is, in the world, too much mock morality disguised under would-be religious sanctity.

## UNAVOIDABLE EVILS.

Original.

PERHAPS there is nothing so intimately connected with man's happiness and at the same time so little understood, as the christian doctrine of providence. To some it is little else than fate, to others it is an undefinable something of but little worth to think about, and to others it is the dernier resort for apologies for want of prudence and the commonest care against misfortune and trouble. 'We trust in providence!' is the exclamation of many who are exhorted to rouse themselves to greater exertions, while capable of the full exercise of manly strength and vigor, and who continue in the degradation and discomforts of a mere vegetable life, and with less concern about the future than the busy ant. What is their idea of providence? It seems to be that an invisible power will always interpose to help them out of calamity whenever they fall into it, and furnish them with all needed good whether they make a wise improvement of opportunities of providing for their own comfort or not. They must regard themselves as being peculiarly worthy of the Divine regard to carry their doctrine of providence so far as that, and content themselves with living unconcerned entirely about what may come.

Far, very far from such notions is the true doctrine of providence. While it allays a feverish and gloomy anxiety about the future, it gives the greatest and best encouragements to activity—to being diligent in business, and working while the day lasteth. It teaches us that the Deity has the most affectionate interest in our well being, and will never let struggling virtue go unrewarded. He who feels, deeply and sincerely, this doctrine, can no more content himself to live a life of inaction, with but little self-exertion, than a pupil who feels that his teacher loves him and the importance of knowledge, can remain in idleness and without ambition. A true trust in God, is to feel that he governs the world, that our duty is to obey him, that obedience can never be against our true interests, and that good will result to us in due time from faithfulness. This awakes the spirit of perseverance and keeps it alive; this makes man willing to labor in hope, believing that if he faint not, he shall not labor in vain.

Such an one does not so often as the other characters alluded to, speak of unavoidable evils. That there are many such evils we all know; there is much that we cannot alter, and must submit to; but often men look upon approaching



evils as unavoidable which may be averted by renewed and more animated exertion—exertion of which they are capable. A sweeping fire comes over a city and spreads desolation wide and extensive. Hundreds suffer severely in the calamity, and many are deprived of all the wealth they before possessed. How different the after history of those many! Some will arise from the effects of the first shock, and awake all their energies, and are soon reinstated amid plenty and success; while others yield their hearts and minds to despondency and never look up again. Men are naturally different in respect to ability to bear trial, but a firm and right trust in providence is better than any natural vivacity or strength of character, and will always impel the possessor to do his best in every circumstance of life however trying and calamitous. He will submit where he must, be resigned when he should be, and work when he can.

We have been drawn into these remarks by observation in real life, and by meeting with a well told tale mirroring the reality. It is of two individuals—friends in youth and chums at college; the one a devotee to a fatalist's philosophy, making his motto—'We must submit to inevitable evils.' The other could ill succeed in attaining to this stoical submission, and admired what he could not practise. They separated. The one to follow the profession of the law amid the familiar scenes of early days, and the other to try his fortune in the same profession in the far West. The latter continues the story thus for himself:—

At the end of a few years I was in a thriving business with a house and office, had sent for one of my brothers and made him a country trader, and forwarded remittances to my family, for the general benefit. And here let me note that in this new country amidst sand banks and barren pine woods, I found a gentle little maiden, who was like a wild flower hid in the cleft of a rock. I prevailed upon her to become my household blessing, and share my lot. At length I found a powerful coadjutor in the process of civilization. A young clergyman came among us, and gave notice that he would preach. They listened at first from the novelty of the thing, and soon a degree of thoughtfulness ensued. The verse in Psalms which our preacher took for his first text seemed to be more and more verified—

'When I thought on my ways, I turned my feet unto thy testimonies.'

I hardly knew how I have been drawn into this

outline of my own history; it was Lewis Gray's that I meant to have written, rather than my own. I constantly received letters from him. He wrote me, that, like myself, he had found a partner for life, but here the parity ceased; for she brought him a large fortune and mine only brought me a treasure of love and virtue. His union seemed to be a congenial one, but he lamented that they were obliged to live in a degree of style which was often tedious, he regretted the loss of time, the necessity of entertaining hosts of strangers, but added, with his usual philosophy, 'all this I submit to, for it is inevitable, and console myself with my professional pursuits, which become more and more interesting to me.'

Soon after this, another letter came informing me of the death of his father. 'By this event,' he wrote, 'I have come into possession of a large estate and extensive commercial connections. It seems manifestly proper that I should take the same station in life which my father filled, and relinquish the practice of law, I cannot express to you my regret at this inevitable necessity.' How I admired the philosophy of my friend! I knew there was no affectation of regret; a life of calm, elegant retirement, with professional business enough to keep it from stagnating, was what he had always desired. Yet here I beheld him plunged, without his own consent, into all the perplexities and harassing anxieties of a merchant.

Without having much of the resigned spirit of my friend, I had insensibly adopted his language. Once, when a crop of corn was suddenly inundated by the rise of the river, I said to my wife, 'We must bear it patiently, for we shall always be subject to it. It is an inevitable evil.' 'We must bear it patiently this once,' said she, 'but it is our own fault if we are obliged to bear it again; we have only to raise the levee a few feet higher, and the evil ceases to be inevitable.' There was a strange mixture in her character of yielding and resistance; she was gentle and compassionate even to weakness, and yet often, when troubles and difficulties assailed us, she seemed to be lion-hearted. One instance I must relate; we had a black woman living with us who was a slave. She came with a child about two years old. As they were sitting on the edge of a small wharf that projected into the river, the child suddenly gave a spring from the mother's arms and fell into the water. My wife was by, the mother screamed in agony but seemed to have no power of moving. My wife seized a pole near and



measured the depth of the water, then exclaimed 'run for help,' plunged in; it was not over her head, she supported the child above it, till the frantic cries of the woman reached me. 'How could you peril your life?' said I, when I held her safe in my arms. 'I did not,' returned she, 'I ascertained the depth of the water; God gives us self possession and resolution, if we will only use them.'

At length her own boy was taken ill, and we had the inexpressible distress of seeing our first born expire. My poor wife had watched through two nights, and when there was no longer hope, she sunk exhausted. She neither spoke nor moved for hours. I trembled for her intellect, and imagined she was becoming a maniac. 'Speak to me, speak to me,' I exclaimed, throwing myself by her side. Never shall I forget the light which irradiated her countenance, as she replied, 'I have been reasoning with myself, shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not evil?'

Somehow or other, with the motto of my friend constantly in my mouth, I found I did not bear this calamity as well as she did. I endeavored to study out this mystery. At first I tried to persuade myself that women had not the same depth of feeling as men, that sorrow only glanced over the surface, but I was obliged to abandon this idea, when I saw how ingrained with every thought and action was her fervent sensibility. At last I began to realize that there was a different kind of submission from my friend Lewis Gray's. I seated myself at the feet of my young wife, and we became fellow students. I did not renounce my law books, but every day I became more interested in her study, which was the word of God.

How rapidly ten years pass! Our roof-tree sheltered young minds and affectionate hearts; we were no longer childless; we had discovered that there were no evils which brought fatal consequences, but vice. Our crops might be blighted and our cattle swamped; still we did not despair, but put in operation all our resolution to obviate the consequences, and we never failed of finding new resources.

At the end of ten years, I determined to visit once more my native home. I was induced the more to this step from the air of gloom that pervaded the letters of my friend Lewis. He alluded to losses in the way of property, and at last, said, inevitable ruin was impending over him. It was a joyous morning to my wife and children

when we embarked for our expedition. I pass over the journey and will not describe the meeting of near relations so long separated; there were some absent from the family group; one sister, that I left beautiful as an angel, alas, she never realized the fair promise of her youth, on earth. My mother too, my blessed mother, her seat was vacant. Time had softened the grief of the family, but mine had all its freshness. The next morning I arose while the dew was yet on the grass, and sought the burial ground. To reach it through the fields, I had to cross the race way of a mill. I remembered, when a child of five or six years old, how I had stood trembling and hesitating on the edge, doubting whether to venture on the narrow plank. Now, with how much ease I crossed it at a leap. It is these associations, simple and natural, that make the return to early scenes so touching. In how many different ways is the heart quickened! God does not leave the world without witnesses of himself; place ourselves where we will, there are eloquent preachers; inanimate objects speak to the heart that is open to instruction.

I hastened to the city, for there was the elegant mansion of my friend, which had descended to him from his father. He received me with his wonted cordiality and introduced me to his wife. I was much struck with her noble appearance, and could not help contrasting it with my own wife's. It seemed to me however, just as it should be; the little wild flower I had found in the cleft of a rock was not to vie with the magnificent crown imperial.

A few moments of intercourse let me into the situation of my friend. His ignorance of commercial affairs had led him into various errors and losses, which he had tried to retrieve by speculation. His own fortune and his wife's were gone; and what with mortgages and debts, there was nothing before him but penury in the course of a few years. Yet he 'thanked God that he was able to submit with resignation to these inevitable evils, and hoped he should continue to preserve the same temper of mind.' My views had changed since I saw him; perhaps he was surprised that I did not give him my usual tribute of admiration for his magnanimity. 'Are you quite sure,' said I, 'that all these evils have been inevitable in themselves? Have you not made them so? Was it actually necessary that you should enter into a line of business for which you were not qualified? When you perceived



that you were becoming embarrassed in your affairs, was it necessary to persevere? Was the sacrifice of your wife's property another inevitable evil?'

'I am aware,' said he in his calm quiet manner, 'that things appear changed when we look back upon them. The rising and setting sun cast different shadows. We may possibly realize that evils which appeared inevitable might have been avoided; evils which at the time seemed only to admit of unqualified submission.'

'And how are we to ascertain that any are inevitable,' I replied, 'till we have used every exertion to counteract them? God does not leave the decision to us—there is neither philosophy nor religion in taking it upon ourselves.'

It required some entreaty to prevail on Lewis to look into his own affairs and allow me to aid him. After much patient investigation, I was convinced, that with energy of action, a small part of his fortune might be saved from the wreck. 'You must live,' said I, 'as others do, upon your own exertions, and then you will be able to redeem a small portion of your property. 'The sum is beggary,' he replied. 'Such beggary,' I replied, 'would be comparative wealth to me; it is more than I ever possessed, and yet I consider myself blest with a competency.' The next morning, in the presence of his wife and my own, I renewed the conversation. I had begun to despair of my own efforts; a sort of monomania had seized him, and he constantly repeated 'there is no help; we must submit to inevitable evils.' 'You are right,' said my wife in an animated tone, 'you have only to follow out your own system; you have submitted with wonderful equanimity to such evils as have come upon you, you must now submit to those that follow; you must submit to toil and privation. Now is the time to prove that your system was one of principle rather than temperament, one derived from purpose and resolution, rather than indolence.'

'Where were you educated?' said he, half laughing. 'In a new settlement, in a log house, where we had enough of what the world calls evils to struggle through. You must excuse my plain manner of speaking, I was taught no other.'

'It was my wife,' said I, 'that first upset your theory, she persuaded me that resignation was an active principle, not a passive one. Indeed she has almost persuaded me that there are no evils.'

'None,' said she, 'that we are to submit to

without striving to remove or mitigate. Old age and death are inevitable: but the good and wise will not call them evils, they belong to our present state of existence, and we take them as an inheritance. Vice, let it come in what form it will, is indeed an evil, but not one which calls for submission but for vigorous resistance.'

'What do you say of sickness and bodily pain?' said Lewis.

'Experience often proves,' she replied, 'that they are not eventual evils even in this life; but whether they are or not it is not common to submit without trying to remove them, quackery, in all its various forms, is but an appeal to this desire of relief. Indeed I cannot see how we can decide that any calamity is inevitable till we have taken every method to remove it.'

'One would think,' said he, 'that resignation and submission had no human origin.'

'You are half right,' said she with a smile, 'they are of heavenly origin and have little congeniality with human interpretation.' 'Christian resignation so far from palsying the mind, nerves it to useful exertion.'

Lewis at length ceased to oppose; he permitted me to examine the state of affairs, and consented to secure what remained to his wife and children. He has hired an office and has resumed the practice of law.

Such is the present state of affairs: and in the three months that I have passed with him, evils which he considered inevitable no longer exist; but I cannot conceal from myself that his theory has a palsying effect upon his mind. He has yet to learn that no one can be victorious who does not conduct as if there were no evils which cannot be obviated or mitigated.

To-morrow we return to the far West, to our home of comparative hardship. Most joyfully shall we resume our simple occupations and modes of life. We leave Lewis with wealth beyond what we possess, and only requiring industry and resolution to gain independence. But I feel discouraged when I reflect that he has yielded to the inevitable influence of other minds. No man is true to himself, who does not find in his own soul the great principles of virtuous purpose.

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SHORT SERMON. Let every one mind strictly their own business. By so doing peace will reign.



## THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

Original.

WHAT years

Do hang on moments in this life of ours !  
 Changing their aspect from the brightest hues  
 To deep and withering darkness ! or will drive  
 All clouds from their bright heaven of stars, and show  
 Beauty ne'er seen before ! As now I stand  
 With strange thoughts warring in my brain, there seems  
 A pause in life, as though the world stood still,  
 The waters cease to flow, and e'en the clouds,  
 So ever wanton in their flights, move not,—  
 All waiting for a single word of power ;  
 I tremble lest that word should be a spell  
 To cast an everlasting shade o'er earth's  
 Bright lovely things, and make my life as night  
 When all her loveliest stars are hid in gloom.  
 Thanks for the knowledge of a God ! To him  
 I offer up my soul's deep ardent praise ;  
 For were my destiny by fate ordained,  
 And not by love's all perfect wisdom fixed,  
 Reason would totter, and the heart grow sick  
 In such an hour as this ! My Father reigns !  
 On that great truth I lean, and that supports  
 What else were prostrate to the earth.

The word

I've longed, and yet have feared to hear, is said !  
 And gloriously the world moves on, with all  
 The brilliant train of vapor, cloud and sea ;  
 And sweetest harps are ringing in my ear  
 Far softer strains than ever heard before.  
 O how my soul feels now the need to know  
 A God to bless ! a Father's hand to own !  
 An Eye to read the language of the heart  
 To feel is reading now the silent hymn  
 Of grateful feeling and adoring praise !  
 Spirit of power ! make my life one song  
 Of halleluiahs for this hour—the gift,  
 The strength imparted, and the joy of joys !

## SENTIMENTS. No. I.

Original.

THE thought has often pressed itself upon my attention when I have read accounts of public festivities where were 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'—What an excellent sententious work might be made by collecting the sentiments given on these occasions, that were of sterling value ! We doubt whether any books of maxims and sentences of thought, now extant, could claim the least comparison to the worth of such an one, or so effectually awaken thought, reflection and the best feelings of the heart. Many rich and glowing passages of the mind's book, are brought out on these occasions ; there is naturally among the gifted a trial of skill and wit, and these gems of the first water are soon lost amid the mass of political controversies, partizan factions, and the abounding recitals of the strange, amusing and the horrible.

To these reflections I am led by reading an

account of the triennial anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in our city, in which we met with some brilliant and highly useful sentiments. There is a higher tone of morality, and deeper sympathy with man, in the sentiments given on such occasions, than in past time ; low wit is excluded, and the intellect gives out noble ideas brightened by good feeling and polished by refined wit. And it is the opinion of one mind, that thus the way is preparing for the admittance of woman amid these intellectual and social festivities, and when *that* shall take place, the moral tone will be higher, the flow of good feeling more free and abundant, and wit will gain a new and exquisite polish. The presence of woman puts the finger of silence on the lip of vulgarity and disrespect to the spirit of goodness. I had the pleasure of mingling with about fifteen hundred persons at a public festival, and though the greater part were not accustomed to attend such, yet there was not the slightest occurrence that could make the strictest friend of morality and virtue lament that the gathering was made. Hundreds of sea-faring men were present, but their proverbial goodness of heart and respect for virtuous woman, prevented any outbreak of rudeness. The presence of woman was a holy charm.

But I am wandering somewhat from my subject—*Sentiments*. I intended to record here a few which I have met with worthy of preservation, and can now give place but to one, intending to present others in future articles. On the occasion that has called forth this article, the following was given by the venerable John Quincy Adams :

'The Union of the Arts and Charity—The Arts, the pride of the human intellect ; Charity, the glory of the human heart.'

A noble, christian sentiment. Immediately, for illustration and enforcement, did my mind revert to the Mechanics' Fair and the Institution for the Blind. In the one we wonder at the vast display of art and intellect, spread out as a magnificent picture, and awakening a feeling of pride that we own a kindred mind. As we pause we feel proud of the advance of the arts around us, and rejoice in the triumphant answer now given to all the scoffs that once were thrown upon the inventive powers of the feeble, as it was supposed, Colonies. The arts are the pride of the human intellect ; it is the religion of the intellect to admire them, and trace their origin to that Wisdom by



which the knowledge of witty inventions is sought out. Prov. viii. 12. They are the pride of the intellect, because of their association with social progress—their contribution to the comforts and conveniences of life—their aid to help on the designs of benevolence towards the unfortunate—and indeed their co-operation with almost every branch of study or investigation. Art examines the heavens, explores the earth, navigates the seas, and ranges through the universe, as on an archangel's wings, looking into the mysteries of Almighty power and boundless wisdom and ever operating goodness, and reading everywhere the name of God. And it is art that has taught us how fearfully and wonderfully we are made; how delicate and mysterious are the combinations and dependencies in our animal system; the laws that govern our organic being, and the necessity of knowing and obeying them. It is the right hand of civilization.

But in the other—The Institution for the Blind, the soul feels it is amid the manifestations of the heart's glory—Charity. We there see art also, but how beneficently directed! the pride of the intellect, and the glory of the heart, united. United to produce the most happy results to cheer the darkened existence of the unfortunate, as we often term them, and make them cheerful and happy in their blindness. And as we visit, or hear, or read of, the many institutions of charity, for the deaf and the dumb, the poor, the sick and the insane, we have spread before us another beautiful picture, of which we are not only proud, but in which we glory.

And what is the religious lesson? It is that (to use a phrase from Richard Baxter) we 'keep the passage open between the head and the heart.' This morally, is as much associated with the health and peace of the spiritual being, as literally, in the economy of the animal system, it is essential to physical health and enjoyment. What the intellect is proud of, the heart should glory in; and what the heart glories in, the intellect should be proud of. This reciprocity will give the guidance of reason to the affections; and give the influence of the affections to keep the reason warm, so that it grow not stoical.

The intellect is proud of the admirable fitness of christianity to the wants of man and society; it lauds and admires its beauty and confesses its superior excellence of doctrine and morals. But does the heart glory in these as much as the intellect admires? Are the convictions of the rea-

son, felt and applied by the affections? The same God who has said—'Come, let us reason together,' has also said, 'Son, give me thine heart.' Be it ours to feel the sanctification of this union—the marriage of the intellect and the heart by the Holy Spirit. Then will our pride and glory be one, and the oneness be connected with our highest and best good. B.

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### THE MOUNTAIN.

Original.

A HUSBANDMAN once built him a cottage on the western side of a high mountain, and commenced the cultivation of the adjacent grounds. But he found that the sun did not shine through his lattice in the morning, so that he often lay too late; and it grieved him to lose the benefit of the morning air. Neither did the sun shine upon his corn until near mid-day, and it was thus prevented from ripening in good time. Resolving to obviate this inconvenience, he removed around to the eastern side of the mountain. He now found that he could rise early, for the first beams of the sun darted through his window, and he could go forth to inhale the air, when the dew was on the grass. He rejoiced at the change, and looked with great complacency upon his own sagacious arrangements, deeming himself a man of wit, than whom there were no other in the surrounding country. But it was not long before he perceived that his evenings were much shortened, and that the afternoon sun was cut off from his fields. It was early dark, and he lost the latter part of the day. He begun to complain, for he had done all that lay in his power: he had shifted his place of residence, and turned up the soil of new fields. He sat down on a stone, and begun to give vent to his disappointment. 'Everything in this world works against me,' said he. 'It seems as if nature herself was my enemy; for she has contrived to thwart me every way. Obedient to her I changed my quarters; and behold she has persecuted me in another way. Fate has ordered that I shall never be happy.'

Then there came down from the top of the mountain a gray-bearded sage, and asked him why he mourned. He made his complaints to the old man, who asked him why he did not remove beyond the range of the mountain, as he was not obliged to live on either side of it. The murmurer started up, and declared he had not thought of that. He



took the advice of the old man, and his cause of complaint was removed.

How many are there who resemble the foolish husbandman. They have tried various experiments in the hope of finding happiness, and having been disappointed, complain that everything works against them. The remedy is within their reach. Let them escape from the mountain which rests on their souls and poisons every avenue to happiness. Let them part with their evil passions, their unreasonable wishes, and the sun of righteousness will rise serene upon their labors and bless them all the day long.

They may arrange and re-arrange ; they may alter as often as they see fit to do so ; but they will never be satisfied so long as the mountain casts its dark shadow upon their hearts. There are many mountains which obstruct the rays of light, and which prevent our success in life. Let him who finds this a joyless world recollect the mountain, and remove from under its influence. There must be some cause for continual blight and disappointment. Perhaps the mountain of discontentment lies in the way. If that is the case, we may arrange and alter as much as we please ; we may traverse the wide world in search of a resting place and find none. The mountain will remain in the way. We must get out from under it. Fate is not our enemy ; but we have an enemy within. We do not get from the mountain when we move to the other side of it. But we must go wholly beyond it. We must separate from it, before its gloomy influence will depart. Instead of complaining of fate, we should be sensible that we are fighting against fate. The Almighty will not remove his landmarks to gratify our wrong desires or false notions of happiness. The steadfast laws of his providence will remain unalterable to the end of time. The sun of peace will shine upon us when we take up a position under its rays ; and we must not declare there is no sun because we have hidden ourselves from it.

### ACCOUNTABILITY.

Original.

WE cut from a sceptical publication the following sentence as a concise summary of atheistical morality ;—' Doubtless, the human species are accountable beings ; but they are accountable to none but their fellow beings, or to the society to

which they individually belong.' This doctrine denies unequivocally the highest relations of our moral nature, and all obligations to seek the approbation of a higher than man, and gives in lieu thereof a miserable morality—miserable, because it is the source of much of the moral evil in our world and the imagination that degrades man. Teach men that they are amenable to no power but man's—that there is no eye resting upon their acts than that of society, and in the depths of secret wickedness they are flattered into security. That man has very imperfectly read his own nature who has not felt the relations that make him accountable to Him to whom all things are open and with whom we have to do. Society—its peace, security, and progress—requires for man a religious morality—a morality that has a divine soul—that follows man with an all seeing eye wherever he betakes him to work wickedness, and pursues him with the consciousness that though he hide himself in the top of Carmel, or be hid in the bottom of the sea, he cannot be released from the judgment of the higher than the highest of earth, and who regardeth the ways of men.

Here lies the great distinction between the morality of revelation and that of atheistical speculation. The one follows man with an omnipresent and omniscient eye, the other only with the contracted and often clouded eye of man and society ; the one makes him feel that he is accountable at all times and in every place to one whose judgments cannot by skill, and talent be averted, the other teaches him that he is amenable to society only, whose penalties may often be averted by the sophistry and talent of skill, and are often evaded by cunning and craft ; the one makes him realize that he has a spiritual nature and is an immortal being, the other reminds him only of earthly relations ; and, in short, the one is divine, the other human.

If mankind had only felt that they were accountable only to man, where would be the glory of humanity—the illustrious examples of the nobility of our nature ? In ages of darkness and the despotism of a few over the many, had not some felt deeply—their whole being been pervaded with the consciousness of their accountability to God, the greatest reformers and champions of the right, would have shrunk away to obscurity. The sense of the divine—the consciousness of accountability to him who can read the heart and pierce the deepest shades, have been the parents of the most holy and honorable perseverance for



man's good. Take away the divine from human consciousness, and you take away the soul's chief strength and the heart's mightiest energy to meet, bear, and triumph, amid perils and woes. It is that which has sent up from the depths of the retreats of solitude and exile the hymn of faith and hope, the song of the heart's trust and the mind's solace,—

'And faint not, heart of man! though years wane slow! There have been those that from the deepest caves, And cells of night, and fastnesses below The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves, Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed A quenchless hope, and watched their time and burst On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves!'

Such have been those who have felt the divine in their souls, and leaned on the arm of God. Mere humanity is weak—O how weak! B.

### TO A SICK FRIEND.

Original.

THEY tell me that disease has laid  
Its withering hand upon thy form—  
That fell disease, which oft hath made  
The young heart tremble 'mid its warm  
And sanguine hopes! but well I know,  
To thy calm mind there is no fear,  
Though thou may'st love these scenes below,—  
Thine all has not been center'd here.

Though to 'the pure in heart' like thee,  
The things of earth must seem most fair—  
For such in every object, see  
His goodness and parental care,  
Who form'd this beauteous world so bright,  
And placed it 'mid the starry band  
Which move around yon orb of light,  
Upheld by his almighty hand.

But not from nature's works alone  
Are we to learn our destiny—  
A brighter, clearer, light hath shone  
To lead us onward; Oh, shall we,  
Who bear his image, ever dare  
To cast his sacred chart aside,  
And wander forth we know not where,  
Without a pilot, or a guide!

Although the heart that ne'er hath felt  
The riches of redeeming love;—  
Or at his throne a suppliant knelt  
For peace and pardon from above;—  
May, when the pulse beats warm and high  
With hope, feel not a Savior's need,  
Yet, when affliction's hour draws nigh,  
Will for the holy comforts plead.

But thou, my friend, did'st early find  
The 'better part'! In youth's bright hour,  
Thou gave to heaven thy heart and mind,  
And sought to know religion's power,—  
And now, when sickness dims thine eye,  
And earthly hopes begin to wane,  
How sweet to feel his presence nigh,  
Whose love doth still the same remain.

The painful cough, the hectic glow,  
The respiration so confin'd,  
The pulse now quick, then weak and low,—  
Oh, are these fearful symptoms thine!  
Must thou, e'en in the opening bloom  
Of life's fresh summer, pass away?—  
Oh must the dark and fearful tomb  
Claim thee so early for its prey?

Oh! if the tender watchful care  
Of human skill can aught avail,—  
If the long, frequent, fervent prayer  
Of deep and holy love prevail,—  
Not yet, shall we be call'd to wreath  
The cypress wreath for thy pale brow,—  
Not yet shall sorrowing friendship grieve  
For one so fondly loved as thou.

But yet, perhaps, 'tis sinful even  
To wish to hold thee longer here,  
When thou'rt already ripe for heaven—  
And thine the hope which knows no fear!  
Yes, thou beyond this gloom of night,  
With trusting eye of faith can see  
A star, that shines exceeding bright,—  
How precious now that light to thee.

And oh, when all the hopes and fears,  
Of this wild, throbbing heart are hush'd,—  
When all the bitter, burning tears,  
That oft from its deep fount have gush'd,  
Shall cease to flow,—when all the strong,  
And wayward passions which have led  
My wandering footsteps oft along  
A rough and weary path to tread,—

When these shall all, all be forgiven,  
And hope shall kindly whisper me,  
The bless'd assurance, There's in heaven—  
Thy better home, a place for thee!  
Oh then, dear friend, (if 'tis ordained  
That we on earth shall meet no more,)  
God grant we meet where care and pain,  
Life's throbs of anguish, all are o'er.

Hartford, Ct.

c.

### 'OUR OWN PERIODICAL.'

Original.

SUCH is the name with which ladies have honored the work that is before the reader's eyes, and if rightly applied our vanity is completely satisfied. The expression implies a good deal—that this work meets wants that none other does and is peculiarly adapted to the taste of females, who love not the wordy warfare and stern controversy of the age. They want truths presented and discussed in a more quiet way, and to be spoken to in a tone of gentleness and charity; and this want we have endeavored to meet—how successfully we have done it is in some measure to be decided by the patronage extended and by the judgment of critics capable of a right decision. Concerning patronage, we are satisfied, though not so fully as to exclude a desire for an increase, and



have the fact to encourage us that no monthly periodical of a strictly religious and moral character and for general readers, has been sustained in our country so long as ours, or so generously. And as to the judgment of critics, we rest fully satisfied, for more has been rendered us than with all our presumption we should ever dare to claim; and did we not abhor the new fashion of filling one's own pages with recommendations and critiques, we could easily fill several with commendations that have been very agreeable to the organ of love of approbation, of which we have, phrenologists say, 'a decent share.' Br. Drew, of the 'Gospel Banner' says of our work—'*It is just the thing for ladies who love the truth and would accomplish themselves by beautiful reading.*' That's enough—for it is just what the ladies themselves say, '*It is our own periodical.*' And we do know that it has been promotive of the cause of truth in homes where other denominational papers could not be admitted. As confirmation of the same beyond our own observation, we give the following from one among a large number of congratulatory letters;—

'It gives me great pleasure to be able to aid a trifle in the circulation of the 'Repository,' for I am confident it is exerting a wide and powerful influence in the blessed cause of universal love and grace. Its character is such, that it will meet with a cordial welcome in many families, particularly with the female part, where our other papers would strive in vain to gain an admittance. I am convinced of this by what I have seen and known. I could mention many worthy females who received the first beam of light and truth from a perusal of its pages, and who are now rejoicing with joy unspeakable in the fullness of the truth as it is in Jesus. (Bless God!) In this town, a place where superstition and bigotry have hitherto reigned almost undisturbed—the Repository is eagerly sought for and perused with apparent delight, by many of the most respectable young ladies in the place, even members of the orthodox church. And the change which it has wrought in their minds is already perceptible. It has far exceeded my most sanguine hopes. Were I able I would have another copy for the purpose of circulating it among all that would read, and I am confident that if thus I could cast my bread upon the waters, it would return after many days with a great increase. As it is I must content myself with the copy I do receive, and accomplish with that what good I can. I will use

what little influence I have to obtain new subscribers to the Repository, to increase its circulation, that those who desire to peruse its pages may have greater facilities for obtaining it.

Fraternally yours,

C. W. M.'

Such are the testimonies that suit us better than puffs, for they satisfy the reason and heart, while the other but please vanity; and it is because of such testimonies that we so strenuously urge upon the friends of truth and love to aid the circulation of our work. Self interest we know will plead, but it is not the soul of these exhortations, for we are conscious of a higher and nobler impulse, desires that God will approve. He or she that aids the introduction of a copy of our work for even a single volume into a family, may have the prospect of doing good, for we pledge our little all to preserve a gentle tone, christian spirit, and charity that loves all. Say, sister, wilt thou do all thou canst to let other eyes read, and other hearts delight in the thoughts thou art privileged to read?

#### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 191.]

Matt. vi. 14. 15. *If ye forgive men, &c.* These verses embody the spirit that should result from prayer—a feeling averse from all approaches to vindictiveness. The prayer acknowledges our social nature, mutual dependance and need of divine mercy, and pleads for divine forgiveness; as a natural result, the heart must be free from any feelings of unfriendliness. To pray for forgiveness, is to pray for release from sin and its sting; vindictive feelings are sin, and consequently we cannot enjoy a sense of divine forgiveness till we have put away all desires and passions not friendly to benevolence. This is the spirit of the text, and not that God measures his mercy to man, by man's mercy to man, for he is kind to the unthankful and evil. Before a man prays—pleads for divine forgiveness, he should ponder this sentiment in his heart, and put away enmity ere he comes to the mercy seat.

16. *Hypocrites.* The sternest of our Lord's rebukes were against hypocrites, for hypocrisy implies a knowledge of right and good, and an intention to wear a semblance instead of reality—a settled purpose to be wicked; hence such deserved the thunders of the violated law.

*Fast.* Fasting was very common among the Jews in our Savior's time, and was attended to with great profession and parade of humiliation. The sincerity of the devotees might well be questioned from the great pains taken in the outward marks of sorrow, and the regarding it as something meritorious, as was the case with the Pharisees. Luke xviii. 12. They sought at these times to disguise their countenances—blackened them, and manifested a disregard to cleanliness and order in apparel, as though



the worst aspect was the best. To afflict the body in order to affect the mind, is reversing the natural order. We receive grievous news—our mind is deeply affected—our appetite is gone—nature herself dictates a fast. This is the right course; sorrow, deep and sincere, affects the mind and that affects the body; all other courses are contrary to nature, and must be of no value in the sight of God.

17. *Anoint thy head, &c.* i. e. attend to the usual habits of dress and cleanliness. To wash, and to use ointment, very frequently, were prevalent customs in the East, and the Jews were peculiar in their observance of these external proprieties. In times of mourning these were neglected, and for this reason they were not regarded in times of fasting, as thus they would have the outward manifestations of inward sorrow. 2 Saml. xii. 20. Daniel x. 3. 'Affect nothing,' was the lesson taught by our Lord in the text.

18. *Appear not unto men to fast, &c.* i. e. let all thy religious acts be done with an eye single to God, not for appearances sake, and thou shalt have the fullest consciousness of the divine approval.

19. The whole passage from this verse to the 34th relates to one important subject—an over anxiousness about this life and its concerns, so fatal to the best good of vast numbers, robbing them of all peace and quietness. The spirit, and not the letter merely, is to be considered in attending to this language; and then it will be perceived that the Savior does not condemn a reasonable solicitude and forethought concerning the future, but that over anxiousness that prevents the enjoyment of the present, by bringing shades on the brightness of to-day by the fear of evil on to-morrow. It is thought Jesus had his apostles in mind particularly, but 'still the spirit of these precepts, the spirit of reliance on the care and goodness of God, the spirit moreover of contentment with a moderate portion of this world's blessings, should be cherished by every christian in every period.' These precepts have a very intimate connection with health and the enjoyment of life, for undue care and anxiety are the source of many troubles and diseases.

19. *Lay not up treasures, &c.* We have here a specimen of a peculiarity in the Hebrew idiom—giving force to an idea by combining a negative and positive assertion, meaning only to imply comparative value. Matt. ix. 13. Sacrifice was required, but not to be compared in value with mercy, as the idea is otherwise conveyed in Hosea vi. 6. See also for like examples, John vi. 26. 27. Acts v. 4. Therefore the very positive language of the text does not forbid the acquisition of property, for that desire is connected with the deepest and strongest springs of the activity in society; but this desire carried so far as to make wealth more longed for than divine things, is criminal and hurtful, for they are 'durable riches and righteousness.'

*Treasures.* In the fashions of dress in the East, there was little or no change, and a great cause of pride with the orientals was to have great quantities of clothing—some being able to clothe a regiment at a moment's warning, from their individual treasures. Hence the propriety of the Savior's use of the *moth* in reference to treasures, as that is the subtle foe of garments, and often by its activity reminds owners of large quantities of clothes of what they should do for the poor. Precious metals and grain, were the other chief treasures, and therefore many render our Lord's language in regard to *rust* thus—'Can-

ker may consume your corn, or corrupt the very metals you have hoarded;' the original word signifying 'anything that *eats into* another substance.'

20. *Treasures in heaven*, or heavenly treasures, are of the mind and the affections, no outward power can touch them; they increase by expending, they are no aids to evil, they are not kept to the owner's hurt, and the desire for them does lead away from generous feelings and duty to God and right, which cannot be said of earthly treasures.

21. *Where treasure is, heart will be.* All know this—that their affections are centred on what they most value. If we esteem heavenly treasures—truth and holiness and love—as the chief desirable treasures, all others will be of less worth or value, and we shall aim to be rich after the heavenly rule, as it is given to the poor in this world's goods to be—James ii. 5. 'The tone of the affections will vary according to the objects upon which they are fixed.' Rom. viii. 5. 6. See also Luke xii. 21. 2 Cor. iv. 18. Coll. iii. 2.

22. 23. *Light of body, eye, &c.* i. e. the movements of the body are governed by the eye—if it be healthy and strong, things will appear in their right aspect, and the movements of the body be correct; irregularity and uncertainty mark the movements of a person whose organ of vision is diseased and weak. The Savior uses the office of the eye metaphorically, to denote the moral sense; for as he had been speaking of chief good or treasure, he knew they must have a healthy moral sense or vision, or they could not discern the force of the truths he declared. Hence the apostle Paul in his epistles very often when he prays for the disciples' increase in faith and knowledge, blends the desire that their moral discernment may be made clear, so that the application or improvement of knowledge gained, may be felt and enjoyed; as Phil. i. 9. 10.—'Eye single,' i. e. clear, as opposed to the diseased eye whose vision represents things double or confused. 'Evil eye,' diseased or defective, was a common phrase to denote an evil disposition, a covetous or envious desire. Prov. xxiii. 6; xxviii. 22. Matt. xx. 15. *Light—darkness.* 'If the understanding judge correctly of those things which are the objects of its vision, the exercises of the mind, heart and will, may be right; but if the inward eye sees things in false shapes or relations, all the exercises of the soul—the perceptions, desires, affections, will be involved in error, in darkness.' *How great that darkness!* i. e. 'how deep and wide the gloom which results from a wrong judgment!'

24. *No man can serve two masters.* Here is the same peculiarity of idiom as noticed in note on verse 19; and the object of the Savior was not to assert that it was impossible to serve two masters of any kind, but two of opposite characters and claims. As he had spoken of the *chief good*, and importance of *right discernment*, he now directs attention to a *single purpose of soul*, to follow the right discernment of best good—to have for that a chief regard—to attain it and enjoy it, make 'the ruling passion' to be in him. Whatever is supreme in, will control the man—give direction to his love or affections. 'God and mammon;' here are the two masters whose claims and requirements will often be opposite in character; a devotedness of purpose to obey the one, will make the other to be loved less. *Mammon.* It is said by some that this was the name of a deity regarded as the god of wealth, like as Plutus in Greek and Roman mythology. It is elsewhere used



in the New Testament to denote riches—uncertain riches; Luke xvi. 9. 11. 13. The sentiment of the text, in short, is this: 'The thirst for riches or worldly possessions as the supreme good, is at direct variance with the supreme love of God.' 1 Tim. vi. 9. 10.

25. *Take no thought, &c.* No one can have discerned at all the encouragements christianity gives to industry who regards this language as enjoining absolute thoughtlessness about the future; the apostles did not so understand the Savior, for the original signifies *excessive anxiety*, and in their epistles they enjoined industry and suitable care; 2 Thess. iii. 10–13; but against being full of care they warned also, in the language of our common version as strong as in the text—Phil. iv. 6. 1 Peter v. 7. Hence we learn to compare things scriptural with things scriptural, and find the spirit of our religion is favorable to activity and love of progress. The caution against anxiety is more closely connected with bodily, as well as mental health, than many are aware of, as nothing so wears and weakens the springs of life as excessive anxiety. Reason under the control of the christian religion, will properly regulate our desires and keep them, as well as fears and cares, within due bound. The generality of those who have lived in the enjoyment of good health to advanced ages, have been characterized by active habits and a cheerful temperament.

*Life more than meat—body more than raiment.* Life is more valuable than food and the body is a greater gift than raiment, and therefore provision is made for sustenance and clothing. Many have worn out life and body in devotion to care for food and raiment, regardless of the assurance that he who gave the greater gift, will give the needed lesser ones. It should be observed here, that Jesus is presenting, in this connection, a variety of arguments against the undue anxiousness of which he spoke; showing 1. It generates an undevout temper, and is therefore averse to our proper service to God; 2. Past experience of the goodness of God is full of lessons to give us confidence; and then in the succeeding verses draws arguments from God's care of, or provisions for, the birds; the uselessness of anxiety, and from the flowers; all tending to increase faith or filial confidence in our heavenly Father.

26. *Behold the fowls, (birds,) of the air, &c.* i. e. note the provisions made for their support and the economy in nature for them. If God takes so much care for them, will he not bless you? Does he love his offspring less than his birds? '*Fowls of the air*,' was a common expression to denote the species; Psalm viii. 8; civ. 12.

27. *Who by taking thought, or having anxiety, can add one cubit unto his stature?* 'All our solicitude is impotent.' Luke xii. 26. We are told that *stature* should be rendered *age*, as in Luke ix. 21. 23. See also Eph. iv. 13. By considering Luke xii. 26. we see that our Lord's meaning is; Who by anxiety can affect the least things? and this requires that the metaphor should imply something small, whereas to add a cubit (foot and a half,) to one's stature, would be a great thing—and one not commonly desired; the Psalmist's figure would be better, xxxix. 5. But as we apply measure to time—speak of a long or short life, of an *inch* of time—it would seem very proper to speak of adding a cubit to one's age or life.

28–30. Dr. A. Clarke's note here is excellent,—

'The herbs and flowers of the field have their being, nourishment, exquisite flavors, and beautiful hues from God himself. They are not only without anxious care, but also without care or thought of any kind. Your being, its excellence and usefulness, do not depend on your anxious concern; they spring as truly from the beneficence and continual superintendence of God as the flowers of the field do; and were you brought into such a situation as to be as utterly incapable of contributing to your own preservation and support, as the lilies of the field are to theirs, your heavenly Father could augment your substance, and preserve your being, when for his glory and your own advantage.'

31. *Therefore, or for these reasons, take no [anxious] thought,* i. e. be not anxiously solicitous, *saying, What ye shall eat, drink, or wherewith clothed,* i. e. about provisions for future support and comfort. Be active in duty, live according to the dictates of religion and right, and trust in a wise Providence for the future good needed. This will make us to say with Paul, Phil. iv. 11. 12. *Cast into the oven*; this refers to the custom of using the dry stalks of plants, &c. for fuel, as necessity required, so scarce was wood. The allusion is probably a metaphor denoting the rapid decay of plants and flowers, as in Psalm xc. 6; ciii. 15. 16. In this last reference, allusion is made to the hot winds which began to blow in May, and by which the herbage was commonly swept off.

*After all these things do the Gentiles seek,* i. e. the Gentiles who have not the assurances and knowledge of God's care which you have, are solicitous about the future in fear; do not imitate them—a better trust and confidence should be yours.

33. *Seek first kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things, or needful things, will be added unto you.* Seek a knowledge of the constituents of the spiritual kingdom—the religion of Christ—the reign of truth, and God's righteousness, or to practise right doing according to his will or commands as revealed in that religion, or as becometh a subject of that spiritual kingdom, and all needful good will be yours in addition to the legitimate enjoyments of this knowledge of right doing. Godliness *hath* the promise of this life. Psalm lv. 22. David gives the result of his experience and observation in Psalm xxxvii. 23–25. The best security to the enjoyment of life is to know and do the will of God.

34. *The morrow*—a general term for the future—*will take thought, or care, for the things of itself*; i. e. with the wants and troubles of the morrow relief and supplies will come. This comports with the petition—'Give us this day our daily bread'; each coming day supply our wants.

*Sufficient unto a day is the evil thereof.* 'Every day has trouble enough of its own without borrowing trouble from the future by anticipation and distrust.' We shall have to pay for this! is the common exclamation of many when a warm season comes in the midst of intense cold days, and thus cloud to-day's brightness by the shadows of fear.

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CHARITY. A great deal is said by mankind on charity or alms giving! Pay the laborer his labor's worth, and *charity* hides its head!



ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE  
EDUCATION.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

## VI. TIMES, PLACES, AND AIMS.

'WELL, brother, when will you allow this pretty daughter of yours to make us a visit? Antionette is half dying to see her—and really, I think it would be a great advantage to Miss Mariet to spend a few months in the city at this time of her life. Manners are forming now, you know.'

'Yes, and that is the very reason why I wish her to remain in the country, or at least, away from the trammels of fashion. I am wishing to see her grow up a child of nature, so far as manners are concerned, and to this end I must keep her a free thing, sporting with the birds and lambs in the open air, and jumping about on the mountain rocks with no one to check or rebuke her. I mean that she shall learn manners of the very best teacher of the graces—nature herself. And her studies, too, are such as can only be pursued here.'

'You talk strangely, brother William. My Antionette went through the whole course of English studies and several of the languages at Madame Delcours's school, and her teacher never found it necessary to send her to the country to make proficiency in any of them. It is all a whim you have got into your head, by living so long in the backwoods. Come, bring Mariet to the city, let her stay with us a year and then Antionette may reciprocate the favor.'

'Nay, let it be reversed—Antionette shall come now and stay as long as she can be content, then Mariet may return with her to the city and learn the arts. Science is the first lesson for the young to be taught, and science is best studied in her own precincts—the broad rich open fields of nature. What say you to my proposition?'

'If Antionette and her mother be willing, I heartily accede to it. But I very much doubt their approval. You shall hear from me soon upon the subject, and if the decision be against you, I shall persist in my entreaties for a visit from Mariet.'

No reply being made to prolong the discussion, the elder Mr. Gardner stepped into his carriage and departed. Mariet ran joyfully to her father exclaiming, 'You are a dear kind papa not to send me from you to that odious city!'

'Odious, my child?' replied he, caressing her

fondly, 'you speak very unadvisedly. What makes you think the city odious?'

'Why, how can it be otherwise, papa? You know it is made up of brick houses and paved streets, and smoke and fashion, and all such disagreeable things.'

'Yes, Mariet, but the arts are there—the "glorious arts"—man is there in all his marvellous varieties, and a thousand things are to be learned that the woods and mountains will not teach you. The city is by no means without objects of interest and admiration to one who has clear perceptions of utility and beauty.'

'Then why papa, did you decline uncle's invitation?'

'Because you are not done with nature yet. Many of her storehouses you have not entered. Study nature thoroughly first, then you will more correctly appreciate art; for art is but the copy of God's own handiwork. I wish you first to talk with the flowers and stones—to discourse with the stars and the running brooks—to be the companion of the birds and the insects till their wisdom is all your own—then you may go to the works of man, and converse with them of the might and wisdom of their artisan, till you feel that it is well you knew God first, since the knowledge has made you more clearly observant of the resemblance between human and divine skill.'

Mr. William Gardner had some notions a little peculiar upon the subject of female education. He had a system of his own for training Mariet, and certainly, thus far, it had been wonderfully successful. Now at the age of fifteen, she was one of the healthiest, handsomest, and most intelligent girls our country could boast. Her mother died long before, and through all her young years Mariet had known little society except that of her father. She being an only child, he had devoted nearly his whole time to the development of her character, and had been repaid a thousand fold for all his cares by the rapid and beautiful revelations of her intellect and affections. Her mind in its constant communion with his matured thought, and in its every day association with the sublimities and mysteries of God's workmanship, had gained something of a masculine vigor and fervency; and her ideas were always breaking forth new and bright, full of philosophical truth and poetic beauty.

Mr. Gardner had been his daughter's sole teacher. From the first lisping of her alphabet, through all the rudiments of literature, and the lighter and graver sciences, she had known no tu-



tor but him. Yet he had not modelled all her tastes after his. He left her intellect free to search out the beauties it could best love, and if her choice fell not where his did, she was never rebuked or ridiculed, as though she were unwise. But it was only in minor points that their perceptions differed at all. The chords of one spirit might be stronger and deeper, those of the other softer and more delicate, but they were attuned to the same key throughout.

It was delightful to witness the unwearied efforts of the parent in the education of his beautiful girl; she so fresh and full of thought, he so dotingly fond, and yet so vigilant to correct every little fault. In the season of ice and snow, when the flowers and birds were dead, and the earth was no longer green and covered with life, he would call her into the library and bid her be busy with her needle-work, while he read aloud to her some of the finest of Shakspeare's plays—or passages from Milton and Byron—anything to excite the deeper feelings of her nature, and make her conscious of the high sublimity of the human mind. When this was done, and he had become wearied of his task, he would sit with folded arms and listen to her softer and clearer voice as it rose and fell and thrilled so musically through every tone of feeling in the beautiful lyrics of Mrs. Hemans, or some of those exquisite melodies of Moore, that he was always careful himself to select with reference to the peculiar delicacy and susceptibility of her feelings. He learned her to perceive and feel the most subtle beauty of sentiment and expression, and so to modulate her sweet toned voice as to express in a simple cadence all that the poet could convey in many soul-fraught words.

When summer came, he was with her on the hillsides and in the woodlands—now a botanist dissecting flowers and studying the properties of plants, sitting with her by some shaded spring with books and flowers at their feet, and talking of all the poetry and religion taught by the little floral ministers of God; anon searching under mossy stones and in mountain ledges for specimens of quartz, and mica, and hornblende, or digging open the soil and analyzing the properties of the internal earth. All the natural sciences became familiar to her; and, connected with, and harmonizing all, that most interesting and elevating of all studies—natural theology.

He taught her 'to look through nature, up to nature's God'—till she learned to see divinity in

all things—from the merest worm that grovelled in the soil, up to the glorious and boundless firmament of worlds. Nor in investigating the philosophy, did she overlook the poetry, the delicate and hidden *spirit* of all things. The simple daisy upon the mountain side—the thistle seed floating upon the autumn air—the chirp of a lonely cricket, were full of a language that thrilled through her very soul. At evening when the silent stars were out, so beautiful and grand, she would lean her head back upon his shoulder and study the brilliant constellations that shone above her, making him repeat to her the wild fables of the heathens, and their association with the stars, till her eyelids drooped with sleep; then she would sing some sweet vesper hymn, and beg his blessing on her dreams; and they never failed to be bright and peaceful. So calm and beautiful were Mariet's early days, and such the times and places of her education.

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'Come, cousin Netty,' said Mariet to a fashionably dressed young lady, who sat idly turning the leaves of a Parlor Scrap Book; 'come, let us take a ramble out of doors—the soft September air is a perfect luxury, and father will attend us to help us over the rocks and through the bushes, if we find any.'

'Rocks and bushes!' Mercy on me! I never encountered one in my life,' exclaimed the lively cousin, tossing aside her book, and springing to her feet, 'I should like it of all things to meet with some romantic adventure in falling from a rock into the arms of a lover, or running into a thicket of banditti and being rescued by some chivalrous Don Quixote of the age. Do you never have occurrences of the kind here, coz?'

'O! I hope not,' said Mariet laughing, 'I think the rescue would be the most dangerous part of the adventure. As for Don Quixotes, I know little about them. I never read romances—father says they are not rational—that they mislead young minds into fond and foolish dreams, that life will never realize.'

'How odd in uncle to have such notions! Why, I have read hundreds, and they have not injured me in the least. They paint life what it ought to be, and thereby lead mankind to improvements in manners and character. I think the desire that I have constantly felt to be like the heroines of whom I read, has had a great influence in leading me into habits of benevolence



and endurance of human ills that I never should have otherwise attained.'

'But could you not have learned those virtues from other sources? Would not the bible have taught them?'

'Oh yes, I suppose, so, but they would not have made so vivid an impression.'

'And why not, Netty? Tell me the true reason now, and I promise not to ask you another impertinent question. Why are not these virtues as effectively taught in the scriptures, as in novels and romances?'

'Because—because—why, I suppose now, to be very frank with *you* Mariet, it is because the same reward is not set before us there.'

'Shall I quote to you, dear cousin? "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. For we glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, *because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.*" What sweeter, or holier rewards could be desired, or, indeed, can be promised than these?'

Antionette blushed, and hesitated to reply. At length she said with considerable energy, 'You know, Mariet, that woman is constituted with peculiar sentiments and propensities. We were born to love, to honor, to obey. To cling to some chosen being through every vicissitude of fortune, to cherish the same ardent attachment "through joy and through torments, through glory and shame," to yearn for the sweet sympathy of a kindred heart—this is peculiarly woman's holy destiny; and why should any of us deny that the reward we most covet for all our graces and virtues in this life, is an object on whom we can lavish an affection that will be gratefully requited?'

'I do not covet such a reward, Antionette. Love is all the world to me, I own. My father's love is above all price—nothing can be deeper or purer—but, Netty, 'tis not my *reward*. That is independent of any human being, lying wholly within my own breast. I have been educated in a peculiar manner. My father has learned me to grow up alone—not "like a tendril accustomed to cling"—but strong and upright, supported by my own internal vigor. I am not dependent upon man for my happiness—I am dependent upon my own intellect alone. I love nature—I love the birds and flowers, the stars and the green earth—I love music and the low tones of running

brooks—science is dear to me as the breath of life, in all its riches and all its varieties—I love the arts, and shall yet love them more—I love mankind universally—childhood, infancy, old age, all are beautiful and full of charms—I love my own peculiar friends, my father, my cousin—and better, and deeper, and more purely than all, I love my Savior and the religion that he taught. All these things make my happiness, and it is not in the power of circumstance to destroy it. My reward is within—it is intellectual enjoyment. Therefore, Netty, married or unmarried, alone or in the midst of ardent friends, I am an independent being, living on my own strength—that strength derived from natural sources, which will never waste or fail. Oh Netty! I am one of the strongest, freest, most fearless of God's creatures, for I feel to the very depths of my soul's fountains, that no time, nor circumstance, nor power can take from me the happiness which God has committed to my charge. And I would that you, too, dear Antionette, I would that all women, were thus strong and independent. We should hear no more of broken hearts and wasted energies—of wrecked happiness and blighted hopes;—all would be safe within, girt about with an armor that no weapon could penetrate.'

Mariet had made a long speech, and toward the last of it, a marvellous enthusiasm infused itself into her voice and manner. Antionette gazed at her in astonishment. At last she exclaimed, 'Why, Mariet, I begin to apprehend that you are a monomaniac. Who ever heard such sophistry. I should like to know what friends are given us at all for, if it be not to increase our happiness.'

'To increase, to vivify, to brighten our happiness they certainly are given—but not to *make* it. Please, dear Antionette, remember this distinction, and perhaps I will get father to give you a lesson upon this subject. Come, let us go—he is waiting for us.'

Antionette's spirits were somewhat sobered by this conversation, and for some distance she remained unusually silent. Her uncle thought it a good thing for her to meditate once in her life, and forbore to interrupt her. She exclaimed at last, as though some bright thought had suddenly broken away the clouds from her mind, 'Did you ever know, uncle William, such an unhappy, discontented person as aunt Esther?'

'Few more so, my dear. And what do you think is the cause?'



'I don't know, except it be that she is an old maid. I think they are apt to be fretful and disconsolate.

'And have you ever thought of a reason for it?'

'I have supposed it was because they were disappointed in not forming matrimonial alliances in their youth, and in their old age were lonely and had none to care for them. Are you not of that opinion?'

'I attribute their unhappiness to a false education. They were taught in their youth to believe that all earthly enjoyment centred in wedlock—that such was woman's destiny, such her glory; that old maids were the weeds of society, cast out as useless and offensive; in short, that in marriage alone, there was honor, usefulness, or happiness. Of course, when disappointed in this respect they feel that their mission has been fruitless, and God's design in their creation frustrated. They look upon the wedded sisterhood with envious eyes, and upon their own condition with horror and despoite. Now when Esther was at your age, she was just what you are—bright, buoyant, full of joy and gladness. She dreamed bright dreams of the future, all interwoven with love and bliss. She read romances and tales of passion till her young heart knew no other glory in life but love and wedlock. She never dreamed it possible she could be disappointed in her bright anticipations. She formed her plans of life solely with reference to her situation as a wife and the mistress of a family, overlooking all contingencies that could cast a shadow in her way! She devoted herself to no art, no science, no profession; she would engage in no pursuit that would require long application, for in a few years she would be married, and then all would be useless; in short, Antionette, she formed the same plans and dreamed the same dreams that you do—that all young ladies do, save Mariet. Well, years passed along, and she had offers from respectable and worthy men; but they did not realize her dreams, and so she passed them by. At last, as the phrase is, she fell in love. Now she felt that her destiny was fulfilled. To love!—the lot of woman, her purpose and her end. She cared for nothing more—she lived and gloried in the mere consciousness of the truth. But just as she was flattering herself that its confession would make one mortal the happiest of his race, she was overwhelmed by the tidings of his marriage with another, a younger and a wealthier. The romance was gone—the dream past, she awoke to reality. Even the consolation of a broken heart

was denied her; instead of loving and dying for him, she was doomed to live on despising him for his weakness and worldliness. Now she thinks mankind laugh at her, and she hates them; she takes no interest in life, and cares little for even her nearest friends. She has a kind of convenient religion that she can put on and off at convenience; it affords her no stable hopes—no abiding consolations—no exhaustless fountains of joy. Such is my once gay and joyous sister—would you, Antionette, be like her?'

'Oh uncle! how can you even ask?'

'Then turn away from these over-fond dreams. They will never be realized. Even if you are married, and I hope you will be—for I am no advocate for celibacy, as a principle to be adopted by the young—still you will not find these deep yearnings of passion so readily satisfied. The romance of love soon expires on Hymen's altar—and when that is gone, unless there be resources in the intellect to which the heart can turn and be appeased, there will remain "an aching void" that will crush the spirit worse than the tramp of heavy woes. I do not complain that woman loves, ardently, fondly; but I do complain that she makes it the business of her life—that she stakes her happiness upon it, and, in nine cases out of ten, loses. Man does not love so purely as woman, and therefore not so enduringly. He has other and superior aims in life; and in this lies his strength. He makes love a servant to his happiness; woman becomes its slave, and willingly too—but sometimes she finds it has other than silken chains. Now I would not discourage you, Antionette, and make you abjure love, and all its bonds. Yield to love while it leads you in a high and holy path—but if it seek to draw you earthward, loosen the fetters and keep on alone, strong in intellect and virtue. Love holy things, such as God sanctions and angels watch over—but never let your heart be bowed to gross and sensual pleasures. Worship every thing in man that has the divinity of God about it—but never, Antionette, never become so weak as to love vice or folly because it is linked to what your heart is bowed to as holy. Elevate your spirit to communion with the highest and holiest principles of God's government—walk on the stars, if you can, and while love keeps pace, submit to it; but if it seek to draw you down, throw aside its shackles with a secret hand, and if it find it cannot bring you to earth, be assured it will follow you to heaven. I have fitted Mariet for an old maid; and in



that way have best fitted her for a wife. In whatever situation she may be placed, she will be one of the happiest of her kind—for her sun is within, and irradiates her whole being. She is none the less capable of loving, because it is not necessary to her being; indeed, love is necessary to her being—she is all love—but it is a free, high, spiritual love, that is shed upon all things beautiful in God's universe. See how she loves me! and yet, were I called this very hour from earth, I should go with a full conviction that my existence was not necessary to her enjoyment of the blessings of life—that she could still be happy though not a friend supplied my place—that she was strong in her own strength given her by the Father of spirits, and that whatever vicissitudes of fortune might assail her, she stood above and untouched by them all. Such has been my aim in Mariet's education, and I feel sure that it is the only wise and proper one. Woman must feel that she has a strength of her own, sufficient for her in all trials. When she has fully learned this truth, then she may *lean*, because she will not do it implicitly, nor in ignorance of her own powers. Remember, Antionette, and let such be the aim of your mental cultivation. Depend upon it, you will not lose your reward, either as a maid, wife or mother.

### THE SPIRIT'S SERENADE.

Original.

'Twas on that stilly eventide which falls  
When childhood's sun hath closed its fitful gleaming,  
My heart's young denizens in airy halls,  
Were all of boyhood's dawning revels dreaming;  
As softly from their castle's fairy shade  
A minstrel-spirit woke them with a serenade.

O, brightly is shining  
The star of life's blisses!  
Young spirits reclining  
In youth's wild abysses;  
Awake from the slumbers,  
In prison that chain you,  
And list to the numbers  
That shall entertain you!  
A lute strung with flowers  
Bright seraphim lent me;  
From paradise-bowers  
Messiah hath sent me;  
To sing to each passion,  
'Neath shades that embower it,  
'Till all have the fashion  
Of heaven's first floweret.  
Come! fly that dark hovel  
Where pravity's warder's  
Would fain have you grovel  
In sin's foul disorders!  
Rapt seraphs are waiting  
At home to receive you,

Where joys unabating  
From grief will relieve you!  
O! why will ye haven  
'Mong doubt's fading roses,  
Where sorrow's fell raven  
Her matin ne'er closes?  
Why shun my light galley,  
And search for life's amber  
In doubt's cheerless valley  
Where deadly vines clamber?  
Shrink not from my presence  
To nestle with error;—  
Mine's not effervescence  
Of wrath-telling terror!  
Ho, come! who are thirsting  
For that bright libation,  
Whose waters are bursting  
In streams of salvation!  
My pinnacle is rocking  
On faith's starry billow,—  
The pilot's unlocking  
Her hold from the willow;—  
We'll soon be a-rowing  
In waters supernal,  
Where breezes are blowing  
From fields ever vernal!  
The house where I'll take you  
Ne'er closeth its portals;—  
The banquet I'll make you,  
Is spread for ALL mortals!  
The nectar there steeping,  
Is fresh from the fountain,  
Whose billows are leaping  
From God's holy mountain!  
That star riseth higher  
As brighter it shineth!  
We'll pass through its fire,  
Where soul ne'er repineth!  
Come! drink from my chalice  
Faith's mantling elixir,  
And go to the palace  
Where dwelleth its Mixer!

That rapturous serenade was scarcely ended,  
Ere reason bounded from her lowly bed,  
And, followed by her wakeful sisters, wended  
Her way to where, that mystic warbler said  
The pinnacle waited, and without delay  
O'er faith's bright-rippling billows gently bore away.  
*Ann Arbor, Michigan.* D. K. L.

### PARENTAL PATTERN.

Original.

It is astonishing what impressions are sometimes made by the simplest and commonest incident! I remember—and the remembrance has occurred very many times—of passing, several years ago, a middle aged female, wrapt in a cloak, followed by a little girl enveloped in the same kind of habit. It was a cool day in the latest fall month, and the wind blew cool and somewhat strong. The woman drew her cloak closely around her, while the sporting, tripping Miss permitted the winds to play wantonly with hers, and it would spread out like a broad wing to lift her up to the clouds, which seemed more fit for her to play upon than



the earth. As I passed, the mother looked round and spoke sharply to the little girl, bidding her gather her cloak closely round her, adding, 'Don't let it fly so—you don't see me do so.' The last words rung in my brain—why I know not, for certainly they were no ways peculiar, touching, or impressive; yet still I pondered and moralized upon them till I reached my home. Often since I have done the same, and the impulse has come now upon me to record them and a moral.

How often this language is used—you don't see me do so! when parents reprimand children; and often too, when the parents are far removed from any inclination or temptation to do what they rebuke. But there is another side to the picture. How often are children reprimanded for doing acts or committing wrong, when the parent dare not utter these words, and when the children can turn to them as a justification of themselves, in that they have copied the parental pattern!

Parents are not aware as they should be, of the importance of presenting a good pattern. Children are artful creatures to imitate—real artists to copy dispositions and tempers—and skillful to engrave speeches and exclamations. How important then is the ability to say, conscientiously, when a child is rebuked—you don't see me do so! and how feeble is the power of rebuke when the child feels it has a good apology in the fact, that it saw its parents do so—or heard them speak so. Follow your pattern! says the master to the apprentice, while the boy sees that the master himself has shamefully finished a piece of work, and he feels excused in not following the pattern set him. Follow your copy! cries the presiding genius of the printer's mysteries, as his eyes rest on, and his brain is perplexed by a form full of errors, and the young imp glances at a horribly scribbled proof of his corrector's work, and the rebuke is not valued much. Teachers must follow their own rules—follow the pattern themselves—if they would make any valuable impressions on those they teach. A child who hears its parents talk coarsely or profanely, sees them easily irritated, rash, and hasty, will not feel deeply a censure upon like conduct in himself, because the clinching stroke cannot be given—you don't see me do so. Give the artist a beautiful pattern if you want a beautiful copy; and many parents who are very unguarded in their own actions and ready to rebuke any wrong in a child, are like a person who once severely rebuked the printer for not following copy, and was ashamed when his own copy was sent him.

B.

## THE LEGACY.

Original.

THERE are legacies left to friends who never are benefited by them, and find them like the poor rich man's wealth—riches that are for evil and not good. Many a son has been kept from the self exertion his happiness and virtue required by the legacy of a father, and the history of many sires and sons is summed up in the laconic remark of the old lady who described the portraits in an ancient mansion—'That is Sir Richard, who was born poor and died rich; this is his son, who was born rich and died poor.' But there is one legacy that can never do harm to the receiver—it is the example of a good life. The memory of the just, is deserving of rank among the richest legacies the dying leave, and never did it do harm or lessen self exertion.

These reflections arise from remembrance of a walk in Lynn grave-yard, where we met with the following on a tomb stone, and transcribed it at the time;—

'Thanks for the gift he left,  
His pure life's story;  
Death, that all else has reft,  
Dims not this glory.'

Immediately imagination was busy in imaging forth the person and habits of him to whom this honorable fame was awarded, and we saw in the inward mirror a portrait of a calm and cheerful personage, and saw, as the picture changed, him mingling amid a variety of scenes, his presence greeted with pleasure by all, and his counsel and decisions listened to with respect. As he left a group, I could hear the murmur of voices uttering his praise. I saw him made the victim of disease and many hearts anxious for his recovery—and willing hands ministering to his wants. The light passes from his eyes, the hectic flush deepens on his cheek, and his breath grows fainter, while many weep that he must so early die. He dies—and rising up above and gilding all the shadows of grief, is the memory of his goodness, and the sweet recollections that have in that their spring, make less bitter and burning the tears shed upon his grave. And now affection would rear a stone to mark the spot where he was laid, and what shall be written upon it? Mention cannot be made of any great deeds, splendid achievements, wonderful discoveries or inventions, or any extraordinary contributions to literature, science, or the arts, or benefactions to the town or institutions. But can nothing be said worthy of mention and be true? Has he indeed left no legacy? He has—the legacy of a pure life, whose glory



cannot be dimmed ; and though death has bereft his friends of his presence, his counsel, his active labors for them, and his sympathy, he has not bereft them of *all*, they have still the influence of his pure life—the memory of his goodness—and feel that in *that* they have a rich legacy.

We all fain would store up something for the benefit of those who may need our aid when we are no longer by them—and it is well. But there is one legacy we can all leave if we will prepare for it, and a precious one it is, *the story of a pure life*, better by far than the fame of the scholar unassociated with goodness. And if we cannot live in the memories of others by endowing institutions, or by splendid deeds, or wonderful works, let us aim to be remembered by the story of a pure life.

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### A JOURNEY.

LETTER TO S. C. E.

Original.

Hartford, October 1st. 1839.

SISTER SARAH : I have long owed thee an epistolary communication, and the Repository something to let our readers know I have not forgotten them ; and why cannot I 'kill two birds with one stone,' as the saying is, by writing thee a letter for publication, giving some notes of a little tour I have lately taken to the city of brotherly love. I will premise that I am not much experienced in journalizing, for I generally pass along without taking notes ; but it has become very fashionable to tell all the world where we go, and what we see, and why may not I also put down my 'first impressions ?' I am afraid however, the *world* will not be much the wiser after reading this, for I shall not tell them how far it is from one place to another, how many miles we went in an hour, or what we had for dinner ; so have patience dear sister for awhile, and see how I shall contrive to go through with it.

The stage was heavily loaded in which we started from home. A very portly old lady sat beside me and she seemed to imagine we were carrying too much ballast. 'Do you think we shall break down ?' said she. Ah ! my good woman thought I we should be in some danger of such an accident if all here could boast the same weight as yourself ; but I told her not to be at all alarmed, for *our* stages never broke down. The gentlemen were rather taciturn at first, but they soon

began conversing upon uninteresting topics, such as 'stock,' 'roads,' 'banks,' &c ; and I amused myself with watching a boot which rode outside, and hung down by one of the windows, and conjecturing to what sort of a person it might belong. It was a decent looking boot, but lacking in polish, and the sole was rather thick ; so it could not be worn by an exquisite ; then it had a strap, but the strap was leather, and therefore not likely to be under the sole of a dandy. But finally the foot was drawn up, my thoughts turned to some other subject, and when we took the cars at Meriden I had forgotten my pedal meditations, lost sight of their subject, and thus let the golden opportunity slip by of beholding the 'human face divine' of my hero. We reached New Haven at twilight, took tea at the Pavilion, a most delightful house situated near the bay, and at ten went on board the Cleopatra. I retired to my berth with an aching head ; but my rest was broken by a great deal of commotion and frequent stopping. I thought something had occurred, but not being much of a coward dozed away the time till morning, and then learned that the main shaft of the boat was broken, and only one wheel in motion, so that she went through the water like a lame duck. We made slow progress and did not reach New York till noon, when we should have been there by six in the morning. There were some wry faces ; but the delay was not at all disagreeable to me, who had nothing in the shape of business to make me wish myself a feathered Mercury setting distance at defiance ; beside, the weather was very pleasant, and I found several of my acquaintance among the passengers which made the time seem short. How pleasant it is to meet a familiar face when we are away from home. Perhaps we might pass by the same with indifference in our daily walks, but when among strangers the most common acquaintance is joyfully recognized and for the time being considered a friend.

Being too late for the morning cars we dined at the Atlantic Hotel in Broadway, and at four in the afternoon left for Philadelphia, at which place we arrived very late and very weary. The motion of the cars on this route appeared to me more disagreeable than any in which I had before travelled ; sometimes it was like having one's teeth filed, and then like riding on a hard trotting horse ; it almost makes my head ache to recall it to mind. I am not in such a hurry as to wish to travel through the world on rail-roads. I think



they must have been first invented by the genius of misanthropy ; for their noise is such as to prevent any pleasant conversation, and their way, generally speaking, over the most uninteresting part of the country that could be selected, away from the habitations of men ; and when it is otherwise, their speed prohibits our taking anything but a glance at objects around. I could not but contrast them with our fine stage roads through delightful villages, where the frequent stopping for fresh horses gives one an opportunity to look around upon the scenery. It seems almost wonderful that so few accidents occur in this mode of travelling when we consider the constant watchfulness that is necessary to prevent them, and the great number of human beings who are thus transported to and fro. I heard a gentleman who was talking upon this subject, relate an anecdote of a little negro boy who fell down in crossing the track and the engine passed over him ; but he jumped up unhurt, and rubbing himself, exclaimed—Ah massa locomotib ! no kill'e nigger dis time !

We found the city quiet and cleanly. Our first visit was to the water works and the Girard College. You have probably heard more than I can tell you about Fairmount. The useful and agreeable may there be seen—the ponderous machinery which raises the waters of the Schuylkill in height and quantity to supply every part of the city—and the trees and walks, fountains and statues, which make pleasant the spot. But what shall I say of the college ? Its noble grandeur exceeds my powers of description. It will be the pride of Pennsylvania, but did its munificent founder contemplate the erection of such splendid buildings for the education of orphans who are afterward to be sent forth into the world without a home ?—the wisdom of such a measure may be doubted. The Egyptian sarcophagus, a curious relic of antiquity brought hither by Commodore Patterson, gives one an opportunity to contrast the ancient and modern style of working in marble. From the domes of the main building, the vision may be feasted with a most extensive and delightful view of the crowded city, the bright waters, and the green lovely land around, covered with beauty as a garment far as the eye can see. Father ! thou hast made every thing fair in the country thou hast given us ! it would be a paradise to dwell in, did not the vices of thy children deform it.

We were strangers in the city and took up our

abode at a hotel ; but found a friend who kindly accompanied us round to see what was worthy of note, and made us acquainted with an agreeable and hospitable family, who while surrounded by all that makes life pleasant, forget not to prize the gospel of Christ. We visited the Chinese Museum which contains a most splendid collection of curiosities. Models of their barges and bridges—specimens of their birds, reptiles and insects—their implements of husbandry, their porcelain vases, gaudy lanterns and tiny shoes—and life-like figures arrayed in native costumes, of every rank from the mandarin to the cobbler. I could not mention half we saw, one might pass a day there without being weary, and I advise all to visit it who wish to know something of a people so different from ourselves.

The house was pointed out to us in which William Penn resided in days of old. It is shabby and curious, and certainly bears no resemblance to the mansions occupied by the great men of the present day, but I suppose was considered no despicable dwelling in those times. Then we entered the Exchange, and Independence Hall, a place rendered sacred by historical associations. A statue of Washington there looks down upon the children he made free, Penn is pictured in the act of ratifying his treaty with the Indians, and a fine full length portrait of Lafayette, by Inman, completes the group. There were two large and venerable arm chairs covered with red morocco, which if I recollect right belonged to congress. I seated myself in one and remarked to my friends that I could not very well fill it—for I am small of stature, dear reader—but our cicerone replied, 'Ma'am it is not the body that fills the chair, it is the intellect, the mind !' I blushed, and the others smiled, though he meant it not as anything personal. He made several other trite remarks which I shall not repeat, for he will doubtless say them all over to you should you ever go there. Passed many elegant edifices in our walks which would be the pride of any city, but I cannot tell you about all. Attended the Lombard street church on the Sabbath, heard S. W. Fuller in the morning and C. H. Fay in the evening, the music was very good and the sermons also. We could have found objects of interest to detain us longer, but thought it best to turn our faces homeward and give up the idea of proceeding to Baltimore which was our original intention. Accordingly left Philadelphia on a fine afternoon and had a delightful sail up the



Delaware to Bordentown, where we saw the seat of Count Surveilliers and walked about the grounds; but it fell short of my expectations, for I have seen many *neater* and handsomer places. Found nothing very pleasant about this village where we passed the night, except a high bank from which there was a charming view of the winding river and the golden sunset. Went in the cars from here to Amboy and thence down the Raritan, through one or two bays, to New York, where we spent two days visiting friends; and then sailing through the sound with a good boat, a fresh breeze, and the moonlight turning the waves to silver: and up the Connecticut, with a light fog lifting itself from the green banks at sunrise: arrived safe at Greenvale on a lovely September morning. Found all well, and the Rose of Sharon, the last and sweetest rose of summer, lying on my table, its fair petals all untouched by the early frost.

And so my journey ends—it was pleasant, very pleasant; but I return contented to domestic quiet, for

The more I see and the farther I roam,  
The better I love my cottage home.

Yours most truly,

M. A. D.

### THE LOSS OF THE FLOWERS.

Original.

I WALK along the faded ways  
Almost in silent tears;  
For where a thousand flowers sprang up,  
Now scarce a leaf appears.

Those gentle flowers! oh how I loved  
The very air they breathed,  
When beautiful o'er all the earth,  
Their stems were interwreathed!

And not like others' love was mine,  
Bestowed upon the flowers—  
'Twas not the beauty of their forms  
That wooed me to their bowers.

I loved them for the *soul* that dwelt  
So purely in their eyes;  
And I could pray with them, nor ask  
For auditors more wise.

Oh how I blessed those holy flowers,  
Sweet angels from above!  
Commissioned by the God of grace  
To fill my soul with love.

And how from every hill and glen,  
And all along the brooks,  
And in the lone and silent woods,  
I miss their gentle looks.

All, all are gone; no more to me,  
They talk of absent friends;  
No more with every smile of theirs  
Some too fond memory blends.

No more, no more; then let me weep,  
For dearly were they loved;  
How dearly, by their unmarked graves,  
These tears have faintly proved. S. C. E.

### LETTER TO "A READER, FAR WEST."

Original.

ESTEEMED SIR: Without any apologies for delay, unavoidable, in answering your letter inserted on pages 153, 154, I proceed to give the little degree of intelligence in my power to give, in answer to the queries therein embraced.

1. *Miss Martineau*. I am not aware that anything very unusual is connected with her personal history, and have not the time to spare which is requisite to find materials for a correct sketch of her career. I have somewhere met with a statement concerning her debut into the literary world, and believe it was on this wise—A somewhat eminent gentleman was exceedingly pleased with the talent displayed in one of her earliest productions, and introduced her to the attention of the Unitarian public in England. Her prize Essays to the Catholics, Jews, and Mahomedans, and her Illustrations of Political Economy, soon gave her a name as a woman of deep thought and unusual talents. Some minor works were published about, or during the publication of these—'Devotional Exercises'<sup>1</sup>—'Five Years of Youth; or Sense and Sentiment,'<sup>2</sup> and I believe some small tracts. Her 'Traditions of Palestine,' or, as the American edition has the title, 'Times of the Savior,'<sup>3</sup> is the work that has pleased me far the most, both because of its excellence, and the great want and scarcity of such works. These are stories, or a tale, that describe very happily and vividly, I think, the agitation caused in Jewish minds and families by the preaching and wonderful works of Jesus. For the young, such works are invaluable in giving pictures of truths that have an important bearing on a right understanding of the Evangelists. One of her admirers styles this 'her best and most useful work,' speaking in 1834, placing it above, even in point of practical utility, the Essays and Illustrations

<sup>1</sup> 18mo. pp. 132.

<sup>2</sup> 18mo. pp. 258—The advantages of cultivating good practical common sense, contrasted with the evils of indulging sickly and nervous sentiment.

<sup>3</sup> 18mo. pp. 132.



of Political Economy, and adding that it is 'a work which has warmed the hearts and quickened the affections of many, and which will warm and quicken the hearts and affections of many more, giving them a fresh interest in the gospel history, and inspiring them with increased attachment to the character of their Master.' Every Sabbath School library should have a copy if possible.

In 1836, Miss M. published two volumes of '*Miscellanies*,'<sup>1</sup> being a collection of her contributions to various periodicals during the years of 1829-32. In her '*Illustrations*' she treats of man in his social relations, in these papers she treats of him more as an individual—of the influences that operate upon him as such. In her preface to this work she remarks that the title of one article—'The Progress of Worship'—might be given to the whole, as that embodies the *idea* of the whole. In her religious opinions of Christ Miss M. is a Humanitarian, but always expresses the deepest reverence for Jesus and his gospel. She has passages of as great brilliancy and power in reference to Christ and christianity as I ever met with—some such are to be found in her '*Essential Faith of the Universal Church*.'<sup>2</sup>

Her well known '*Society in America*'<sup>3</sup> was published in 1837, after her return to England from her visit to our land. I do not imagine that the laurels gained by the effort therein made, were very green or enviable. Like many other journalists, she enjoyed the freest hospitalities, and then ridiculed what she saw that did not precisely please her. However, she has stated that in but one place, and that in a log-house in the West, (not near you, I hope) did she meet with bad treatment. She certainly, from her deafness, labored under great disadvantages in judging of society in America, and many times seems to forget this entirely; as an illustration of the disadvantage of being deaf to a journalist, we copy the following: She was told of an English exquisite who was at a dinner party soon after his return from his travels. A lady asked him, 'How long were you at Florence?' He turned and asked his servant—who answered, 'Three days,' and my lord echoed it. She asked him how he liked Rome? In reply, he exclaimed, 'Rome! Why Rome is a cursed old place.' Miss M. has

this story thus: 'An American gentleman, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied that he thought Rome was a fine city; but that he must acknowledge that he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair.'<sup>4</sup> Her denunciations against 'the clergy' are the worst I ever met with in any work, and I have seen strange ones; she says—'The American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live, self-exiled from the great moral questions of the time; the least informed with true knowledge; the least efficient in virtuous action; the least conscious of that christian and republican freedom which, as the native atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse.'<sup>5</sup> What were her means of judgment? Why this sweeping, wholesale contempt? *The woman* was more honored before the visit to America, whatever may be the fact in respect to *the author*. Since this work, she has published two volumes entitled, '*Retrospect of Western Travel*,' containing some good and valuable things. With her '*Deerbrook*' I am not acquainted, nor do I recollect of having seen any review of it. As a whole, I would rather add to a library our own Miss Sedgwick's works than Miss M's.

2. *Publishing prices of books.* Books are 'got up' in so many various styles—print, paper, and binding—that great contrasts would appear in advertising prices, not favorable to the publishers of the best editions. One might advertise a work for a dollar and another for seventy-five cents, and a purchaser might buy the cheapest, when if he but saw the other he would perhaps find it better worth the dollar, than the other seventy-five cents. I wish there might be a list of prices always attached to books advertised—but know nothing of 'the secrets of the trade.'

3. *Unitarianism.* You express surprise that Mr. Dewey was not 'explicit' in reference to man's final destiny. It is no matter of surprise with those who are familiar with Unitarian preaching and publications to find any of the order wanting in explicitness. *That* is a quality they do not possess; even Dr. Channing, so free to demand and often to express clear thoughts and ideas, is on this point a waverer; in his sermon on 'Honor due to all men,' he speaks of the theology which makes man 'half brute and half

<sup>1</sup> 12mo. pp. 352, and 402.

<sup>2</sup> 8vo. pp. 88—or smaller size edition.

<sup>3</sup> 12mo. two vols.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. II. pp. 205.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. II. p. 352.



devil,' he says—'The brute, as it is called, i. e. animal appetite, is indeed strong in human beings; but is there nothing within us but appetite? Is there nothing to war with it? Does this constitute the essence of the soul? Is it not rather an accident, the result of the mind's union with matter? *Is not its spring in the body, and may it not be expected to perish with the body?*' If the animal appetite or propensities die with our mortal frame, none but our celestial aspirations can remain: it is these which lift our being high here, it is these which will aspire after the Perfect throughout eternity. Yet the Dr. in his sermon on the 'Evils of Sin,' reasons against himself, as he there contends that there is no reason to believe that with the death of the body dies any propensities cherished by the sensual or animal man.

This casts uncertainty over all his views of the issue of things—whether the issues of death are with the God of salvation<sup>1</sup> or not; hence he says—'I have spoken of the pains and penalties of moral evil, or of wrong doing, in the world to come. How long they will endure I know not. *Whether they will issue in the reformation and happiness of the sufferer, or will terminate in the extinction of his conscious being, is a question on which scripture throws no clear light.*'<sup>2</sup> The biographer of Bernard Whitman says in relation to this subject, and the ultimate salvation of all that though he did not consider himself commissioned as an ambassador of Christ, to proclaim this doctrine, yet at the same time, he felt that as a christian philosopher, he might be permitted to indulge the hope that it might prove true. So we perceive his philosophy permitted him to indulge a hope, revelation did not sanction his proclaiming; thus making philosophy reach farther than all the counsel of God, for he undoubtedly felt, as Paul did, that he should not shun to declare all the counsel of God.'<sup>3</sup>—But to return to Mr. or rather Dr. Dewey. Like Dr. C., his favorite theme is the dignity of our nature, its worth, its lofty relations, but whether this dignity will ultimately be understood by all, this worth acknowledged, or these relations felt and obeyed, are questions he does not give his mind to. In the Scriptural Interpreter,<sup>4</sup> I find a criticism on Rom. vi. 1-10, in which the much controvert-

ed phrase in verse 7 he interprets to mean 'natural death,' thus;—'For he that is dead is freed from sin, i. e. literally dead. Any other sense would be nugatory or false. In the sense of being freed from sin, it would be nugatory; it would make the apostle say, he that is freed from sin is freed from sin. In the sense of being wretched, it is false; for it is not true, that those who are made wretched by sin are freed from sin. Literal death had all along been used to represent spiritual death unto sin. The apostle here seems to resume the literal use of the word.' Yet this same writer in an article in the Christian Examiner,<sup>5</sup> entitled 'On the Unitarian Belief,' holds the following language—'We believe that there is more to be feared hereafter than any man ever feared, and more to be hoped than any man ever hoped. We believe that heaven is more glorious, and that hell is more dreadful, than any man ever conceived.' This is strong language. Men have conceived overwhelming ideas of a future hell, so much so that reason has deserted her office and madness most terrible ensued. To look into Pollock's 'Course of Time,'<sup>6</sup> and read some of his descriptions of the dreadful gulf, we should be convinced by the Dr's language that Unitarianism embraced the worst idea of hell, for he assures us that their hell is more dreadful than any man ever conceived. He however states in the same article, that 'it is especially true of those figures and phrases that are used to denote future misery,'<sup>7</sup> that there is not one which is not also used in the bible to describe things earthly, limited, and temporary.' Unitarians as a sect or order have no sympathy with Universalists; I have heard their preachers proclaim the most thorough arguments for the restitution in the universality and eternity of God's paternal character and government, and these same also make declarations not at all hopeful toward man's ultimate recovery from sin; and many regard and treat the subject of the final destiny of our race as 'an idle curiosity.' The only christian spirited reference towards Universalism in the standard work—the 'Christian Examiner,' is the following, and we copy it as readily as we grasp the hand of the one friend amid a multitude of strangers;—'We are prepared to say that the existence of this system ought not to be regretted by those

<sup>1</sup> Psalms lxxviii. 20.

<sup>2</sup> See Sermon on Evils of Sin.

<sup>3</sup> Acts xx. 27.

<sup>4</sup> A good work of 7 volumes at about 75 cts.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. 18 pp. 273—290.

<sup>6</sup> Or see Saurin's or Westley's sermon on hell, or Edward's description of its misery.

<sup>7</sup> Among these he classes—'the worm that dieth not.'



who do not believe in its peculiar speculative doctrine. We believe that, within its legitimate limits, the limits to which it can be carried by fair and christian means, it does good. It does not, as many apprehend, draw away and consign to a hopeless state of indifference or irreligion, those who were before enjoying the sanctifying influences of other systems. Its prevalence has not, as many believe, degraded the religious character of the community. It has attracted those who had not been, nor were likely to be, attracted by any other system. It has established the dominion of the christian religion over a wide region of mind, which would otherwise have been a barren waste of scepticism and thoughtlessness, or been ravaged and occupied by that reckless and disorganizing spirit of infidelity, which is striving so zealously to propagate itself amongst us. The general interests of religion are more indebted to Universalism in this respect, than has yet been appreciated. It has caused Christ and his gospel to be honored by thousands who, but for it, would have been ere this revilers of all religion. And we mean it for no reproach to Universalism, that we thus speak of it in connection with infidelity. We have no speculative sympathy with Universalism. We do not believe its great doctrine. But we are so happy as to think we see good in the system, and not only in the way we have mentioned; but we see fruits of holy living under its ministrations. It does not lessen the influence of other better systems, and it is adapted to have a good and extensive one of its own.<sup>1</sup> I must pause for the present. I have been obliged to write in haste, and perhaps have been less concise than I should otherwise have been. Hoping soon to hear again from you, I subscribe myself, yours in christian love and truth,

B.

<sup>1</sup> See Ch. Ex. vol. xvi. 37. 38.

### THE CONTRAST.

Original.

WHAT a beautiful scene! A united and happy family. The father has returned from his labors and the cares of his business, and as he enters his house leaves them all behind, shutting the door against them without ceremony. Eagerly the children run to greet him, one takes his hand, and another claps her little palms with rejoicings, while the youngest stammers out, 'Gad par's

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come!' as she cheerfully is prepared for the night's rest. The meal is partaken of with delight, the employment enlivened by the recital of some interesting occurrences during the day, some items of the variety in the ever shifting pictures of the busy world. The supper finished—the etceteras of the ceremonies removed—the fire renewed, and the work and reading table drawn nigh; the husband and wife seat themselves for a good, undisturbed home evening, and while she plies the busy steel, he enlivens and exercises the mind and heart by the perusal of some passage in one of the many books of literature, or perhaps the daily paper, or some weekly visiter, affords entertainment. All is peaceful and happy; and they retire cheerful and thankful.

What a melancholy scene! A distracted and unhappy family. The father staggers in—the children fly—the table reels, and all is confusion and uproar. The evening is more miserable than the day, because he is there, and while he remains no sound of joy is heard. If he ever returns sober, he is full of murmurs and complaints of how his business perplexes him—how he is wronged, and that poverty is coming. He takes no interest in intellectual enjoyments, and cares nothing about interesting the wife by records of the sportive in the out door world.

Whence this change? Intemperance has caused it. Dost thou not, reader, see an argument for temperance? Be wise, and be not led into temptation.

### THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

Original.

'Oh! come with me,  
To the deep, deep sea,  
For there are flowers beneath the wave,  
Like the bending corn on upland lea;  
Come, thy form in the ocean lave!

Come, oh come,  
Bright joyous one,  
To the depths of the ocean's bed with me!  
Light up with thy smile my fairy home,  
Far, far beneath the sunny sea.

In yon bright, blue wave,  
There's a coral cave,  
Where the 'purple mullet' and the gold-fish roam;  
Not the vine-clad tower of architrave,  
Nor lofty minaret nor dome,

Are half so bright,  
In their lofty light,  
As the home of the maiden to thee shall be,  
For gems more bright than the stars of night,  
Are sparkling in all their brilliancy.



No garden nor field,  
Such flowers can yield,  
As those that adorn my sweet coral grove,  
Rich treasures of gold shall to thee be revealed,  
Oh come to my bower and be my love.

With their sunny glance,  
The sea-nymphs dance,  
And many a sportive gambol play;  
Their music glides through the bright expanse,  
In many a soft, sweet roundelay.

I've a gorgeous throne,  
With diamonds strown,  
For here I reign the ocean-queen,  
Of nereids fair, but I dwell alone,—  
Come dwell in my beauteous demesne."

Thus sings the sea-nymph with witching wile;  
Cupids dance light in her sunny smile,  
Soft tresses o'ershadow a brow as white,  
As the pearls that bespangle her home of light;  
Lightly and gaily she's bounding along,  
To lure a young heart with her syren song;  
She's beckoning him on with her hand of snow,  
Far down to the coral depths below!  
Ah! little he dreams that the serpent's snare  
Is spread by a hand so white and fair.  
Oh! is there nothing the youth to save,  
From the wily sorceress of the wave?

A sound of music through ether floats,  
Like the low sweet thrill of a spring-bird's notes,  
Or Æolian's fairy-like murmurings,  
As the evening zephyrs kiss its strings;  
A beauteous seraph gliding along,  
She has come in her love from the land of song;  
A holy purity, soft and bright,  
Dwells in her sweet, blue eyes of light.  
Bright gems of thought from her lips are flowing,  
Her heart with love divine is glowing,  
She has left her own sweet, roseate bower,  
To save a young heart from the syren's power.  
Through boundless ether she spreads her wings,  
And with soul-thrilling music sings,  
'Tis the song of virtue in love and truth,  
She a warning brings to the spell-bound youth.

'Beware, fond youth, beware!  
There's lurking for thee a snare;  
Yield not thy soul to the syren's magic measures;  
In the heavenly world above,  
The abode of truth and love,  
And happiness, oh place thy soul's rich treasures.  
Oh! venture, venture not,  
To the sea-nymphs fairy grot,  
Pay not thy homage at the shrine of beauty;  
'Tis a glittering, fading toy,  
It cannot yield thee joy,  
Like the fulfilling of life's sacred duty.  
Choose thou the better part,—  
Go bind the broken heart,  
And bid a smile light up the brow of sadness;  
To the troubled, whisper peace,  
The imprisoned mind release,  
And cause the mourner's heart to sing for gladness.  
Then shall thy joys increase,  
And the gentle star of peace  
Diffuse round thee its vivifying brightness.  
But if thou yield thy all  
To the syren's powerful thrall,  
Guilt's chains will fetter thy young spirit's lightness.  
Awake thy sweetest lays,  
In notes of lofty praise,

To Him who gave thee music's inspirations,  
And like the blissful throng,  
In yonder world of song,  
Yield him the tribute of high adoration.  
Then when life's scenes are o'er,  
Shall thy spirit upward soar,  
To Him who hath promised thee a crown of glory,  
In yonder happy land,  
Thou'lt join the seraph-band,  
And chant in heavenly lays thy blissful story."

Thus sings the seraph and the syren's mate—  
Hushed is her song, while the breathing lute  
Of virtue is warbling its strains of truth,  
Bringing hope to the sinking heart of the youth.  
She buries her form 'neath the dark blue wave,  
And seeks her home in the ocean-cave. EVA.

### PROFITIATION—MERCY SEAT.

Original.

WE meet this word three times in the New Testament,—Rom. iii. 25. 1 John ii. 2. and iv. 10—and the enquiry is, What does it mean? Is the sense of the sacred writers made known by that word? or has it, as thus used, an uncommon sense? The enquiry is one of some moment, as we know the common idea associated with propitiation is, to pacify, conciliate, make favorable, as the heathen amid the storm offered sacrifices to the angry gods to make them propitious towards a calm, lest the fury of the elements should destroy the world. As commonly used, it implies the existence of an offended party that needs or requires something to make him favorable to the offender or offenders. That this *cannot* be the scripture use or sense of the term is evident from its connexion in 1 John iv. 10. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' Here the first part of the text plainly shows that propitiation is not used in the sense of appeasing or making God propitious, for the gift of the Son and the object of his mission, resulted from the underived and uncaused love of the Father. And the Father it was *who sent* the Son to be *the propitiation*, and if the term must be understood in the common acceptation, then the party to be made propitious was that of the adversary and sin; for that the Father was favorable to reconciliation with man, is positively declared in the fact, that the Son was sent of him as mediator—the party appointing a mediator being always regarded as friendly or favorable to a reconciliation. The common idea of which this word is the sign, connected with the government of the Deity, casts a shade so deep and broad upon the divine character as to eclipse its brightest excel-



lencies, and makes him like the changeable gods of idolatry and superstition. As God of love—the fountain of every good—he was always propitious toward man's happiness, and the sacrifice of a sacramental host and all the cattle upon a thousand hills, could not alter the fixed purpose of his eternal wisdom. And to regard the Son as coming forth from the depths of infinity to placate the wrath of the Deity and make him propitious towards his creatures' happiness, and that without this sacrifice on the Son's part he never would have been favorable to man, is to place the Son on the throne of the universe, as by superior love and excellence most worthy of the exaltation. But no. *'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us,'* and, as a consequence of this free love, *'sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.'* Gave to man the most precious token of his love, so that the apostle Paul has very significantly asked, 'If he spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, will he not freely with him give us all things?'

In 1 John ii. 2. we discover the *extensiveness* of this propitiation;—'He is the propitiation for our sins,' sins of believers, 'and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' Rom. iii. 25 is the remaining passage wherein Jesus is spoken of as a propitiation, and I have as yet met with no expositor who does not regard the original as being more properly rendered by the term *'mercy seat'*. One of the great obstacles to a right understanding of the scriptures of the New Testament is the want of care on the part of the translators to render allusions to the Levitical economy so as to make the allusion evident. Had these passages been rendered according to this rule, the mind would be carried directly back to one of the peculiarities of the Jewish ordinances, and a beauty be cast upon the language that now lies not there to the view. More of the language of the New Testament is connected with the Old Testament than many are apt to imagine; and by thus connecting the passages under consideration, a clue to their right meaning would be found. 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation,' or the mercy seat—'the mercy seat for our sins'—'the mercy seat for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world.'

Now the question arises, what is meant by the mercy seat? The answer is to be found by referring back to the sacred things of the ancient Jews, and there it is seen to denote the golden lid of the sacred ark, upon which the shekinah or

cloud of glory rested. Exod. xxv. 17–22. Numb. vii. 89. Lev. xvi. 13. 'The apostle represents Christ as a mercy seat, consecrated by his own blood, upon which the goodness of God, as it were, takes its stand, and declares his gracious purposes and dispensations to mankind. The original word never signifies 'propitiation,' as it is translated in the common version; but is always used wherever it occurs to express the mercy seat. This beautiful allusion of the apostle, which is intended to represent Christ as a messenger of divine mercy, gives no countenance to the commonly received doctrine of atonement by vicarious sufferings; though many lay great stress upon these texts, misled by the common translation.

Thus do we see a beautiful idea clouded by a dark word, like as when the ark itself was carried into the temple of Dagon, and the glory of Israel was lost. The more we discover the true intent of the sacred writers respecting our Lord, the more will be revealed to us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ—the more we shall understand the proclamation of universal love, and the more we shall perceive of the extensiveness of that mercy seat on which rests, as never so abundantly rested in view of ancient Israel, the cloud or brightness of the divine glory.

B.

Haverhill, Mass.

## COUNSELS AND SCRAPS FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

As our work is decidedly a family magazine, we have thought a department might be judiciously appropriated for the particular benefit of the young, where we can insert brief and simple articles for their especial perusal, and shall aim to do so for their entertainment and profit. To this end we now open our budget of counsels and scraps, and introduce to their notice

HASTY THOMAS.

HASTY Thomas was one of your always in-a-hurry boys, who seemed ever to stand on nettles with bare feet, so uneasy was he when waiting to hear the commands or directions of his parents. When called from his play to do an errand, he would run in with the cry, Be quick! and before half was told him, he was off; and very often when he had arrived to the place he was sent to,



he knew not what he was there for, and had then to hurry back for a clearer message, losing an hour's play time, vexing his parents by his delay, and wearying himself—all because of his being so ever hasty.

Are any of my readers like him? Let me tell them, that their love and respect for their parents, require them to always patiently stop till all is told them when they are to do an errand. It never looks well, nor is well, to see a mother have to hold on her little son to keep him from running away before he has received all his directions what to do and say. A little boy, once like Hasty Thomas, was one day called to go for the doctor—and away he flew before half the message was given him. The doctor came, but found he could do nothing as he had left his instruments for drawing teeth at home, and could not return for them till some hours had passed, as he was called to see a very sick lady. And the little boy's sister had to suffer cruel pain till the next day, all because he did not wait to hear what he was going to the doctor's for. He learned not to be hasty as he saw his sister weep. Now, let all Hasty Thomas's learn to not be in a bad hurry, lest they also cause as great, if not greater trouble. This little boy did not mean to be cruel to his dear sister, but was so by being so hasty.

#### THE GOOD GIRL AT CHURCH.

A SHORT time ago I was in a crowded church and the day was very warm. As I looked round while the minister was preaching, I saw a lady opposite me asleep. She had been very busy, I suppose, in the forenoon, for it was 'nt Sunday but Thursday, and was weary; when she sat there where it was so still and warm, she could not help feeling sleepy, and before she knew it her eyes were closed and she was asleep. A little girl, I suppose her daughter, sat beside her, and looking up into her mother's face saw she was asleep. She didn't, as many would, laugh and make fun of her mother, forgetting how to behave in church; but she like a good girl, softly opened her fan and fanned gently her mother's face, while a sweet look was on her own as she glanced from her mother to the preacher and then back again. In a few moments her mother opened her eyes and was all bright to hear the minister, and the little girl seemed happy that she had not disturbed or frightened her mother, but revived her. She was a good girl, and I wish I knew her name.

Are all my readers as good at church as she was? Do they not make fun, and laugh, and disturb those around them, when persons happen to fall asleep in their sight? Do they never try to frighten such, and cause them to make a noise when they wake? I should be sorry to hear that any of my little friends for whom I am writing did so. I hope they will try to be like this little girl, for they should always be as still and attentive as possible at church, and then they will learn something good, and all will love them. Do they want me to write an article for them? Perhaps I shall see some of them before long, and may have something to tell about them. I hope it will be a good story.

#### THE CONTRADICTION.

ONE day little Robert ran into the house to his grandmother in a terrible haste as though he had met with trouble, but his trouble was not much. 'John contradicts me!' cried he, and away he run. Again he ran in, and cried, 'John contradicts me again!' as though John had done him a great wrong. 'Didn't you contradict John?' asked his grandmother. The little boy knew he had, and went out in silence, for he felt he had complained when he should not have done so.

There are a great many such little boys—yes, and girls too, who think they may contradict any playmate, but are angry when any playmate contradicts them. When Robert's grandmother went out where he and John were, and enquired about the difficulty, she found that John had said something about a flower that was true—Robert said it was not, and John said again it was so. This, Robert called contradiction, and would have had his grandmother to tell John he must 'nt do so. Many children are so self-willed that they think all they say must be believed, and when others speak they must do just as they want to have them. They do not feel kindly enough to their playmates and want too much to rule them. They lose a good deal of pleasure, by this naughtiness, for who that is good wants to play with such headstrong and rash boys or girls? If when John spoke about the flower, Robert had said, 'I don't think it is so,' and had not been angry, John would have shown him all about it and have told him many things about flowers that Robert didn't know at all; for John is a country boy, and Robert is a city boy; and when John came to the city, Robert could tell and show John things he never heard or saw. This is the way



to be happy and good, to try to please each other, and learn each other, as much as possible.

THE SECRET.

'What makes you so happy?'

A little girl said,  
To a playmate she loved  
And with whom she played,  
'You always seem merry,  
And scarce ever sad,  
I wish I had a heart  
So cheerful and glad.'

'I'll tell you,' she answered,

'And 'tis nothing strange,  
And if you will try it  
Your temper will change ;  
I vow every morning  
To be good all day,  
And treat all those kindly  
Who join me in play.'

And I strive through the day,

To speak and to act  
As I shall wish that I had  
When I must look back ;  
When the evening has come  
I think of the day,  
And to live always good  
I heartily pray.'

The little girl heard her,—

'I'll try it!' said she ;  
The secret worked wonders,  
And set her all free  
From all that once made her  
So cross and so sad,  
And she, like her playmate,  
Was merry and glad.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

Original.

WE lately listened to an account given us of a good old gentleman who has long since passed the three score and ten years allotted as the extent of man's life of usefulness, though not always so. He is esteemed by all who know him, and none remember any acts in his life that are not honorable to his character as a christian. He is held in universal respect in the community where he resides as one who has always walked in honesty and friendship with all men—literally at peace with all. This venerable father has often remarked of the sorrow of his soul for having cheated a man, when he was quite a boy, to the value of seventy-five cents. He cannot remember of any other wrong he ever committed, and when touching on his past life will remark with expressions of deep felt seriousness, 'I wish I had'n't cheated that man!'—The shadow of that one evil deed lingers around him now after 70 years have

elapsed! Who will not heed the moral—Beware how we fix impressions on the mind—let them be without shadows.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

FLOWERS. If 'stars are the poetry of heaven,' flowers are certainly the poetry of earth, giving forth in the reflected light of their hues, and offering upon the wings of their odors, a homage to heaven in the true spirit for which poetry was designed.

The heart that does not love flowers may be firm in its purposes and unchanged in its affections, for the same reason that the stone is firm, and the icy temperature of its touch unyielding to any ordinary warmth which may shine upon it; but who would not more willingly trust his heart and the keeping of earthly happiness upon the faith of a lover of flowers, than upon one who could pass unheeding by the fairest of heaven's mute creation?

We are inclined to look upon those who cultivate flowers, from a devoted love of the pursuit, as capable of better feelings, and moved by higher motives, than the rest of mankind.

THE WIFE. It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affection of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

DUTY. When you have done your duty, what is it to you if carped at by those who may deem their interests affected by your conduct? The field of opinion is neutral ground in which you have a right to fight. If you have had the independence to act from principle, you lose half your honor if you cannot also suffer on principle. No change can be effected in this world without giving offence to somebody. He who cannot endure scorn and malice, ought never to take a track which diverges from the beaten road.

Act fearlessly, boldly, and you will triumph!



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The *Universalist* and *Ladies Repository* is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**'INDIAN CAPTIVITIES.'** Such is the title of a new work by the author of the *'Book of the Indians'*—Samuel G. Drake—to whom the reading public are indebted for the greater part of the accurate knowledge of Indian life and customs that is diffused amid many volumes by various authors, or rather compilers. The present work, is *'A collection of the most remarkable Narratives of persons taken captive by the North American Indians; or relations of those who, by stratagem or desperate valor, have effected the most surprising escapes from their cruel hands; to which is added, notes, historical, biographical, &c.'* To such as are fond of such reading, this volume will be a rich acquisition, and is to be valued. There is always great interest attached to the recitals of inventive genius under trial and desperate courage, and we learn from what has been borne, suffered and conquered, what a power of moral resistance is concealed in our nature. The work is for sale at the author's extensive bookstore, 56 Cornhill, Boston, where may be found a rare collection of new and old works at moderate prices.

**YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE; a Christmas and New-Year's Gift for Young People, for 1840.** Boston, Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1839. This is a very neat and prettily embellished annual for the young, and having read it, we can testify to its being highly interesting, and containing a good variety of subjects. It has four very fine engravings, and quite a number of wood cuts of good finish; is bound neatly, gilt edged leaves, and contains near 200 pages. Altogether, it is a good gift for a good child, or to inspire an undutiful one to be good.

**THE LADIES ANNUAL REGISTER, and Housewife's Almanac, for 1840.** By Caroline Gilman. pp. 108. This work comes from the same publishers as the last, and is sent out in the same handsome style as the former volumes. It is got up expressly for the ladies, and is full of hints, rules, receipts, remarks, &c. in reference to cookery, household affairs, and gardening, together with poetry, scraps of witticisms, stories, and all the et cetera that makes up a useful and agreeable variety. It has also an Almanac. All our lady readers should have copies. It is not costly, with all its beauty and worth.

**NEW WORK proposed.** We are authorized to state that a work somewhat like the one called for by T. J. Greenwood in our last, (p. 180) is in preparation

by a brother in the ministry, who is every way qualified for the task he has undertaken. The proposed title, and one that conveys the idea of the work, is, *'Happy Death Scenes of Believers in the Gospel of Universal Grace and Salvation.'* It will, as this title indicates, consist of relations of facts—of blessed realities in reference to some of the many who have enjoyed in a high degree the consoling and sustaining power of that faith whose essence is—universal and eternal love in the bosom of the Father. For such a work there is needed not so much a literary polish and exquisite taste, as the deep, earnest, and affectionate feelings of a heart that has had its own affections baptized in the spiritual waters of gospel truth, love and life. We rejoice that the work is in the hands of one that has all that is wanted both as an author and feeling, sympathizing christian; and we doubt not that it will be an excellent volume for the chamber of sickness and the retreat of the mourner, and will there distil upon the drooping soul the dews of a new and heavenly life. Surely such a work will be eagerly received by our brethren and sisters, and be well sustained, and we feel that we can say for hundreds to our brother—Go on, and the Lord prosper thee! And thou wilt give us the book of life—gospel life—the soul's life—life in death triumphant! Will our brother editors give their opinion of the want, &c. of such a work?

**CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST.** We have received several numbers of a new religious paper with the above title, published in Middletown, Conn. edited and owned by Br. L. S. Everett, formerly of Charlestown, Mass. We perceive that our valued correspondent, Miss M. A. D. has taken the charge of the *'Ladies' Department,'* and we welcome her to the community editorial, rejoicing that she has not forgotten her old friend, as is proved by the article in the present No. from her pen. Success to her whatever her relation in life. The paper makes a good appearance; good type, royal size sheet, and is well filled. No one acquainted with Br. E. will question his ability to send forth an interesting and profitable sheet, and we wish him all success. Published every Saturday, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

**INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.** This is one of the noblest offerings of christian philanthropy, and our attention is renewedly called to it by a late visit of some of its pupils to Haverhill. These gave a concert and exhibition in the Unitarian church, which was filled, and all, so far as we could judge or hear, were satisfied—surprised. The singing of the blind was exquisite, in the most perfect time and delicate taste. The males gave us a few tunes of instrumental music, and though the band had been but a little while formed, yet they did well. Their manner of reading the books of raised letters by the touch, was exhibited, and readily did a young lad turn to the psalm mentioned by one of the audience, and read it with facility. A lad also gave us a recitation of a sweet poem by Park Benjamin, on the merry hearted blind boy—some parts of it were peculiarly touching. We allude to this concert simply to call the attention of those of our readers, in whose vicinity the blind pupils may come for a concert, &c. to the pleasure they will derive from being one of the audience; and we do this, because these concerts are intended as one mean to draw out public attention to the blind, and are given in different places in the hope that some blind persons may be benefited, by convincing their friends or neighbors that much can be done to cheer their darkened existence by the discipline of the institution, and inciting them to do something to give those blind that benefit. May it be so.



THE GLAD TIDINGS, and Ladies Universalist Magazine, Akron, O. We see by the No. for Oct. 16, that this excellent, if small, paper, has commenced a new volume in new and clear type, and presents both in dress and matter, a good work. We have always esteemed this paper as a valuable coadjutor in the work of advancing truth and love and peace, and hope that it will be abundantly sustained. Published weekly, quarto, 8 pages; \$1.50 per annum, and is edited by Brs. S. A. Davis, N. Doolittle, and J. Whitney. This is the 4th volume. Success to it and them.

**PUBLISHER'S NOTICE. READ IT.** Besides the ordinary expense of the publishing of the 'Repository,' large sums have been expended in getting out the 'Rose of Sharon,' and other works this fall, which brings the publisher to a necessity to call very feelingly upon delinquent subscribers, and those who are indebted to him for books, for remittances to aid him in meeting the payments soon to become due. **BILLS** have been sent to all who reside in towns where there are no agents, and if the sum stated on their bills be remitted, a receipt in full to June 1840 will be given; and if any who receive bills have before paid agents, they will excuse the same, as returns of such have not been made. **AGENTS** who have money on hand on account of the 'Repository,' will oblige us by forwarding the same without delay; and we hope all our agents will make our case theirs and do as much for us as they can. To many we are under great obligations and feel grateful for their many acts of kindness, and hope they will continue to be our friends indeed. Some, we regret to say, have had money, to considerable amount, in their hands for a great length of time, and have repeatedly promised to remit—let such remember our necessities now. 'Money is a defence,' says Solomon, and we want it for such a purpose—a defence against trouble.

**Persons who are indebted for books,** are earnestly requested to make payment **BEFORE the first of January next.** Many accounts have been standing too long, and have been neglected by the debtors. Let such remember to do right, and if they cannot send the full amount of the debt, let them send part—do what they honestly can do—for though large favors will be most gratefully received, yet small ones will make us thankful. There is no mistake about our wanting much—that we must have much—that much is due,—but whether we have made a mistake in believing that our debtors will honorably think, FEEL, and ACT, for us, time will determine.

Those who remit money will be careful to send as good as they can obtain. Send money that is current in Boston,—to those at a distance south or west, New York money is the best, the most preferable to us.

We pause—in hope—for replies. 'Withhold not good when it is due, and in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not to thy neighbor, go and come again and I will pay thee, when thou hast it by thee.' *Holy Writ.*

**ROSE OF SHARON.** But 700 copies now remain on hand—orders are requested without delay, or disappointment may ensue. This work has been noticed extensively, and uniformly in the highest terms as of a high literary character and great interest.

A few have been bound in *extra* style of beauty and cost; in goat skin morocco—full gilt—price \$3. Elegant gifts.

The Rose of Sharon can be had of the following persons, in addition to those named on the cover. Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Auburn, N. Y. Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C. Rev. E. H. Chapin, Richmond, Va. Rev. R. O. Williams, Dover, N. H. Rev. W. Lyon, Norwich, Ct. S. H. Colesworthy, Portland, Me. Rev. E. N. Harris, Lynn, Mass. Alfred Davis, do—T. G. Farnsworth Haverhill, Mass. Rev. W. S. Balch, Providence, R. I. W. H. Crossman, Shirley Village, Mass. T. M. Stedman, Hartford Ct. and Jacob

Turner, Lowell, Mass. Rev. W. B. Randolph, West Boston, Mass. 'Universalism Illustrated and Defended' can also be had of most of the above persons.

**APPRENTICES LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.** Founded on a good principle, we rejoice in every thing that elevates the character and advances the usefulness or benefits of this Association. We rejoice that in our native city—youth's home, and best beloved of all,—there is so much attention given by the younger portion of the active community to intellectual excellence, and that too under such controlling influences as will secure the moral benefits of the same. The Association to which we have alluded, puts a new step forward this season; they have hitherto depended on themselves for lectures, but this season they are to have a course delivered before them by the popular lecturers of the day, which will doubtless be as interesting and instructive as any among the many. We hope, however, that they will not permit this to supersede the usual exertions among themselves, but pride themselves upon well intentioned efforts among their own number. We shall never cease to be a Boston boy, and wish all who feel that name or title all success.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.** The article on 'Illustrations of Female Education' in this No. completes the series.—Music will be given in next No. sufficient to supply deficiency this month.—Having on hand and promised several long poems, our respected correspondent W. S. E. will excuse our publishing Sprague's long poem. The measure will not admit of the alteration he proposed—neither would it be right. E. J. C.'s article in our next.

## Monthly Record.

**ASSOCIATION.** The Cheshire Cy. Association met in Stoddard, N. H. on Sept. 4th. Col. E. Glover, moderator, and Rev. J. W. Bailey, clerk. Resolutions were passed highly approving of Bible classes, and Sabbath schools, and the attendance upon the Lord's supper, and recommending all societies that have not already done so, to establish these several religious communities. Constant preaching, as far as possible, was also recommended to the brethren of all societies; and meetings among themselves when no preacher could be obtained, was also suggested as a good measure. Brs. Woodhouse, Britton, Atkinson, and Willis, preached on the occasion, and Br. Cilley was installed. The association adjourned to meet in Hinsdale, on 1st Wednesday in Sept. 1840.—We notice that at the celebration of the communion the vessels of the congregational church in Stoddard were used by loan of said church—a kindness that should be recorded, and the thanks of the council were voted to the loaners for their act of christian charity.

**CONVENTION.** The Vermont Convention met on the 27th of Aug. in Bethel; Br. J. L. Marsh, moderator, and Brs. M. Sanford and L. G. Warren, clerks. Charges of highly censurable conduct were preferred and sustained before the council against Br. T. Barron, and he received the censure of the same, being suspended for 6 months, with the addenda that if during that time his conduct shall be such as, in the opinion of the committee of discipline, becometh a christian minister, he shall then be fully restored to good standing in the denomination. Ordination was conferred on Brs. Samuel A. Johnson, Jerome Harris, and Obediah H. Tillotson. It seems by the report that letters of fellowship were conferred at the same time on these brethren, which is a different custom from the custom in our state. Circumstances may sometimes require that a brother should be ordained at the time a letter of fellowship is granted, but this proceeding should be limited to extreme cases, in our judgment. The convention adjourned to meet in Morrisville, on Tuesday evening preceding the first



Wednesday and Thursday in July 1846. H. F. Ballou was appointed to preach the next occasional sermon.

**DEDICATION.** A hall fitted up for the use of the 6th society of Universalists in this city was dedicated to the purposes of public worship and religious instruction on the evening of Oct. 18. Sermon by Dr. H. Ballou. Hundreds went away unable to get in, so crowded was the place. Br. Charles Spear is pastor of this new society, and we learn that the prospects of the society are very encouraging.

**ORDINATION.** Br. Joseph M. Dennis was ordained on Oct. 23, in Dover, Me. Br. J. A. Bartlett was ordained as pastor of the society in Hollis, Me. on the 2d of October.

**CONFERENCES.** The Middlesex Conference met in North Reading, Mass., on the 9th of Oct. The meeting is described in the 'Trumpet' as a very interesting and profitable one. Br. Grammer lectured on the evening previous, and on the forenoon of the 9th dissertations were offered on subjects previously proposed by Br. H. Ballou 2d. on 2 Cor. 5, particularly verse 10; by Br. J. G. Adams on the passages relating to the sin against the Holy Ghost; and on both of these subjects the brethren present, who felt disposed, expressed their opinion. We hope this custom will be adopted generally by our conferences, for no arrangement, it seems to us, could promise more interesting and useful meetings than such as thus observed. Br. H. Ballou 2d. preached in the afternoon, and Br. Landers in the evening. The subjects for the next meeting are—'What are we to understand by the resurrection of the just in Luke xiv. 14?' committed to Brs. H. Ballou 2d. and T. Whittemore; 'What is the sense of Heb. vi. 1-8, particularly verses 2 and 6?' committed to Brs. S. Cobb and A. C. Thomas. Essays are also expected from Brs. W. Balfour and T. B. Thayer, subject not mentioned.

**TEACHERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS OF SABBATH SCHOOLS MEETING** proposed for Nov. 5th, is postponed till Nov. 20, when a full assemblage is expected, and interesting services to attract attention. Let all our schools, that can make it practicable, be represented on this occasion, and delegates come prepared to suggest good hints, &c. about the affairs of school instruction.

**DEATH OF A PREACHER.** Br. Wm. H. Jolley, one of the most aged, and it is remarked by those who know, that he was also one of the most successful preachers of Universalism in the western states, departed from this life to the spirit home some time in September last. He was held in high respect by all who knew his worth, and his loss will be felt severely by a large circle of friends. His dying testimony is thus given in a letter from Rev. T. J. Crowe to Br. Gurley of the 'Star in the West':—

'He told his medical attendants that he feared not to die—Death had no terrors for him, and he had no fears of consequences after it. He said he would like to live for his family and the church of God, yet he was willing to go if Providence required his departure. After gathering his family around his bed, he said, I shall meet you in heaven, and exhorted them to hold to the faith of universal salvation above every other consideration—to be religious, and to love piety for its own sake.'

'What is remarkable, he continued preaching and debating till his last hour. The happy smile of joy and love on his countenance till his last breath, and after his death it was not erased. He left the world without a struggle, a lasting monument to the truth and power of love divine in its most universal extent, to sustain the mind in this very trying scene of mortal life. He has gone happy—peace to his sleeping dust. May we all live the life of the righteous, that our last end may be like his.'

**METHUEN INSTITUTE—MURRAY INSTITUTE.** We perceive by the papers that arrangements have been fully made by which the school at Methuen, Mass. is, at the close of its present term, to be removed to Gloucester, Mass., and there continued under the name of the Murray Institute. The same principals will conduct it there as at Methuen—Br. H. M. Nichols, and sister Hannah A. Hoyt—and the commodious and fine building for its accommodation is in rapid progress, if not completed. This school will, we are convinced, be of a high order, and conducted with that method and discipline which will best secure the advancement of the pupils in their studies and the principles of a useful and christian life. Had we space we would present the advertisement, but being long we must refer those of our readers who are interested to the same in any of the denominational papers in this state. We wish our friends every good desired; and assure those who choose to make this institution the school for their children, or young men who wish the benefits of a good high school, that they will find good friends, teachers, and advantages in the Murray Institute. The sociality and friendliness of the Gloucester people are proverbial, and we congratulate them on having in their midst such a valuable acquisition as this school.

**FIRE.** The 'Trumpet' office was destroyed by fire on the morning of Oct. 14. Br. Whittemore was insured, his chief loss was the location of office and the arrangements for the issue of the regular paper. The fire did not originate in that office, but, from cause unknown, in the story above. Br. Whittemore's books of accounts, &c. were saved by being lodged in one of the 'Salisbury Bases,' and were not hurt to any amount. We had 8 communications from our own head and heart there, which made a kind of light we did not intend, and we are consoled to think that they perished in good company, as several sermons of our brethren vanished also. The 'Trumpet' appeared the next week like a new bride, in a fine dress and spirits, and we hope will be long preserved from such another disaster. As many of the friends wish to visit the office of the 'Trumpet' for business, &c. we give the directions from the editor;—The office is now established at No. 14 Devonshire St. Devonshire St. runs from State Street across Water Street to Milk Street.—To find the Trumpet office, go to the Boston Post Office, pass down State Street on the south side of the Post Office, and take the first turning to the right.—You are then in Devonshire Street, twenty rods will bring you to No. 14. If coming from the south end of Boston, turn down Water Street, and take the first left hand turning, which is Devonshire. No. 14 is then in full view.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Oct. 30, 1839.*

J. M. A., Hartford, (25 cts. postage) \$5; E. R. G., Utica, \$2; Post Master, Bethel, \$6; W. L., Springfield, \$10; G. W. H. Varna, (\$2 for T. W.) \$3; B. B. B., Hampstead, \$10; H. B., South Strafford, \$2; M. R., Champion, \$2; E. J. C., Amoskeag, \$2; Post Master, Scipio, \$5; M. S. K., St. Charles, \$2; M. P., Sutton Village, \$2; M. C., Guilford Centre, \$2; C. E. H., Shaftsbury, \$2; T. C. C., Adams, \$2; J. A. H., Skowhegan, (\$2 for T. W.) \$4; G. W. M., Auburn, \$2; M. A. M., Manchester, \$2; J. G. F., Lubec, \$2; M. A. N., Kennebunk, \$2; J. M. T., Middleborough, \$2; N. & E. A., Swansey, \$2; J. A. C., Leverett, \$2; T. J. T., N. Fryeburg, \$2; L. F. W. A., Fryeburg, \$2; A. E., Paducah (all right) \$5. Br. Bartholomew is informed that the letter containing \$10 has not yet been received. I have sent back Nov. to the eight subscribers mentioned in your last letter—given each credit for current volume, and charged you \$15.—The lost letter may yet be recovered. A. T.



THE

# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 8.

For December 1839.

No. 7.

## COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Original.

JOHN xviii. 11: '*The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?*'

THAT there are evils, sorrows and trials in life, which require of man the exercise of resignation, all will allow. This lesson, experience has taught us; and we know the worth of that inward power that enables us to bear up under severe and heavy griefs. The loss of fortune—the infidelity of friends—the disarrangement of our plans—the departure to far distance of relatives—the perplexities of our avocations and lots in life,—all are the sources of sorrow that needeth a comforter, and call for the exercise of resignation. But these are not life's severest trials—these are not the griefs that touch the keenest chords of the heart, and wake those tones that bring all the feelings of the soul under the power of affliction. The human heart is bound to dearer things than these, for God hath formed a dearer name than *friend* for the human ear; and grief is not known till the beloved parent, companion, or child withers and sinks away. It is then that the need of resignation is felt, and it is then that the difficulty of acquiring it is acknowledged. And as such times must come to us, if we have not already known them, we need the christian preparation—we need the mind that was in Christ—we need that pious spirit that will enable us to say in the dark hour—'*The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?*' We, dear reader, know not how soon that hour may come.

My mind has thus been directed in thought by the departure of one in the promise of her days and with but short warning of her departure. Many hearts sympathize with him, and those who had a dearer place in her affections than myself, and many tears would be given them could they serve to allay the burning grief of the mourning and bereaved hearts. But though human sym-

thy is grateful to the afflicted, though it is dear to find that we have those who will weep with us in our sorrow, and though it is soothing to hear friendship's voice bidding us be calm, yet it is the teachings of Christ's truth and example that alone can bring comfort and resignation home to the heart; it is Christ alone that can speak peace to the troubled spirit, and tell us of those things that make heaven and the departed near. To him should the mourner go, and be made whole.

The teachings of philosophy differ from the lessons of christian resignation; so do the doctrines of men differ from the truth of God. Philosophy will tell us we cannot alter events, that mortality is marked on our race and our friends must die, and that we should learn to bear what we cannot alter. This is cold comfort at which the heart revolts, for here is presented nothing but the iron decrees of fate. This is the doctrine which the denier of God and revelation gives to his disciples in the hour when disease has robbed his affections of their dearest idol, and it is by these words he would stay the tears that drop like rain. Truly said Dr. Johnson at the death of his much loved wife—'*The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion alone can give patience.*'

Thus we see that a giant mind, familiar with all that philosophy can teach, is forced to seek



comfort from the same source as the humblest. The ravages of death, like calamities, make men feel that we have all 'one human heart,' and all need the same voice to console and the same hand to support. Men may theorize as they will, they may battle for their opinions as they please, but when they enter the house of mourning they cannot be 'sons of consolation' unless the spirit of our holy doctrine dwells within; for never, perhaps, did a mourning throng gather around the cold form of the beloved when all were open and exemplary professors of one faith, and when the minister of a narrow faith felt free to give them all an assurance of a happy reunion with the departed. O my God! what scenes hath thy spirit witnessed in the house of mourning, when burning words were made to scorch, with acuter agony that even death hath wrought, the heart of the bereaved; casting dark shadows over the grave, and tearing away the hope of the blissful reunion from the soul that cherished it as the only sweet drop in the cup of bitterness. O if there is a time when the great truth of God's paternity should be revealed, it is when we stand above the dead, and feel what the atheist tells of no future life; it is then a remembrance of God and his paternal character, comes like the voice of love in sickness, bidding us be of good cheer, or like the mother's prayer, lifting us from earth to heaven, and waking in our souls holy and blessed thoughts of the better world,

'Where love no more deplores the past,  
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.'

From the chamber of sickness and from the house of mourning come the teachings that tell most eloquently of the worth, the importance, the comforting power of our holy faith, and many a soul that was well nigh driven to despair has found its only support in the faint hope that our doctrine *may be true*! Could we possess the power angels are supposed to have, to visit unseen by mortal eye the abodes of men, we should behold scenes of wretchedness, hearts torn by agony, and hear prayers of tortured souls, which would wake a zeal in us to spread our faith, such as we never yet knew. O the mental misery caused by partialism—the half has not been told.

I have said the greatest as well as the humblest minds feel the need of the spirit of our doctrine to comfort them in time of bereavement, for no other doctrine under heaven can give an unclouded hope of eternal life and blessedness with the loved and prized. Permit me to quote the lan-

guage of Sir Walter Scott, in a note written the morning after the death of his wife, as it will show that his giant mind bowed to the same truth as did Johnson's respecting the only support in bereavement; says this great master,—'May 18. Another day, and a bright one to the external world opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering,—they cannot refresh her, to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of wood and of lead already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte; it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited amid gaiety and pastime. No, no, she is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow—*where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious, yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me.'

We should follow this great mind in not regarding the form encased in the coffin and committed to the tomb as our friend; the eye, and the lip, are indeed there; but the soul, the affections, that looked out from the one and breathed from the other, are not there; they took a path no man knoweth, but it is a path through which God will lead us to them.

'Who seeks the vanished bird  
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?  
Far thence he sings unheard,  
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.'

Then let us not mourn too deeply that we find not the beloved near the forsaken home, nor weep that the soul hath winged its flight from the shell of mortality to the land of the spirit's freedom. And is this any more mysterious than our entrance into this existence and the connection of the mind with its present habitation? No; every thing in nature that dies contributes to the existence or growth of something else, but what would the perishing mind, the death of intellect, contribute to sustain? what could perishing affections give birth to? Nothing; and the very lessons of nature accord with the voice of inspiration that declares immortality as connected with the mind and the affections, for they are of God, kindred with the angels, and cannot know death. It is not poetry, it is not dreamy fancy alone that hath pictured the spirit's land to the mind's vision; truth, divine reality hath spoken of it, and the hope of immortal and universal blessedness rests on a foundation strong as the omnipotence of God.



These are the thoughts that can prepare the mind to drink in resignation the cup of sorrow, in imitation of the great Exemplar. And he that hath these thoughts cherished dear in his breast, will never forget the tender point in the Savior's words quoted,—‘The cup which MY FATHER hath given me, shall I not drink it?’ When sickness weighs heavy upon us, do we not love to have endeared friends around us, and why? Why is it more sorrowful to bear disease and pain away from home and among strangers? It is because the presence of those we love takes away the bitterness of the trial, and we feel that what they prepare for us must be for our good—we do not fear to receive it—we have no tremblings of doubt—the hand of affection has prepared the bitter cup, and bitter though it be, we do not doubt its reference to our good. Who hath not known the power of love—

‘to soothe grief,

Yea, to soften away its human pain  
By tenderness and care, the cup to temper  
With words of consolation and sweet hope,  
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,  
Forgotten in the love that offers it.’

It was so with our divine Master. A bitter cup was prepared for him, mortal lip was never made to taste a more bitter one, and he would have turned away from it with a shrinking soul had he not recognized the hand that presented it; he saw it was his Father's, and his soul was calm; he could not shrink from what he had ordained, and there is deep meaning in his words to Peter—‘The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?’ Shall I doubt its goodness, and deny my Father's wisdom? The cup was presented and he drank it to its very dregs, and bowed in pious submission. So it should be with us. Life hath its bitter cup, and it is well. Afflictions in the light of christian truth wear a heavenly look—there is goodness in them—they are parts of a wise discipline to fit us for life's most important duties—to teach us human frailty, the worth of sympathy and love, the value of the hope of heaven; they are to wean us from things that disturb our virtue, that pollute the mysterious springs of the soul, and that tempt us to forget the high calls of duty. It is one of the blest teachings of our religion to bid us thus look on life's afflictions, and make them the ministries of God for our good, ‘who smiles to heal, who wounds to bless.’

And when the beloved fall asleep in the arms of death, why should we not recognize the cup

of bitterness we are called to drink as coming from our heavenly Father? Why should we make his providence a mere subject of theory and speculation, and why not bring it home and feel its power to console? We should theorize less, and feel more; knowledge of revealed truth is vain, if it is not applied to the wants of our nature; and never can we have the holy trust and filial confidence of the primitive christians, that made them smile at the fire and the rack, till we engage our feelings, as well as the intellect, in the spiritual truths of christianity. Then, and not till then, will the bitterness of death pass away; then, and not till then, can we imitate our Exemplar in patience and resignation; then, and not till then, can we have the comfort we are privileged to have when bereavement takes from our embrace the dearest, and causes the sunlight of our home to be darkened. Happy is he that has his heart and mind baptized in the living waters of divine truth, and meets not with doubts and tremblings to disturb his confidence and trust. With him there is an abiding comforter; with him there is ever a spirit leading him from the perishing things of this world, to the enduring things of eternity; and though it be a bitter thing to part with the parent, the companion, the child, yet he will take the cup with calmness, he will remember the better hope, and he will say—It is well! He may weep—for it is our nature—but he will not weep as those without hope.

*Without hope!* O withering words! They come like the winds scattering the flowers and making desolate; their breathings are more sad than the voice of the storm that has made a grave in the waters for hundreds; they conjure up phantoms dark as the shadows of the fearful dream, and the heart is made sick. What! to see the loved depart—to die ourselves, *without hope!* O who could bear the thought! If over our earth there walks an object of pity, it is that one who feels not that he has a Father and his spirit an immortality; who looks in the grave and sees there the end of man, and believes not in ‘a better world beyond;’ who rejoices not that when to him earth's loveliness hath passed away, brighter and more enduring beauty will be unveiled; our hearts may well bleed for him, for if he has affections bound to dear objects and worthy of love, there is a cup prepared for him that will be agony indeed to drink; no hand of love seen presenting it, no trust in a Father's wisdom to lessen its bitterness, and no hope to allay the fire of grief in



the breast. Well may we say to such,—

'O thou! whose thoughts have no blest home above,  
Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to love?  
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,  
Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's breast,  
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
On one frail idol,—destined but to die,  
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,  
Where severed souls, made perfect, reunite?  
Then tremble! cling to every passing joy,  
Twined with the life a moment may destroy!  
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,  
Still let "forever" vibrate on thine ear!  
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;  
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,  
Lean on the willow, idolize the dust!  
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,  
Think on that dread "forever" and despair!

Hume has a soliloquy in his treatise of Human Nature, which shows the loneliness of heart the sceptic experiences in hours of reflection; says he,—'I am affrighted and confounded, with that forlorn solitude, in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, I foresee, on every side, dispute, contradiction and distraction. When I turn my eyes inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive existence, or to what condition do I return? I am confounded with these questions; and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness.'

Blessed be God for the light of his truth! The grave is not dark to the christian; the sunlight of heaven mingles with the shadows of earth, and he knows the glory of the resurrection. From the memory of his Father's love and the promises of the future, he finds a support through trial and bereavement, and when death comes, he can say with the poet—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.'

Let the moral of our subject be acknowledged and felt; it tells us the worth of christian truth, and opens the sources of resignation. May the mourning and bereaved learn of Christ, that they may acquire the same filial confidence in the Father, and drink the cup of affliction with child-like trust in the wisdom of our Parent.

And when death's hand removes the daughter, wife, and mother, let those who sustain the same relations heed the lessons of God's providence in the event. They know not the hour of their own exit from this stage of action; and it becomes them

to be faithful, affectionate, and active, that when the messenger comes they may have the sweet solace of the memory of a good life, and their last hours be cheered by affection. And may we all learn so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and be faithful unto death.

Haverhill, Mass.

### A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

Original.

It is a solemn hour for prayer,  
While skies are bright above;  
I will kneel down and ask Thy care  
On beings of my love;  
While timid night-winds soft around them play,  
How sweet for me to kneel afar and pray!

Miles, weary miles are spread between  
Their love-smiles and my own;  
But space can never intervene  
To part us at thy throne;  
Our hearts go up in rays of holy prayer,  
And meet and mingle ever brightly there.

Be every star to them, this hour,  
A messenger of love,  
Sent with some sweet, peculiar power  
To draw their souls above;—  
Each ray a pencil on their hearts to write  
Celestial wisdom from the book of light.

If any spirit droop with care,  
If any heart be sick with pain,  
Oh Father, grant the fervent prayer  
That asks to make them strong again;  
Send soft-voiced angels to allay their woes,  
And lull their weary souls to sweet repose.

And here, O Father, let me steal  
With every solemn night,  
And make the very star-beams feel  
My prayers upon their light;  
While, with a heart o'erfraught with burning love,  
I pour its incense at thy shrine above. S. C. E.

### LETTERS TO ANNIE.

Original.

"BIRDS AND FLOWERS."

Glen-Viola, Oct. 10.

DEAR ANNIE:—My last letter to you was filled with talk about poetry. Here at my side lies one of the sweetest little volumes I have ever read—it is 'Birds and Flowers' by Mary Howitt. How often since it has occupied a corner of my table, have I wished that you were here to read with me some of its wild-flower beauties. I never, Annie, miss you so very much, as when a new volume of poems is before me; and this is just the book for you—simple, playful, full of pure



thoughts and sweet expressions. Ah! Mary Howitt is one of nature's own poets; she is never at a loss for a subject—the 'Apple Tree' and the 'Carriion Crow,' the 'Hedge Hog,' and the 'Screech Owl,' are poetry to her, for to the pure in heart, all things are pure.

Among the very sweet things she has written here, I must quote you a few verses from 'The Poor Man's Garden,' where, after contrasting the garden wealth of the rich and the poor man, she exclaims:

'And here is his potato-bed,  
All well-grown, strong and green;  
How could a rich man's heart leap up  
At anything so mean?

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,  
And a thankful man is he,  
For he thinks all through the winter  
How rich his board will be!

And how his merry little ones  
Beside the fire will stand,  
Each with a large potato  
In a round and rosy hand.'

Annie, *thy* heart is touched by that, I know—and thou wilt say with me, there is poetry even in 'a large potato,' when it blesses a little child, and makes his young heart glad. 'Little Streams,' too, would be a favorite with thee:

'Running west, or running east,  
Doing good to man and beast,  
Always giving, weary never,  
Little streams, I love you ever!'

Here, too, is the 'Mill Stream'—

'The wild mill stream, it dasheth  
In merriment away,  
And keeps the miller and his son  
So busy all the day!'

'And good luck to the miller,  
And to the miller's son;  
And ever may the mill-wheel turn  
While mountain-waters run!'

And then the 'Flax Flower'—you will pardon me for quoting—I cannot avoid it—I only regret that I cannot give you more of these exquisite lines—but are not these sweet?

'Ah, 'tis a goodly little thing,  
It groweth for the poor,  
And many a peasant blesses it  
Beside his cottage door.'

And these:—

'Oh the little flax-flower!  
The mother, then says she,  
"Go pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,  
But let the flax-flower be,  
It groweth for the children's sake,  
It groweth for our own;  
There are flowers enough upon the hill,  
But leave the flax alone!

The farmer hath his fields of wheat,  
Much cometh to his share;  
We have this little plot of flax  
That we have tilled with care.

"Our 'squire, he hath the holt and hill,  
Great halls and noble rent;  
We only have the flax-field,  
Yet therewith are content;  
We watch it morn, we watch it night,  
And when the stars are out,  
The good man and the little ones,  
They pace it round about;  
For it we wish the sun to shine,  
For it the rain to fall;  
Good luck! for who is poor doth make  
Great count of what is small!"

But the very, very sweetest and most touching thing, is 'The Blind Boy and his Sister.' When the green leaves come again, and I am at your side, it shall call the bright tears to your eyes, or I am no true student of your heart. One more quotation for your sake, dear Annie, and I forbear. Ponder its holy truth in your heart, while bending over the new-born cherub in your arms—and oh! as you are a true mother, it will bless and sanctify you. Sweet Annie,

'Bless God, both night and morning;  
Be thine a joyful heart;  
For the child of mortal parents hath  
With the Eternal part!

The stars shall dim their brightness,  
And as a parched scroll  
The earth shall fade, but ne'er shall fade  
The undying human soul!

Oh then, rejoice, fond mother,  
That thou hast given birth  
To this immortal being,  
To this fair child of earth!"

There are three things that make the charm of Mary Howitt's poetry—its purity, its simplicity and its *sunshine*. When Mrs. Hemans has been read till the spirit becomes grieved and shadowy, it is a sweet relief to turn to these musical prattlings of the *child-poet*, where all is made beautiful and bright by the alchemy of a sunny heart that feeds ever on the love of God.

I would ever recommend Mary Howitt as a *study* to many of the young poets of the day. She has one rare beauty that they would do well to imitate—natural thought and simple expression. Big words and lofty metaphors—'stintling' jewels, and pompous metres are not the instruments with which she touches and sanctifies the heart. She talks of the beautiful creations of God as a child would talk—simply, naturally, and of course, eloquently. Her ideas are always fresh and bright, and most peculiarly her own. They could only flow from a pure and hallowed spirit. There



is exquisite taste, too, in the expression of her thoughts. They are clothed like the birds and flowers—with a dress that grows out of themselves—of course, bright, chaste and beautiful.

If I have any true ideas of poetry, Annie, it is that expression of beauty and feeling that finds the shortest way to the heart. This is done by a variety of sentiments, but only in one manner—by following nature. For instance, here is a burst of deep passion—but it is natural, and therefore finds immediate way to the heart, though clothed in the simplest language. You will recognize it at once, to be Moore's.

'Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither,  
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea,  
East—west—alas, I care not whither,  
So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
Thro' good and ill, thro' storm and shine,  
The world's a world of love for us!  
On some calm blessed shore we'll dwell,  
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—  
Where thus to worship tenderly  
An erring child of light like thee,  
Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
Where we may weep our faults away,  
Together kneeling, night and day,  
Thou, for my sake at Allah's shrine,  
And I at any God's for thine!'

Have you had poetry enough for once? Well, dear, I will weary you no longer now—but, when you are rested, what if I talk to you again? You never chide me for my follies, so to reward your good-natured forbearance, I will presume upon your patience to any extent I please. I have a world of things to say to you, and a thousand passages in the poets marked for your perusal, and of course, admiration. Adieu!

EVELEEN.

## SENTIMENTS. No. II.

Original.

ANOTHER excellent sentiment which I would record as worthy to be remembered, and as giving good food to thought, is the following: *The elements of social greatness and success—Labor, Ingenuity, and Enterprise*—may their honors be abundant, and their rewards transcendent.' This sentiment immediately called up in my mind a remembrance of the too popular error, that man was *cursed* to labor, and that had he retained his primeval innocence, he would not know of toil, but all needed good would spring spontaneously from the earth. I find no revelation of this doctrine in the record of truth, nor any traces of

it in the constitution of man and society; but discover everywhere that, as Adam was placed in the garden, not to live in ease and idleness, but 'to dress and to keep it,' we were made for labor, ingenuity, and enterprise, and that on these depend not only social greatness and success, but what makes up that greatness and success, individual greatness and success. Not so long ago as to be forgotten, a Parisian actress died from premature old age quite young, so successfully had she adopted the inactivity of the infirm and aged. Does not this show how nature may be defeated by the violation of the law requiring activity? And who has not marked in our physical system the abundant evidence, that we were made to wear out, and not to rust out? The eye by its activity becomes steady in its glances and vision, the ear quick to gather sounds, and the various senses all gain their excellence from action—their own peculiar and appropriate labor. Why differs the hand of the master genius of the pencil, from the hand of the savage who can only string and use a bow? Wherein differs the feet of that savage who can out-tire the swiftest horse in a continued race, from those of him, who though as healthy, is wearied by a mile's walk? The difference has been caused by activity—the discipline submitted to. And range before the wide and extensive vision of the mind, all the contrasts between the highly civilized and cultivated state, and the condition of the wilderness savages, and you will but see the results of well directed labor. Labor! the universe is full of activity—from the throne of God, where angels hearken to 'the voice of the word' with wings unfurled, to the lowest depths of his footstool, labor is at work. All the variety, beauty, order, sublimity, and grandeur of creation, has here its origin. And it is no marvel that to the ear of Orpheus and Homer 'the living universe was constantly engaged in one grand and unceasing concert; and wisdom and philosophy were but the study of the music of the spheres.'

Labor is exalted, and must be, to a true nobility by every one who rightly discerns its connection with human and social progress. As well might we expect to see the heavens dressed in the gorgeous and beautiful robes that now charm us, were the action of the laws of the circulation of the waters suspended, as to expect to view any beauty or advance in society without labor. The true nobleman is the true laborer—whose exertions are directed by an honest purpose and to a



useful end. The idler and the indolent are the drones in the great hive, unworthy to eat of the honey, and are as little to be honored as we can honor the eagle while he darts from his station on the high rock, and tears from the fish-hawk the prey he has labored for.

Where would have been the great reforms that have moulded the elements of society into a more honorable shape, were it not for the brain and arm of labor, the devising and executing industry of ingenuity, and the untiring vigilance and energy of enterprise? Columbus would never have braved the scoffs of the court, and the pilgrims would have died in the old world of oppression, and the winds would sigh through forests where now the sun pours down its golden rays on cities. Wherever and whenever benevolence proposed a great work for good—to lessen human suffering—enterprise is ready to undertake it, ingenuity devises the means, and labor puts them into operation and effects the work. They are a glorious trinity. Without them, we should dwell in caverns and woods; with them, our habitations may be palaces, and all around us the hand of taste and the eye for the beautiful, may be confessed in the loveliness and comfort of our homes.

It is not alone in respect to the outer world that labor, ingenuity and enterprise, are to be honored. Their power is confessed in the christian character. That is formed, like the rearing of a temple, by the union of these elements of greatness and success, under the direction of religion—the master spirit of christianity. Our strength as religious beings is not to sit still, but to labor, devise, and with an enterprising spirit, press on towards the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus; never contented with simply the advances made, but feeling in power our capabilities for illimitable progress, and looking on and on, up and up, spread the wings of the soul for nearing the sun. Vain and foolish has been the error that an irresistible and supernatural influence makes the practical heathen in a moment a christian, without the co-operation of the individual's mind and affections. No. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. *Add*, is the command, add to your faith courage or fortitude, and to fortitude knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to brotherly kindness charity. And this progress is to be made by 'giving all diligence,' being ever active, on the alert for foes,

always ready to meet, resist and triumph. So was it with our Lord. He *grew* in wisdom as well as in stature, and in favor with God and man; and the short, but Oh how eloquent eulogy to his memory is—'He went about *doing* good.' So it should be with the christian. *He* (not leaving it for others) *should go* (not content to pause and delay) *about* (not confining his labors to one small limit) *doing* (not merely talking, proposing and speculating) *good* (not evil).

Thus only can we make our honors abundant and our rewards transcendent. In this 'working-day world,' this scene of activity and progress, and with such industry in nature to animate us, it will not do to take any opposite motto to—*onward*. The spirit of that must be in our souls, if we would, religiously, keep up with the spirit of the age, and manifest that we have sanctified labor, ingenuity and enterprise to the noblest end attainable—the formation and sustaining of the christian character. Here is the noble field to win a name, to gain laurels of victory, and to lift the song of triumph; and while the trinity we have considered are overcoming obstacles in the material world, and making this the age of wonders, let us invoke their power to aid us in conquering all that lies in the way of our advance as christians and our aiding to make this a world of holiness.

B.

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## FRAGMENTS.

Original.

## I. TO ———

As a crushed flower 'neath a careless tread,  
Or as a harp-string rent in twain,  
My heart was once—to joy 'twas dead,  
And in the grave of gloom was lain;  
Thou camest as dew to that crushed flower,  
To heal its wounds and give new life,—  
Restored the string with magic power,  
And made its tones with gladness rife;  
Rolled from the tomb the sealing stone away,  
And brought me forth to new and glorious day.

## II. JESUS CHRIST.

Would I could stand awhile near Gabriel's seat,  
And hear the songs that float on heavenly air,  
And learn how angels there his praise repeat,  
Then his blest name to sing my soul would dare;  
But all too cold the language of our earth,  
Too far removed from that triumphal strain;  
The soul must know the second, glorious birth,  
Ere it can sing in notes not wholly vain.

Like as the sculptor strives to give to stone  
The form and features in his mind conceived,  
And finds the power he does not, cannot own,  
And with vain toils his zealous heart is grieved;



So am I pained that I cannot to man  
In language body forth the Holy One !  
Whose mirrored image clear my soul doth scan,  
And feels that all would by its charms be won.

### III. ETERNITY.

ETERNITY ! Eternity ! how oft that sound  
Strikes on the mental ear amid the hush profound  
Of the lone thoughtful night, when the whole mind is  
given  
To dark futurity—God, destiny and heaven.

The veil we cannot lift, nor look thro' coming years  
Of joy and sorrow, strife and peace, doubts, hopes and  
fears ;  
No eye can trace the path through which the spirit's  
led  
From this low world of dreams—the mansions of the  
dead.

O what is life and man, if God be not as we  
Him in the glowing image of our Jesus see,—  
Compassionate and kind—the Father of us all—  
With will to free all souls from every sinful thrall ?

O when the spirit-eye rests on the final state,  
Can a less beauteous end the gen'rous soul elate ?  
Or can the feeling heart rejoice, be glad and sing,  
While some are far beyond love's sheltering wing ?

B.

### CULTIVATION ALWAYS NECESSARY.

Original.

WHEN we speak of nature and unaffected simplicity, in connection with human character, we are too prone to forget that one of the gifts of nature is reason. Persons who delight to be governed by good impulses do not reflect that there are evil impulses as well as good ones ; and that when we throw down all barriers, or neglect to rear them, we give the passions and inclinations full play. Persons who have been praised for possessing a generous heart by nature, are inclined to persuade themselves that they can do no evil. But reason was given us for a guide, and revelation for our highest rule. These must be obeyed, or our good dispositions and good impulses will carry us we know not whither. They will be oftener counteracted by bad impulses, and selfish motives than we are aware of. To the irrational part of the creation, the Maker has given fixed laws which they cannot overleap, but our wills are free, and our dispositions and tempers are an admixture of good and evil. We must learn to choose the good and eschew the evil. However good we may be by nature, we all want to be regulated.

It has been common to tell *females* that they were angels. Now this may be partly true ; yet

even the angels must be guided by intellect. In short, all intelligent beings must use their reason ; and it is incumbent even upon women to act on principle. There have been persons of that sex who committed deeds of cruelty that make us shudder ; and our prisons should convince us that they are capable of crime, as well as men. These may be angels, but they are fallen ones. There are laws which we must all observe, in the government of our conduct, and the infraction of those laws will inevitably bring suffering upon ourselves and others. It is common to speak of the fairer part of the creation as very tender hearted beings. The virtuous portion of them are so ; but this does not include the whole. Unless woman is governed by principle, guided by intellect, she is quite as liable to become cruel, selfish and depraved as the ruder sex. Her faults may not, indeed, exhibit themselves in the same way ; and her sins may be different in their effects. But although different from the sins of men, they may be quite as productive of unhappiness to those who are afflicted by them. An ordinary observer might remain, for a considerable time, blind to her faults. As man is generally engaged in the bustle of the world, and his good or evil works are performed before the eyes of the public, he is much sooner detected ; but evil may be committed in a silent manner. The selfishness of the heart may be gratified, the spirit of revenge or of malignity may succeed in its purpose, and the cold unfeeling act may be performed by those who do not thrust themselves forward, as easily as by those who give more noisy demonstrations of their evil intentions. It is needful therefore, without trusting too much in the natural goodness of the female heart, or relying too much on the outward show of respect which she receives from men in artificial society, that woman have a steady and abiding principle. She must learn to command herself, to guard against selfishness, and to consult the rule of duty more than the opinions of the world ; even admitting that she could know the sincere opinion of the world. Flatterers will not tell her of her failings ; and, in the present state of society, all men are in some degree, flatterers.

Although not called upon to enact any conspicuous part in life, the influence of woman is very important. Let her not suppose that when she hardens her heart, there are no sufferers in consequence. Her example alone is much to the young who move about her. Her sins of omis-



sion are not excusable, in the eye of a just God, on account of the frailty of her outward form. She has an immortal part, and that must be strengthened and cultivated by intellect and divine grace.

Boston, Mass.

## THE AMERICAN BRIDE.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

Original.

### CHAPTER I.

*'I pity thee who lovest what must perish.'*

*'And I thee, who lovest nothing.'* BYRON.

EDITH Murray sat in the low porch of her paternal dwelling. The woodbine and honeysuckle twined gracefully around the door, and almost hid her from view as she sat and unconsciously plucked their leaves, till the ground at her feet was strown with the green and torn foliage. She started at the sound of approaching footsteps and looked up, it was but the postboy, and as he gave a letter to her hand the quick blood rushed to her cheek and brow. The boy turned to depart, she pressed the letter to her lips, and was about to break the seal, when a faint voice from within was heard. She turned hastily and entered the room and stood by the side of the invalid who had pronounced her name. He was an old man; the thin silver hairs clung round the high forehead which had once been radiant with manly beauty, but care and time had left sad traces there. The eyes were sunken and glassy, and the whole countenance and form seemed wasted to extreme thinness.

'Grandpapa,' said the girl softly, 'do you wish aught?'

'From whom comes the letter which you hold in your hand,' said the faint voice of the sick man. The young girl blushed deeply and was silent a moment, but then she answered—'it is from Ernest.'

'And what does he say, Edith?'

'I have not read it, the boy gave it to me just as you called.'

'Sit down my child, and read it, I would wish to hear how Ernest prospers.'

Edith seated herself as desired, and as her eye glanced over the page one could have told by her countenance the workings of her soul. At the commencement, her cheek was flushed, and a light of something like joy passed over her features;

but as she read on, her cheek grew paler, her breathing was quick, and as she read the last line, the letter dropped from her trembling hands, and she burst into tears.

'Edith, my child, what ails thee, what bad news does the letter bring?'

The young girl threw herself upon his bosom and wept bitterly. Her dark locks blended strangely with his thin, silvery hairs, and as he pressed the girl to his heart and tenderly inquired the cause of her sorrow, her young cheek rested on his furrowed brow. The sight was beautiful and touching. Youth resting on the bosom of age, and breathing its first and only sorrow into the heart which had struggled and borne with all the trying scenes and miseries of fourscore years.

Edith at length found words to tell the cause of her sorrow. The letter was from Ernest Bertram. He was to sail for his home in England in about a month. He had written to Edith to tell her of his deep love and affection, and he hoped, he said, that his affection had met with a return. True he had never expressed his love, but now when he was to sail for his far off home, when the thought that soon the vast ocean would lie between him and the being he loved, he first began to feel the depth of his affection. 'Edith,' was his language, 'can you not, will you not say you will be mine? If so, then write your determination and I will come and claim you as my young and beautiful bride, and a bright and happy home in England will await us. But if not, O Edith you know not what your refusal may bring forth! My duty calls me to my home, or I would linger at thy side, and together we would roam over the hills and valleys of thine own New England, and I would tell of my love, and breathe into thine ears a tale of deep and lasting affection, until I had wholly won thy young heart for my own. But this may not be, I must away; answer my earnest petition, and O, my beloved, by all you hold dear on earth let it not be a refusal!'

'Will you go with him to his English home, Edith?' said the old man when she had finished.

'I will not leave thee, my more than father, not even to be the bride of Ernest Bertram,' was the girl's reply.

'Edith, my child, answer me truly, dost thou love Ernest Bertram?'

'I do,' was the firm answer.

'Then thou may'st go with him if thou wishest; there are some who will smooth my pathway to the tomb, though I had hoped that thou, my only



child, wouldst have closed my dying eyes ; but it matters not, the days of the old man are nearly ended. Thou may'st go with him thou lovest, and the blessings of the aged will be upon thee.

'No, no, I cannot, will not go. Fondly and truly as I love Ernest Bertram, not even *he* shall call me from my duty to thee. Thou hast been to me more than all on earth beside, thou didst take thy daughter's orphan child when there was none other to help, and will she leave thee ? No, never, while there is aught that mortal hand can do to soothe thy lingering days. Then say no more that I may go ; 'twere better that he should go alone, than that I should leave thee. He may find on England's shores a fairer and a richer bride, and then he will forget his humble Edith.'

She had commenced with a proud and determined voice. Her cheek glowed and her eye was bright with her high resolve, but the concluding words were spoken in a low, trembling tone, as she thought she might be forgotten even by him.

'Thou art a blessed girl, my Edith, and the Lord will reward thee as thou deservest,' said the old man.

The deep mid-summer night came on in all its beauty. The broad, clear moonlight slept on all below. So calm and lovely looked the earth, it seemed almost like paradise. And yet death was busy even in that hour of beauty and serenity, and was it not a lovely time to pass from earth ? Suddenly as fall the leaves before the autumn blast, so suddenly oft-times do the aged pass from earth. The grandfather of Edith Murray had been sick for some time, but the hour of freedom and release had come at last, and calm and peaceful as that midnight hour, was his soul in the hour of his departure. He was an old man, he said, and he should soon sleep with his fathers, but with whom should he leave his Edith ? The God of the orphan he knew would protect her from evil.

#### CHAPTER II.

*'They parted*

*With promises of long remembrance, words*

*Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears*

*Hidden with shame by the young eyes which shed them,*

*But which are thought upon in after years*

*As what we would give worlds to shed once more.'*

William Hayden, the grandfather of Edith Murray had left the shores of England at the time when the hand of persecution was raised against the Puritans. A firm believer in their faith, he cheerfully bade adieu to his native shores, that he might go where he could enjoy freedom of con-

science, though it were in the wilds of America. Elbridge Bertram, the father of Ernest, was by many years the junior of his noble and ardent friend William Hayden, but he lacked his strong religious confidence, and when the hour of trial came, he chose rather to hide his sentiments within his bosom than to reveal them, and thus make himself an object of public persecution. The chief incentive to his mode of conduct might have been the fear of losing his affianced bride ; thus he let the ties of love, and the fear of public opinion triumph over the regard and faithfulness due his religion. William Hayden with his wife and child left the shores of England and sailed with that noble and daring band in search of another and a better home, where they could worship God aright. Their trials and the reward of their perseverance every child of America doubtless knows. It was a high and glorious one !

Elbridge Bertram lingered in his noble English home, and in a short time he led the young and lovely Martha Norwood to the altar. But a secret pang, that there was something hidden which ought to be revealed, blended with his deep happiness, even in that blissful hour.

Years passed on, and in that time Margaret, the daughter of William Hayden had married one of their own colony. But in less than two years, both husband and wife were dead, and a little one, Edith Murray whom we have introduced to the reader, was left an orphan. But her kind and good old grandfather took her to his heart and home, and she was as dear to him as her mother had ever been in her own days of infancy.

Many trials had that young colony to endure, but all were borne as christians should bear trials. But now prosperity seemed dawning upon them, and they sighed not for the lovely shores of England. America was their home—the home of the free.

Ernest Bertram, partly for business, and partly for curiosity, resolved to visit America. His father who still cherished the memory of his friend, favored his son's design. He gave him a letter for his friend, and with many blessings bade him adieu for a time. The voyage was propitious. Ernest landed on America's shores, and in a few hours he found himself at the home of Mr. Hayden. He was received with all the kind feelings of a father. Mr. Hayden saw the resemblance he bore the friend of his early days, and he loved the boy for the father's sake.



## THE COMMUNION.

Original.

'This do in remembrance of me.' LUKE xxii. 19.

NEVER did words come home to the heart with more force, and have such a powerful effect upon the feelings and understanding as these had upon me, when assembled a few days since with my ministering brethren to partake of the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The occasion was one of deep and thrilling interest to us all. Seventy two of the public advocates of the gospel of the blessed God met in Portland, to greet each other with rejoiced hearts and friendly feelings, to dispense the words of life and salvation to the people, and to consult upon the best means to prosper the gospel in the earth. On such an occasion how proper to observe the rite recommended by him whose truth we are called to proclaim. And while we were assembled for this purpose, together with a vast concourse of people, the number of which we know not, the brother appointed to officiate, pronounced with emphasis and feeling, the words of our Savior, 'This do in remembrance of me.' And while we partook of these symbols in remembrance of him who bled and died for the benefit of an ungrateful world, my mind reverted back 1800 years to the time when the words at the head of this article were pronounced by the Savior of the world. I could not but contrast our condition with his. Our number of public advocates then present was six times the number then assembled. Our prospects are highly flattering, while that little band of believers could expect nothing but the severest trials as a reward for all their labors of love. They saw nought before them but a dreary prospect of suffering for the cause they loved; and they were sure that if they discharged faithfully the duties of their Master, they must contend against the ridicule of the ignorant multitude, against the sword of the soldier and the strong arm of the law—against the policy and craft of the priests and the cavils of the sceptic—against the scourge, the rack, the cross, the stake—that they must forsake friends, interest, home and country, if they would be the followers of Christ. How differently are we situated from them! I imagined that I saw Jesus collecting around him his little band of disciples to partake with them of the last Supper. What must have been his feelings, if his mind was like humanity? When he knew that his end was near, that he must soon leave that

little circle of which he had so oft been one, to the mercy of his bitter enemies—that those he loved and had so long listened to his gracious words, must soon be scattered as 'sheep having no shepherd'—that they would mourn his death, and would not be comforted—oh how poignant must have been such reflections. And how lovely did that Savior appear to me, when I reviewed his life, from the cradle to the cross, and especially in his last trial and condemnation. I followed him in imagination into the garden of Gethsemane, and heard his voice lifted up in accents of gratitude to his Father in heaven, asking for wisdom to sustain him in the crisis that awaited him, and strength to do the will of heaven—I saw him taken and led away like a lamb to the slaughter—I saw him before the Roman tribunal, surrounded with the great men of the age, with hearts burning with malignity against him, and hands ready to wield with an iron grasp the instruments of death or torture. I saw him when there was scarce an eye to pity, or heart to feel, or comforter to sympathize in his afflictions, when his apostles had fled, and all was gloomy and dreadful. I saw him as he meditated upon his past life, and thought over the toils and labor he had endured, the kindnesses he had performed, the instructions he had imparted, and knew that all these earthly labors were ended. I saw him when the future was unveiled to his view, when he heard the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon him—and saw the cross, the soldier's spear, the crown of thorns, the derision of the multitude, the wormwood and gall, and the ignominious death to which he was hastening; and in this most distressing scene, no murmur escaped from his lips—there was no complaint, but all was calmness, resignation and love. I saw him moving slow and solemn up the rugged brow of Calvary to shed his precious blood, and there to experience the last insult and pang from mortal man. I saw him lifted between heaven and earth, nailed to the cross, and heard his last breath pronouncing a solemn and fervent prayer for those persecuting enemies who had thus brought him to that cruel end—'Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do.' While these things vividly came before me, the question arose, why did Jesus thus suffer? why did he experience all this cruelty from his enemies? And the answer came, It was for you and for a world of sinners. While Jesus came before us in this light, many souls doubtless responded, yes, my Savior, this will I do in re-



membrance of thee. It was wisely and truly said by the brother who officiated on that occasion, that there is no rite, the observance of which is calculated to awaken such deep feelings and devotion in the soul as this, for which we had then come together.

The great object of this institution as well as all others of a similar nature, is designed to kindle up the flame of devotion in the mind, to give us greater zeal, increased activity, and to bring the Savior before us, that we may realize our obligations to him and to heaven for the gift of his gospel; and just so far as these rites have been observed for this purpose, just so far they have been the means of building us up in the faith of the gospel, and of those christian graces and feelings, which so wonderfully characterized the life of Jesus. I am therefore astonished that there should be any objection in any enlightened mind, to the observance of this ordinance, and such an indifference among many to these things.

S. P. L.

Andover, Mass.

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### THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

Original.

THE term religion is too much confounded with christianity, as though they were one and the same, while we all know there is and may be many religions, but there can be but one christianity; and there is also a violation of propriety in the use of the term *liberal* as qualifying christianity, as though christianity could be illiberal. We may speak of liberal views of christianity, because there are narrow and severe views taken of its doctrines, and because the moral sense or judgment is like the eye of the body liable to be contracted and restricted in its vision. But all qualifying terms applied to christianity itself, imply the existence of several kinds of christianity, whereas there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one hope of the christian calling—a perfect unity of spirit.

The religious sentiment is that by which we are religious beings. It is that faculty of the mind, which, when rightly directed, leads the soul to venerate the venerable, love the loveable, adore the adorable, and aspire after the Perfect; but which, when wrongly directed, leads to the most debasing rites and ceremonies, and clothing the most sensual, and even rocks and wood with a gross spirituality. It has its origin from ven-

eration—the noblest endowment of our nature—which causes us to ‘look from nature up to nature’s God,’ and recognize a vast range of truth beyond the visible. While veneration finds exercise and joy in paying homage to excellence that moves upon the earth, its true element and best happiness is in the presence of the divine—the heavenly. But in this lower world, it is a subject rather than a king, or a king in subjection, and must obey the dictation of the other faculties that control it; and while they are under the influences of superstition and idolatry, it will pay sacrifice to wood and stone; and according to the elevation of the ideas of the divine, rising from the degradation of ‘sensualism,’ it will pay reverence only to the spirit of goodness, till it comes to the perfection of worshipping in the vast cathedral of nature, the God of love—the universal spirit of wisdom, benignity and power, in hope of a better life and destiny for the adoring train of the mental powers and the affections.

Thus we see the need of the sanctification of the truth; for man cannot be sanctified aright but by truth, and without the sanctification of the truth the religious sentiment will be more or less the worshipper of the material and sensual, and the aspirations of the soul after the Perfect kept down, struggling like the caged eagle for the free air and sunshine, or like that noble bird, wearied by its strugglings into deep slumber. Made free and happy by the truth, it will bring all the elements of the inner world into order, and a kindred beauty mark the courses of the passions, desires, and affections, as is marked upon the courses of the stars, and the angels will rejoice. B.

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### MY UNCLE.

Original.

I COUNT it a great misfortune to have no uncle. I had an uncle once, but now I have none. An unmarried old uncle is almost universally a friend to his brother’s children. He remembers—and he heaves a deep sigh as he remembers—how once he had a meek, loving damsel at his elbow, how gently she chided him when he got into a towering passion about nothing, how gloriously she blushed when he praised her bonny blue eyes, and how gaily she laughed when he related his adventure at the mill. He remembers, too, that he then looked blithely forward to the time when he should be settled in life, and a flock of innocent ones should hail him by the name of father.



But now he is a solitary old man. No one who sincerely loves him will close his eyes when he is dead ; and his name must sink with him to the grave. If he thinks of her whose voice once made the blood leap more swiftly through his veins, it is as of one lost forever, and between him and whom the grave has raised a barrier that cannot be passed. Cut off from those natural endearments for which the heart of man always pines, he looks with a yearning soul toward those helpless ones whom he may not call his own, but who are more nearly connected with him than the great world. But while he takes them upon his knee, sings them an antiquated song, or fills their listening ears with tales of the last war, there is on his features the softened sadness of buried hope, the proof of man's troubled state while here below, the record of a tale untold, the inscription of unuttered sorrow, which speaks though silent, and which proves 'a chain that galls though it clank not.'

Such was my uncle Eugene—a man of tender heart, yet a bachelor ; a lover of children, yet childless ; and while largely qualified for domestic enjoyment, without a home. I remember him well, though years have passed by since I wept at his funeral, and turned pale as the heavy clouds rattled and thundered on his coffin. It was then that I lost a friend ; one who loved me not from mere selfish parental motives, but because he possessed a heart of the utmost simplicity, keenly susceptible of the claims of innocent childhood, and alive to all the best feelings of human nature. In time of trouble I flew to him, for he had always leisure to listen to a tale of woe, and my little mishaps were invariably mended by the gift of a piece of coin, a ride to the shore, or some other divertimento calculated to dissipate from the buoyant mind of youth the memory of misfortune. When afar from home at school, and my father too deeply immersed in business to gratify my wishes, how joyously did I leap from my seat, when I saw the face of my benevolent uncle thrust in at the door ! On reading one of my home-sick letters, he had given himself no rest, until he had finished the preparations for the journey, and here he was. He opened his luscious store of toys and dainties, and finally travelled about the neighboring country with me, as long as I desired, and left me with a promise soon to return. Alas ! that promise was not kept—it was the only one that he ever broke ; but on the very eve that he had packed up his trunk for the journey, he was called from this world of partings and griefs to a

brighter abode, while conferring happiness on all around him, he was himself a melancholy man ; yet he troubled not others with his complaints. The sorrow that poisoned his existence lay quietly entombed in his own heart, and never took form and feature for others' eyes.

It is long since the good man passed away, but never while life warms my heart, can I forget my uncle Eugene.

### TALENT, LEARNING AND CHARACTER IN THE MINISTRY.

Original.

ALL these are highly desirable accomplishments, and instruments wherewith to effect the high purposes at which he who serveth in the ministry should be aiming. Talent attracts auditors, rivets attention, and makes usually a deep impression. Learning produces admiration, and usually commands confidence and respect. Piety, purity, and general excellence of character, in those who minister in sacred things, give force and authority to the words of the speaker, such as neither talent nor learning can command. Combine the three—let character be the fulcrum, learning the lever, and talent the power, and the man of God may realize the problem of Archimedes, and move, to excellent purpose, the world to which his influence extends. Such a conjunction of qualifications should be the ambition of every youth desirous of devoting himself to the ministry. But the most indispensable of the whole and genuine worth of character—is that which should most be coveted. Any considerate youth may readily satisfy himself of its superior efficiency,<sup>1</sup> and, therefore, if he is honest in his purposes, and seeks not fame, but the promotion of his Master's moral dominion or reign, he will be induced to labor most strenuously for this, to

<sup>1</sup> Instances of the worthlessness of learning and talents disjoined from excellence of character are not infrequent. We are sorry that so many cases of the kind can be so readily referred to and especially that in our own denomination, and in recent times, we have had such notorious examples. We have had to lament in T—— and in F—— that considerable learning and fine abilities were rendered not only useless, but positively injurious, for the want of corresponding moral principle and worth of character. Let the expectants of the sacred office among us in future look to these two instances of inefficiency in the ministry, of infelicity to themselves, and of injury to our cause, and using them as beacons, be more careful to attain to real, genuine worth and steadiness of principle, without which no talents, no learning, will sustain them for any continuance.



him, the most potent of all auxiliaries. In another point of view it ought to attract most powerfully the ministerial aspirant's ambition. When he comes to pursue the discipline necessary for the attainment and firm establishment of real worth of character, he will discover it to be a harder task than the attainment of learning and scholarship. He needs, therefore, a more urgent stimulus to keep his energies untired in this career of self-discipline and upward progress.

Ladies, mothers, sisters or friends, of our preachers-to-be, ye can by thoughtful and wise words do much to stimulate and strengthen in this arduous preparation for usefulness.

DELTA.

### PERSEVERANCE.

Original.

SUNK in a valley between two steep mountains, was a little mud-walled building, containing but two small apartments ; which were lighted by four panes of glass, set in immoveable sashes. A few trees surrounded this solitary and incommensurable dwelling, so that a weary traveller might well desire to pause upon the rude bench before the door, and listen to the zephyrs which gently roared through the branches over his head, and occasionally shook down a green leaf, which fell wavering at his feet. Besides, there was a tidiness about the premises—the clean door yard, the line strung with snow-white robes, and the white sanded floor, gave token that woman—in the pride of purity and domestic skill—was on her throne. And the long grass waved about that poor building ; the butterfly spread his broad wings over the honeysuckle, and the notes of the merry bird went up from the sylvan solitude as if nature's choristers had combined to sweeten the poverty of the lone dwellers in the wilderness.

But when the voice of storms was heard—when winter had come down in his wrath, when the northern frost had begun his stern career, until the earth grew pale beneath his frown, then was the little hut between the two mountains no enviable retreat for people who had been accustomed to the enervating and demoralizing enjoyments of what is vulgarly called *civilized life*. The rude children of nature, who dwelt in our secluded hovel had learned practically that

‘Man wants but little here below.’

They had found that water drawn from the gush-

ing fountain at the root of an ancient tree, was sufficient for their noon-day thirst, and that a clean blanket spread upon a clean floor was a better couch than the downy bed of the metropolitan. Their flesh was firm, their eyes were bright, and they never complained of the vapors. Their children never saw apparitions in the dark wood, and the music of a ‘death watch’ but served to lull them to their serene and unbroken slumbers.

John Wood, the proprietor of this rustic spot, was a true philosopher. He never thirsted for wealth or for notoriety. He was content to dwell alone with his beloved Sarah and her little ones. The former was rich in the possession of his undeviating love and esteem, while for the latter he desired no greater gift than the boon of innocence. But John might not have rested satisfied with his condition, had he never known the world. Those can best endure poverty and seclusion, who have known, by experience, the worthlessness of wealth and renown.

On first going into the wilderness, both John and his Sarah felt that a change had befallen them; but if they missed some of the luxuries which they once thought indispensable, they also found others of a more spiritual and satisfying nature. Being happily removed several miles from any dwelling, they escaped the society of inquisitive and garulous peasants. The bold mountain peaks spoke of freedom—the large and lonely forests were filled with those unearthly sounds that seem to come from unseen spirits, or nymphs and naiads, as they career down the winds, invisible to human eye. To minds that had lately been oppressed with care and pained by the heartlessness and ingratitude of the world, this abode was a sovereign balsam. They could walk abroad without meeting the proud glance and scornful smile of one who had thought it an honor to receive their notice in other days. The little torrent leaped as joyously when they stood upon the sandy bank, as if a king surrounded by his courtiers was gazing upon its wreathing foam. The birds that surrounded their humble dwelling sang as sweetly as if a queen were languidly reposing under the branches. The sky was as beautiful, and the constellations sparkled as brightly as if the hosts of Xerxes were marshalled beneath their light.

They were very poor, and their little hovel was a rude residence—but they were free. Oh ! liberty ! free gift of God, which none can truly enjoy who frequent the haunts of men.



Yet Mr. Wood and his lady were not entirely happy. A young brood was growing up around them, and they desired to provide for their riper years, and, above all, to give them such an education as should render solitude endurable and should enable them to do their part if thrown into society. In order to obtain a little profit, they procured a sign, which they placed on a high post, announcing that refreshment for man and beast could be obtained at their hostel. To the poor traveller, their door was always open, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish, sufficed for a recompense; but occasionally a wealthy visitor arrived, and they supplied his wants as far as was in their power. Many a sojourner at their humble dwelling endeavored to persuade them to remove, holding out prospects of speedy wealth and sudden fortune, both in the south and the west: but they had learned to be content with their allotment, and believed that it was better to pursue one regular course, come weal or come woe, than to seek by change, advantages which generally prove like golden dreams, and vanish with the light of day. They therefore, continued to pursue their humble avocations, without envy and without uneasiness. In about three years, the face of things was considerably altered in that part of the country. An English capitalist had built a large factory within a mile of the spot where the hovel stood; and the influx of custom had enabled Mr. Wood to build a snug little tavern, and here he entertained hundreds of customers every week. His eldest child was sent abroad to an excellent school, and he made a purchase of a hundred acres of land—now rising in value every moment.

In five years from that time, we find roads and canals intersecting the country, and rising villages peeping over the hazel and hemlock in every direction. Whose flocks are those that whiten the brow of that romantic hill? Every child answers, they belong to Squire Wood. Whose fine garden is that? It belongs to Squire Wood. The same is said of the large mansion which overlooks a fine farm, under excellent cultivation.

Mr. Wood had become very wealthy, almost without a desire of the kind on his part. He had sought only contentment, and had found riches. He had only desired an education for his children, and before he died, he saw his sons eminent, and his daughters wedded to the magnates of the land.

This little history will remind the reader of Solomon, who asked of the Lord only wisdom,

and received uncounted wealth. Let it also remind us of the exhortation, to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added.

There are few persons who, by steady perseverance in their calling, united with patient contentment, may not realize all that they need while sojourning here. L. R.

### DEDICATION HYMN.

Original.

SPIRIT of love! whose presence fills  
The wide domain, earth, air and sky,—  
The source of every joy that thrills  
To glad the heart and light the eye,—  
Thou art our God! to thee we bend,  
Creator and eternal Friend.

Thy Spirit sanctifies our earth,  
And makes each spot a holy one,  
Where man may give those deep thoughts birth,  
That rise up to thy glorious throne,  
And ranging through the blest abode,  
Gain strength to tread the heavenly road.

Thou dwellest not in temples made  
With human hands and human skill,  
And not alone is homage paid  
Where choral song and anthem swell,—  
But where a grateful heart doth beat,  
The soul is near thy mercy seat.

Still, O our Father! still our heart  
By deep affection's holy powers,  
Doth to some spots a charm impart,  
Where we enjoy our happiest hours,  
And there we feel thy presence near,—  
Lord! make the holiest to be here!

Here may we feel thy love can not  
The shadow of a change e'er know,  
That by our souls be ne'er forgot  
How blessings will eternal flow;  
And as thy mercies we count o'er,  
Our hearts be taught to love thee more.

Here may we pray with fervent heart,  
Sing with affections tuned by love,—  
Heed what thy servants may impart  
To make us harmless as the dove—  
Devoted to the cause of right,  
And ready for death's nearing night.

May mourning hearts here comfort find,  
The ignorant be taught of thee,—  
Sight given to the mental blind,  
And slaves to sin from bonds set free;  
Then angels shall rejoice that we  
Built this our house, and gave to thee. B.

### REFLECTION.

Original.

Nor when the sun is bright and strong; not when  
busy feet are moving around us; and the rosy  
wreath of pleasure is encircling our brows; not



when the cares of the world torture our spirits, and the excitement of business carries our hearts abroad : it is not then that we pause and think of the consummation of all things, in so far as we are personally concerned. The flesh takes its ease, and we rejoice in mere sensual enjoyments : it is not then that we shall be lifted up in heart and soul, for when the senses are pleased, we are more earthly than when they are mortified. It is only when our affections are loosed from earth, that they soar to heaven, and hence we may say, 'It is good for us that we have been afflicted.' Those know but little of the economy of Providence, who think pain and sickness an evil. Sickness generally precedes death, and it is a purifier of the heart. 'By the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better :' and seldom, indeed, do we see a voluptuary who possesses those high qualities which proclaim the immortality of man. Sloth and luxury are fatal to the ethereal part of our nature : and he who pampers the body becomes gross in sentiment and feeling. Why should it not be so ? Do we believe that man has an immortal part ? Certainly then this corruptible must be very inferior ; and when we delight in pampering that, we choose the degrading indulgences which are proper to the bestial race. We cannot serve both God and mammon.

We do not think of our latter end when the giddy whirl of pleasure allures us ; nor when our hearts are glad in the hour of worldly prosperity. Now I do not imagine that we are called upon to think of our latter end, in order that we may become gloomy and nervous ; but that when we do think of it, and when we think upon the shortness of life—of how brief our stay is upon this earth, we shall hardly act as if we had an eternity before us, in which we could gratify the earthly desires and appetites as we thought proper ; and as if that was the end and aim of our existence. Let no man deceive himself, there is no happiness but in well doing ; and the least of our good deeds will, in no wise, lose its reward.

It is as beneficial as it is pleasant to the better nature of man, to retire alone at eventide, and think of those who have gone before him, and of that better world to which we are hastening ; to cast off all thought of human affairs, to divest his mind of every tie which links it with the dust, and to number our days, which must soon cease. If we find these reflections generally painful, we may be assured that all is not right. Either we

have not full faith in the promised blessings of another life, or we are too closely linked to this state of existence. Some may find it a hard thing to separate their affections from the pleasures of this life. If they truly believe that this world is their only home, then let them yield to its seductions, but if they have a better part, why not let it engross our principal attention ?

The mind that is not habituated to serious thought, falls an easy prey to temptation ; and those who have lost the curb to their passions and desires, are left at the mercy of circumstances. Should it so happen that nothing intervenes to prevent it, they may go through life without being guilty of any great crime. But no man knows in what situations he may be placed. Thus many men who, to all appearance, were orderly and well-meaning persons, have, on the event of a revolution or some other change in their social relations, become bloody monsters. Without some steady principle, we may not know to what excesses we shall one day be driven. The ship lying in the harbor without an anchor may escape damage, when the winds and waves are at rest ; but when the storm arises, she will be dashed on the rocks. Impulse may sometimes prompt to good actions, but is a traitorous guide.

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### SELF-COMPLACENCY.

Original.

'WELL, I am sure I can forgive all my enemies,' said Anna Marriot, in a light, careless manner, which evinced the little interest which she took in the important language that she had uttered. She sat with several other young maidens near an open window which looked out upon a beautiful flower garden, where the bee and the butterfly roamed as free and happy as the light-hearted girl of my story, and the gay flowers rivalled the rich tints of her apparel. She made answer to something which was dropped by one present, by declaring that she could forgive all her enemies. What a declaration ! Did she reflect on the deep meaning of those words ? Did she realize the fact that she had made profession of the very highest christian attainment ; and that she had claimed for herself, all the perfection to which a disciple of Christ may attain while on earth ? I think not. *Her* enemies ! The tone of her voice seemed to imply that she had enemies. Why should Anna have enemies ? It is true that good women as well as good men may make enemies



among the wicked, when they feel themselves called upon to denounce vice and error. But Anna had never been placed in such circumstances. Why, then, should she have enemies? Did not the very fact of her having them, show that she was not qualified to forgive them?

'Who are your enemies?' said a little maiden, looking up innocently in her face.

'One of them is old aunt Rhoda,' cried Anna, alluding to an elderly lady in the neighborhood, who was familiarly called 'aunt.'

'I'm sure she is nobody's enemy,' exclaimed the little girl. 'What makes you think so?'

'She knit me a pair of stockings last winter,' said Anna, 'and when she brought them home, I kept her standing in the entry about an hour, until I could fix my head-dress, for I was going to a party that evening. The weather was cold, and she almost froze her feet. I have heard of her mentioning the circumstance since.'

'Then you think,' replied one of the ladies, 'that after keeping the poor old woman an hour in the entry, in the dead of winter, until she had almost frozen her feet, you can find it in your heart to forgive her? Truly you must be a paragon of gentleness—so mild and forgiving!'

'But not so long-suffering as the old lady,' said another, archly.

'Well!' cried she briskly, 'I can only say as I said before, that I can forgive all *my* enemies.'

'Have you any other enemies?' some person inquired.

'Oh yes,' said Anna—'There is Mary Passmore; I borrowed her new bonnet one evening to go a visiting, as I thought it became me so well. We got quite rude at the party, and as I had not laid away the bonnet, it was knocked upon the floor, and Susan Bright trod on it. It spoilt its looks, and so when I carried it home, Mary was pettish about it, and I was as independent about it as she was, and we have never spoken since.'

'You forgive her too—most gentle creature!' cried one of the listeners. 'Perhaps you can forgive the bonnet for being spoiled also.'

'Have you any more enemies?' questioned another.

'I only think of two more,' said Anna—'One of them is one of the maids that I scolded for neglecting her duty; and the other is Mr. Redmond, the portrait painter.'

'What, a gentleman!' exclaimed the girls—'I hope you do not quarrel with the gentlemen!'

'No, it was no quarrel,' said Anna. 'He used to have a room in Mrs. Pinkham's house. I was there one day on a visit, and Jane and I went into his room, for he was gone to the election. There was a large picture of 'squire Andrew's wife, on the table, and I took it up. Jane got it away from me, and then I snatched it from her, and tore it right in two, and the paint was rubbed pretty bad at the same time. When Mr. Redmond came home, he inquired about his picture, and Jane told him all about it; but she said it was only an accident, and that ought to have satisfied him. But he went off grumbling, and afterwards told Jane, that it was ten dollars damage to him. How mean it was in him to tell about the worth of the picture, and to show that he was put out with a female!'

'I suppose you can forgive him, however.'

'Oh yes,' replied Anna—'I can overlook it.'

'Wonderful condescension!' returned the last speaker. 'According to your own account, you have four enemies. But I trust that they do not stand in that relation to you. They would be quite excusable for supposing you inimical to them; and all the forgiveness must be on their part. You have made an old woman stand an hour in the cold entry, to gratify your own wantonness; you have spoiled your friend's bonnet; you have scolded a maid whom you had no right to oppress; and you have robbed a laborious painter of ten dollars. All these persons you are ready to forgive! Now before you can be generous, you must be just. I would advise you to go to the old lady, and present her with a new cloak; to offer remuneration to Miss Passmore for the destruction of her bonnet; to ask pardon of the maid whom you abused; and send ten dollars through the post-office, in an anonymous letter, to the portrait painter. Even then, you will have forgiven nobody; but simply have performed an act of justice. On the other hand if Aunt Rhoda, Miss P., the maid, and Mr. Redmond will forgive the injuries you have done them, they will have evinced a truly christian spirit. But I do not see how *you* can forgive *yourself*.'

This little history of forgiveness is an extreme case of the kind; but there are many who deceive themselves in regard to their own disposition. Some imagine that they are placable, because they do not punish their enemies with open violence. Others take it for granted that their enemies are to blame, and exclusively so; while



the depraved part of mankind, become enemies to those whom they have injured.

The forgiveness of enemies does not consist in abstaining from punishing them with blows or at the law. There are many ways in which we may injure those to whom we are unfriendly. To forgive all injuries and sincerely pray for those who spitefully use us, is to become a complete christian. We cannot attain to this by simply being convinced that such is the doctrine of Christ.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 221.]

Chap. vii. 1. *Judge not, &c.* The Savior directed attention to dispositions rather than to literal precepts, and we are to seek for the spirit of his instructions, and not content with the letter. By this rule, it is very evident that the sin of *sensoriousness* is adverted to in verses 1-5, and that the Savior's object therein is to guard against that ill temper and want of charitable judgment which leads to rashness and an eagerness to discern and proclaim the faults of others. That he did not literally forbid our forming judgment of characters at all, is plain from verses 15. 16. and all the cautions to use discriminately religious influence.

2. *Measure.* He that is sensorious in his opinions of others must expect to be judged severely himself, for he that is very free to proclaim and condemn faults in others must necessarily draw attention to his own imperfections. 'Measure for measure,' is a common proverb of wide application, and our use of it is a good comment on the text.

3. *Mote—beam.* *Splinter,* is deemed by many a better translation of the word render *mote*, and one reason given is that splinter bears some analogy to beam, which mote does not. The phrase is proverbial, denoting that a man should first see whether there is not attached to his own character a greater fault than he is about to condemn in another. To study our own defects is a good method to make us less sensorious towards others.

4. *How wilt thou say, &c.* A man who does not consider his own faults, or defects, is ill fitted to censure the imperfections of others. With what kind of a grace can such an one do thus?

5. *Hypocrite.* Such an one is a hypocrite because he pretends to be hurt by the faults of others, when he has greater ones in his own character to correct, and labors not for their correction.

6. *Give not that which is holy unto dogs, &c.* The sentiment of this verse is, that we should exercise judiciousness in exerting a religious influence. There is indeed no time or circumstances that can forbid a man exerting the religious influence of a holy conversation and demeanor, but there are times and circumstances that forbid a person's assuming the character of a religious teacher direct—when he will but cast pearls before swine. *Dogs and swine* were among the unclean animals of the Mosaic law, but were descriptive, as here used, of different classes of men the apostles would meet with, to whom it

would be vain, under certain circumstances, to preach. Our Savior gave many examples of this judicious conduct; he never forced his teachings on any, and was discriminating in his choice of time and places. Many passages of scripture might be cited to set forth the metaphorical use of the term dog—See 1 Saml. xvii. 43, xxiv. 14. 2 Saml. xvi. 9. Phil. iii. 2. There are many sentiments in the book of Proverbs corresponding with the text.

7. 8. *Ask—seek—knock, &c.* These are different forms of expressing the same idea, and the idea is that earnest desire, application, and perseverance, are needed to gain spiritual good. 'Ask with confidence and humility; seek with care and application; and knock with earnestness and perseverance.'

9. 10. *What man of you if his son ask bread will give him a stone? &c.* The Savior here makes a direct appeal to the fatherly feelings of the parents before him, and argues from the promptings and effects of human love towards children what may be expected from the infinite love of our heavenly Father. How strong are his expressions—bread and stone—fish and serpent, and as Luke xi. 12, egg and scorpion.

11. *If ye then, being evil—*here the imperfection of man is contrasted with the perfection of God to strengthen the comparison—*know how to give good gifts, how much more shall your Father give good things to them that ask him?* In Luke the form of expression of this latter clause is different—'*how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy spirit.*' The difference in the two records does but exhibit the clearer the idea of the Savior's teachings, that spiritual blessings are chiefly to be sought, and are the good things that God giveth—the best gifts of his parental love.

12. *Therefore—*i. e. because of this practice of the law of love by our heavenly Father—*whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,* i. e. act every where and always according to the generous rule of love, as you would wish to be treated. This is, it has been well remarked, 'a general precept, to be explained and controlled by such restrictions as common sense must show to be proper. It does not mean that our wishes however wrong or unreasonable should be our guide in the treatment of others, but that whatever we might justly adopt for the measure of our own desires we should make the rule of our conduct towards them. The precept, subject to such qualification, is of universal force.' Luke vi. 31.

*The law and prophets,* i. e. the sum and substance of the ancient moral teachings, as we otherwise read—'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' Rom. xiii. 10. Gal. v. 14. 1 Tim. i. 5.

13. 14. *Enter ye in at the strait gate, &c.* Some have preferred to render this thus—'Enter ye in at this strait gate,' believing that the precept was connected with the rule of duty just laid down. A. Clarke says—'this alone seems to be the *strait gate* which our Lord alluded to.' Every one can see the great force in the use of these figures when they are understood as referring to obedience and disobedience to the perfect law of love. To obey the divine will as therein revealed is no easy task and few there be who perform it, while multitudes pursue the way of desire and self will. The lesson of the text is—that if we would enjoy true spiritual life we must obey the divine will and deal according to the law of right and love.

15. *Beware of false prophets.* The general mean-



ing of *prophet* is a person inspired as a teacher, not always implying that his teachings are prophetic. One of the most common uses of this term in the New Testament is to denote those among the primitive Christians who gave expositions of the doctrine of Christ, or exhorted and comforted the believers, teaching under extraordinary divine impulses and illumination of mind. Rom. xxii. 6. 1 Cor. 14. The Savior therefore in the text warned against false religious teachers, and this seems natural in this connection, as the religious teachers of the age inculcated doctrines and morals averse from a hearty obedience to the duty of obeying the law of right and love.

*Come in sheep's clothing, but are inwardly ravening wolves*; i. e. who affect an innocency of manner while the true impulse is rank selfishness. In no stronger terms could the religious hypocrite be described. The apostles used the same to denote the false teachers who arose in the church—Acts xx. 29. To such our Lord referred in the text, and proceeds to describe them.

16—18. *By their fruits ye shall know them.* Examine them carefully and you will find their actions will belie their pretensions—selfishness will look out from its mask at times and be betrayed. 'A man's works are the tongue of his heart, and tell honestly whether he is inwardly corrupt or pure.' Luke vi. 43—45.

18. *Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.* This very evidently refers to the false teachers of whom he had been speaking, as in the next verse he repeats the sentiment—*By their fruits ye shall know them.* In this connection therefore, the text means, that the hypocritical teacher shall at length be discovered, and rejected, and punished.

21. *Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven.* That the kingdom of heaven, here used signified the gospel kingdom, need not be proved—it is obviously so; *to enter* was to enjoy the privileges of true disciples; this therefore, could not be attained by those who were merely full of professions—mere outward disciples. There was needed a heartfelt principle to enable any one to be faithful to the Prince of truth, and be a devoted subject, and such as had not this principle would be sooner or later, with the unbelieving and scornful.

22. *Many will say to me in that day, &c.* What day? The day or time when the true character would be tested and the rejection made. There is no necessity of applying this declaration to a time of universal judgment in a future state; nor can there be any propriety in so doing, as there was a day of remarkable judgment then future, now past, when a distinction was made between the faithful and unfaithful. Jesus often referred to this. In the apostolic times *the day* was at hand.

23. *I never knew you.* I never knew you as my disciples—as of the faithful and true. *Depart from me ye that work iniquity.* Here is the distinction made. While the false ones professed to be his disciples and to exercise remarkable powers, they worked iniquity, and thus proved that they were 'none of his'—not his true disciples. The whole of this clause—21—23—is a dramatic picture to give greater force to the instructions; and the language put into the mouths of the more nominal professors can only be applied to those who lived during the age of miraculous gifts that preceded the destruction

of Jerusalem, and limits *that day*, or time, to that event;—'Have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?' This is not language of universal application to false professors.

24—27. These verses embrace an admirable comparison well suited to be the conclusion of the discourse so full of practical truth. 'To perceive the beauty of the illustration we must remember the soil and climate of Judea. Much of the land was hilly and rocky, covered with a slight coat of earth, which was liable to be washed off by the torrents that swollen by the periodical rains rushed down the hills with destructive violence. The rains of Palestine, recurring at regular intervals, continued for several days. Storms of wind often preceded them.' He that *doeth* the will of God always rests on a solid foundation of security.

28. *The people were astonished at his doctrine.* And well they might be—for how far removed was it from the low conceptions of the divine character, human duty, relationship and happiness, that were countenanced in that age.

29. *He taught them as one having authority and not as did the scribes.* How much is here embodied that is descriptive of our Lord's manner of preaching. The people saw in his manner that he had a thorough consciousness of the divinity of what he taught, and a majesty of utterance that contrasted strangely with the evasive style of the religious teachers of the age. A good impression cannot fail to be made upon the mind by considering the marks of divine authority in the language of Jesus throughout the sermon on the mount, and to contrast the speaker with the circumstances of his state, will show how little he thought of being a poor man of Nazareth amid the people of a proud nation. There was no flattering of the great, caressing of the wealthy, or palliation of the vices of the powerful, neither was there any presumption, or arrogance in his manner; but in every part, and in the whole, the true teacher from God is seen. See a striking instance of our Lord's authoritative manner in his invective against the Pharisees—Matt. xxiii.

## WALKS IN THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Original.

THESE days are the last smiles of the dying year. Let us abroad on the golden slopes of the hills. What joy there is in the very air we breathe! Oh it is a blessed thing to be young and free—to have a heart to feel the omnipresent beauty of the universe, an intellect to perceive the spirit that is abroad on the sunbeams and in the breeze, in the flow of the rivulet and the soft waving of the golden leaf! See the little bird shivering its snow-tipped wing in the warm sunshine! What is life to him but gladness? His tiny heart is so pure—his gentle thoughts—I am sure he has thoughts—are so free from doubt or guile—his wants are so simple and his wings so light! Dear bird, I would be like thee, *only*, with my loves instead of thine.

Hark! there is a chattering at the foot of that



old chestnut. See the little 'chip-munk' with cheeks stuffed out with luxuries. The happy fellow ! how his brown eyes are shining beneath the sleek hair. But he is a little petulant at times—he scolds me for looking at him. Well, it is thy nature, thou child of the woodlands, and I will be gentle to thine infirmities, for I, too, need human indulgence. Carry some little store to thy nest, for the long, cold winter is at hand, and thy tender mate will ask thee for food. Even from thee, thou dumb teacher, we can learn the beauty of the social affections.

I hear music—the last and sweetest songs of the departing birds. The faded grove is thrilling with their happy voices.

'This, this is holy ;—while I hear  
The vespers of another year,  
This hymn of thanks and praise,  
My spirit seems to mount above  
The anxieties of human love,  
And earth's precarious days.

But list !—though winter storms be nigh,  
Unchecked is that soft harmony ;  
There lives who can provide  
For all his creatures ; and in Him,  
Even like the radiant seraphim,  
These choristers confide.'

Oh what a lesson of meek and grateful trust is taught by these gentle melodies. My heart grows light and sunny. The sorrow of its love for one radiant young friend, asleep now in the bosom of the frosted earth, is changed to a cheerful hope of reunion in a land of beauty and fadeless joy. She has passed away with the sunny hours that she loved ; the glad sunbeams, so like her joyous spirit, they follow her to her resting-place. But they fade not forever ; neither does she.

How sweet at every season of our lives is the memory that we have been loved by the beautiful-hearted and the high-minded of earth. Death has no power over such memories. It may take from us the dear dispensers of that love, but oh ! the incense remains, burning forevermore.

'Still, still be my heart with these memories filled,  
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled ;  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

Why may I not pay tribute here to the memory of one who hath been to me a gentle and affectionate comforter in more than one hour of sadness ; who hath fed the urn of hope in my heart with some of the sweetest waters ever drawn from the fountain of eternal life ? Ah, many can say this of thee, LUCY ANN TOMPKINS ! Never did earthly form enshrine a more sympa-

thetic heart ! So ready to weep with the sorrowing—so impatient to be gay with the gay ! I have no eulogium to bestow—nought but the simple outpouring of an honest love. One little year ago, and thou wert a bride at the altar, fond and full of hope. A garland of life's brightest roses was upon thy brow, the sweet fragrance of whose breath and the glory of whose smile passed undimmed and undecayed even down to thine early tomb. One year of wedded happiness was thine, whose sum may not be equalled by many lustres in the lives of those less blest than thou in all that centres and multiplies the sunbeams of earthly enjoyment. Health blessed thee, love caressed thee, fortune was thy smiling friend. Thou wert one of those whom Wordsworth so beautifully describes in his 'Ode to Duty ;'

'There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot  
Who do thy work and know it not !'

And faithfully didst thou 'live in the spirit of this creed.' Love and joy led thee in a heavenward path, and if, in their security, thou didst loiter through some sunny hours to sport with its cluster-roses, it was but to carry their perfume upon thy drapery without one soil or stain to mar its delicate purity.

Thou wouldst have been happy with me here, thou dear departed, on this warm and sunbright hill-side, for thou wert a hearty worshipper in nature's temples. Thine was a bright and glowing intellect ;—no cold sparkle of wit, but a vivacity and warmth of soul that seemed at times the very light of genius. Well do I remember one summer eve we spent together so pleasantly in improvising rhymes. Thou wert Thalia—a fitting character for one of thy joyous temperament ; I, the sad-voiced and despondent Melpomene. The couplets flowed from thy lips so readily and gracefully that half did I forget my own part in admiration of thy gifts. The sentiments, too, were all thine own—the hope and the gladness of life. But with all thy brightness and beauty mantled about thee, thou hast gone from us, and art in peace. Peace be unto those thou hast left to weep for thee. I knew not till now, how truly I loved thee !

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, here we are at the foot of the hill at last. Is not this a sweet little glen ? Oh this glad sense of being ! To have something within us that feels



beauty, is to be richer than Cræsus of old—is to be happier than kings and potentates. Let us sit upon this bank of moss. How green it is amid the sere leaves and yellow grass! There are no flowers around us now, but come here in the springtime and thou shalt find myriads. The anemone grows here, a little flower of delicate hues, purple and white. Do you know its history? Adonis—Ah! you smile at that name, and are prepared for a romantic tale—well, Adonis you know was educated by the wood-nymphs, and grew up remarkably beautiful—so very beautiful that Venus loved him with an excessive fondness, and used always to accompany him in the chase to point out the dangers to which he was exposed. But he was a wilful boy, spoiled by indulgence I suppose, and would not always heed her cautions. So one day he pursued some wild-boars and was mortally wounded—Venus flew to his assistance, and in doing so, bruised her heel, and the blood flowed upon a rose and changed its hue, which was formerly white, to a beautiful crimson. When she reached her young favorite she found him lifeless; and so to alleviate her grief and preserve his memory, she changed him to an anemone.

How 'matter-full' would Wordsworth or Bryant, or Mary Howitt find this shrubby glen. I wonder that Charles Lamb, dear lover of nature as he was when he found it in the human race, should have loved so little the trees, and flowers, and running brooks. One may look in vain for an allusion in all his works, to any thing of the kind. Yet Lamb, 'the frolic and the gentle,' thou wert a running brook thyself, alive with the music of all social sympathies and hearty humors; a flower of all gay hues; a tree full of the fruit of life and love.

Here is a 'little stream,' such as the Quaker poetess loves, which keeps 'the miller and his son' at work from morn till night. And they lay by their gains day by day, and grow rich. Rich! Oh! what is it makes the riches of a world like this? Thou dear little stream, for me there is no wealth in the broad universe like what thou art this moment pouring into my soul—this delicious consciousness of the divine spirit in all things; this luxury of fresh thought and feeling; this wakeful memory of the true and gentle-hearted beings of my love. I bless the murmuring voice that gives me in one simple tone, a store of wealth so satisfying. I would not exchange it for all yon stately mansions, and broad, rich

fields, that make so many hearts throb high with silly pride. I would rather have this one small thrill of mental ecstasy, excited by the mere flutter of that dry brown leaf, as the soft autumn air creeps beneath its wing, than all the haughty pomp of the Cardinal of Rome, and of all his bishops and priests down to the humblest father-confessor that struts in his surplice, and sprinkles holy water to confound the works of Diabolos.

The low breathing nightwinds are springing up along the waves; the soft golden haze of the atmosphere is fading away to a twilight purple; the full moon is coming up large and yellow; we must hie to the warmer fireside. Oh thou dying year! may heaven grant that my last smiles may be as bright and glorious as thine—my last sighs as pure and peaceful!

S. C. E.

### THE BRIDAL.

Original.

I SAW her standing as a bride all beautiful as light,  
And on her brow she wore a crown of emblematic  
white;

And as I gazed upon her face, so radiantly fair,  
I saw no blending in her thoughts of dark and anxious  
care;

And yet there was a serious look that seemed to say  
how well

She deemed it was no lightsome thing to meet the  
marriage spell,

To yield her heart in trustfulness and leave the home  
of youth;

To give her being to *that one*, confiding in his truth.

O 'tis indeed a solemn hour when woman gives away  
Her hopes and happiness to one, to bend beneath his  
sway,

And deems the servitude will be love's freedom and  
its bliss,

That woman cannot ask aught more, but be content  
with this.

How much, O man, she trusts to thee! the all of life  
and joy,

A treasure when compared with which, wealth is an  
idle toy;

The deep affections of a heart unstained by dark deceit,  
Are riches of enduring kind, immeasurably great!

And thus I thought when there she stood, the plighting  
hand bestowed,

For well I knew how in her heart the pure affections  
glowed;

And to our blessed Father's throne up went the fervent  
prayer,

That they might ever feel that vow, and bless the  
wedded pair.

O marriage is a holy thing! how oft it is profaned!  
Involved by passions over which true love has never  
signed;—

'Tis but a solemn mockery when but an outer rite,  
When heart to heart, and soul to soul, the bond doth  
not unite.

B.



## FUTURE EXISTENCE.

Original.

WHEN we take a view of nations which have passed away ; when we reflect upon the characters, the deeds, the hopes and fears of men who have been highly distinguished upon earth, and whose names stand out conspicuously on the page of history ; and when we turn our eyes toward the land which they once occupied ; when we see the splendid but mouldering ruins of palace and castle, citadel and fortress, column and pyramid, which they reared, or in whose halls they feasted and declaimed ; we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether these things were ever really so. We look about us, and see nothing of those high-souled beings—the patriot-martyr, the sage, the mailed warrior, and the gladiator scornful even in death. We read of the high deeds of Brutus, the achievements of Cæsar, and the eloquence of Demosthenes ; and all these things appear immortal, until we reflect that a few short years sufficed for them all. The patriot arm of Brutus, which smote the foremost man of all this world, the lofty brow of Cæsar, and the eloquent tongue of Demosthenes, have long since ceased to be realities. All, all are mingled with the soil of the earth, and their dust is undistinguishable from that of the carrion crow who feasted upon Roman carcases. Nations piled upon nations, have gone down to the dust. Splendid talents, glorious imaginings, godlike wisdom, have all passed away, and shall be known on earth no more. One general slumber pervades the whole—one common grave now receives the great, the gifted, the noble of this world. We read of them, but we cannot see them. Time hurries us forward, and we shall soon be with them.

Yet we speak of those that are gone, of the present and its glories, of our hopes and our anticipations, as if we thought we were exempt from a like fate, as if we supposed that our final destiny would differ from that of others ; and that we lived in an age of the world which would last forever. But very soon we shall be as the ancients. The youngest of us will soon measure out the span of human existence. Soon we, too, shall lie down in the grave, and ages will roll over our tombs, and our names will be remembered no more. Many who are now looked upon as landmarks, as high authority, and objects of veneration, will have ceased to engage the attention of mankind : the affairs in which we are now interested, and which we deem of so much importance

to the human family, will have been laid by, and other things will have usurped their place. If we could live in a future age, we should become persuaded that we had thought too highly of ourselves, of our cotemporaries, and of the matters in which we are engaged.

But above all, we should despise ourselves for the trouble we had taken, for the anxiety which we had felt in regard to trifling and perishable subjects—to the destruction of our own ease and comfort—when themes of real importance, and which are imperishable in their nature, had been neglected.

‘Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away,’ was the declaration of Jesus Christ. We have seen that human glory will pass away. The wing of time has swept their deeds, their plans, and their systems to oblivion. Their influence, their power, their boastings, their hopes and their fears, are gone, like a swarm of summer insects which, for a while, sailed in the sunbeams, and were swept by a zephyr into the pool together—perishing unnoted and unheeded. Where are those great men in whom the world once gloried, and who trod upon the earth like gods from Olympus—whose eyes were exalted, and whose heads aspired to touch the clouds ? Alas ! for human pride ! They came to the ground as suddenly as the Helot slaves whom they spurned in their arrogance. They are more powerless than the smallest insect that is hailing the re-appearance of spring ; and the owl and the bat flit over the spot where their tombs once stood.

Shall it be answered that Jesus Christ is dead as well as they ? Not so, saith the christian—‘I know that my Redeemer liveth !’ The words of Jesus have not passed away—for ‘they are spirit and they are life.’ And they will remain when the earth shall have reeled from its axis, and the sun shall have been finally eclipsed. The christian says that he *knows* his Redeemer liveth. We must understand that this knowledge is something different from mere belief. We may believe from sufficient evidence—but we cannot declare that we *know*, unless we already see or feel the fact. I conceive that the christian here speaks in consonance with the text, ‘No man can *say* that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Holy Ghost.’ It is only by the teachings of the Spirit of Truth that we become experimentally acquainted with Jesus Christ, and that we are enabled to decide whether his doctrines be of men or of him that sent him.



When, therefore, we are filled with sadness at contemplating the ruin which time has wrought ; when we can no more hear the wisdom of the ancient sages, or witness the heroism of the great men of yore ; when we are filled with gloom at thought of the brevity of human existence, and the short-lived nature of those things which are dearly prized on earth, we are rescued from despair by a knowledge that our Redeemer liveth. While we know that he lives, we live also, and feel the assurance that we shall never die. What if this earthly tabernacle is dissolved ? What if the fashion of this world passes away ? We have a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens. 'To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life eternal.'

### HOPE AND DESPAIR.

SCENE: A MOURNER'S HEART.

Original.

'Oh this glad sunshine—this beautiful earth ! The slope of the brown hill-side wears a brightness for the heart, and every faded leaf that rustles on the oak-trees of the forest, is wrapt, like the christian's dead, in a glory from the skies ! Beautiful, beautiful earth !'

'It wears no beauty for me—all is faded, all gone. Every tone comes to me from the shadowy land afar off—every ray of light from the eyes of the ghastly dead. I hear no music, I see no sunbeams. I am wrapt about with the gloom of an everlasting desolation, and the torchlight of memory that burns within, shows me but the mouldering ruins of a once beautiful love. Oh death ! why lay thy mantle on the verdant leaves and the smiling flowers, yet leave me, a naked wretch, to the chill of a life-long winter night ?'

'Spring shall come back to thee with her sunbeams and her roses, and thy heart shall be queen again as in former days.'

'Never, oh never ! There is a voice crying from my innermost soul, Never, never ! Day mocks me with ten thousand voices—night brings me desolation for a couch. The sound of a human step is harrowing—even my mother's voice hath lost its music. They talk to me of resignation ! Let them ask the ship to rest, when abroad on the bosom of a stormy sea ! Let them ask the aspen to be still while the rush of the tempest is about it ! When *they* obey, then will I.'

'But *she* is at peace—will not that thought comfort thee ?'

'Oh like the blessed ray of the polar star to the benighted and the lost, through the thick gloom of my soul steals that one hallowed thought ! *She is at peace.* But for me there is no peace—I am alone, all alone in a crowded world ! Earth has no sympathies for a grief like mine.'

'And hast thou no sympathies for the griefs of the world ? Art thou *alone* bereaved ? Is there no hovel of crime and poverty where some poor wretch is writhing in the pangs of remorse and disease, and canst thou not bear thither the balm of consolation, of faith, of hope ? Is there no orphan crying for bread—no *widowed one* yearning for the water of life—*nothing* for thee to comfort and bless in all this sorrowing world ? Oh, mourner, think not thyself the only one forlorn—and make thyself happy through thy remaining years, by doing good to the evil and the broken hearted. 'Great peace have they who keep thy law, oh God, and *nothing* shall offend them.' Be this peace thine, thou sad one, and remember the promise of the gentle Savior. 'Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

'I *am* comforted—alas, my Savior, that I should have thus forgotten *THEE* ! Let me hide my head in thy bosom and weep ;

'In the still shadow of thy lonely sway,  
Fold me still closer,'

'Jesus, thou Son of God !'

S. C. E.

### THE COURT BELL.

Original.

MUSIC is on the air—

The changing music of the morning bell,  
Calling to solemn prayer,  
And sounding fearfully, a fearful knell.

Oh not on bended knee,  
With peace wrapt mantle-like about the heart,  
Shall those deep pleadings be—  
Peace bears no longer there her sweet-toned part.

The mother's haunting love,  
That walketh, sleepless, thro' her midnight breast,  
Sendeth a cry above,  
To win some charm to lull itself to rest.

She prayeth for her child—  
Oh have ye heard a true, fond mother pray,  
When one on whom she smiled  
Thro' infant years, turns from all love away?

To the low bar of crime  
Calleth that bell her guilty idol forth—  
And in its sullen chime  
She hears the knell of all the joys of earth.

How fearfully to him  
The unwelcome warning through his prison calls !  
A sound all hoarse and dim,  
Grating like iron through his stony walls.



Mother and son at prayer !  
 One with the yearning spirit of tried love,  
 The other in despair  
 Pleading for mercy from the Judge above !

Oh He will hear and grant !  
 Kneel long and hopefully, ye sad of heart !  
 For ne'er to child of want  
 Does He, still wanting, bid that child depart..

EVELEEN.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE STAGE AT W. S. ACADEMY.

Original.

Cowper says :

*'A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,  
 The language plain, and incidents well linked ;  
 Tell not as new what every body knows,  
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;  
 Then, centring in a focus round and neat,  
 Let all your rays of information meet.  
 What neither yields them profit or delight  
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night ;  
 Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore  
 Or giant killing Jack would please me now.'*

Now as I am quite old, and as old persons are universally accused of telling 'as new what every body knows,' of seizing auditors by the button hole or collar, when they would be auditors no longer, I shall bear in mind this caution of Cowper's, and 'new or old still hasten to a close.'

I have always been a thinker, a critic of sciences, characters and opinions ; and should probably have died a mere thinker, but for an incident of recent occurrence, trifling enough in itself, but of infinite value to me, for it brought the soothing, flattering conviction that there was one in the wide world, who could speak of, and not anathematize me.

A gentleman and several ladies came to my apartment, for what purpose I am unable to say. I at first paid them no attention, supposing they had come only to trample on me, and my thoughts were somewhat abstracted in my endeavors to decide between the nicely balanced merits of our two large apartments for a *studio*. At length my visitors began discussing the same subject, and, to my great annoyance, gave my room the preference ; not because I was its occupant, but for certain eligibilities pertaining thereto.

The countenance of one of the ladies arrested my attention, from its familiarity, and the manifest interest and feeling with which she was regarding me. There were very pleasing associations connected with the sound of her voice ; it came over me like the music I once was wont to hear and love ; but I could not then tell why.

Now I am able to account for it, and will endeavor to do so, without being tedious. Bear with me my young readers ; remember you will one day be old ! Yes, although you are now young and beautiful, and I am old and time-worn, yet so gradual is my decay, and so rapid yours, that I may yet dictate your biography and your epitaph, unless, by the infringement of some physical or organic law, my doom is accelerated. Think of all this, and bear with me.

In the first place, and do not infer from this proposition that I am about to bore you with a syllogism,—I have always been partial to the ladies, and I can easily account for this. They have never abused me. Week after week a crowd came to my apartment, the ladies looking quiet and happy, took seats and remained there until they all retired ; among them, was the lady of whom I have been speaking. The gentlemen, sometimes without a solitary exception, came in looking sullenly or timidly at me rather than at the ladies. Then, by turns, they came and trampled on me as they do the dust. Now, there may have been some adequate cause for this ; I knew then, there might be one, still I could not love them so well, especially when I would hear them say, afterward, as they pointed the finger of scorn at me, 'Oh, how I hate that stage !' The ladies would often come tripping in alone, and sometimes bound over me, but it was done so gaily and lightly that I could not find it in my heart to blame them for it. One time, just at sunset, a glowing autumnal sunset, three or four ladies came to my room, and talked of the happy hours they had spent there, and of the fate of some who had been their companions and teachers. Among them was the girl before named, just as the sun's beams were leaving the wall of my room, she pointed to them, began singing, and was immediately joined by her companions. Never, while my poor memory serves me, shall I forget the thrilling sensations of that moment. Tears filled their eyes, and their voices were slightly tremulous with emotion, as they sung, slowly and softly ;

*'How sweet the light of coming eve !  
 How soft the sunbeam lingering there !  
 These sacred hours, the low earth leave,—  
 And rise on wings of praise and prayer.'*

They left me, but not so evanescent was the impression made by that simple lay. It is here at my 'bosom's core,'—the brightest, sunniest spot in memory's waste, ever ready to spring to view by the magic power of association. I fancy that



lady must have been thinking of this incident when she visited me last, for she said musingly, 'Many a tale could that stage tell of trembling limbs and fainting hearts if it could speak.' This slight remark is the sole cause of the drawing up of this biography, for it inspired the hope that there was one who was not totally uninterested in the history of my feelings 'from my youth up.' To her—my amanuensis—I dedicate my story.

The development of my family origin would be humiliating to a younger, prouder being than myself; and fears that it would by some means be traced, have, I confess, haunted me like my shadow for years. In vain I recalled to mind Franklin, Ewing, Webster, and a whole host of self-made worthies, their elevation to everything great and good despite opposing circumstances, failed to inspire me with ambition and confidence.

I recollect, as if it were but yesterday, how excessively I suffered in consequence of having read from Plutarch's life of Cicero,—'Some affirm that he (Cicero) was the son of a fuller, and educated in that trade. Dion tells us that Q. Calenus was the author of this calumny.' I should have preferred annihilation to anything else at that moment. All bootless to me was the fact that ours was a republican government, our country one of *equal rights*, ostensibly. I detected aristocratic feeling and prejudices every where in the supercilious bearing of the rich, and the cringing servility of the poor; it ran throughout the biographers of the great, and indeed, of the virtuous and remembered humble. But my tale is quarrelling with my motto I perceive.

There is a spot—a dismal one—in days of old the trysting place of 'mother Danforth' and other weird sisters who rode the air on broomsticks, and disturbed the world—he sleepers with their unearthly yells,—there was 'my own, my native home.' It is now called 'Pine Swamp,' by universal consent; not a very romantic cognomen this, but I have nerved my heart to the worst, and shall keep back nothing. There—oh how many sad scenes have I witnessed there! scenes of toil and suffering, of terror and superstition! I have seen the face of the strong and hardy settler grow pale as I shook my bushy head in the howling night wind, and mingled therewith my shrill whistle; then he hurried on, fast as his cumbrous snow shoes would permit, to tell his affrighted wife and children of the freaks of mother Danforth, and then came the nailing on of a horseshoe to guard the door,—the secreting a flask of beef's blood;

and on the first opportunity, the attempt to rivet 'mother' to the ground by means of a needle planted in her track. All these means were laid for the purpose of knowing *positively* whether she was indeed a 'real witch,'—and, how absurd!—because forsooth, she escaped them all, she was voted a 'witch, bewitched!' But I am again tiring your patience; so for further particulars of my youthful associates and associations, I refer you to Esq. S. Knapp's 'Witchcraft,' you will probably find it in some of the old magazines in your lumber garret.

Gradually, and step by step, things around me assumed a livelier aspect. The snow shoe gave place to the swift going sleigh; and the terror stricken look was succeeded by one of manly fearlessness, as year after year removed some from our midst, and thereby gave our abode a light and airy appearance. I shall never forget the tremor with which I was seized, when the axe was first laid at my root. The scenes through which I passed in the space of a few months were too varied in their nature, and too rapid in succession, to leave a distinct recollection behind. I can only say, that within that interval I endured much discipline, doubtless intended to fit me for the more exalted station in which I was hereafter to move. My form had been so neglected as to make several amputations necessary; obnoxious habits had taken deep root, and these were 'lopped off'; my whole exterior was rough, unfinished and uncouth, and was consequently doomed to pass through a long and tedious process. At length I was inspected, criticised, and declared to be every way suited to the performance of my allotted task,—of which, by the way, I had been all along kept in entire ignorance. Alas! it has been one of unmitigated endurance. I have never been called upon to act, therefore my virtues, if I have had any, have been mere negative, passive things,—in fact I have been, all along, acted upon;—just what they have called me—a stage. Ignoble destiny! Yet not wholly so, for I have cast my *all* into the treasury of the public good. It may have been a mite, an unappreciated one; yet, now in my solitary hours, I find a pleasure in the consciousness of having done it, and persisted in doing it, in the midst of abuses and persecutions. But let me be humble. It becomes me to be so now, when I am about recording another mortifying confession.

Soon after leaving my old home and associates, that pride, to which I have before alluded, sprung



up. I detected it in many instances, and for a long time, strove in vain to quell it; but, bear in mind young reader, that I did not strive aright. I have told you of my family origin, and alluded to the mortification to which it subjected me. In the haughtiness of my spirit, I despised old and long tried friends. I never stirred abroad, but the fear that they would make their way to my room—in spite of my decided 'not at home,' and the putting up of the 'dead latch,'—kept me in a continued state of nervous excitement; and now I am convinced, either, that there were no toad eaters among them, or that they did not think my patronage and friendship worth seeking, and am ever regretting their loss. Strange beings that we are! all clay—returning again to dust as it was, and yet, filled with pride and vanity! Pride and vanity! what have we to do with them? dependant for life, health, food, and raiment on a higher power, what have we to do with pride? Alas! much. But I forget that I am old, and you young, and hence cannot participate in these emotions, and that,

'What neither yields you profit or delight,  
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night.'

My only occupation, only labor, was to learn of mind. I have seen much of character, and reflected much. Only a few years have rolled by since I came here, yet how great changes have come over the lot of many who were wont to repair hither, in this brief space! I am filled with unutterable emotion at the thought of those three dear ones who have 'passed away.' It was meet that they should go, for they were all 'too lovely, too perfect for earth.' The first was a teacher, and 'very pleasant he was to me' always; and it grieved me to see his step become more languid, his form more attenuated, and his cheek more hollow, as day after day, he came here with the little flock he was training. He passed away, consumption's victim, and now he 'resteth from his labors.' His lovely associate—I need not tell of her life and death. She was too much the idol of too many hearts, and was called away to a more congenial clime. In yonder burying-ground stands a large white marble slab, sacred to the memory of the third one to whom I have alluded. I saw him first a beautiful boy with rosy cheek, sunny eye, and buoyant tread. I marked his devotion to study, and trembled at its intenseness,—the development of his intellect, and wondered at its rapidity. He went out from our midst in search of collegiate emolument, and returned to

die. Surely 'death loves a shining mark.' Dear Andrew, rest thee from thy toils for knowledge and honors; they are thine forevermore,—knowledge infinite, and a crown of rejoicing and glory.

My dear young readers I have done. Remember my sufferings in consequence of pride and be humble. Remember those who a short time ago moved here,—the happiest and best,—and follow their example. Then their meed will be yours,—a cherished remembrance in the hearts of all who know you, and a life of immortal blessedness beyond the grave. Ah my young friends! had I such a state in perspective, so blissful a hope, it would fire my heart with grateful emotions, cheer me in the midst of afflictions, and make me humble in prosperity. I conclude this—I fear tedious narrative with the injunction of one of our sweetest poets.

'So live, that, when thy summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Amoskeag, N. H.

E. J. C.

### WHAT IS POETRY?

Original.

THE presence of poetry—where is it seen?  
In the first spring bud, or the leaflet green;  
In the first pale violet smiling mid snow,  
In the sweetest of flowers—the snow-drop low;  
In the withered leaf, and the wild flower pale,  
As they're moved by the breath of the autumn gale;  
In the hues of the clouds, in the tints of the shell,  
Lie the fairy-like visions, the magical spell.

Like the light of the morn, like the shadows of eve,  
Like the gentle tone sweet to spirits that grieve;  
Like the blush on the fruit, or the dew on the flower,  
Like the rainbow seen through the summer shower;  
E'en such is the light of the heavenly fire,  
And such is the breath of the spirit lyre;  
Where aught is delicate, wild, or fair,  
The spirit of poetry surely is there.

Lancaster, Mass.

JULIA.

### THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH

OF MRS. LUCY ANN, WIFE OF MR. ABEL TOMPKINS,  
AGED 23.

Original.

THE triumphal faith of our religion in the soul of the martyr has made his hour full of the revelations of man's power of endurance, caused the song of sacred hope to rise above the shouts of hatred and revenge, and made the foe to feel how



weak is human effort when put forth to conquer the immortal, divinely illumined mind. Yet the sweet teachings of religion's worth and right are not best made known where crowds on crowds are met, with all the pomp of soldiery and arms, and the fierce array of the funeral pile of blazing fagots, to intimidate the professed disciple of the Lord of glory; for *there* is much to wake up pride, and to nerve the soul to brave and resist all that man can do, so that the death may be worthy of a record on the scroll of heroes. But the deep power of the holy and divine within is best seen when in the quiet home, afar from the excitements that stir the passions, or wake ambition, the young are laid upon the bed of death, and while they have enjoyed life as greatly as any, and the most flattering prospects spread out before them, and theirs all that the heart can wish or life need for joy, they by christian faith are made willing to leave all without a murmur—to depart without a single shade darkening the light of the countenance. That the aged should die peaceful, resigned, and full of hope, is natural, for they have seen much to win them from earth, the relatives and companions of their best years are gone, and they need rest; but with the young, just in the opening of life, the case is far different—they have every thing to make them cling to earth, to love the traces of God's goodness in the terrestrial beautiful, and desire to dwell amid the pleasant things of this world. The power of gospel faith is indeed most eloquently and beautifully exhibited when such, as in a moment, are prostrated, and whereas yesterday their hearts were full of hope and every thought was a type of gladness, to-day the decision is told them that they must soon die! How changed are all things! The glowing pictures of future earthly enjoyment beautifully sketched by the imagination, and hung round in the chamber of imagery in the soul, all fade and disappear; and thought busy with the past does but recall hopes that now are vain, anticipations never to be realized. The mind must look forward, and O how glorious is the power of faith when upon 'the cloud curtain of the future' it can see brighter and lovelier pictures than ever flitted before the fancy as connected with this world—types of the celestial and heavenly—attracting and fixing the eye of the soul till the whole spiritual being is alive to the enduring things of eternity, and dead to the perishable and earthy.

It was so with one who was a very being of

pleasantness—Lucy Ann Tompkins. Dead! O no! there is no echo in my soul to that word as applied to her—she lives a bright and happy thing in the presence of my spirit, as she lives in the paradise of God. If ever a soul loved the beautiful of earth—drank in delight amid the lovely works of nature—heard music every where, and saw smiles on every thing which God had made in creation, she did. The cheerfulness of nature was a natural enjoyment to her, and a single flower had a magic to wake many happy thoughts, while it was made a type of the spiritual affections. She loved nature because she saw so much of her Maker's goodness there displayed, and to her it was a part of religion to admire and enjoy what he had made beautiful and pleasant. But nature's charms were not the most powerful to make her love earth—the greater magic was in the affections with which she was surrounded. Successful was she in drawing out the fulness of the best feelings of many hearts, for she was one of those gentle beings to whom it is a labor to frown, and who feel that the first and great duty of the human heart is to love and be kind. Hers was a devoted husband—an almost idolizing mother—brothers and sisters most fondly attached to her, and many ardent friends, while there was every thing else needed to enable her to enjoy life with her whole being. A babe was born. Health seemed returning to the happy mother. What glowing pictures passed before the fancy in those days of hope as she looked on that precious babe, and thought of what she hoped it would be to her and him! Brilliant dreams! Happy imaginings!—But how soon came the change! The beating pulse gave fearful monitions, and they who are familiar with the workings of our mortal mechanism told the sad story that soon 'the silver chord' of earthly life would be loosed; and the wheel within wheel of the mysterious combination would stop. O what a tale to tell such a young heart! It was told her—fully as she desired. But was there a shuddering of the frame—a shrinking away as from thought—an awful gloom of countenance? No! no! blessed be the God of faith and hope and heavenly love! 'If it be God's will I am ready to die!' was the sentiment of her heart, for down deep there was religious—gospel trust, a holy confidence in the perfect love-wisdom of the Almighty's dealings.

In her last hours the triumphs of our faith were most beautifully exhibited. Said she to her husband—'When I think of you—how lonely you



will be, and of the babe, I cannot but desire to live; and then when I think of death, so beautiful is all beyond, and knowing you all will be there with me soon, I do long to go.'—O thou Spirit who whispereth to the young heart of thy love and heaven, glory to thy name for the blessedness and beauty that rejoiced the soul of *that dear sister*! The attractions of heaven were more powerful than earth's, and death had no terrors. Yea, the shades that gathered round the grave were to her but the shadows of the opening gates of the celestial city, and did but make more glorious the light she saw beyond, as she looked through in upon the forms of brightness and joy in the everlasting home. She did not see death—she saw nothing but angels and heaven, and not a shadow dimmed her hope and trust in the reunions of the better land. While she spoke of the loveliness of the heaven she saw, her voice failed—her lips moved with inaudible words—her eyes were raised and her hands clasped as in prayer—and thus she died, with the smile of God lingering on her face. Happy in life—happy in death—happy in eternity!

To some who knew our departed sister in her days of hopeful health, the manner of her death seems somewhat strange, and why? Because she was so ever gay and pleasant they deemed she was not religious! How little do the world look on the heart—or rather how little able are they to see down into the depths of the spiritual being. Wherever she moved she moved in kindness and charity with all, and her natural vivacity of spirits kept her ever in the cheerful, and much in the sportive mood,—and yet she was deemed too happy to be religious! Is religion a thing of the heart, to be possessed without profession, and enjoyed in the secrecy of the soul's communion with God? or is its existence to be always judged of by certain outward marks, or manifestation of a peculiar kind of feelings and sentiments? Public professions, sanctified by the heart's purity or devotedness to the cause of Christ, are worthy of honor,—

'But the silent vow in the dell untrod,  
And the bed-side prayer may be  
As sweet a pledge in the sight of God,  
Of faith and purity,  
As the minster vow at some ancient shrine,  
Confirmed from the sacred bowl;  
Our Father looks not on the outward sign,  
But into the secret soul.'

And looking there, we have a heartfelt assurance that our Father saw the reflected image of his love, and read the cherished trustfulness of

true faith and hope amid her affections. Often in the sanctuary of her youth's home would she talk with her mother of the better and spiritual state, making the contrasts that could only be made by a deep and true love of the heavenly, and expressing her desire to die young—before the freshness of the spirit's impressions of God's love from the beautiful in nature should be worn off, or the world's changes had brought the sorrows which sink deep in the heart, lessening its buoyancy and romance. She loved to converse of the Redeemer and his truth, and thus gave many evidences of her familiarity with the principles of the divine faith, and their practical and devotional tendencies. And scarce ever did she write sentiments at any length, without giving evidence that one thought was ever the same with her—the thought of a heaven for all; the few articles published from her breathe her natural feelings, and her warm sympathy for others. 'Thoughts on the death of L. F. S.' on page 197 of vol. 6, we would refer the reader to; also to the excellent advice on page 278, same volume. See also page 381. On page 143 of volume 7, there is a sweet little poem of hers—a converse with a bird; see also page 236 for a very affectionate epistle to a brother by marriage, to whom she was much attached; page 293 has a poem of hers entitled 'The Doubter,' that is very natural and sweet—how true a transcript of her own trustfulness is the following:

'Then think not, moralist, to make  
Our hearts from very fear to ache,  
Or of thy borrowed cares partake,  
And gloomy doubts.

'Tis wholly vain. In God we trust;  
And he is kind, and good, and just,  
And nought will make us e'er distrust  
A Father's love.'

We feel it a privilege to use in reference to herself the conclusion of some stanzas on the death of a child,—

'And thou who once didst make this earth more fair,  
More gaily bright and beautiful,  
In heaven art with Him there.

So we'll not mourn that one bright link hath gone  
From off the chain that binds us here,  
But say, "Thy will be done."

The deep religious sentiment that pervades all these, and many of her private letters, show how her heart was towards God and heaven, the waters of holy affection running pure and joyously like a stream hidden beneath the verdant vines, drooping branches, and the wild flowers that gain their life and brightness from the unseen and pure waters.



We have lingered thus long in thought upon her departure, because we knew the eyes of many fraternal sisters would glance upon these pages, and we would do their hearts good. There is always a sanctifying influence in the knowledge of the power of faith beautifully exhibited—may it be so with our tribute and sketch. Therein the religion of love and trust is commended to you. Seek it, O seek it!

Seek it—O seek it, ye who are young and joyous. The brightest of earth's pictures will fade—the most glowing prospects vanish. All things terrestrial are uncertain. Wake up then the religious affections of your souls, and give your hearts to that gospel which makes heaven more lovely and desirable than earth—teaching how to live right and happy, and die in the triumphs of glorious anticipations.

Sister! thou hast vanished from us,  
Like a star of pleasant light,  
That has sweetly shone upon us,  
Waking many a vision bright.  
Joyous were our hearts to greet thee,  
For thou hadst a love for all;  
And no more on earth to meet thee,  
Makes, like rain, the tear drops fall.

But we know when stars are hidden  
They are not the less in light,  
And we know when God hath bidden  
Thou wilt come before our sight;  
Like those stars when clouds are banished,  
Radiant 'mid the heavenly host,  
We shall see thee, tho' now vanished,  
And shall know thou art not lost.  
Haverhill, Mass.

### THE ANNIVERSARY.

Original.

*The following natural and pretty expression of thought and feeling was found among the papers of Mrs. L. A. TOMPKINS, and we take pleasure in thus presenting it to her friends. It is a sweet tribute to what made up the rich happiness of her wedded life.*

A YEAR ago and 'twas my bridal morn,  
And never day commenced with fairer dawn,  
No cloud obscured the sky's bright pearly blue,  
While bird with bird seemed sporting as they flew,  
And beauteous flowers raised high their lovely heads,  
All tipped with dew, from out their lowly beds.  
A gladness pure could not but be a guest  
Within the precincts of each friendly breast,  
For every breeze that softly flitted past,  
A fragrant gift did thro' the lattice cast;  
And my fond heart was bright as nature beamed,  
For hope and joy around my pathway gleamed.

And as I left the loved so tried and dear,  
Both smiles and tears did on my face appear;  
But soon all thoughts of sadness fled away—  
It was not meet to mourn on that blessed day;  
When one almost too dearly prized was nigh,  
How could I weep or breathe a mournful sigh?

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A year hath fled! What tale hath it to tell?  
What gloomy grief o'er which to sadly dwell?  
Have we from one loved friend been made to part—  
Hath earth received a dear, a faithful heart?  
Have friends proved false we tho't all goodness, love—  
And changed to serpent wiles the seeming dove?  
Hath fortune too in this brief space of time  
Left us alone the hill of want to climb?  
Hath withered hopes made sad the laughing eyes?  
Or paled the cheek by oft repeated sighs?

O no! O no! thanks to a Father's love,  
Who reigns supreme in glorious courts above!  
Not one of these sad tales have we to tell,  
For in our hearts love, hope, and gladness dwell;  
And since I left my own dear mother's side,  
Our bark hath seemed in purest streams to glide,—  
As bright the sky, as pure the sunset glow,  
As to our hearts they were a year ago!

Boston, Sept. 4, 1839.

L. A. T.

### COUNSELS AND SCRAPS FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

We again open our budget to interest our young readers, and hope they will be pleased and profited by what we here present them.

MARIETTE.

In the biography of the pastor Neff there is mention made of a little maiden whose perseverance to obtain religious knowledge should be a bright example to my young readers to improve their means of acquiring useful instruction. Mr. Neff met her as a shepherdess when she was about 12 or 13 years old, and when he conversed with her he found that her name was Mariette Guyon, and that she lived in an adjacent hamlet with her grand parents, who were Roman Catholics. She expressed to him her desire to know the doctrines of the protestants, as she had casually heard of them, but was not permitted to associate with any. He asked her if she could read, and she burst into tears, and said—'O if they would only let me come here to the Sunday school, I should soon learn; but they tell me I know too much already.' He had to leave her after a short conversation, but long enough to make her love him, and he heard nothing of her for a long time. She could now gain no information but from stealthy conversations with protestant converts, and had to be very careful lest thus she should bring down upon her the anger of her grand parents. But a true and earnest desire to know truth will always find out ways to find knowledge, and she hit upon a good one. She often kept her flock near a rocky path near a valley, and when she saw peasants pass she would call them and ask—'Where do you come from?' If she found any who came



from a protestant village, she would solicit them to converse with her as long as they could, and would treasure up all she could gain of religious knowledge. She also made friends with protestant children and got them to bring books and read to her, and learn her to read, and by her kindness made them love her. Thus she improved her mind greatly, and the improvement was so evident as to excite surprise and put her relatives on their guard to watch her so that she should get no more of, as they said, 'these new ideas.' But they could not stop or guard her thoughts; she had learned enough to keep her studying in silence, and though she was very ill treated, none could move her from her now firm rejection of the doctrines taught her to keep her in ignorance, or alter her kind disposition. She would not submit to the superstitions of the popish church, and braved persecution with firmness as one return for her increased knowledge of divine things.—When next the pastor Neff passed through that region of country, he, while standing on a bridge 'neath which leaped the waters of a beautiful cascade, saw a flock hastily driven towards him by a shepherdess. It was Mariette who had recognized him at a distance, and who flew to tell him her joy and gratitude. She wept for joy. She at last was well educated and became an ornament to the christian church, loved for her intelligence and goodness.

My young readers! how differently are you situated! You have every thing to encourage you to learn—abundant means are provided to aid you—and will you not seek to improve them as did Mariette her few? Love the Sunday school, your teachers, and your bible.

#### THE NAIL.

'There! I've torn my gown again!' exclaimed Eliza Wilson to her mother. 'Again?' said her mother. 'Yes, and against that pesky old nail too!' continued Eliza. 'What nail?' The nail side of the old door where the list was fixed on last winter. 'Well, why didn't you draw it out the first time you tore your gown?' 'Oh I was in too much of a hurry then.' 'When was that?' 'Last spring.' 'Last spring! and you haven't found time to draw a nail that endangered the garments of every one who passed the door, and here it is November! I must confess you are very industrious about something.' That *something* didn't please Eliza very well, for it made her remember that there is more than one kind of industry, and she felt that hers was an in-

dustrious to play which made her careless, and she also remembered that it was hurrying to play that gave her no time to draw the offending nail in the spring. But what now was the consequence of this neglect? She had sadly torn her dress, and it was her best one too, and she was hastening to prepare for a party. It must of course now be mended. As she looked at it she saw the tare was not a very even one, but uneven, as the nail caught into the sleeve, and the sleeve by her quick motions was rudely torn from it, and her pride was hurt to think she must wear a gown darned to the party. Go she must, she thought; and so she sought the silk to mend it with, and long she hunted the draws for it in silence, but found it not. 'You had it up stairs last Thursday,' said her mother, 'what did you do with it?' 'I was in a hurry and left it there, now I remember,' was the answer. But she uttered *hurry* quite softly, for she knew it was a hurry to play. A long time was spent in searching, and at last the silk was found, the dress mended, and she was prepared to go. But before she went she silently got the hammer and drew out the nail, resolving never to be careless because in a hurry to go to play. She took the nail and hung it up by a little string of blue silk at the top of the looking glass in her chamber, so that she should see it every night and morning. Her mother saw it soon afterward, and asked her purpose? She told her in answer, that as she saw the nail *reflected* in the glass it reminded her of the sad reflections she had the party day because of the torn dress, and then the *blue* string reminded her of faithfulness to her vow to be careful, as blue in scripture was used to denote faithfulness. And so every day she read these lessons that were good cautions, and she became a very careful girl. Let my young readers see if there is not an offending nail near them to injure them. All bad habits, feelings and desires are offending nails that should be drawn out, or they may sadly affect us some day or other.

#### WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

'Where are you going?' cried Albert to his companion Richard, as he ran and came up with him in company with John. 'I'm going to Styles,' was the reply. 'I'll go!' responded Albert instantly; but John kept silent, and when asked if he would go, answered he'd rather not, and went home. Now Styles was a place where rude boys gathered for skating and coasting. Both of the boys knew it, and the simple reason why Albert



gave a different answer from John was, want of thought in reference to *consequences*. Albert did not think a moment when he agreed to go, and while he went along with Richard he wished he had not said he'd go, for as now he began to think of the place and the companions there, he felt a dislike to going, as he knew that though he might have much play, he could get no good and might get hurt. John thought it all over beforehand. The sound of '*Styles*!' was sufficient to awaken thought so that he dwelt on all he should have to encounter, and was more willing to return home than venture to be there. He thought of the *consequences* of exposure. And what were the consequences of the different resolves of these boys? Why, Albert was apt to be rash, though a boy of good and kind feelings, and before he imagined any such affair, he was quarrelling with one of the rude boys. Richard, like a champion, took his part, and so others came to the help of the foe of Albert, and a battle ensued. The boys went home in sorrow. How was it with John? He found at home an aunt he hadn't seen for three years, and glad enough was he to be with her; and when he found that she was going to journey on that afternoon, he felt that he had gained a great good by doing right, for had he gone with his companions, he would not have seen his dear aunt. And when too he heard of Richard's and Albert's fate, he resolved that he would always think of probable consequences, and be governed by the result, assured that there could be no loss in being prudent. Do all my little readers think enough of the consequences of their actions? I fear not. There! I see from my window a little boy throwing a stone. O what a scream! he has hit a lad on the head, and I know he must be hurt a good deal. He was sporting! Did he think of the probable consequences of such sport? O no. Do not be so careless, my readers—will you? I have seen boys make snow-balls and wet them in water so that they might be hard and strong to knock off the hat of another boy. If they hit the top edge of the hat they *may* not do harm, but if they strike a little lower who knows what the *consequences* may be! I hope none of my readers will be so careless as to risk the danger of doing hurt, but *always think of the consequences of actions*.

THE SUN.

'The light is going to bed!'  
A little girl exclaimed;  
As on the mountain's head  
The sun's last rays remained.

How happy must he be,  
So useful all the day,  
His kindness rich and free,  
Without reward or pay.

On all alike he sheds  
The blessings of his beams,  
No brighter on th' tower heads  
Than on the cot he gleams.

Tho' ne'er one thought is given  
By man to what he owes,  
Still true to laws of heaven,  
He light on them bestows.

No wonder he looks bright,  
So pleasant every thought;  
For sweet smiles come at night  
From daily good deeds wrought."

Thus mused the little girl,  
As on the sun she gazed;  
And deep as buried pearl  
Thoughts in her mind were raised;

And then resolved that she  
Would try that every night  
Should find her face as free  
From sorrow as the light.

THE NEW YEAR.

Before I shall again have an opportunity to speak to my young friends, a new year will be opened, and I would say a few words to them that will be suitable for that season of wishes. Think of the year that is gone. Do you not recall some actions you wish you had never committed, and for which you are sorry? Resolve to do such no more. Do you not feel sweet satisfaction as you remember times when you have tried hard and succeeded in being good according to the commands of your parents or friends? Let this encourage you to try still more in the future to be good.

How many will cry out on New Year's Day—  
I wish you a happy new year! How few will carefully think of what is embraced in that expression. Do they wish that the new may be a happy year to a friend? If so, they will do all they can to make it so. If a little girl or boy cries out to their mother or father—'I wish you a happy new year!' they should remember how much they have to do to bring this wish to pass. If they are cross, pettish, or stubborn, they will not show much that their wish is from the heart, but that it is only words. When they do the best they can to obey their parents and be good, they give the best evidence of how heartily they wish their parents and friends a happy new year. And this is the way, my young readers, for you to have a happy year. But perhaps an earthly year may



not be yours, O then do be as good as you can be, so that your parents and friends can think of you with joy.

### THE WIFE'S FAREWELL.

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

SHADOWS dim are gathering o'er me,  
And the light is fading fast,  
Darksome is the vale before me,  
And its bounds will soon be past.  
Sadly will my death bereave thee,  
Thou wilt weep when I am gone,  
Rest beloved! can I leave thee?  
Leave thee in the world alone!

In thy hand my own retaining  
Thou dost fondly o'er me bend,  
Faithful to thy love remaining,  
Kind and faithful to the end.  
Thou wilt miss my voice of gladness  
Never more to sound on earth,  
And thy heart will fill with sadness  
By thy lone deserted hearth.

Lift thy hopes to heaven above thee,  
Think that there in bliss I roam,  
I would live, and live to love thee,  
But my Father calls me home.  
When the bonds of earth are riven,  
And the reign of death is o'er,  
In the light and joy of heaven  
We shall meet to part no more.

Hartford, Ct.

### Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The *Universalist* and *Ladies Repository* is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**NEW YEAR—DEBTS.** It is an excellent custom, followed by many honest persons, to settle up every debt they owe as far as possible by the first of January. This is our custom, and there is nothing that makes a man feel better than on New Year's Day to be able to dwell on the consciousness of not owing any man any other than the debt of love. To begin the year thus is wise, and then to move on not taking advantage of the credit system more than we are necessitated to, is prudence. Would it not be well for our delinquent subscribers to think of this? ay, and to act according to it? And for our publisher we would say the

same to many debtors on his account books. Every account settled looks pleasant, and 'cash to balance' at the foot of the credit column, has a very honest appearance—in the eyes of one at least—highly creditable to the payer. The publisher has to make out several large sums before January, and the small sums of his debtors would be very acceptable to that end.

**FRIENDLY GIFTS.** The season has returned for the Christmas and New Year's gifts—when one can make a present without its being considered as a declaration of love, where friendship only is cherished, and when many are anticipating gifts from friends and relatives. '*The Rose of Sharon*' is still our favorite—it is our gift, for the best reason in the world—we could not find among the whole range of annuals and the gift books of the season, one more expressive or appropriate to the season. We have seen some bound elegantly indeed—rich enough for the Queen, for whom everything must be gilded and richly adorned; but the true richness of the Rose is not seen till it is opened—then become apparent the leaves of beauty and the lines of poetry and truth.

A complete assortment of books suitable for the season, may be found at the store of Abel Tompkins, 32 Cornhill, where we hope our friends will call, assuring them of being well served. There may be found the annuals, and as good a variety of juvenile works as anywhere.

**THE PREACHER.** Such is the title of a very pretty 12mo volume of 285 pages, received from P. Price, N. York, and on sale at this office. It is a collection of very good sermons from various authors in our order,—Brs. Le Fevre, Whittaker, T. J. Smith, D. Ackley, C. Hammond, T. J. Sawyer, B. B. Hallock, M. B. Smith, W. E. Manley, Henry Fitz, (author of '*Layman's Legacy*'), G. W. Quimby, R. O. Williams, M. Ballou, E. H. Chapin,—18 sermons in all. The work is very neatly got up, and will be valuable in the family or social meeting. We commend it to the attention of our friends.

**MINIATURE PAINTING.** We perceive that our friend *Moses B. Russell*, has returned to Boston, and we welcome his return, and notice it for the benefit of those who may wish a miniature executed in fine style and true to nature. While he can finish a work in beautiful taste, he can give a true likeness—make the living expression to dwell in the colors of art. In the collection of paintings at the Athenæum, we noticed some of his miniatures among the very best specimens of skill there in that department of painting, and have seen quite a number of most excellent likenesses. He executed one of our own plain face, which everybody declares to be good—'How perfectly natural!' is the common exclamation. We say then to our friends—Don't throw away your money, nor waste your time in sitting, for a picture under which you will have to write your name, but go to an artist who will give you the image of reality—the reflection of self, as if by some magic he had made you look on the ivory and fixed there the living colors. Such an one is M. B. Russell, of this city.

**SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENT,** by H. W. Morse. We have received a little pamphlet of 32 pages, published for a teacher's present to the scholars of the Exeter Sabbath School. We know not whether it is intended for a wide distribution. Be that as it may, it contains a good variety of religious and moral articles, from Br. Morse, excepting one marked selected. More poetry would suit children better, we should opine. As it is, it is a pretty present, and creditable to the author.



There is a portrait on page 31, which, if we do not mistake, is that of Dr. Addison, and is there called, 'an intended likeness of the Rev. Elhanan Winchester.' A person might as well call any picture thus as this one. It is a deception we do not like—and are strenuous that children should be honestly dealt with.

**OUR PRINTER.** We have too long neglected to say a word in behalf of our *Printer*, and feel it a great neglect, as we could have said one with so good a grace—the grace of truth. The season of wishes recalls him as among those we must, from past experience of fidelity, wish well; and we now say that we are desirous of commending him to our friends as one who will, in any style desirable, execute a good piece of work for any who wish printing done. He has an extensive assortment of types, and what is of more consequence, knows how to use them, even as a true artist does his colors, and has experienced assistants. He is perfectly acquainted with all the variety of his art, and has proved himself able to turn out as neat a work as could be desired. Our periodical will give good evidence of uniformity of good work, and it is because of this that we pen this honest notice. He is an industrious man—always at his business during business hours—punctual in his engagements—his expenses are large,—and deserving, we desire for him the favors of our friends. To our *ministering brethren*, who may want sermons, addresses, or any works printed, we beg leave to say a word in 'our printer's' behalf; and we do this assured that they wish work well done, and done by those who have sympathy with us. We say all this for 'our printer' as any generous heart would speak for one with whom they are connected, and would encourage, and who is deserving.

**NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.** We have received the first No. of Br. Price's paper with the above title—formerly known by the name of the 'Universalist Union.' It now appears in a large sheet, containing more matter than any weekly paper in the order, and is published in a very handsome dress. The number before us is a very excellent one, and we doubt not but that the subscribers will be served continuously with a rich feast.

**SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS, or, The 'Golden Age' of Merry England.** 3 vols. For sale at Mussey's Bookstore, 29 Cornhill.

An exceedingly humorous work, and to speak in its own quaint style, of marvellous wit and originality. It embraces many well known incidents in the life of the great bard of Avon, and gives a very life-like portraiture of his private and social character. Many of the illustrious personages of the 'Golden Age' are introduced as actors in the scenes, among whom are Queen Elizabeth, the brave Sir Walter Raleigh and his beautiful and devoted wife, the Earl of Southampton, Francis Bacon, and Lord Essex. The work is characterized by its quaintness of style and the vivid individuality of its personages. They are well sustained throughout—none more successfully than the generous, convivial, witty Shakspeare—the king of the drama and the prince of poets. The following words put in his mouth, are beautiful in their truth, and will serve to illustrate the general style of the work.

'Be assured that he who loveth sincerely, loveth only the more, the greater shall be the difficulties that oppose his affection; for love is that sort of seed, which, once planted in the soil, will live on through the sharpest winter—nay, though hillocks of snow be piled upon it, and all manner of fierce storms assail the very spot it doth inhabit—there it shall dwell unharmed; and in its proper season of sunshine—lo! you see

it a perfect plant, rejoicing in such exquisite beauty as ravisheth the heart that can appreciate its divine perfections.' S. C. E.

**HYPERION: A ROMANCE.** By the author of 'Ostre Mer.'—This work has been some time out of press, and has received the commendations of critics to an unusual extent. It is certainly a very beautiful thing. There is but a simple thread of narrative running through it, but upon this thread are strung 'multitudinous' descriptions of exceeding beauty, and sentiments of exquisite poetry. The same style abounds in similes of singular delicacy and perfectness, and is, throughout, one unbroken flow of sweet thoughts, sweetly expressed. The author is a German scholar, and has interwoven some of the wildest of the Rhine legends, and some of the sweetest fugitive poems of the minor German poets with the narrative of his hero. The style of our author, too, is tinged with *Germanisms*, but he does not run wildly into all the extravagancies of the transcendental school. To all who love poetry and romance, warmed and vivified by an undercurrent of rich philosophy, we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of Professor Longfellow's 'HYPERION.'

S. C. E.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.** We always welcome E. J. C's. communications, but she will highly oblige us by using a little more care on her manuscripts. We abominate blue ink, especially the pale. It makes us, and the printers, look blue. Her favors last sent will appear in due time, and we know she is too pleasant to refuse a little more care to make more plain her chirography.

We appreciate the kindness of our friend and brother who sent us 'The Betrayer,' but must decline publishing it. It gives a view of the character of Judas we cannot favor, and our convictions will not permit us to assent to giving it publicity. We do not believe he ever meant harm to the Savior. We shall find a safe opportunity to return the MS. without expense to our friend, and throw ourself upon his kindness rightly to appreciate our motives. We hope to hear from him again. We have read many of his articles with pleasure.

In the notice in our last of the 'A. Library Association,' last line for—'name or title,' read 'name a title.'

Friend W. B. of Ravena, O. Accept my thanks for your attentions. I regret that you did not get the *Roses* desired; and could you designate a way to send, I could send you a dozen at the wholesale price. We are all well at home. A Miller has somewhat eclipsed the Martin, and the end of the world in 1843 is the novelty now. —. —. L. is with me—is well, and would be remembered. H. B.

The article from Br. Dods, of Provincetown, will be inserted in our next. As will the notice from J. M. A. — Articles must be sent early the preceding month to gain an insertion in any particular No. Our matter for Dec. was in type before the receipt of the latter, which will account for its being deferred.

## Monthly Record.

**ORDINATIONS.** Br. E. M. Pingree, was ordained in Cincinnati, O. in Oct. last. Br. J. Harris, in Danville, Vt. in the early part of Nov.

**ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.** Met in Gloucester, West Parish, Oct. 16. The meeting is described as a very interesting one.

**REMOVAL.** Br. A. A. Folsom has removed from Hingham, to Cabotville, Mass.; and in consequence the 'Gospel Witness' has been discontinued. Br. J. M. Asher has taken the charge of the Society in E. Lexington, Mass.



**DEATH IN THE MINISTRY.** We have the sorrow of recording the death of Br. A. L. Balch, who departed this life on the 4th of Nov. The departure of this brother was in accordance with the spirit of our faith—resigned in heart and mind he died in trustfulness and hope; and while we mourn our loss, we rejoice in his gain. A correspondent of the Trumpet, Br. John Moore, describes the last scene thus:—Many of his friends called to see him, whom he exhorted to continue steadfast in the cause of truth, and go forward in building up the glorious cause in which they had been mutually engaged. His brother, W. S. Balch, of Providence, who stood by him to close his eyes in death, he exhorted to faithfulness, in his calling as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. And after saying all that he could concerning his family (his wife and son,) and given directions to his brother with regard to his burial, &c. and taken an affectionate leave of all, he desired them to sing the hymn commencing—

*'Come thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.'*

After which he desired to be moved so that he could see the sun, which in all the loveliness of an autumnal sunset, was just receding from his view in more senses than one,—he observed the beauty and glory of the scene, and remarked, 'I shall soon behold a brighter sun!' and when the light of day went down, the lamp of life went out, without the motion of a muscle, or the uttering of a groan.—His memory is fondly cherished in love by a large circle of friends who knew and loved him.

**CONVERSION.** The Editor of the Trumpet in his paper for Nov. 9. says,—'We had an interview on Saturday last with the Rev. Wm. Jackson, a Baptist preacher, of South Boston; and he communicated to us, the cheering information, that he fully believed in the final holiness and happiness of all the human race. Mr. Jackson (or Br. Jackson as it is more proper to call him) has been long a preacher of the gospel, as he understood it. He is a native of England, and commenced preaching there as a Wesleyan Methodist in 1822. He came to this country in 1829, and soon settled in Halifax, N. S. He remained here some years; and in the meantime, his views on the subject of Baptism having changed, he became a Baptist preacher. As such he came to Boston in 1837, and has since been a Baptist preacher, at South Boston. His mind for some time has been gradually verging towards Universalism, although he was acquainted neither with Universalists nor their books. A short time since a friend put into his hand that deeply interesting work, the 'Life of Murray.' He read it with the greatest interest; and when he came to the close, was obliged to say, 'This is not what I have supposed Universalism to be. If this be Universalism, I am a Universalist.' He preached but a few sabbaths more among his former brethren, for his mind became more and more convinced that it was his duty to avow his honest convictions.

**UNIVERSALIST EXPOSITOR.** The excellent No. for Nov. closed the volume, and any brother in the ministry who can examine the volume and decide that the subscription price (\$2), was not well laid out, has entirely a different standard than we whereby to judge of the worth of the aids to study and biblical criticism. We have to turn our head away as we write that there is a probability of this work being discontinued for the want of paying subscribers. It is a shame that such a work cannot be sustained in the order, and if we must write that it is stopped, we shall do so feeling to our hearts' core that it reflects disgrace upon the intelligence of our denomination. The publishers say in the last No. that 400 out of 800 subscribers had not then paid their subscriptions! We should think

that this would be sufficient to make any friend of the work see the necessity of paying immediately, who may be as yet a delinquent.

**DEDICATION.** A church owned two-thirds by the Universalists in Sutton, N. H. was dedicated Oct. 31. A Universalist, a Methodist, a Free Will Baptist, and a Calvinistic Baptist, took part in the service.

**THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION,** met in Danvers, New Mills, on the 6th of Nov. There was a full attendance of ministers and quite a number of delegates. There was a meeting the evening previous, sermon by the writer; on the forenoon of the day Br. H. Ballou preached an occasional sermon, and to our mind it was one of his best efforts and a noble one. A copy was requested for publication, and we hope it may be furnished. Br. J. S. Barry preached in the afternoon. A conference meeting was held in the evening, but we were necessitated by sickness to leave early in the afternoon. The season is described as a rich one of spiritual delight. A proposition for altering the constitution so that the meeting shall be held on the 1st Wednesday in May, instead of in Nov. was recorded to be acted upon at the next meeting. A vote of affectionate respect to the memory of Br. T. F. King, was passed.

**DEDICATIONS.** A new church, highly creditable to the zeal of our friends in South Reading, Mass. was dedicated on the 21st, of Nov. Another was to be dedicated in Hinsdale, N. H. on the 28th of Nov. A church in Belfast, Me. was dedicated Oct. 30.

**DEDICATION.** A church was dedicated on the 2d of Oct. in New Gloucester, Me. Br. E. W. Lock, late of Lynn, Mass. has engaged with the society in this place. The new and elegant church for the Universalists in Middleton, Conn. was dedicated on Oct. 16. The installation of Br. L. S. Everett took place in the afternoon, and the recognition of a church in the evening. We learn that the church thus consecrated is one of the most finished and elegant in the city, if not the superior of all.

**RESIGNATION.** We learn by Br. Gurley of the 'Star in the West,' that Br. Wm. West, a worthy and beloved minister of truth, has resigned the charge of the Universalist society in the city of Cincinnati. Br. Gurley adds,—'His letter to the Trustees breathes the very spirit of Universalism. He says, "I leave you brethren in the spirit of the holy gospel I here preached unto you." Br. West had tendered his resignation prior to his going to Europe, but was importuned to continue the charge, at least another year, and he consented. He assigns as his reason for again wishing to resign, his deep affliction in consequence of the recent death of his amiable wife. He however gives reason to hope that he will after a few months return, and again proclaim the great salvation. We regret, very much regret his departure. He leaves the society in a very flourishing condition, and all will part with him with sorrow.' Br. Gurley has accepted an invitation to succeed Br. West.

**NEW PREACHER.** Br. G. Bates announces in the 'Banner' that Br. Oliver H. Quinby of Saccarappa, Me. has entered the field of the gospel ministry.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Nov. 29, 1839.*

P. T., Claremont, \$2; C. F. T., Claremont, \$2; W. P., Vergennes, \$2; J. B., Lancaster, \$4; F. D., Higganum, (\$2 for T. W.,) \$5; Post Master, Bridgewater, \$4; C. C., E. Springfield, \$2; C. G., Oil Creek, \$4; J. C. S., Sudbury, \$2; Post Master, Cooperstown, (we have written for Miss T.'s residence) \$4; S. S., Cassville, (the Rose of Sharon can be had of Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C.—Money sent, TWENTY per cent discount) \$5; L. H., Perrinton, \$2; J. M. S., Hartford, \$20; D. C., Bath, \$5; C. J., Dexter, \$2; F. H., Newtown, \$14.



# "To Reason's Isle a bark there came."

A BALLAD.—SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.—COMPOSED BY MISS SCROOBY.

*p*  
*Spiritoso e Grazioso.*

To Rea-son's Isle a

*f* *dim.* *tr*

bark there came, And Love it was the pi-lot's name; "I come," said he, "a -

*mez.p*

- way to bear The blue-eyed maid, thy daughter fair, The blue-eyed maid, thy daughter fair."

*f* *Legato.*



*Lento.* *a tempo.*

"Who sent thee hith-er?" Reason cried, "Twas

hap - pi - ness," the youth re-plied; "She bids thee spare thy child a - while; With

me to vi - sit her green isle, With me to vi - sit her green isle." *dim.*

*f* *dim.*

Now Love had reason oft deceived,  
 Yet she for once the boy believed:  
 She fearless trusted to his care,  
 The blue-eyed maid, her daughter fair.  
 "Farewell," said Love, with laughing eye,  
 Then wav'd his hand, "Good bye, Good bye!"  
 With love, Peace left her native shore,  
 And Reason saw her child no more.



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No. 8.

**DEATH'S BITTERNESS PAST.**

Original.

BY REV. JOHN BOVEE DODS.

THE following sermon was delivered in the Universalist Church in Provincetown, Mass. by the pastor, Sunday, Nov. 17, 1839, on the death of CHARLES COLLINS PARKER.

*'Surely the bitterness of death is past.'* 1 SAM. xv. 32.

AN army of more than two hundred thousand men marched, under Saul, king of Israel, against Agag king of the Amalekites, and slaughtered every individual in his kingdom, and took him prisoner. It was in the strict sense of the word a war of extermination. Old and young, and great and small, were swept to the grave in the tempest of battle. Agag alone was left alive. Among the slain, his dearest friends and connections were numbered, so that there was not a solitary being left to whom he was bound by the ties of consanguinity. His government was demolished—his subjects were consigned to one common tomb, and the glory and grandeur of his kingdom were eclipsed forever! Stript of all his regal splendor, and solitary and pensive on earth, he was brought a prisoner to Jerusalem. As he was led forward to the spot of execution, and gazed upon the fatal axe by which he was to be cloven down, he exclaimed in the words of our text, *'Surely the bitterness of death is past.'*

Life, being the highest—the dearest gift of the munificent Creator, is consequently, when enshrined in virtue, the greatest possible blessing to the creature, and in competition with it, all other blessings dwindle into insignificance and nothingness. It is that proud boon of inconceivable worth, which stamps at once, all other blessings with value. It is the breathing spirit of the Almighty animating an organized frame, and conferring delight. As life is therefore *sweet*, so death, its opposite, is *bitter*. And as death tears us from all that we love and fondly cherish on earth—tears us from our homes and kindred—

from the embrace of parents, friends, and children—from the glories of nature and the dear light of mortal life, so it has been, with the soundest propriety styled the 'king of terrors.'

But sweet as is life, and terrible and bitter as is death, yet such a combination of circumstances may transpire, as in the case of Agag, that shall, not only overpower life, but remove the bitterness of death, and force us to let go our eager grasp on the world. When by any train of providential events, or of unforeseen misfortunes, our earthly hopes are blasted, and our brightest expectations and prospects are darkened—if the clouds of adversity lower and thicken around our heads, and obscure and darken our bright mental sky—if those, whom we loved, and by whom we were beloved, are gone, we are then often weaned from the objects of this momentary being, and in view of the accumulated woes that surround us, we can exclaim—*'Surely the bitterness of death is past'* even before we feel its icy hand. The moment that all the pleasures of life are overbalanced by pain and distress, either of body or mind, with no cherished hope of relief, we then gladly resign ourselves to death, and seek repose in its solemn shroud. This was the case with Agag, who, being a heathen, entertained no hope of a future existence through a resurrection in Christ. The bitterness of death was past to him, because all the joys of his existence were overpowered by distress.

Human life is a momentary dream; an empty shade. Like as the lightning which writes its fiery path on the dark cloud and expires, so human existence is but a meteor's blaze. It is often bright and dazzling in its momentary course, is attended with many delights, but like the lightning's flash expires in the darkness of death.

We come into existence ignorant and helpless. The first idea of which we have any distinct remembrance is that we were encircled by a moth-



er's arm, and hung upon a mother's smile. In her society, with those toys and playthings she gave us, was created our first little world. There we received our first impressions of those pleasurable delights of which our natures are so susceptible. From that dear twilight of our being we pass on to youth—thence to manhood and age; and in every period we find those enjoyments which the hand of heaven has sown in the whole path of mortal life from infancy to age, and so varied those enjoyments as exactly to adapt them to each season and period of our present existence. But perhaps the happiest, as well as the most interesting period of human life is the bloom of youth when just ripening into manhood. Then the bones are moistened with marrow. The crimson current of life flows full, free and warm, in its destined channels. The heart beats high with dearest hopes of earthly bliss, and the cheeks are mantled with living smiles. The step is firm and elastic; and through the lustre of the eye beams the ripening genius of the soul. Crime has not yet stained the hands, nor guilt polluted the fountains of the heart. It is a stranger to disappointment and woe. Nothing but fairy dreams of bliss linger in its inmost recesses. The world seems a realm whose tranquil serenity was never disturbed by adverse storms of suffering and pain; nor its sky overcast by clouds and darkness of affliction, distress and gloom.

Not only the world shines an Eden filled with flowers of perennial bloom, but his associates and companions seem angels ministering to his delight. Wherever he goes, fond dreams of happiness spring up in his imagination. Fair forms of pleasure seem to dance in his path, and the silken charms of affection cluster around his heart, and in ten thousand strings of purest love bind him to his dear sisters, brothers, and to the social companions of his early life forever. Here all is sunshine—all is joy—all is a bright mid-day dream. Here then the mind clings to life, with all the burning ardor of youthful fire, and naturally shudders at the thought of death.

And is it possible that a blooming youth, in the full possession of all these enjoyments, could be brought, not only to resign the whole, but to soar so far in moral and intellectual grandeur—and to feel so deeply resigned to God—and attain such a manly conquest over the tomb as to realize the weight of our text—'Surely the bitterness of death is past?' I answer *yes*; *it is even so*. And brother Parker, whose death we deplore, is the

youth, who has left the stage of action under such circumstances of magnanimous triumph. And what, it may be asked, removed from him the bitterness of death, and gave him victory? In answer to this question, I would first reply *negatively*, that it was not the loss of all those whom he held dear on earth, as in the case of Agag. No—his existence was not poisoned, the sky of his mortal life was not obscured, and the innocent pleasures and enjoyments of his youth were not blighted forever in the destruction of his kindred and friends. He was not left solitary and pensive on earth. No—he had kind brothers, who were dear to his heart. He had most amiable and affectionate sisters who were the light of his abode, and a tender mother, who to the last throbbing pulse of life stood by his couch of pain, and administered to his wants. Nor was he brought to surmount and triumph over the bitterness of death by the pains of a wasting consumption overpowering the pleasures and enjoyments of life. No—long before his disease had made any advances—while he was yet in his usual health and happiness, he often mentioned to me that death to him had no terrors—on that subject his mind was at rest.

The question then returns, what was it that removed the bitterness of death from the mind of this young man in the very bloom of youth, with all its fairy hopes and sunny smiles resting upon his head? I answer that it was the power of his gospel faith and hope in the promise of God, revealed in the immeasurable plan of mediatorial grace through Jesus Christ the Savior of the world. He was born under the doctrine of endless torment, and for the first twelve years of his life he was taught this unhappy sentiment which has, for three centuries, been pouring its streams of torment on the christian world more bitter than wormwood and gall. Here his reason found no rock on which to build, nor his meek spirit any place of rest. He listened to the tidings of angels, peace on earth and good will to men, abandoned the sentiment of endless torment, and embraced that of Universal Salvation. This removed the bitterness of death, and gave him a firm christian triumph over the tomb. His spotless life gave him not only a pure, unsullied conscience, but also the sweet rewards of heavenly peace; while his faith and hope enabled him to resign the world with all those fond and smiling attractions it presents to the youthful mind, and completely removed the bitterness of death.



As before remarked, he had resigned the sentiment of unending woe, and listened to the immortal song of angels sweetly stealing on the midnight hour, and breaking the silence which slumbered on Judea's plain. By an eye of faith he had seen the light from heaven illuminating the dark concave with a blaze of glory, and shepherds gazing entranced upon the surpassing splendor of the scene displayed from eternity; and listening to the immortal shout—'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.' By an eye of faith he had seen the Savior passing from his helpless condition in a manger onward to that power when he stilled the elements and awoke the dead—passing from a manger to a cross; from the songs of angels to the curses and mockeries of men, and from crowns of thorns to crowns of glory! He had heard him reveal the destiny of man, and expatiate on the paternal character of God. He had heard him bequeath the strange gift of God—*eternal life*—to a dying world in the holy and immortal nature of angels. In this nature he declared, as the Son of God, that they should be confirmed through a resurrection into future scenes of changeless and unending beatitude in heaven. There by the power of God they should be made equal unto the angels, and be the children of God being the children of the resurrection. He saw him manifest the divine perfections of his Father to the world in living the precepts he taught, and not by resisting evil, but in returning good for evil. He saw him manifest all the great and brilliant virtues of his character on the cross in triumphing over the bitterness of death in its most aggravated forms. At the grandeur of the scene he saw the sun withdrawing his light and sleeping, as it were, in the drapery of his own clouds, and darkness solemnly gathering around his cross! He heard the earthquake rumbling its thunders—convulsing the globe—saw the rocks rending, the graves opening, and the dead arising! He saw nature in majesty and terror hovering round his cross, and there bringing to a centre all that is grand, sublime and awful in her realms, as the magnanimous sufferer expired!

All this by an eye of faith he beheld. He beheld God's everlasting Son laid in the tomb. Thence he arose as the first fruits of the human harvest and entered beyond its darkness and gloom into the undying light of eternity. By an eye of faith he beheld the great Mediator enthroned, and pledged to reign until all things in

heaven and earth shall be subdued to him, and God shall be all in all. He firmly believed the resurrection in Christ to be our only hope of a future world. He cherished the faith that since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. He cherished the faith that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, and in *him* bear the image of the heavenly, as in Adam they once bore the image of the earthy. In fine; he believed that we should be raised in an incorruptible, glorious, powerful, spiritual body, and that all human kind, congregated beyond the reach of death and pain, should together shout 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Because Christ lived he believed we should live also. From this world of suffering, imperfection and change he looked forward, as he lay upon his dying bed, to the cloudless resurrection world, from whence Christ, the bright angel of eternal truth and life, arrayed in robes of heaven, shall descend, approach, and stand before the tomb!—shall smite the solemn house of silence! The cerements of the dead shall burst! The solid doors of the cold prison of earth give way! The fetters riveted by the hammer of death shall fall! And at the sound of his inspiring voice, the dead shall rise; and redeemed captives, from sin and death and pain forever free, shall triumph in immortal existence.

He saw this, and the bitterness of death was past. In faith he saw the resurrection state where glorified millions walk the fair banks of crystal streams, and bathe in living fountains. There he saw no cheeks suffused with tears; nor did sighs of parting friendship rise from bleeding hearts. The parent's fondest wish was realized, and love and friendship reigned unbroken and perpetual. To him the bitterness of death was past; and in the enjoyment of this sublime faith and hope, and with the peace of heaven in his soul, he fell asleep. He is now in heaven.

I am well aware that it will now be said by the objector, that it cannot be that the faith and hope of this lamented youth, so completely removed the bitterness of death; because, that the believer in endless misery, having an unshaken faith in that sentiment, may also exclaim 'Surely the bitterness of death is past.' This I deny; for no man ever has drawn—nor can draw, any conso-



lation from his faith in the doctrine of unending torment. Nor can such a wretched faith resign him to God—nor enable him to rejoice and triumph over the bitterness of death. Such a believer draws all his consolation from the salvation part of his doctrine, and this alone enables him to rejoice and triumph over the bitterness of death. While on the other hand, faith in the wretched sentiment of undying pain, fans up a flame of misery in the bosom, which the most exalted anticipations of future glory are unable to quench. Nothing that heaven can give can crush the hydra woe this deplorable doctrine creates and fosters in the soul. It is at war with all that is benignant and holy in God, angels and men. It claims a pretended and sovereign right to stand the test of justice at some final day before the compassionate Redeemer of the world, and legally demand its subjects of torture. This doctrine contends that a fallen angel will wrest them from his once bleeding, but now glorified hand at the very threshold of eternity—there tear the human family in pieces by separation—sunder the most and endearing affections heaven ever rooted in the soul—set at defiance every devout aspiration ever breathed to heaven for the salvation of the world, and thus mock at the fondest desire of the christian bosom. And does this remove the bitterness of death? No! This doctrine claims a pretended right to crush to atoms every parental hope, by claiming victims out of every family, or circle of relatives and friends, and to change the warm current of christian love and compassion into stoic apathy in every celestial bosom. All heaven thus hardened, and prepared to feast at the sight of consummate misery, this fallen angel, having every fibre of his infernal, malignant heart gratified, will then descend triumphant with countless millions of all ages—from the little child that could but just discern between good and evil up to him who dropt in death under the weight of years—with this unnumbered throng he will descend to the infernal regions of black despair, while those in heaven shout—'glory!' exulting in ruin, destruction and pain! Immortal God! is this the spirit of heaven that triumphs over the bitterness of death? No! All that we call benevolent here, starts with horror at the shocking scene!

The anticipation of eternal pain fills every christian bosom with mourning and gloom, and is destructive of every joy. In prospect of this unheavenly sentiment many a father—many a moth-

er have been stript of every consolation, and brought down with sorrow to the grave. We often behold parents who have consigned an only son to the tomb. With the most painful emotions they scan even the virtuous life of their child. They reflect upon his moral worth which endeared him to all. They trace him through the scenes of his boyhood and youth. They mark the sweetness of his disposition—his veneration to his parents—and his cheerfulness and innocence among his playmates. Nor do they stop here. They trace their lovely boy up to manhood, and from that to his dying day. They contemplate the brilliancy of his mind, and that noble rank of respectability he ever maintained. Having diligently investigated his conduct through life and found no stain, they pursue him in thought to eternity, and with rending anguish of soul pronounce him in the abodes of the damned, because he met with no mysterious change this side the grave! And is this a sentiment that removes the bitterness of death, and fills the soul with peace and joy? No! Why all this anxiety and woe among christians? Alas! their bleeding hearts will tell you why. Their teachers, instead of comforting their hearts with the glad tidings of that great joy which shall be unto all people, have torn them open with the thunderbolts of unending damnation! They will point you with a brimful eye to the green sward that covers the father, the mother, the child, the husband, the wife or friend they loved, while unknown terrors chill the soul. Instead of removing the bitterness of death, what awful consequences the doctrine of never ending woe involves. So that we may fully see the boasted comfort this unrighteous sentiment gives—from the anticipation let us turn to the supposed reality. Those children, which have been torn from your society by death, are yet embraced in the circle of your well-wishes and love. Imagination often places their loved forms before your eyes, and hears the sweet sound of their voices yet falling with melancholy music on your ear. We will suppose them involved in endless misery, while you have arisen to worlds of light in heaven. Now look down and see them eternally fixed in the most excruciating pain. There oh, father and mother are the once sportive children of your arms! There see the miserable objects of all your toils, your affections, your tears, your desires, and prayers! Do you feel no anxiety for their welfare; and do no clouds of trouble rise



to darken your light in glory? Parents will you sit on your celestial height unmoved at the pains and groans of your own suffering offspring?—or at the groans of suffering millions, and not feel one yearning of compassion over their unhappy fate? If so, I shall not envy you your seat. You may keep it. It would be no heaven to me. God grant that this bosom may never feel one aspiring wish to such an abode.

And is this the doctrine, that gives you joy and triumph over the bitterness of death? If so, I entreat you once more by all the ties that bind man—by those of kindred blood and parental love—by the love of God and the voice of Christ—by all the bowels of mercy in time and in eternity that can be made to move at woe—I entreat you to look down once more to flaming worlds! There perhaps is a friend, who in this life was your benefactor. He saw you in distress and he flew to your relief. He saw you on a bed of pain, and with a hand of compassion kindly supported your aching head, and whispered the accents of encouragement and consolation. The hand that administered to your relief and fed the poor is now frying in flames, and the voice that spoke you comfort is venting the groans of despair! Where—O! where has your mercy fled? Where are those religious feelings you experienced on earth and which prompted you to love your enemies, and to succor the distressed? Where has your christian benevolence fled? Are you changed, hardened, and insensible to that moral flow of feeling which we call the true spirit of religion here? If so, then we are now completely ignorant of the nature of that spirit which warms the bosoms of the glorified in heaven, and all the religious exercises we experience on these mortal shores are but so many deceptions received through the medium of the senses. But grant them to be the breathings of the same spirit which burns in the just made perfect, and the sight of endless misery would unparadise the realms of glory and paralyze the heavenly song of redemption. This infernal grandeur of woe which in the sublime of terror infinitely transcends the lightning's blaze, can never remove the bitterness of death but on the contrary gives it all its chilling horrors.

We have now clearly shown that the doctrine of endless misery can, in no sense, sustain the soul in the hour of death; and have clearly pointed out that in our young lamented friend it was the sentiment of universal grace that brought

consolation and joy, and removed the bitterness of death. He was an amiable young man for whom I cherished a deep affection, and our last farewell was painful and trying. But the dear youth is gone; and with triumphant composure did he leave us exhorting his equals and aged companions to live to God. Never more on earth shall we hear his well remembered voice. But mourning mother, sisters, brothers, and friends, let us be comforted in the pleasing hope that we shall meet him again beyond the storms of this ever changing life! Yes, we shall meet him in heaven, and hear his loved voice sound immortal where death and parting shall be known no more. Let us live in accordance with the faith we profess; and cherish in our hearts the spirit of universal benevolence, so that when we shall be called from these mortal shores, we may not only feel that the bitterness of death is past, but be enabled to breathe out in resignation—

'This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joy substantial and sincere,  
When shall I wake and find me there?

O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.'

### THE VISION.

Original.

O DAY by day I'm weaned from earth,  
I'm humbled, chastened, bowed,  
Shadows are round each form of mirth,  
And o'er me dark dense clouds;  
And best of all the visions given  
Is when I catch a glimpse of heaven.

I sat me down last night and gazed  
Up to the starry skies,  
And deeply was my soul amazed  
As changed to angel eyes  
Was each bright gem that glittered there,  
Each glistening with sweet pity's tear.

I gazed and gazed, all wrapt in thought,  
As holy Stephen did,  
When in his soul a spell was wrought,  
That made no longer hid  
The glories of the world of light,  
And heaven and Christ burst on his sight.

I read those eyes as best I could,  
As though they were of those  
Who cannot speak, though fain they would,  
When ours are bitter woes;  
And sweet the consciousness to me,  
That they had holy sympathy.

Yes, yes, there were pure angels blest  
Bending in love o'er me,



Wishing to calm my heaving breast,  
And bid my sorrow flee ;  
I heard them whisper, sweet though dim,  
'What shall we say to comfort him?'

And then there seemed a council held,  
For many plans had they ;  
O how my heart with gladness swelled,  
And prayed their longer stay !  
They parted—and I heard their wings  
As when in dreams our mother sings.

Then, O my God ! what glory burst  
On my astonished sight,  
Revealing all that I had nurst  
Of hope and promise bright,  
As open flew the golden gates,—  
'See, see,' sang they, 'what you awaits !'

God ! how thy child did gaze intense,  
For then the lost and dear  
I saw, and with a mystic sense  
Their very thoughts could hear,  
And they were all of those they left,  
To know the grief of love bereft.

And I could see how their chief joy  
That gave them holy bliss,  
Was, 'We shall meet ! No doubts annoy  
Our confidence in this !'  
And then in thought they sang an hymn,  
Sweet as the song of seraphim.

Closed were the gates ! How dark was earth !  
And yet it did not seem,  
Like a rude act to spoil our mirth,  
But as a sleep, to dream  
Of what is all so bright that we  
Long to leave earth and to it flee.

But nay ! I will not *long* to leave  
This sphere of duty given ;  
But when grief's bitter sighs I heave,  
I'll think of glorious heaven ;  
And then the vision of last night,  
Shall make my shadowy thoughts all bright.

B.

## RELIGION AND TRUE GREATNESS.

### A DIALOGUE.

Original.

FREDERICK. You promised to convince me that religion was an amiable quality or disposition of the mind. I should like to hear you prove it.

EDWARD. I believe I said that the religion of the bible was altogether lovely ; and you thought otherwise.

FREDERICK. Not precisely so. I said that I liked noble qualities, generous impulses, and heroic deeds ; and I referred you to the ancients for examples of these—to the patriotism of Regulus, Brutus, and Cato. I mentioned many other examples.

EDWARD. At the same time, you thought that religion did not encourage such deeds—that it

was a narrow, bigoted principle, that it consisted of grave countenances, solemn mummary, and denying one's self the fresh and flowing delights of the world.

FREDERICK. Something of that sort, I believe. But it remains for you to prove that religion does not destroy the verdure of youthful feelings, and blast the happiness of the naturally gay—and slur the brightness of the world's glories.

EDWARD. You speak of the 'naturally gay' and 'the world's glories'. Now are you not sure that you are using words without any definite meaning ? I have frequently heard you make use of such expressions, and one would suppose that you believed there was some perennial and fadeless joy connected with these gay feelings and the glories of the world. But king Solomon had everything of a worldly nature that heart of man can desire, and is he not a standing monument of the worthlessness of those glories, and the vanity of human pride. With what disgust does he speak of that happiness which seems to engross so much of your attention !

FREDERICK. Now you are moralizing again ; and, indeed, you prove the truth of my words. For who but a religionist would think of despising the rose in full bloom because it will one day wither ? Who but a religionist would despise the pleasures of youth, because we shall one day be old. No, no. It is full time enough to enact the part of an old man, when your locks are gray, and your heart is weary of life.

EDWARD. You have said much more than I have given you warrant for. The blown rose may exist, and buoyant youth may exist ; but are you quite sure that every youth is happy, and that every rose imparts pleasure to him that looks upon it. I believe man is so constituted that when surrounded by all the beauties of nature, he cannot enjoy them, unless his heart is right toward God. The beneficent Creator has filled the world with good things, but he has given to us something better and richer than all the world—an immortal spirit in his own image, capable of eternal happiness in heaven. If this immortal spirit endeavors to adapt itself wholly to this world, and seeks for gratification only in worldly things, it will be disappointed ; and after chasing the butterfly of pleasure for years, will sigh after the time which has been wasted, and exclaim with the preacher, 'All is vanity !'

FREDERICK. If you allude to the mere groveling pleasures of eating and drinking, and other



sensual delights, you are not at all in error. Because the glutton destroys his own capability of enjoyment, and so does the worshipper of Bacchus. Remember that I believe in honor, in high-souled and ennobling qualities of the mind; in dignified conduct, and in disinterestedness.

EDWARD. I trust then that you will be able to define your exact meaning; for mere words amount to very little. To begin then, you believe in *honor*. What do you understand by that term?

FREDERICK. A high sense of propriety, and a scorn of every base and dishonest action.

EDWARD. What do you mean by a *high* sense of propriety? It is necessary that we should distinctly comprehend each others' meaning.

FREDERICK. I mean a determination to go to the grave, sooner than to do wrong to others, or to suffer wrong from them.

EDWARD. I cannot altogether accord with that principle or doctrine. Nevertheless, I shall be glad if you can show me an irreligious man who goes even so far as that.

FREDERICK. That I can do readily. You know Colonel Jones—he that fell in a duel last September. That man was a hero. He would stoop to nothing mean, and neither would he suffer a stain on his reputation.

EDWARD. Really, my friend, your vision must be remarkably oblique. Did he not run in debt to several poor tradesmen, in order to support his extravagance; and did he not insult them grossly when they begged a small pittance of what he owed them? Can you now boldly affirm that he was a man who would neither suffer wrong from others nor do wrong himself.

FREDERICK. No doubt he had his faults; but he was too noble to fear death.

EDWARD. So is the pirate who cuts the throat of his victim, and ascends the gallows with an air of defiance.

FREDERICK. I know that you bible folks don't like duelling; and I do not know that it is necessary for me to defend the practice now. Yet you do not see any religious folks who care to risk their lives magnanimously like the duellist.

EDWARD. Oh yes, a great many; not who risked their lives in order to kill somebody else, but who cheerfully laid down their lives for the cause of truth, and for the good of others. But let us leave honor, and look at your 'high-souled and ennobling qualities.' What are they.

FREDERICK. Why, I mean disinterested and noble deeds, heroism, and unshaken principle.

EDWARD. Very well. Religious people will begin with the Captain of their salvation. He surrendered up his life, not like the military hero who perishes on the battle-field, while he knows that immortality and human applause will be his meed—but our Savior died an ignominious death on the cross, for others and not for himself; and so far from being engaged in killing others when he fell, he prayed for mercy on his murderers. Was not this disinterestedness, and was it not a high-souled, heroic deed; and did it not show unshaken principle?

FREDERICK. I know that, yet religion is the motive for such martyrdoms. I would rather see a man do those things spontaneously as a man, and not for the sake of religion. There have been men who have died for their country, and for their friends, independent of religious considerations.

EDWARD. Is it any objection to religion that it teaches and encourages these disinterested and high-souled deeds, which you value so highly? Or is it any objection to religion that it requires us not only to act nobly and disinterestedly on great occasions, but to do well *always*? Religion is the steady rule of duty. But a man who proceeds on your plan may do mischief enough in every year of his life to counterbalance all the good that he may do on one of the great occasions of which you speak. You object to religious motives. A man must have some motive of action. Now if you carefully read the precepts of Jesus Christ, you will find that everything which is noble, disinterested, and truly great, is there enforced. But the bible does not stop here. It gives us the highest motives for putting in practice those precepts.

FREDERICK. I want no motive to do right, but a love of glorious deeds.

EDWARD. Very well. You are at liberty to do all the glorious deeds, which you may find it convenient to perform. But you would do well to remember that, doing glorious deeds, and talking about them, are two very different things. Also, recollect that if you do one glorious deed and a dozen inglorious ones, the latter will wholly obliterate the former; and before you can overcome evil with good, resist temptation to do evil, and conquer your own selfish desires and partialities, you must be imbued with the spirit of Jesus Christ, in whose name alone there is salvation. Think of these things at your leisure, and examine your heart.

A TEACHER.

Boston, Mass.



## THE UNION OF THE PURE.

Original.

## THE PARTING.

HENRY. When I arose from the heather to meet the sun at its earliest dawning, I thought of thee, and when I wandered forth upon the heath, I espied a white rose filled with dew, alone on its stem. I thought of my Agnes, the stainless and the gentle, and prayed that she might ever remain open and artless like those expanded petals, which let us into the very bosom of the flower, and spotless as they in their pure and unsullied whiteness.

AGNES. I went forth from my couch, before the first ray of the bright orb had darted over the hill of Montligo, so that my sandals were baptized in the dews of the night ; and I saw a noble young pine, whose top pointed toward heaven, whose stem the tempest had never bowed, and whose leaves the sun and the frost had never withered. Then I thought of thee, my love, whom the storm of passion hath never shaken from thy truth, and whose virtue and piety will remain fresh and lively as ever, when thou shalt go forth from the valley and mingle with men. Like that upright pine wilt thou stem the blast of temptation ; and the precepts of the holy man who hath taught us, will remain green in thy memory when the lure of pleasure or the shaft of adversity would corrupt the integrity of thy purposes.

HENRY. I have prayed, O Agnes, that as the sun passes through the dark cloud, and loses none of his brightness, so may I return to the valley of my childhood unchanged, but in experience, and with golden wisdom adorning a pure conscience. We will kneel again at the altar of our fathers' God, and may I never weep that the heart which then offers up its incense is less pure than it was in the days of my inexperienced youth.

AGNES. Behold yon flock that rest idly on the side of the mountain, or gambol through the thickets on the north side of the wood. Their fleece is pure, but it may be soiled. Yet hard by the ruined gate-way beyond our path, is a pool through which they can pass and be clean. Last spring my father gave me a little lamb. It broke away from my embraces, and ran out upon the plain, where, unable to guide its footsteps, it fell into a ditch. I heard its bleating, and my heart bled. I ran to the spot, and snatched the struggling lamb from the suffocating slough. It was then that my father took him from me and plunged the little innocent into the pool by the broken arch,

and when he again plucked him thence, not a stain remained, but his fleece shone in the sun, pure and unsullied as before.

HENRY. Yes, Agnes, there is a washing pool to which the erring and repentant may fly, even our heavenly Father's love ; and when I have strayed from the path of duty, and contracted a stain, I will give no rest to my soul, until I have knelt at the footstool of pardoning grace.

AGNES. Nay then, my pride and my hope, I shall not fear for thee, if such be thy resolve ; for he will not long wander, who seeks aid from above. I have heard of the allurements of the world, and of great cities, and have trembled. I have heard of men who lived without God in the world, and who employed their great knowledge in cunning schemes for the gratification of their lusts. I have even heard that there are some who think the loss of innocence abundantly repaid by the gain of wealth and houses, and lands ; and that such are more proud of money than they are of virtue. Should you see any such, O beware of them, for they are said to have smooth tongues, and to profess the love of God for gain ; and they seek not to be washed from their sins, even while they call themselves the disciples of the Lord.

HENRY. If I meet with any such, I will bid them tremble and be afraid, for they are dangerous to the innocent and honest heart, leading them into the wilderness of thorns, and worshippers of their own selves. I shall think of the valley when I am far away, and in my dreams, I shall see thee wandering by the side of the sandy streams, and watching on the border of the lake. I shall remember every flower that we have loved, and every tree under whose branches we have sat and talked, will remain upon my memory. Least of all shall I forget thee, the loveliest of the flowers in our native vale, the living personification of all their varied loveliness. The rocks and the rivulets, the torrent and the old oak—all will be near me when I am at a distance—they will dwell in my heart, for they are the scenes of my childhood, the place consecrated by our prayers and endeared by our love. Thou wilt guard these flowers when I am gone, and feed these lambs, when I am far away.

AGNES. My trust is in Jehovah, and the power of his grace ; but I am sad to hear thee talk of my solitude. I had seen it at a distance, as a thing unreal like the forms which fancy builds out of the mist when the mountain is hidden by the morning vapors. But now that I hear thee



name it, with thy own lips, imagination brings the dreary scene before me, when I shall walk by the side of the rushing streams and no voice will reply to mine; when I shall climb the hill of Montligo alone, and survey the landscape without a friend to point out its beauties.

HENRY. Even now, Agnes, we have reached the end of our walk, and long and wearisome will be thy journey back to thy father's house. Here we must part, for the sun is high in the heavens, and my horse approaches, led by the faithful Conrad. Behold them beyond the hedge.

AGNES. Alas! and must it be?

HENRY. Farewell. My spirit lingers behind.

AGNES. Oh, farewell! He is gone.

THE RETURN.

HENRY. There was surely a voice near this cluster of hemlocks. It was like remembered music. Ah! there is a garment fluttering on yon hill. She looks back. Agnes! Agnes! Oh Agnes! She turns—she raises her hands to heaven as if in ecstasy. She comes rushing down the steep like an agile deer. Two long years have passed, and yet she is unaltered as the rocky hill from which she bounds.

AGNES. [approaching.] It is he! His arms are opened to receive me. Oh! my beating heart, cease thy tumultuous motion. Henry, dear Henry—thus do we embrace, and who shall tear us asunder?

HENRY. Lean thy head upon my shoulder, gentlest, until thy wearied bosom ceases its panting. O happiness—bliss unspeakable to meet thee thus, in our wonted haunts.

AGNES. More happy I, to find thee unaltered in soul, though thy cheek is browner than when we parted, and thy step is more firm. But thy eyes tell me that thou hast brought back a soul unstained as when we broke from each other's embrace amid sobbings and tears. I have been alone upon these hills. I have been like a stranger in the house of my father; but wherever I have knelt at the holy altar, I have found thee there, for thou wast in His keeping.

HENRY. I have thought of thee when on the billows of the restless ocean. I have seen thee in my dreams when mountain and river separated us; and I have knelt and prayed for thee when none heard my voice but the Holy of Holies. Now I am blest, since thou art here, and hast never forsaken the altars of our God.

AGNES. Thy words are sweet to my ear, and

my soul magnifies the goodness of our God who hath saved thee.

HENRY. We shall no more part; but the valley shall be our home, and the holy union shall be honored by men, and be hallowed by the smile and benediction of the eternal One. N. S. T.

Boston, Mass.

FRIENDSHIP.

Original.

TO HARRIET.

FRIENDSHIP, sweet solacer of every woe;  
Oh what were life without thy soothing power?  
'Tis thine to deck our pathway here below,  
With many an opening bud, and blooming flower,—  
'Tis thine to sooth our every care away;  
Cold is the heart that feeleth not thy sway.

Harriet, if frendship pure is found on earth,  
'Tis in the love my spirit asks of thee;  
In weal or wo, in sorrow or in mirth,  
For such affection I have given thee,  
Such is the love within my own heart nurst,—  
But not for thy dear sake I loved thee first.

I loved because the glorious faith that binds  
Our hearts in kindred sympathy was thine,  
And that around that blessed trust our minds,  
Like sister flowers, within one wreath might twine;  
But deeper frendship now is in my heart,—  
May I not hope my name in yours hath part?

If so, our spirits never more shall sever,  
Tho' separate far may be our future lot,  
The chain that binds the heart endures forever,  
And youth's pure frendship ne'er can be forgot;  
Nor severed even by the dying sigh,  
The world may change, but frendship cannot die.

Lancaster, Mass.

JULIA.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Original.

MANY days have rolled away since the Deliverer, with his little band of disciples, wandered over the plains of Palestine. Where now are the Scribes, the disputers, the vain Pharisees, and the unbelieving doctors, who say there is neither angel nor resurrection? That proud temple of which the Jews were so vain, and which David had not been permitted to build, where is it? Not one stone of that magnificent building is left upon the other. The Saracen proudly domineers where the prophet of Jehovah thundered forth the deep malison of heaven against the foes of Israel; and the crescent waves in triumph where the cross was first exalted over the rituals of Judaism. Many years have gone by since the intrepid Paul went forth to encounter the heathen



philosophers in their own sanctuaries, and was supposed to be a setter forth of strange gods, when he preached unto them Jesus risen from the dead.

Little can we, in this day, estimate the labor and the peril which those ancient saints endured in order to publish the gospel abroad—how much they suffered not only on account of their enemies, but also the unfaithfulness of friends, the continual errors that were creeping in among the flock, the mixing up of heathen superstition with the pure gospel of Christ, and the temporising policy of some whom they had trusted, and of whom they expected better things. Danger, toil, and hardship beset them on all sides. They were like sheep among wolves. Being restrained by their mission from avenging the insults and injuries which they received, a violent and blood-thirsty people could glut their rage upon them with impunity. But they counted themselves blessed in being permitted to suffer for the holy cause which they espoused.

Although so many years have passed since the advent of the Messiah and the preaching of his apostles, still we have plain records of what he taught, and what they taught, and also the writings of those who succeeded them, and who must have been well acquainted with their views, feelings, and expectations. In short there never was a religion so authentic. For if it should be said that the disciples were ignorant men, and that St. Paul was a deceiver, what reply can be made to the fact that in the times immediately succeeding the apostles so many wise and learned philosophers and talented writers came up in the steps of the inspired apostles and exhibited a lively faith in Jesus, which they were free to seal with their blood, thousands of them being sacrificed by the pagan emperors. It should be recollected that these men lived near the time of the Savior and his apostles; and that the books of the New Testament were already written, containing the account of miracles, the resurrection, and all those wonderful events which are now so freely disbelieved by the wise ones of our time, who declare that a miracle never can be wrought, as the laws of nature can never be violated. But let us suppose those learned men, who lived within one or two hundred years of the time of the Savior, believing firmly in all those things, and dying cruel deaths in support of their faith—let us suppose them deceived, and what may we not believe next? Their writings are with us. Volume piled upon volume

has been left us by these primitive martyrs, and however they may seem to disagree on some small speculative matters, not a hint is dropped that they ever doubted the miracles and resurrection of the Savior. It is sometimes said jeeringly that miracles and wonders are placed in a distant age, so that the cheat may not be detected; but here we have the words of men who lived near the time—and whose knowledge was equal to the wise men of our day—who proclaim their firm belief in miracles. Had the record of those things been false, nothing would have been easier than for Clement, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Ignatius, and others to have inquired out the matter; and above all, nothing would have been easier than for Celsus, Trypho, and other controversial enemies to have charged the early christians with these cheats. Indeed, there is something very remarkable in the fact that the enemies of christianity, in the early ages, never said anything against the miracles of the Savior, which they certainly would have done, had they lived in this remote age: for now that is the principal point of attack. One would suppose that the unbelievers of that day would have made a handle of the christian miracles if false, as it would have been so easy to disprove them then. I think their opposition to christianity shows that when men are determined not to believe, they will doubt in the face of miracles, and their conduct is in perfect accordance with that of the Jews in our Savior's time, whose conversation respecting the miracles is perfectly natural, and shows that men can disbelieve in spite of supernatural signs.

But the unbelievers have changed their ground since then, and now say, 'Show us a miracle, and we will believe in your religion.' It is thus that they persuade themselves that their unbelief results from a want of sufficient evidence; but such is not the case, for there is evidence enough, and if they will not believe now, neither would they believe if a miracle were wrought.

The distance of time when those wonderful works were wrought, has no effect on their belief. They would have been as incredulous as they are now, if they had seen all those miracles at the time they were performed. It is fact that we have many powerful evidences of the truth of christianity, which the Jews of those days could not have had; and hence it was necessary that miracles should be given to them. But we have no need of miracles. We have evidence enough—all that is required; all that could be safely



and conveniently made use of ; and if we remain unconvinced, it is our own fault. I know it is said that a man cannot believe what he will ; but we find no such allowances made by the Savior and the apostles. They do expressly censure the world for *unbelief* ; and we may, therefore, conclude that all who do not, on examination, believe in the gospel of Christ, are blameworthy, and are condemned already—their unbelief resulting from hardness of heart, and a distaste for the pure and the holy.

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### FALSE ESTIMATES OF CHARACTER.

Original.

I HAVE for some time thought that if men were thoroughly acquainted with their own hearts, we should hear less said about human depravity. It is most common for those who imagine themselves to be considerable better than the sinners, to launch forth their anathemas against the world, and rejoice that heaven has made them more excellent than others. Such persons shrink from the sight of a convicted criminal ; are horror struck at a convict in chains ; and cannot pass a prison house without shuddering at the thought of the great amount of crime enclosed within its walls. But a murderer is a being so atrocious as to excite no other feelings but unmixed indignation ; and one that has suffered death for his crime is pointed out as a standing argument in favor of total depravity. These self-complacent individuals do not reflect how much influence circumstances have had in preparing the mind for the commission of desperate crimes ; and they seem not to be aware that a certain kind of culture might have reared the deadly plants from the soil of their own hearts. A mistake in our course of reasoning ; an unfortunate bias, ignorantly given the mind by the instructors of our early years ; disheartening and gloomy views of religion ; and many other causes which do not excite apprehension of impending evil, have led the mind on, step by step, to desperate and horrible actions. It may be supposed that the man who commits a crime which he knows will cut him off from human sympathy, and above all, destroy his own peace, can hardly be of sane mind. Self-interest alone would induce a reasonable man to avoid the commission of capital offences. But it is fashionable to suppose the unhappy criminal incapable of one good thought. This is manifestly absurd, and such a course of unlimited censure is

calculated to plunge the victim of imprudence into greater degrees of guilt. Let the world give a man up as hopelessly and irretrievably lost, and nothing short of the omnipotent arm can arrest his final leap to ruin. Convince a man that he is hated, despised, or execrated by the world, and the principle of retaliation will operate powerfully in his breast. It cannot be otherwise, unless he is a true christian.

I lately saw, in one of our public journals, a biting taunt flung at a man who was executed for murder, because in refusing to give us his real name, he made the plea that he had brothers and sisters living who might be injured in public estimation by such an exposure. This last evidence of fraternal feeling which it was in his power to give, forms a very pleasant jest for the news-monger ; who ridicules the idea that the dying man should entertain any such regard for his relatives. Greater knowledge of human nature would have taught him that many persons convicted of murder possess strong natural affection ; and, indeed, that bold and desperate crimes are almost always perpetrated by men of powerful feeling as well as strong passions. Bulwer has been happy in the delineation of high and energetic character, as exhibited in great criminals. People of superficial feelings and vacillating purposes never commit great crimes, unless placed in circumstances which control their natural disposition. There is still another view of the subject. Those persons who have been guilty of crimes which are decidedly *unpopular*, generally afford the text for preachers of total depravity. Now all the difference between these open criminals and many persons who are respected by the world, lies in the fact that the former possess a bold independence of character and commit crime in defiance of public opinion and the perils of the law, while the latter are equally culpable, possess hearts equally cold, selfish, and malignant, and sin under cover of the law. The former are more audacious ; the latter are more mean. The former will steal and rob, while the latter will defraud. The one boldly announces his intention to plunder you—the other takes advantage of your simplicity, and both deceives and robs you. The former commits but one crime, and is hunted to prison or to the gallows for it, while the latter commits two crimes, and holds up his head in society, as a very respectable citizen. Yet the latter personage may read you a very good lecture on total depravity, and cite his less guilty but more unfortunate brother as



an evidence of the truth of the doctrine. You listen very complacently, and go away in the belief that the world has become very wicked, since men have begun to put people on their guard before they rob them—instead of doing it in a quiet, pleasant, and benevolent manner.

Now I have not introduced this argument to show that there is more sin in the world than is generally supposed; but to show that it is unjust to suspect open criminals of total depravity, when we know that our neighbors, who are equally guilty with them, do possess many amiable traits of character. I desire to treat all men impartially, and to show that there is not a certain number who are wholly given over to a reprobate mind, and who cannot, therefore, be saved. Doctor Beecher says that the number who are lost will be about equal to the number who occupy our prisons and dungeons. Admitting this to be the case, I do not believe that the population of the burning gulf will be all drawn from our prisons and dungeons. The Savior, who told the dying thief that he should meet him in paradise, and who discharged the sinful woman without even a rebuke, did not appear to take this view of the subject. On the other hand he sharply reproved those who sat in the high seats, and who wore robes of honor, and who were called master by the common people. 'The world loves its own,' and the most ingenious criminals have ever been the 'respectable members of society.'

The following anecdote may not be uninteresting, and I believe it is to the point. 'I was once sailing a few hundred miles in a packet. We had on board several men of standing in society, and one or two professors of religion. We had hardly put to sea, when it was discovered that we had two lads on board, who had not the means of paying their passage. They had, indeed, entered the vessel without speaking to the Captain on the subject. Upon being questioned, they said that they were poor, and were going to N—— to get an opportunity to go to sea, and that they had not announced their presence to the Captain, fearing that he would not take them free of charge. The Captain administered a slight rebuke, and then laughingly acquainted the passengers with the circumstance. They sent for the boys and questioned them with much severity, giving a great deal of good advice. In the course of the afternoon, I overheard the professors of religion in the act of reproofing the sailors for swearing. In truth, they were very profane. As night ad-

vanced, and the wind freshened, the little boys who were poorly clad, trembled with cold. The passengers, one by one, retired from the deck, and selfishly ensconced themselves in their warm berths, without deigning to notice the condition of the lads, who sat shivering on the quarter deck very near to them. After they had all descended, the sailors beckoned to the young boys, and invited them to the fore-castle. One of the tars gave up his berth to the boys, and stretched a blanket on the floor for himself.

Although I was very young at the time, yet I was able to weigh the conduct of these profane seamen against the good advice of the gentlemanly saints.

THE OBSERVER.

### SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Original.

HAVING occasion lately to travel a few miles, by stage, in New England, I could not avoid reflecting how much of human nature, and that of a really interesting character, may be picked up and commented on in the course of a ride or a ramble; and while my mind was full of this idea, I placed myself by the window of the carriage, and my perceptive faculties began to go in quest of adventures.

We were in the act of ascending a hill, and, on either side of the road, grew those tall wild flowers which linger long after the season of roses to take their parting farewell of the genial season. As we reached the top of the hill, a group of children, on its summit, came in sight, and they made obeisance to the passengers in the stage, at which I was a little surprised, until informed that such is the custom in the eastern states. The little boys took off their hats and bowed, while the girls sunk toward the earth, and rose again. It is a pretty custom, and who would not prefer the homage of such pure innocent hearts, before the studied adulation of a court.

A neat red cottage, by the road side, next attracted my attention. Clambering vines which had been already touched by the frost partially shaded the front of the house; and several flower pots at the windows betokened the taste for beauty which predominates alike in cot and palace. I could not help running over in my mind the various evidences of this general passion for the sublime and the beautiful that pervades all descriptions of the human race. The untutored savage rejoices to barter the solid comforts of life for



beads and bracelets, while he adorns his nose and ears with rings and his head with feathers. The humblest village maid must have her personal decorations, and the lords and ladies can be satisfied with nothing but mimic imitations of regal splendor. Even the plain Quaker contrives to wear the richest cloth, and evade the simplicity of his profession by costly furniture of an unostentatious pattern. The love of beauty, grace, elegance is inherent in the human mind—and to this conclusion I came after speculating on the flower pots in the cottage window.

A little farther on, I described a bloated, miserable looking man seated on a piece of rising turf, and attempting to sing. He cast up his eyes at the stage, as the rumbling wheels awoke his attention, and stammered out an oath, as if angry because we had disturbed his song. Here was a characteristic sample of human nature—of depraved men, who are unwilling to put up with a trifling, necessary inconvenience when the good of the greater number demands submission on their part. No person exhibits so disgusting a love of fault finding as the habitual drunkard.

The wheels of our vehicle now went quietly along over a road that divided a spacious green. At the end of this green stood a little school-house, now empty and deserted, at which I was somewhat surprised, as the neighborhood appeared to be populous. On inquiry of the passengers, I learned that there had been a ballot for a school teacher; and that the election had been fiercely contested between two young men of opposite political principles. When the votes were counted, it was found to be a tie. No compromise would be accepted by either party; and therefore matters remained *in statu quo*, one party anxiously waiting for the death of a Mr. Roe, whose extreme age gave sure presage that he must shortly be gathered to his final repose; when his vote being lost to his party, the candidate of their opponents must per force be elected. In the mean time, the children must remain without the means of education until the old gentleman gave up the ghost. Party spirit has, not unfrequently, been productive of equally ridiculous consequences.

We had nearly reached the boundary of this green plain, when a wagoner came opposite to us with his team. He called to our driver, with whom he seemed to be acquainted, and the stage was stopped. The wagoner had a piece of news to relate; and asked him if he had heard that John Stone, shoemaker, was dead. The driver

replied in the negative, and asked if such was the fact.

'Yes,' said the wagoner, 'he got in a row last night with the Irish on the rail road, and was ripped up with a long knife.'

'Horrible!' ejaculated a lady passenger, and the stage passed on. We had travelled about half a mile farther, when our driver saw an old man coming toward us, whom he knew. He drew up, in order to make more particular inquiries about the death of John Stone. 'He is very bad,' was the answer of the old man. 'Peter Skinner saw him last night,' continued he, and there was a puddle of blood on the floor, almost big enough to swim in. He can't live.'

'But I heard he had been killed by the Irish,' said the driver.

'Well so he is,' exclaimed the other, 'and lays at the pint o' death now.'

We drove on, and in the course of ten minutes were stopped again by two large wagons and a load of hay, which blocked up the road. Our driver improved the time to seek more direct information about the murdered man. 'I saw him last night,' said a short fat young man, advancing toward the stage, with a pitchfork in his hand—'they say he was speechless when it first happened. He laid on the ground a minute or two before he came to himself, all covered with blood. When they got him home, he was carefully tended by the doctor, who told him it was a narrow chance.'

'Well,' said the driver. 'It's likely he wont live the night out.'

'Oh yes,' said the other. 'He's hurt bad, but they think there is no danger of his losing his eye. It was his nose that bled the most.'

'Poor fellow,' sighed a passenger, and we went on.

At about dusk we reached the village, and as we went rolling through the principal thoroughfare, we met many very cleanly and intelligent looking girls, whose appearance did honor to the description which I had frequently heard given of them. They were mostly employed in the factories, and many of them were very beautiful, of excellent complexions, and fine features. Persons who spend all of their time in the city, little dream what a variety of beauty may be found in the interior.

As the shades of evening gloomed around us, we halted opposite a small stone hotel, and were informed that we had reached our journey's end.



When I alighted from the stage, I observed a sallow, rough-looking personage on the steps, surveying our company as they descended from the stage, with no small impertinence.

In a moment, our driver stepped up to this man, and hailing him by the name of Stone, cried, 'Why, John, I thought you were dead, or something worse.'

'Not I,' said John. 'I was coming home from L—the other night, and caught a fall, just this side of Jones' corner, and bruised my head a little, but I was out again the next day, and as smart as a cricket.'

'Well, I marvel now,' cried the driver, 'for I heard that you had been killed by Irishmen, and left afloat in your own blood. I will never believe a man is dead, after this, until I hear it from his own mouth.' Such was the falling off of the story about murder.

E. P.

New York.

### SUNSHINE.

Original.

It is sweet when winter is around us to think and talk of the flowers of the sunny time, and by imagination bring around us the joys of the more genial season. One of the best aids is Mary Howitt's 'Birds and Flowers'—a rich book to every lover of the summer beauties and pure and pleasant thoughts and sentiments. Many an hour of delight does our own small home-circle owe to her sweet songs and lively breathings. Nature is seen pictured in all she has written. We give one of her poems as a specimen of the life and pleasantness of her poetry.

I LOVE the sunshine every where,—  
In wood, and field, and glen ;  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door,  
And casts the chequered casement shade  
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie  
Deep in the clovery grass,  
To watch among the twining roots  
The gold green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,  
To glance on sail and oar,  
While the great waves, like molten glass,  
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain tops,  
Where lies the thawless snow,  
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,  
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in forest glades,  
Hidden, and green, and cool,  
Through mossy boughs and veined leaves,  
How is it beautiful !

How beautiful on little streams,  
When sun and shade at play,  
Make silvery meshes, while the brook  
Goes singing on its way.

How beautiful when dragon-flies  
Are wondrous to behold,  
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,  
And bodies blue and gold !

How beautiful on harvest-slopes,  
To see the sunshine lie ;  
Or on the paler reaped fields,  
Where yellow shocks stand high !

Oh, yes ! I love the sunshine :  
Like kindness or like mirth  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth !

Upon the earth, upon the sea,  
And through the crystal air,  
On piled-up cloud the gracious sun  
Is glorious every where !

JANE EVANS.

A CHARACTER.

Original.

ONE who had not known that on the morrow Henry Stark was coming to Amoskeag, would have wondered very much, that Caroline Ingalls could be so busy all day decorating her parlor, which was always so nice. But somehow Mrs. Fisk had obtained the secret, and that she might be the better enabled to keep it safely, had, as was her usual custom, entrusted it to the care of all her neighbors. This act of hers saved them a world of conjecturing and guessing ; for in consequence, they knew how to impute the gathering of foliage and flowers, the wreathing of evergreens, roses and oak leaves ; all preceded by the ominous annunciation from Caroline to her scholars, that 'school would not keep any more until Monday.' Caroline found herself somewhat fatigued after the labors of the day were over ; and withal a little nervous, as young ladies are apt to be on such occasions. This fact may be disputed by some sister, who 'will not have the name of being nervous,' yet I dare not corroborate it by telling my own experience, for brother Cobb's paper is at my elbow, which saith, 'When you hear a maiden lady boasting the many offers of marriage she has rejected, infer that she is a little crazy.' Yet that Caroline was nervous, no one that saw her at tea, could doubt. Her father asked her if she would have some cake ; and she said, 'what bridge ?' They laughed at her unmercifully, and in her haste to leave table she



upset her cup, tea and all. Her mother began to scold her for spoiling her beautiful table cover, her father laughed, and her little brother said, 'Why Carl, I'll tell Henry.' So to escape them she caught her bonnet and ran into Col. Evans'. It was a beautiful evening, but Jane Evans did not care if it was. The birds were singing their sweetest songs in the orchard near the house; chanticleer had mounted the garden fence, and there he stood crowing as loudly as if he were just 'waking the morn'; hens went chattering by the windows, as they returned from the newly mown field with their little flocks; and Caroline had felt that

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirits.

But there Jane sat in her chamber, biting the finger nails of one hand, and with the other snapping the teeth of a tortoise shell comb, which was much needed to confine those curls that were straggling about her face.

'Oh Caroline, I am so glad you have come, I always want to tell you my troubles,' she said, as she met Caroline at the door. 'I will laugh,' she added with an habitual 'ha, ha,' as she flung back the curls from her sunny brow, 'but I am vexed, really vexed.'

'A rare circumstance,' said Caroline.

'Well, I will not have my name bandied about at random, by every gossiping old maid, and ill-natured envious belle. It is vastly too pretty.' She again laughed, and Caroline smiled.

'They do not complain of your *name*, but your-self.'

'Now I think myself a harmless, good little one. I am sure I would not injure any one for the world.'

'Nor do they find fault with your disposition. Even the most censorious will allow that you are a good-hearted girl.'

'Yes; but Mrs. Bates always adds with a slow, sanctimonious shake of her head, 'but she forgets that by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.' Mr. Burk, that retailer of Olapod's sayings, adds—'but she is always guffawing,'—Miss Doe, that 'she is always larking at them that's a leetle older than she is, jist as if she wouldn't be old herself;' and Mary Tilton says, 'but I am surprised and astonished, I really wonder that her jaws are not dislocated; they are so perpetually, so eternally distended.' In short, they all agree in this, that I am vastly too funny.'

'Well, candidly, Jane, what do you think of these charges, are they groundless?'

'Yes; "baseless as the fabric of a vision." They originate in sheer envy, and are circulated by her votaries.' 'I own,' she added after a pause, 'I do not see cause for envy. I am not richer, handsomer, nor better educated, than are some of my accusers. But what else can it be?'

'Shall I tell you, my dear girl, just what I think about it?'

'Certainly, you know you cannot offend me, and I am so perplexed as to the cause of this rumpus.'

'Did it never occur to you that we might better learn our faults from the multitude, than from any other source?'

'No, I never thought anything about it.'

'We will think of it now, then, if you please. You know I have, until within a year or two, been accused of being very haughty and sarcastic. For a long time, I only complained of the injustice of my associates. My own conscience had hitherto only whispered me that I was a little too independent in feeling. My mother had never reproved me. Whether the failing had been unobserved by her, or she thought it more than counterbalanced by little excellencies of character, magnified as *they* would be by maternal partiality, I do not know. True, my maiden aunt scolded me, but I suffered it all to pass unheeded, as the ventings of an old maid's spleen. And my preceptress had given me the appellation of "pride," but this was easily imputed. One of the professors had said that my scholarship was better than hers. Habitually proud and haughty, it is probable that this compliment, and my success in winning every prize for which I contended, made my arrogance really insupportable. I recollect now, with feelings severely mortified, instances of overbearing selfishness; and had they been allowed to pass uncensured, this fault of my character would even now have been "growing with my growth, and strengthening with my strength." I have reason to be grateful, I do bless heaven for the rod that laid me an humbled, penitent one, at the feet of Him who was meek and lowly in heart.'

'Why, my dear Caroline, do you think slander justifiable?'

'Most decidedly no; not justifiable as an *end*; but susceptible of being rendered useful as a *means*.'

'Ah, I see how it is; "a partial evil, but uni-



versal good.' Well, let me see what good can accrue to me from such a source. If I find any, well for the reputation of scripture that it reads, "*Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.*"'

'Jane, let us be serious, very serious just one hour. In the mean time let us "talk with our past hours; and ask them what report they bore to heaven." Look into your own feelings, Jane; subject them to a careful and strict examination.'

Well ma'am. Stop, Caroline, do not scold me. I will do as you wish, I will review my conduct for the past week. Now Jany, what hast thou done that is naughty? Don't laugh, Caroline, you know *we* are to be serious. I do act like a witch—I see at just one retrospective glance that I do. The preceptor called here after school yesterday; so we walked in the garden and the preceptor went into the summer house to gather flowers for dissection, while we were eating fruit. While he was there busily engaged, I fastened him in, then hurried the rest of our party to the house to see my new plant, bidding him join us when he pleased. The poor fellow had been held there in 'durance vile,' nearly a half hour; when father, recollecting that he wanted his advice with regard to the treatment of a sickly fruit tree, went to the garden and thus he was released. Father attempted to scold me, but could not for laughing. He talked like this, 'ha, ha, ha, Jane, I don't know what,—ha, ha, to do with you—ha, you rogue; unless I shut you up in a nunnery—ha, ha, ha, ha.' When the preceptor left he told me he should be revenged on me the first opportunity; and to-day I afforded him an excellent one.

'The girls who sat beside me, had been proposing mathematical problems for my solution. At length Maria gave for a dividend the 'life of a female,' for a division 'love, courtship and marriage.' I went through a systematic process; and obtained for a quotient 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' There was little mathematical calculation about it; but its imposing appearance, and truthfulness of development excited mirth too boisterous in its kind, to pass unnoticed by the preceptor. He saw at a glance that I was its cause; and said in a slow reproving tone, 'Miss Evans!' I saw by his self-satisfied humorous look, that he now thought himself avenged; so I answered with a stupid 'what ma'am,'—that sent a universal titter round the room, in which the preceptor bore his part.'

'Why Jane,' said Caroline, 'how could you exercise this power you possess over the risibles of every one, to the disadvantage of your teacher?'

'How could I avoid it? I acted from the impulse of the moment, and had no time to resist the temptation which was impelling me onward; and it is too late to repent now.'

'You know my dear Jane that there is a repentance that is unto life! purifies the heart, let this be yours.'

'But it makes me sad to look at my conduct in such a sober light. Bayle said to Locke, when speaking of the world—"it is ridiculous, and I laugh at it; it is lamentable, and thou weepest over it," just so complex is the surface of my deportment. There is in the words of the same philosopher, 'reason for laughing, and reason for weeping.' But I find it so pleasant laughing at the ludicrous, that I fly from all thought of the lamentable: so I will to my laughable confession.

You know that Mr. Nichols and his wife from Boston, spent two days with us, while you was at Concord; and that we gave a party. After tea we rambled about on the island. Before we left our house, at the suggestion of that simpleton, Harry Barnard, they nominated cousin Alfred my keeper during the walk; 'providing against an extension of that high privilege for my sake,' he whispered me. Now I think of it, I must tell you how he came up to our house the next day, to marry me, fairly and squarely. You can conjecture how an old grand daddy in his shape, would look making love to a little young flirt like me; and you know too well the keen perception I have of the ridiculous to doubt me when I tell you, we got up quite a scene. I did not laugh at him until I had made every possible effort to avoid such a catastrophe. I turned my face from him, held my mouth with one hand, and with the other tore my Mount Flora. See how it is shorn of its leaves. I would have given worlds for the entrance of some funny-looking body, that I might have been furnished with a pretext for laughing; for I really did not wish to injure his feelings. You will hardly believe it, Caroline, yet I did suffer terribly. But he had made his speech, and was insisting on an immediate answer. I took my handkerchief out of my mouth, yes, literally out of my mouth, Caroline, and said—"A woman may not marry her grandfather."



'Fie, Jané? how could you?' asked Caroline.

'I assure you I could not do otherwise. He will never forgive me, I know. I knew at the time that he would not, if I betrayed my feelings; but there he sat, looking so silly and expressing himself so awkwardly; and then after I turned from him, my imagination conjured up such a caricature of what he would be if I should laugh—what could I do? what say? I could think nothing but—"I shall laugh, I know I shall, then how he will look." So from mere force of habit, I answered with a passage of scripture.'

'I advise you to tell him frankly of this fault of yours,' said Caroline. 'He is a man of good feelings, and will forgive you, I think.'

'I have no security that I should not make my offence tenfold, by laughing again heartily as before, at his reception of my apologies; so I have no alternative left, but to write them. This I must do in justice to myself, for I need pity rather than blame. But I have wandered strangely from my story. I was telling you how Alfred was appointed my keeper, and most faithfully did he fulfil his trust. He held me fast, despite my repeated efforts to get release. As one expedient after another failed, I began to fear that I should, from sheer necessity, be compelled to "act like somebody," as aunt Hitty says. We walked down the west side of the island, in the shade of those beautiful elms, until we came up to that deep precipitous bank. While we stood there, some gazing silently at the waters as they dashed on over the falls; some listening to Mr. Burke as he discoursed of the times when the red man skipped from rock to rock, and of relics that were found here; and others laughing at my story of the origin of that enchantment's romantic cognomen;—Isabel and Mary came up with us from the opposite side of the island, where they had been rambling, with bonnets in hand, full of wild flowers.

'Ha, Miss Jinny,' said Isabel, with a laugh that turned every eye to us, 'I am glad you are beat once.'

'So am I, so am I,' said Barnard, as he chuckled me familiarly under the chin, 'it will render a second and final subjugation less difficult.'

'What could a body do in such a situation, Caroline? There I stood, passive as a lamb, and the whole party laughing at my calamity.'

'Allow me to assume the character that you have (voluntarily?) thrown aside just now, and

say—"How are the mighty fallen!"' said Col. Wilson.

With the rapidity of thought, I darted down the bank, taking my affrighted cousin with me. He released me as soon as we started, and I reached the barn in safety and triumph, while Alfred rolled down after me, and lodged at my feet. I looked up to our party, and there they stood like so many Niobes, save the tears, with hands upraised, mouths and eyes a-gape. This finished the picture for me. It was positively the most ludicrous affair I ever *did* get up; and well did I enjoy it. I laughed until I could not stand, nor were Alfred and the rest of our party far behind me. Mr. Nichols actually rolled on the ground, while his wife clapped her hands and jumped about 'like mad.' Our little dog had accompanied us, and was quite in his element, I assure you. He capered about, said 'bow, wow,' and then as some one stepped on his toes, 'why I, why.' Oh there was 'confusion worse confounded,' when Mr. M——, and several other ministering brethren who were visiting him on their return from convention, came round the nook contiguous to our position. Alfred sprung from the ground, and for an instant all was silent as the grave. Mr. M. looked inquiringly at me, then at Alfred, then up the almost perpendicular bank and said, 'How—what? Jane, what have you been doing?' I pointed up the bank, then at poor Alfred, and said solemnly, 'Great was the fall of it.' You know Mr. M. has reproved me for quoting scripture so irreverently, but now he comprehended at once the drift of the incident, and joined heartily in the merriment which it occasioned.

Now for the revelation of a secret, then I have done with my confessions, holy lady. Stop, do not scold me, I beg pardon for the misnomer! You have heard that Mr. F—— of Massachusetts, was here at that time, likewise that he is talented, handsome and good. Well, as near as I can ascertain by an observation of symptoms, I fell in love with him. You see if I did not, Caroline. I felt a kind of queerness about the—yes I can say *heart*, without speaking anti-phrenologically; for it was in a continual flutter. I thought seriously of asking Dr. Harper to prescribe for 'palpitation of the heart.' Then I sighed even when he did not blame me, and blushed when he did not praise; besides feeling vastly more maidenish than I ever did before in my life. He spent a week at Mr. M's, positively the



shortest week I ever knew. No laughing, Caroline, you remember *we* were to be serious. He called on us every day, some days twice. He read to me, and I sung to him. We sailed, rode on horseback, and walked to Rock Raymond, across the falls, on the island, besides, Caroline,—there, you are laughing at me, so I will not tell you about it. But I will tell you how I called on Mrs. Grant the evening before he left; and she furnished me with a powerful antidote for my levity. She said she had been up to Mr. M's., and saw my spark—that they were kind of talking about my being so rude—and she told them that she thought I should make a good wife after I had sown all my wild oats. Mr. F. opined that they had already been sown, and were yielding an hundred fold—and feared that my husband would be obliged to call me in from romping with the children, and hunting eggs, to eat my victuals. I was surprised and offended at his severity, for I had made great effort to suppress the habitual buoyancy of my spirits, and thought I had succeeded tolerably well. I am ashamed to acknowledge my weakness even to you; but I *did* shed bitter tears of mortification and disappointment, on my way home; for I had hoped to secure his approbation and friendship. I retired immediately to my chamber on reaching home. Sister came up to tell me that Mr. F.; was waiting to see me. I refused to go down, and he left. On the next morning he called early to bid us a hurried good bye. A neighbor of his had been sent to convey him home on account of the dangerous illness of his father. He wished to see me, but I was suffering with a violent headache, and had not yet arisen, so I sent him my 'adieu.'

'And his father is dead, is he not?' asked Caroline.

'Yes; he died the next day after the arrival of his son. I have heard his death imputed to his unexpected and heavy losses, occasioned by the dishonesty of his partner. Now my brother is left alone and pennyless. From my soul I pity and forgive him. He was just in his censures, I know; but it was not like him to criticize me so unmercifully. I thought him full of that spirit of charity which "thinketh no evil." There, dear, patient Caroline, I have finished my confession. Is there a "balm in Gilead and a physician there," think you?'

Caroline was about to answer, but was inter-

rupted by the entrance of a little rosy cheeked girl.

'Why Augusta Mary, what did you hurry so for,' said Jane, 'you are all out of breath.'

'Why, Mr. F. that I like so well, is down to our house; and he asked about you as soon as he came there; so I thought—why Jane, what makes your face so red, are you so warm? Take my fan, dear Jane.'

'Thank you,' said Jane; and well she might, for she was *evidently* very warm.

'Mr. F. got offended at something Mrs. Grant said about you that was bad, I don't know what it was,—something, though, about wild oats. I remembered *that*, because it sounded so to hear her talking to a minister about your wild oats. Pa and ma did not like what she said, but they didn't look so red, so much like you, Jane, as Mr. F. did. You are not offended, are you?'

'No, dear Augusta, I was only warm, and your fan has relieved me,' said Jane, smiling, with an evident effort to avoid a burst of laughter.

'I congratulate you, dear Jane, on the victory just gained over long established habit,' said Caroline, taking Jane's hand affectionately.—'May it be the prelude to many, many more.'

'I pray God that it may,' said Jane, 'for I have suffered enough already.'

'Carl,' said her little brother's voice at the window, 'come home. Henry is over to our house. Jane, that Mr. Fletcher that used to come in here so much, came with him as far as Mr. M's.; and there he is coming up the hill, I can see him.'

I need not tell my reader that Caroline, ran immediately home; or that little Augusta again offered her fan to Jane.

Does the reader wish to know more about that Henry Stark and Mr. F.; After I have seen Mrs. Fisk, I can tell you farther, but must not anticipate.

Amoskeag, N. H.

E. J. C.

## THE HEARING SPEAKER.

Original.

WOULD I could sit this day and hear  
The words of life from other lips,  
The sweetest flowers were not more dear  
To wanting bee who honey sips;  
Much sweeter than the honey comb  
The preaching of the word would be,  
That guides thro' life, lights up the tomb  
With radiance from eternity.



But can I not forget myself  
 And listen as to stranger voice?  
 Store in my mind the scripture wealth,  
 And in its precious worth rejoice?  
 I can and will! And then shall I  
 Feel as I would have others feel,  
 And not on vacant air shall die  
 The warnings that God's truths reveal.

Ourselves we do too little hear  
 When speaking to the throng or one,  
 Else should we make our hearing ear  
 To tell of harsh and angry tone,—  
 And many a lesson should we learn  
 Of need our passions to control,  
 And many a speech of strife and scorn  
 Would make the tear of sorrow roll.

THE PREACHER.

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### THE WORTH OF A YEAR.

Original.

THERE are certain periods in human existence when it is peculiarly proper for man to consider the past and resolve for the future. Such a period is the opening of a year when we are brought to a turn in the journey of life which seems naturally to impel us to look back over the path we have trod, and forward to the way yet before us. But as we are not permitted to tell what may be on the morrow—as we cannot scan the issues of the next hour, we are taught that reflection has most to do with the past and that man should learn from what has been. As we cast our eyes backward, we find that we have enjoyed many pleasant things which can no more gladden our path, and friends who travel by our side, with look affectionate and glad, can no more be with us. Past hours of joy, of sweet converse and pleasurable emotions, return not, and the voice of endearment and sympathy is hushed by the minister of silence—Death. And the retrospect also tells us of much to awaken deep felt gratitude toward that Almighty Being whose years fail not, and who has indeed been our Benefactor and Preserver. His invisible hand has scattered innumerable blessings in our path. His benign influences have been around us for good, and the great laws of nature are still continued in operation for man's happiness and content. He hath sent forth the warm breath of the south to dissolve the frost and melt the icy bands that confined the earth. He hath bidden the summer heats give a genial warmth to garden and field, and the rich showers to refresh and revive vegetable nature. The harvest has passed, and the autumnal fruits have been gathered in. And as we calmly pause and consider the beneficent train of processes of nature to which we owe

our sustenance and many of our comforts, we find great cause to say of the Almighty with the Psalmist—'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness!'

Then let us wisely ask ourselves, what return have we made for the upholding, preserving, and beneficent kindness of our Maker? Have we been mindful of his presence and revered his laws? Have the privileges for intellectual, moral, and religious culture been improved aright, and we cherished the remembrance that we were made for progress? Have we aided the cause of human emancipation from error and sin, and nourished that supreme love of truth and duty that is the very soul of christian virtue? Have we loosened the bands of selfishness, and dedicated to humanity the high powers of the mind?

'Days should speak, and years teach wisdom.' And what does the past year teach? Does it not teach of our frailty, of human irresolution, of heedlessness, and of neglect of the dignity of man? Does it not teach that we have come far short of the advances we should have made in moral goodness, and that we have not labored with steady ardor in the work of self government? There is not, we fear, one of us that is not dissatisfied with his improvement of the past year, and therefore all of us are deeply concerned in the teachings of the past—in the great moral of the year.

And that great moral is that we know not the events of the morrow, much less of the year, and that when we resolve to perform certain things—continue in a certain place for a length of time, we must remember that it is not ourselves that can decide respecting the accomplishment. Life is uncertain, opportunities for obtaining desired ends are unstable, and we are surrounded with relations and dependences we cannot control. Religion therefore bids us so to employ and improve our time that should our purposes and desires be thwarted by the operations of providence, we still may have peace of mind in the consciousness of the purity of our intentions and in the sincerity of our endeavors to gain good.

Let us give attention to consider the worth and importance of a single year, and learn that the whole of human life is not to buy and sell, and get gain, but that there are duties, the neglect of which cannot be compensated for by the gain of the negotiations of trade.

What a theme have we proposed to discuss! The worth and importance of a year! Who can set forth the answer—who can describe or estimate the worth and importance of such a period



of time merely considered in reference to a single individual, and how weak are the faculties of man to calculate the stupendous results that may follow the operations of the members of one congregation during a year! It is well to consider, as far as we are able, how much good or evil we may do in a year, and how much we may aid or retard our own improvement by those doings, and how much we may benefit or injure others by the same.

To contemplate these propositions will make a single year appear to us of far greater importance than we are apt to attach to it, and cause us, if we rightly engage in the work, to say with David—'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

1. How shall we attempt to consider how much good or harm we may do in a year? We must attend first to the thoughts. How vast is the multitude of the thoughts of one mind in the space of a year! And there is something startling in the reflection, that as much, very much of good or evil is dependant often on a single thought, how much must depend on the thousands of thousands thoughts of a year!

A certain author has with great force said—'One moment, what an effect it produces upon years. *One moment!* Virtue, crime, glory, shame, wo, rapture, rest upon moments. Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor.' Much the same language may be applied to thoughts—what tremendous results have rested on a thought, and a few have decided the wo or happiness of millions.

It is easy then to perceive that there must be a vast difference between the man who is careful of his thoughts from the commencement to the end of the year, and the man who is heedless of the ideas that find entrance into his mind. What a difference must exist between the amount of beneficial knowledge gained by the one and by the other! And how little must one become acquainted with his own true character—with the power of his passions, the strength of his propensities, and the tendencies of his affections, compared with the knowledge gained by the other of his secret disposition and temper! If it be true as the wise man has said, that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, what an influence for good or evil must a man's thoughts have upon himself, and through him upon others!

But though we might linger long upon the subject of *thoughts* with profit, yet let us proceed to

consider *words*. What a mighty volume would that be that should contain all the words we utter in one year! What a strange book it would be! With what a variety of emotions should we peruse it. The smile of pleasure, the blush of shame, and the paleness of grief, would each be written on our features, as we read the various records of words spoken. There is scarce one that would be willing to own the faithful account, or that would wish to save it from the grave of oblivion. But could we read such a volume, we should never forget its thrilling moral, and a powerful teacher it would be to bid us bridle the tongue—that little member which boasteth great things, and moreover we should have a wise and eloquent comment on the Apostle's declaration—'If any man offend not *in word*, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.'

Consider a man that is careful what words he utters, in comparison with a man who is heedless in this respect, and what a disparity must exist between their characters! How much strife and contention is the one saved from, into which the other is plunged. How much more valuable must the friendship, advice, and counsel of the one be, than the friendship, advice, and counsel of the other. From how many quarrels, errors, troubles and misfortunes, will the one save others by a word in due season—by a soft answer, by affectionate counsel, and by the instructions of thoughtfulness and caution.

Indeed the reflection is astounding that many, very many of the troubles of life that vex the heart, are the result of this difference respecting the utterance of words; and one of the first resolves in reference to the right improvement of a new year should be, to guard well the gift of speech, so that the glory of many may not contribute to his shame.

On words uttered within the space of a year, we might dwell for hours, but we pass to speak of *actions*. Though the amount in number is not so great as that of thoughts or words, yet it is immense, and what an influence must they exert on ourselves and others! Few of our actions are without a good or bad influence on ourselves or others, and many of them affect a great chain of being. Such is our social nature and our connection in society, that a single action of an individual may extend an influence from one to another till a multitude is affected by it for weal or wo, and the day of small things result in a morrow of mighty results. The grandest revolutions



have resulted from the impelling energies of one mind.

Bring then together the thoughts, words and actions of a year, and how great is the worth and importance of that period of time. How much good or harm must be the result, and how must one year affect others. Suppose that during the year now gone, we had been very careful of our thoughts, words and actions, how different would have been the effects of our conduct—how much more should we have done for our own improvement and happiness, and for the good of others—how much better able should we be to counsel ourselves respecting duty, the nature and strength of our passions and propensities, and how much better enabled should we be to withstand temptations, to abide the trials of virtue, and to fulfil the law of Christ.

I have often thought that if the history of every man and woman was written in simplicity and truth, we should not be able to open to any part of the immense volume which did not contain matter of instruction, amusement and interest. Every individual feels deeply interested in his own history; not only because he is more immediately concerned in it; but also because he is best acquainted with it—because he knows what have been his motives and feelings, and because he is familiar with all the unimportant minutiae, which have, nevertheless, exercised so powerful an influence over his destiny.

The time would not be wasted which should be spent in a serious, candid review of one's whole life; were he to set down everything within the boundary of memory, and aim to discover how much time he has squandered, how much good he has done—how far he has been favored by fortuitous circumstances, and how far he owes success to his own exertions—and how much his misfortunes and sicknesses were the effects of his own errors and imprudence. By this means he would have a rare volume, he could form a near correct judgment of his own character, and a voice such as he never heard, would speak to him of the worth of time and the value of a year.

It would increase the wisdom of the whole, if he were to record the exercises of his mind—the subjects he has given the most attention to—and the opinions he has held, maintained, and advocated at various times. Let him consider the causes of the change in his views of things; why he retains some opinions he has heretofore held, and why he desires the spread of the principles

he aims to promulgate. He would be called to write much he wishes was unwritten in the record of the past; wrong deeds from bad motives, and many acts for which he can discover no motive. He would probably be much surprised to see how much of his life had been spent in aimless exertion—how much of it that might have been improved for the most useful purposes, had been thrown away in worthless pursuits; and how much had been wasted in idleness, from a mistaken idea that exertion was painful.

And how much space it would occupy to record the resolutions that were never carried out, which he formed respecting his religious duties, when by some event or circumstances his mind was awakened to serious thoughts. The sick chamber, with its forgotten ministries of love and patience, would arise before his vision; and the teachings of the house of death would again come back to the heart they once, but for too short a time, impressed; the admonitions and warnings of God's house, would be recalled, and shame would fill his soul that so little he heeded them when given with solemnity and affection for his good.

It is right to heed the moral of the past, that the days of the future may not be self-darkened. Why will we permit imprudence, irresolution, and shameful inactivity, to make vain the gift of bright opportunities to increase in self government, the practice of virtue, and the work of human improvement. Why shall we stand afar from our dignity; why will not the calls of heaven lead us on to great or at least good efforts for the progress of christian excellence in our own hearts and in the community? None can answer why they should not consecrate themselves to God for the coming years of time; why they should not make the principles of christianity the rules of their lives; and be for God and his truth, while strength is given.

And there is one other reflection that serves to increase the already mighty importance of improving our days aright, and that is, we cannot compensate for the loss of neglected or abused privileges. Time returns not, and if we march not with him in the work of improvement, he will not come back to aid us make up for our sluggishness. And the improvements we might have made the past year, are not only lost, but we are not fitted to make those advances in goodness which a right attention to the work of past time would have prepared us for.



Privileges neglected one year are so much lost ; and he knows but little of the mental and moral constitution of humanity who imagines that heedlessness of the present can be made up in the future. Neither can we recall the harm which we cause by our words and actions, but though deep sorrow of heart may be the result of sincere penitence, yet it cannot keep us from the painful regret that the wrong was committed. Our sorrow cannot make pure the heart we have corrupted, and cannot extirpate the evil-principle our conduct has planted in the breast of another. He may be afar in other lands spreading around the blighting curse of a corrupt heart, as one poisonous stream makes deadly many waters.

This also gives rise to another reflection, that as one whom we now influence may ere long be afar from us, beyond our influence, so times and opportunities change. Health may be blighted, our powers of body and mind weakened, our outward circumstances entirely changed, and we may be far worse situated for increasing in wisdom, virtue and truth.

And we should also bring home to our hearts the reflection that the future years of time may not be for us. The present may be the only year we shall be permitted to aid the cause of human improvement and happiness. Let us remember that others have gone down to the tomb during the past year, who had at the opening of the year as good promise of long life as we now have ; and may we give to this truth a proper solemnity of thought. Reader ! wilt thou not say with the writer—Thanks be to God for the happiness of the past year, and may he sanctify to our spiritual good all its griefs and bereavements ! And trusting in his everlasting mercy, we are enabled to look forward with calmness. Hope sits smiling on her throne, and expectation promises much of gladness. Other flowers will spring up to cheer us as their departed sisters have ; other joys will animate our hearts, and other friends will bless us with the ministries of love.

And through the influence of christian hope we can find joy even in the memories of friends departed, as we feel they have but gone to the blissful and eternal home that is prepared for us all. Truly with the poet we can say to the *past*—the years gone by—

‘Thou hast my better years,  
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,  
Yielded to thee with tears—  
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to wring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.  
In vain—thy gates deny  
All passage, save to those who hence depart ;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.  
Thine for a space are they—  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;  
Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !  
All shall come back, each tie  
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;  
Alone shall Evil die,  
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.’ B.  
Haverhill, January 1840.

### LOVE'S SANCTUARIES.

Original.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Our earth is all one altar for Thy Love,  
Glorious and mighty God ! Each tiny flower  
That swings its cup of perfume in the air,  
Is but an urn where Thou hast hid Thy gifts,  
And laid Thy sweetest incense. Air and light  
Are but Thy gentle ministers, and all that breathe  
Receive their blessings. Where the murmuring stream  
Bears up its low soft music to the winds,  
We feel how near us Thou hast kindly made  
Thy sanctuary ; and with hearts bowed low,  
We hear Thy benisons and prayers—for even Thou,  
The Sovereign of the universe, dost pray !  
Thy Spirit pleads with *man* ! In music low,  
Yet thrilling as an angel's touch. Thy voice  
Goes out from running brooks and songs of birds,  
From winds that softly sigh along the waves,  
From fountains upspringing thro' the mossy banks,  
And waving leaves and all delicious sounds  
Of spirit and of sense. It pleads with *man*  
To make his rest with Thee ; to cast his hopes—  
Those golden anchors that secure his peace—  
In the still mighty waters of Thy Love !  
And will he heed Thee not ? Oh Holy Love !  
Thou Deity of *man*. Thou God of heaven !  
And are Thy pleadings to be thus contemned ?  
Shalt Thou pray deeply, and *man* scorn Thy prayers ?

Love ! Love ! I call THEE thus, for naught beside  
Is beautiful and mighty ! Naught but Love  
Goes with a hallowing touch throughout the world  
To purify and save. Love, Love alone,  
Glideth a sleepless Spirit through all time,  
All outer nature and all human hearts,  
Shaking a rainbow beauty from his wing,  
To rest, a token of his presence, there.  
We know that Thou has been within the rose,  
And left thy motto-seal, for naught but Love  
Imprints with perfume. To the brook Thou givest  
A beam of beauty and a music tone—  
The print and echo of Thy passing foot !  
Upon the hills Thou treadest day by day,  
And every touch is on a hidden spring  
Which sends forth grassy tufts and low wild flowers  
And dreamy fountains, and all sweet breathing things.  
Into the woodlands we can track Thy way  
By creeping vine, and hidden, murmuring sounds  
As of soft rippling waters ; by the moss  
Which spreads its rich green carpet o'er the paths



And mantles every stone ; by shadows cool  
 And broken ; by the golden ray which streams  
 In interrupted radiance on the trees,  
 And falls at length like some o'erwearied thing  
 Upon the drooping grass. And farther yet—  
 Into the caverns of the deep old sea,  
 Where gems, of colors radiant as the stars,  
 Make a prismatic light of all soft hues,  
 Even *there* we trace Thy wanderings, glorious Love,  
 And there we find Thy altars laden still !

But in the darkness of the human heart,  
 Oh gracious Spirit ! hast Thou marked a way ?  
 Have flowers sprung up along Thy steps, and streams—  
 Low gushing streams of softest melody—  
 Have they awoke beneath Thy gliding feet,  
 And flowed unsullied ? Love ! Oh Holy Love !  
 Deeper has been Thy touch, and stranger *there*.  
 Fountains have wakened that will never sleep—  
 Music hath sounded that will never die—  
 Flowers have unfolded of immortal hues—  
 For Thou art *mightiest* in the human breast !  
 And all *those* temples are but vestibules  
 To *this*, the holiest ! Here Thy altars reared,  
 Are strewn with offerings of undying things,  
 The incense goeth up from snow-white urns,  
 Whose fires will die not at the touch of death !  
 Faith keeps her clear, still, vivid flame unquenched,  
 And hope is ever fed by sweet young flowers,  
 And all the gentle vestals of the heart,  
 Keep watch beside its altar, day and night ;  
 With low, deep chants and striving hymns and prayers  
 That cease not, nor grow weary. *Here Thou'rt heard*,  
 Oh Love, great Priest of heaven and earth  
 And the eternal universe ! Thy prayers  
 Are heeded in the temple of the heart,  
 And man, once leaning all his trust on Thee,  
 Finds, where alone he can, eternal rest !

### THE VOICE OF ABEL'S AND JESUS' BLOOD.

Original.

THE author of the Epistle to the Hebrews pencils forth with a bold and master hand the super-excellency of the new, over the old dispensation ; and in a most glowing manner describes the superiority of Christ over Moses. It should always be borne in mind when reading this epistle, that at that time great efforts were made by the Jews to bring back those who were converted to the religion of the Nazarene—to call them from the blessings of the life giving gospel, unto the beggarly elements of the law ; and the great argument was founded on the supposed superiority of him, whose commission was attested by the fires and thunders of mount Sinai, over the humble one, whose mission was declared to be heavenly by the mystical dove of peace, and the voice, 'this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'

So much grandeur and sublimity had been ever associated with the worship instituted by Moses ; all the rites and ceremonies being magnificent, and

appealing most powerfully to the senses, that the Jews could not admire the simplicity and spirituality of the religion of Christ—whose worship was in the beauty of holiness—whose temple was the true disciple, whose altar was the purified heart, and whose incense was the silent breathings of the loving spirit.

But the more enlightened men are, the less is the need of appealing to their senses. Religion can be made more a matter of the understanding, of the heart, of the 'inner man ;' and hence a pure worship is best supported by a cultivated intellect.

When Christ came, the religion of Moses was corrupted into a mere sensual thing—outward rites and ceremonies, in which the heart participated but slightly, and the outer man was the worshipper. But the worship of Jesus sought to engage the heart, and sanctify the affections. He had no gorgeous temples, golden altars, richly robed priesthood, or magnificent ceremonies ; his acceptable sacrifices were the free-will offerings of the devoted and loving heart.

Thus stood the case ; the Jews by appealing to the splendor of their temple service, sought to entice the disciples to leave the simplicity of the gospel, and come back to the gorgeous shadows of the things that were fast perishing in the using.

The apostle boldly withstands their appeals, and calls on the soldiers of the cross, still to keep close beneath the folds of their banner, and follow after the fulness of the gospel blessings. And he describes the true sublimity of the gospel, and endeavors by glowing figures to convince their minds of the exceeding excellence of the new, over the old dispensation.

There is one point whereon Paul labors most eloquently, and to a happy effect ; by vivid contrasts he shows us the lovely, benevolent, and holy character of the ministry of Christ. And if there is any thing that can engage the heart, wind round the affections, and weave itself among the tender sympathies of the soul, it surely is the truth, by Paul displayed, of the undying benevolence of the crucified Lord of glory. And the apostle labored to show that the believer in the gospel has not come to a religion of severity, vengeance, and terror, but to one that breathes the balmy sweets of love, mercy and forgiveness,—that gives a grand display of the infinite love of God through his exalted Son, and which makes its appeal to the tenderness of the human heart.



We are come to Jesus, whose blood speaks better things than that of Abel ! is the sentiment he enjoins. The one, was a voice born near the throne of God in heaven ; but the other, was akin to the growl of the hunted wolf in the deep dark caverns of the earth, that sends terror to the soul of man. The one was as the music of the mother's voice forgiving her erring son, but the other was as the stern and terrible tone of revenge. One was of heaven, the other was of earth, and they each partook of the nature of their origin.

But what did the voice of the blood of Jesus speak ? It spoke compassion, mercy, and forgiveness. It, proceeding from Mount Calvary, cried to heaven, '*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*' Thus it prayed for those whose hands were crimsoned in the dye, and who gave the sop of vinegar, when the dying craved for something to quench his thirst, and who drowned the groans of their victim, by shouts of laughter, scorn, and derision ; yet, notwithstanding all these multiplied injuries, the voice of forgiveness was heard as it went up to the Father. It ascended, like a sweet strain from a harp by pity strung, and swept by the soft hand of love ; while mercy listened, and bore the echo to heaven, and angels caught the tone, and sung '*the blood of Jesus speaketh of better things than the blood of Abel.*'

But what did Abel's blood speak ? It arose in a cry of vengeance on the guilty one ; it called for revenge on the murderer, and the brother. Says the Almighty to Cain, '*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground ;* and now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.' Thus while the blood of Abel cried for vengeance on his guilty brother, the blood of Jesus spoke better things, and prayed for mercy on his guilty enemies. True indeed is it, that we must come to Jesus if we would know what love is ; we must contemplate him on the cross, if we would know the character of his religion ; we must listen to that dying invocation, if we would know the strength of his sympathy for the guilty children of men.

But let us notice the connection of this expression of the apostle's, and we shall see that through the whole he strives to impress on the mind of the reader the distinguishing beauty of the gospel of Christ, the benevolence of its character ; and this he does by bringing in contrast

the most prominent features of the Mosaic, and christian dispensations.

He speaks first of the manner in which the law was delivered, saying, '*Ye are not come to the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest. And the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words ; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more ; for they could not endure that which was commanded. And so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake.*' The law was thus in an awful manner introduced ; the terrible appearances caused even the bold Moses to tremble, and when the people heard and saw '*the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, they removed and stood afar off,*' pleading that they might not be compelled to witness the same any longer.

But it was not to such a mount that the disciples of Christ were called ; they were come to a mount that could not be touched, even to the spiritual '*Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly, and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.*

All these figures by which the gospel dispensation is represented, are full of eloquent meaning ; but their peculiar force cannot be felt by us, as by those who were once baptized into the spirit of the law, and who were released from the iron yoke so hard to be borne, into the freedom of the gospel.

First in the contrast of the Mosaic, and christian dispensations we find the mount ; mount Sinai opposed to mount Zion ; and here the prophet-Isaiah's words are indeed beautiful, ch. xxv. 6-8. '*And in this mountain will the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees ; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined ; And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory ; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces ; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth ; for the Lord hath spoken it.*' The gospel is also compared by Isaiah to a mountain unto which all nations shall flow ; and Daniel



describes it as a stone cut out without hands, that smote, and dispersed all opposition, and 'became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.' And the kingdom represented by this mountain, shall consume all others, and stand forever. Thus by this one figure, of the mount, salvation is declared to be universal; unto this mount all nations shall flow—all people shall there feast, and become willing subjects to the laws of the spiritual kingdom. 'All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.' Ps. xxii. 27. 28.

Next we are introduced to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.' And in Gal. iv. 25. 26. we find the two covenants represented in an allegory, shadowing forth the freedom of the new Jerusalem—'For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.' And the Revelator describes her as a bride, 'And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.' And thus it is with the gospel, 'as a man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee;' by the cords of love they shall be drawn, and retained by the bond of perfectness.

'And to the general assembly, and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.' We come to the gospel that shows us a general assembly and church of the first born, or the most excellent, who gave himself for us, that he might purify us from all iniquity, and make unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works—a church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Our names are not written on earthly tablets that can easily be destroyed, but they are written in heaven, as inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem—the Lord knoweth them that are his; and we have all one God, one Judge, and one Father; that God ruleth, that Judge judgeth, and that Father loveth, in the earth.

The phrase, 'spirits of just men made perfect,' refers not to disembodied spirits, as some suppose. It is a Jewish phrase, and signifies, men who have made great advancement in moral excellence; as here introduced, it refers to disciples who had come up to the fulness of the statue in Christ—who had purified themselves

from all debasing appetites and propensities, and were, as far as fleshly frailty would permit, spiritual beings; 'endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' By coming unto them, we are to understand, the possession of the same spirit of love and holiness which they had—the same union to Christ and to God, for 'through Jesus we all have access by one Spirit unto the Father.' And when we gain this Spirit, we 'are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord.'—We come through the gospel unto all these blessings and privileges, and not only to them, but also unto 'Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.'

The old covenant was faulty—exclusive, and limited to one people; but the new, was a better covenant, established on better promises, and embraced the whole human race. The ministry of Christ was indeed a more excellent one than Moses; that testament unto which Jesus ministered was to be sealed by blood, and hence he said, when he gave his disciples the emblematic wine, 'this is the New Testament in my blood;' that blood must be shed to seal the covenant, and when the last moment came well might he cry, 'it is finished;' then did he become the mediator of the new, and better, and everlasting covenant, having 'tasted death for every man.'

'The blood of sprinkling,' alludes to the act of Moses when at Mount Sinai; he sprinkled the blood of the covenant sacrifice on the people, as a token of the promise of God in the covenant he had made with them; but as the covenant was made with one people only, it was an exclusive one; but the blood of sprinkling to which we are come, is the blood of a covenant that embraces all people; for as Moses was the mediator of the old covenant that was for the people of Israel, so is Christ the mediator of the new covenant that embraces the world. And as the old covenant could not be sealed till a sacrifice had been made, so was Christ the sacrifice for the new covenant, which is sealed, and by which a most glorious end shall be obtained. 'This is the covenant that I will make with them, After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into



their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.' 'I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people; and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest.'

What more is needed to prove the universality of final redemption from all ignorance, sin and misery? To know God aright is eternal life; all shall know him; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. And the more we advance in this knowledge while here below, the more peaceful will be our path; 'Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace;' 'great peace have they who love thy law;' and the gospel is one full strain of 'peace and good will to man.' All the dark shadows that gather in fearful array before the eye of fancy, conjured up by the systems of erring man, flee at the approach of gospel light, like phantoms of darkness at the coming of the brightness of day. The thousand fears that gather in the brain, and overwhelm the heart; that cause the wail of sorrow, and the cry of grief, the shriek of the maniac, and the despair of madness; all, all these would never have been awakened had the benevolent truth as it is in Jesus been received, and bound by the girdle of sincerity close to the warm and loving heart. How often is the free air we breathe, polluted and poisoned by declarations that war, not only against the voice of Jesus' blood, but against the peace and happiness of the human heart and soul,—that come up as a sweeping pestilence to blast the tender plants of the affections, and lay desolate the rich soil of the better charities of our nature,—like one of the plagues that was a curse to ancient Egypt, they come 'upon us, and upon our people, and into our houses;' and heavy laden are we by them. Many are the voices that couple the name of God and vengeance together; and strive to bring before the imagination worse than 'the mighty thunderings,' and 'hail mingled with fire,' that visited Egypt; and by dwelling on fancied threatenings, and disparaging the goodness of God, they would bring affrighted souls to bend their necks to yokes, which neither they, nor their fathers were able to bear—iron yokes of bondage, that burn, while they bind the very soul of the subject.

'Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their sins,' saith the Lord; and how many are grievous sinners by being priests unto

the blood of Abel, echoing forth the cry of revenge; whose public declamations are well represented by Collins in his Ode on the Passions:

'Revenge impatient rose,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Was ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The double drum with furious heat;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected pity at his side,  
Her soul subduing voice applied;  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
his head.'

True, solemnly true it is, that those who love to dwell on the lightnings of wrath, and roll forth thunders of vengeance on the heads of those who they imagine are the enemies of Christ, have not bowed low at the cross of Jesus—their hearts have not yet been warmed with the fire of divine love; and they have listened to the cry of Abel's blood, and their ears have become deaf to the soft voice of mercy that comes from Calvary, breathing forgiveness.

We hear more of the thunders of the law, than of the sweet notes of the gospel; and too little notice is taken of the rich lesson afforded by contemplating the manner in which the two dispensations were ushered in. The law we have noticed came amid thunder, lightnings, smoke, tempests and fire, that filled every soul with fear and dread. But the gospel, that breathes of better things, was ushered in by a song of the heavenly host, praising God; and to the astonished shepherds it was said, 'Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.'

The star that shone over the head of the infant Savior, should teach us, that the holy truths of his religion are to be diffused by light—light to the mind—by persuasion that naturally flows from a knowledge of the truth; hence the Psalmist says, 'The entrance of my words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple.' Bold denunciations, and mere assertions, coupled with a name of power, may affect the vulgar mind, and fill the heart with a superstitious dread; but the enlightened mind can only be touched by a rational and enlightened religion; it honors no system that debars by fearful threatenings obedience to the apostolic command, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good;' it despises the paltry trickery that would gain proselytes by terror,



rather than by calm argument and persuasion, appealing to the word of God for proof; it heartily pities the man whose practice is,

'To let his weak, unknowing hand  
Presume God's bolts to throw;  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each he deems God's foe.'

We would pray for a broader diffusion of christian charity. We would that the voice of Abel's blood might be hushed, and the voice of Jesus' blood more listened to; and that the tear of pity might blot out the record of injuries.

If the 'better things' of the blood of Christ were to take deep root in the soil of society, and the plant of forgiveness arise and flourish, so that all might partake of its fruits, how great, how transcendently excellent would be the blessing! How lovely the effect amid the social charities! The cold looks of anger and resentment, that cause the warm streams of the affectionate heart to flow back like ice floods, would no more be seen. And never more would the breath of harshness sweep over the harp of the affections, touching every tender chord so that it thrill with a mournful strain. Man would become the friend of man; and like the heathen, Jew, and christian, who knelt together, and called on God as their common Father, the high and low, rich and poor, would acknowledge feelingly the tie of brotherhood, and serve each other in love. That this happy era may come, God speed the truth; and may every heart that has discovered that the blood of Jesus speaketh better things than that of Abel, feel that truth, and practise its teachings. Then would they be forbearing and forgiving, and remember that 'there is no lecture so eloquent as the silent lesson of a good example.'

There is no better enjoyment than at times to reperuse the history of our now glorified Master. We there see no poetic creation, but one who in reality trod our earth in the majesty of truth; whose life was a life of purity, without one dark spot to dim its brightness and beauty; whose history is a mingled story of constant grievance on the part of man, and of forgiveness on the part of the Sinless. Well might the once persecuting Saul, but now loving apostle, pray that others might have what he had so richly enjoyed,—'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.'

We have contemplated Christ in the most tender scene in his career; we have thought of him as he glorified both his Father and himself in the last hour of his mortal existence; let not then the echo of the voice of his blood die on the ear—let it come in to the heart. Doth it cry for revenge? No; *that* is the voice of Abel's blood; but the voice of Jesus calls with the last breath of exhausted nature for pity on the blood stained foes—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Blessed is the truth which Paul attests, that 'Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;' never will he who in dying agony forgave his murderers, ever cause one misguided being to remain unforgiven; all shall at last be filled with the fullness of God.

B.

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### 'COMMUNE WITH THY HEART.'

Original.

WHY is my heart so often sad,  
As tho' the heavens were veil'd in gloom,  
And the rich earth no longer had  
Within its bosom flowers to bloom?  
Why is a look of quiet woe  
So oft a shadow in the eye?  
And why do tears in silence flow?—  
Speak, oh my spirit, tell me why!

I asked, and lo! a voice within,  
As of an angel visitant,  
Told me my sorrow came from sin,  
And bade me more for virtue pant.  
'For know'st thou not,' the voice essayed,  
'How sin can veil the inner eye,  
'And tho' in all things love's displayed,  
'It cannot trace the presence nigh!'

I owned the truth, and felt the word  
Of solemn warning and rebuke,  
And bade my heart to know its Lord,  
For joy in virtue ever look.  
And as the holy spirit makes  
More pure my soul, the eye is clear,  
Love's seen around me, and joy wakes  
A thousand tones to glad the ear.

Boston, Mass.

N. P. R.

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### A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

Original.

'Whate'er of beautiful or new,  
Sublime or dreadful in earth, sea or sky,  
By chance or search was offered to his view,  
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.  
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply  
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.'

BEATTIE.

THERE is something touching in the very name of poverty. There is a tone in it that reaches the heart like the voice of the eastern bulbul,



coming from the moonlight bowers of human life, where the rose sleeps in its night-shroud of fragrance, and is sweeter than when sunshine and day-beams caress it; coming with a rich plain-tiveness, too, made up of the concord of want, and sorrow, and pain; of patience, enduring love, and never-ceasing prayer. Oh poverty! wert thou not created to be the nurse of life's holiest virtues? Love never grows so strong as when rocked in thy brawny arms, and piety is loveliest and purest when nurtured at thy breast—ay, as much lovelier there than elsewhere, as is a beautiful babe nestling on the bosom of a gipsy hag, or a red-rose blooming upon a barren rock.

There was a little hut which stood in a glen alone. Its roof was green with moss, its front was low and black, and beside its leather-hinged door grew a luxuriant lilac-tree. By the old well-curb a tall rose had borne its annual wreath of pale pink flowers for many years, yet was still vital and strong, and covered with a multitude of blossoms. The little glen in which this hovel was embosomed, was as lovely as can be well imagined. All clothed with soft grass of the most intense verdure, kept constantly fresh by the waters of a swift little stream that ran on and still onward year after year, with the same gentle melody, and the same smile of brightness and beauty, it looked like some emerald paradise shut out from the rest of the world by high green hills and waving forests of oak and sycamore—peaceful, and dreamy, and wild.

In this old hut dwelt a poor man, his wife, and their only child. Let no heart condemn him, now that he was poor, with only two dependants upon his industry. He was not endowed by nature with strength for manual toil, and his intellect was like a desert mine—filled with rich, imperishable gems, but productive of nothing to sustain the physical natures of those who called on him for bread. Through all the long day he pored over some old book of science or classical literature, and when the night came and there was no oil to furnish his lamp, he would sit with his head buried in his hands and think, and dream long dreams of things impossible and vague. It was the wife who provided the scanty fare, and hard was the toil that won it. She was a gentle and devoted being, willing to wear her strength away in the service of those she loved, asking no richer recompense than a consciousness of adding to their comfort. She never reproached her husband for his improvidence, but with the ten-

der pity of her nature soothed him in his despondency, and watched over him in his weariness.

And the child—a bright-eyed little angel with golden curls and snowy neck? a Hebe of roses and dimples, and fairy feet? a daughter of song and romance, passionate and full of soul? Nay, none of these, but a pale, slender, intellectual boy of exquisite sensibilities and irritable nerves; of an excessively attachable nature, and artless as a new born lamb; disposed to mirth and frolic, yet thrown back too much upon the solitude of a dreamy and sensitive spirit. His father would take him in his arms when a mere infant, and talk to him of life and its mysteries, till his young brow was clouded with doubt, and his little heart thrilled with unutterable sensations of wonder and awe. There was danger of his sensibilities becoming morbid and visionary, had not the influence of his mother's more cheerful and rational temper counteracted the spell which those wild metaphysics threw so heavily upon his delicate intellect. This influence might not have been always thus successful; but when he was only twelve years of age, his father died, and the effect of his mystical theories and sentiments was gradually removed from young Talsourd's mind.

The mother had now one less to provide for, yet not less unremitting was her toil. She buried no love; for whatever had once been lavished upon the husband was centred now wholly in her child. Her mind scarcely for a moment reverted from him either in the labors of the day, or during her hours of repose. She would watch him in all his plays, or when sitting studious over his books, with a stealthy earnestness that betrayed how entirely her own soul was inwove with his. If his brow was clouded, or his young bosom heaved with a sigh long suppressed, she, too, grew sad and solicitous; if he was merry and playful, and apparently happy, the quiet smile upon her pale cheek told of the relief that was in her heart. Oh love! love! where art thou ever so truly beautiful as in a mother's breast? Where so intensely, so radiantly *pure*, as there?

It was about at this age that the peculiarities of Talsourd's mind began to unfold more fully. He loved to be alone with nature in her loneliness:—

'The sounding cataract  
Haunted him like a passion; the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms were then to him  
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.'

Oftentimes his mother in her alarm at his long



absence, would trace his wanderings into the depths of the woodland, and find him there, not like other boys, at sport with his gun, or in search of wild nuts and berries, but sitting on the borders of some little brook, or on an old moss-covered trunk, musing most intently. Then with kind words she would lure him home, and talk to him on the way of the duties of life, and the active pursuits of manhood. He would listen attentively, and clearly comprehend the force of her remarks, and would inquire in a serious tone what trade she desired him to pursue for a livelihood.

'What would please you best, my son?'

'To study.'

'But study, my dear, will be of no avail, unless practically applied. To what object will you devote the wisdom that you gain from books?'

The young dreamer took off his cap, and brushed the curly hair from his brow; then pausing a moment, raised his head with a beautiful, earnest smile, and replied, 'To revealing to men the good and beautiful Deity. I love him, mother, and will make the world love him too.'

The reflection from an angel's countenance could not have been more heavenly than the light that gathered into that mother's eyes! The finger of God must have touched her, for the thrill passed down to her innermost heart, and rested there like a burning and vivifying ray. She threw her arm about her child's neck and pressed her lips to his brow.

He felt that her blessing was upon his resolution, and he was happy.

But several years passed on, and this dream seemed gaining no reality. There was a wild haunt in the forest which he made his home. Stern gray rocks formed a natural arch of almost Gothic grandeur, and over their splintered turrets branches of the wild brier-rose streamed like banners. Within this cloister, through all the days of summer, he dwelt like a youthful friar—in study, in long bright dreams, in solemn chants and silent prayer. His life was one still gliding stream of romance, upon whose borders grew only snow-white flowers and fragrant herbs—whose waters gave life to poetry and love and that gentle piety which is born of love.

The scanty library which his father had left him did not supply the choicest studies for a pupil of the gospel ministry. But they were such as gave a luxuriant wildness to his imagination, and tinctured the whole current of his mind. Beauty, beauty, beauty, was the burden of his

spirit's song, whether of form, or sound or soul—When anything sublime, anything awfully grand was presented to his view either in poetry, in the world of sound or the world of visible nature, it excited in him, the inward impulse of alleluias; the low, lulling murmur of water made him weep; the warble of a woodbird was echoed in his breast by a sigh; in a word, he was a poet of the order of heaven, and his sign was an eye always pure and spiritual.

And what of his affections? Were they lost beneath the wild growth of his imagination? Had he no *human* loves? See him with his mother at her tasks; see him at her bedside in the hour of pain; see him kneel with her in prayer; then ask—had he no human loves? Go with him long weary miles through wintry storms to the hovel poorer than his own; see him empty there the store of bread spared from his own wants; and hear the gentle eloquence of his lips bidding the widow trust in the love of God; ask *then*, if you will, where were his affections! Oh deep, and pure and living was their spring, and mighty was yet to be the gushing of its waters!

His mother toiled for him. Every day she laid in her little coffer a mite spared from their daily necessities, and when he brought her some simple gift which he had won by a kind deed to some one able to reward, she laid that, also, safely by, and pressed on with a firm heart. How richly did she feel herself repaid, when, drawing his chair to her side, he beguiled her weariness by reading aloud, in rare tones of eloquence, the spells of some mighty genius; or, with a more timid voice and a tenderer cadence, some simple, but sweet little melody of his own! Blessed mother! What couldst thou desire of the luxuries of wealth, while the luxury of such a love was thine? Wouldst thou have parted with that one jewel for the gift of a diamond crown? Was not one glance of his holy eye dearer to thee than the sparkle of ten thousand gems? That long gaze of unutterable affection hath answered all!

The time came at length for mother and son to part. With smiles and tears she saw him go, for hope and sorrow were struggling desperately in her heart. She saw him go, and then sat down *alone*, to dream bright dreams and pray fond prayers for the absent idol. And how fared it with him, for the first time sent abroad to meet the jostlings of a careless world? Were there no hours when painful yearnings for home and



that dear mother's tenderness, awoke in his breast? Ay, there were; and he almost felt that he would forever cast aside the glowing visions of fame that were lighted there, to be once more a haunter of his woodland cell, and a companion of his lonely parent by the old dull hearth-stone.

One day in golden summer, groups of villagers were collected about a country church, earnestly discussing the merits of the young clergyman who had that day made his first effort in the way of pulpit ministry. Some stood watching him curiously, as he passed out of the porch in company with his host, his cheeks glowing with the excitement of his labors, and his slight frame nervously erect, yet retaining all its boyish grace.

'How old should you judge him to be,' inquired one.

'About eighteen,' was the reply.

'A promising young man—very, very,' interposed a third, shaking his head, in token of his earnestness.

'Who is that woman leaning on his arm?'

'They say it is his mother. I noticed the tears gushing from her eyes nearly the whole day. No wonder she wept with very joy at the success, the wonderful success of her son.'

'Ay, and we might all weep at such holy and touching eloquence. Who ever heard a prayer so earnest and delicate, as though he felt himself communing with some gentle and tender spirit? Such are the prayers to make men good and pure—to make them love and worship God.'

On their way from church two young ladies paused at the grave-yard. 'There is a beauty resting upon this spot, which I saw not here this morning,' said the elder and paler of the sisters. 'How genius may cast a mantle of glory upon the most desolate things of earth!—genius allied to christian faith. I thought I knew and enjoyed all sources of gospel comfort, but I never till now realized the ever-abiding spirit of love that dwells with and around us—never fully realized till now how heaven may be brought down to earth by a pure and idealizing faith.'

'Ah, he is a good man who has made us feel this! Did you observe him, when he came from the pulpit, turn to his mother as though her smile was the first and dearest of all praises? There was something really affecting in the meeting of their glances, and I could not but brush a sly tear from my own eye.'

And these were the effects of young Talfourd's first public ministration. The pale boy who had

dreamed years away in the solitude of the woods and dells, had now entered the world and its realities, carrying with him there the influence of that solitude—the music, as it were, of forest birds and brooks, and the sweetness of all green, living things and dewy flowers. From this time forth he bore the cup of sacrament in his heart, and freely poured it out to his fellow-men. In all his teachings he had but one theme, and that theme embraced all things, for it was God. He gave to the Deity no sole and individual existence; he recognized in him only a Spirit of goodness and beauty and majesty, filling and mantling the universe. He moved and looked and spoke like one who felt that God was forever round about and within him—like one who acted ever as though directed by some indwelling divinity.

Ten years in the service of his Master wrought changes in Talfourd's feelings and opinions, but they sullied not the pure streams of love that made the only joy, and indeed, the only worth of his being. He saw his labors blessed on every hand—in the increased piety and intelligence of those who sat under his ministry, in his own honor and popular influence, and to him, dearer than all other rewards in the happiness and comfort of his still faithful and devoted mother. And was there no last blessing? There was a sweet one;—the gentle smiles of the young girl who paused by the bed of graves, and said that his genius had cast upon it a mantle of glory and beauty it had never worn before. *She* smiled on him, and the romance of his early dreams became to him a dear reality—a life-long truth. s. c. e.

#### THE GENTIAN'S TEACHINGS.\*

Original.

FROM violet in the lonely dell,  
Near hidden from the eye,  
To sunflower bright that rears its head  
To bless the fair blue sky,  
There's not a bud, or leaf, or flower,  
On this bright, glorious earth,  
But comfort and instruction yields  
To hearts that know their worth.

Come, list we to the gentian sweet,—  
What tale has that to tell?  
Come, when the summer's glory's past,  
Thou'lt feel my magic spell!  
Come when the bleak autumnal blast  
Sighs through the leafless trees,

\* 'The Fringed Gentian' is one of the most beautiful of our wild flowers—a blue cup with a delicate fringe on the margin, and when found late in autumn, or the opening of winter, it seems like an eye of tender blue, looking up in cheerfulness from the surrounding desolation. n.



And stilled the songs of happy birds,  
The merry hum of bees,—  
Come to thy favorite path again,  
And through the withered leaves,  
That rustling to the lightest tread  
A mournful music weave,  
I'll peep my merry little eye  
From out its fringed lid,  
And quickly from thy heart I know  
Dark, anxious thoughts I'll bid.

I'll tell thee though thou oft shouldst sigh  
O'er blasted hopes and joys,  
Still blessings are within thy path,  
Which time-frost ne'er destroys;  
And cast the withered leaves aside  
Of sorrow, doubt and care,  
And many a flower of joy and love,  
Thou'lt find up-springing there.

And list again, nor onward speed,  
I've one more truth to tell,—  
See, hath not all the sister flowers  
Fled from the cheerless dell?  
So, child of earth! when from thee go  
The beautiful and kind,  
Wouldst wear like me a cheerful smile,  
Be happy and resigned?  
Then upward, upward! lift thine eye,  
And look, like me, to heaven,  
'Twill cheer thee with reflected light,  
And hope 'mid gloom be given.  
Haverhill, Mass.

E. A. B.

## ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 263.]

Matt. chap. viii. verse 1. *The mountain*; i.e. the mountain whereon he had delivered the preceding discourse.

2. *There came a leper.* The leprosy, as it affects the body in the East, is one of the most fearful and loathsome of all diseases, pervading the system, and reducing the subject to the most wretched condition. A small red spot is the first sign of its approach, and as the disease advances the body is covered with white scales—hence we read, 'a leper white as snow.' Clear and full statements of the signs, &c. attending the disease, are given by Moses, Lev. xiii. as it was regarded as contagious, and the infected were doomed to live apart from all society, Numb. v. 2. 2 Kings xv. 5. The cure of this disease baffled all art, and its removal was regarded as an act of more than human skill and power; hence the strong language of the king—2 Kings v. 7.

*Worshipped him*; i. e. prostrated himself before him.

*Make me clean.* The leper was set apart from the people an object of dread and a creature of pollution. He was therefore deemed unclean, and ranked with those animals to touch whom was defilement. Lev. v. 3.

3. *Jesus put forth his hand and touched him.* This no other being would have done, and it was a very significant act on the part of Jesus. He shew his confidence in the power he was exerting.

*His leprosy was cleansed.* Here by a common mode of speech, used especially in reference to demoniacs, the disease is spoken of as the person. The man was cleansed of his leprosy.

4. *See that thou tell no one.* Why this injunction was laid upon the cleansed leper, is a question that can be answered only by suppositions. Probably the Savior did not wish to increase the excitement that would surround him with the sick and impede his other duties. Many were disposed to proclaim him boldly and loudly as the Messiah, but he was not the Messiah in the sense the people expected the promised to come, and false expectations might be awakened. Again, were the cleansed leper to proclaim by whom he was healed, the priests, through hatred of, and malice toward Jesus, might deny him the declaration of his being clean, without which he could not be admitted into society; therefore he was bidden to go to the priests before rumor could go before him, and be examined ere the proper authorities could know by whom or how he was made clean.

*Show thyself to the priest.* This was according to a wise law of Moses. The priests were also physicians, and the law prescribed the private examination of supposed lepers, so that none but the really such should be separated; and it also prescribed the examination of those who professed to be healed, that they might be readily received by their friends, if they were indeed clean. Lev. xiv. 1-3.

*Offer the gift*; i. e. two sparrows. Lev. xiv. 4.

*As a testimony to them*; i. e. the cleansed being permitted to offer the prescribed gift would show to the people that he was cleansed indeed. Some understand the expression to mean—that a declaration of the man being clean from the priest, would be to the people a proof of the miraculous character of Christ.

5. *Centurion.* This was a title given to a Roman officer having the command of an hundred men. Garrisons were maintained in the Judean cities, and centurions had the command thereof. The mention made of him in Luke vii. 4. 5. gives the character in the text an unusual importance. On which verses Grotius, quoted by Dabney, says,—'It is not strange to see a Roman centurion promoting the erection of a synagogue, as Augustus published a decree in favor of them, with high praise of their being schools of wisdom and virtue.' Others regard him as 'a proselyte of the gate'; i. e. one who believed in the true God, but submitted not to the ritual law. Acts x. 1.

6. *Servant sick.* A faithful and beloved domestic. Luke vii. 2, and the amiability of the master is seen in the great solicitude he manifests for the recovery of the sick one.

*Palsy, grievously tormented.* Under the head of *Paralytics* Jahn remarks: 'The palsy of the New Testament is a disease of very wide import.' He speaks of it under five classes; 1. A paralytic shock affecting the whole body; 2. Affects one side; 3. Paralyzing all below the neck; 4. Contracting the muscles in the whole or part of the body, the hands; 5. The cramp; 'This, in oriental countries, is a fearful malady, and by no means unfrequent. It originates from the chills of the night. The limbs, when seized with it, remain immovable, sometimes turned in, and sometimes out, in the same position as when first seized. The person afflicted resembles a man undergoing the torture, and experiences nearly the same exquisite sufferings. Death follows this disease in a few days.' This was probably the disease of the sick servant, as Matthew records his being 'grievously tormented,' and Luke that he was 'ready to die.'

7. *Jesus saith, I will come and heal him.* As Jesus



did not enter the centurion's house, we are to regard this language—as indeed it is—as a common expression of an intention to do a thing, though circumstances may require a change in the manner of doing.

8. *I am not worthy, &c.* The centurion had undoubtedly known of the miraculous works of Jesus,—hence his great faith—and attributed great sanctity to him. He knew how the Jews looked on all not of them, and probably thought that the Savior was Jewish in feeling, Acts x. 28. Luke v. 8.

*Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.* The centurion in the next verse speaks of himself as being a man under authority of men, and yet had men under him, and when he said to any, Go! he went, or Come! he came; and he argues from this that Jesus who was not subject to the control of others could have greater command than he, and could bid away the disease by a word.

10. *When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, wondered, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.* What was the faith here spoken of? Certainly a belief, or confidence in his miraculous power and superior dignity. This is the idea conveyed by the centurion's language. The commendation added by the Savior intimates, that among all the Jews he had not met with so strong a confidence in his miraculous power as manifested by this Roman.—See observations on the connection of faith and the miracles in vol. 6, pages 473, 474, of this work.

11. *Many shall come from east and west; i. e. from all quarters.* Luke xiii. 29.

*Sit down*—placed at table, Campbell. *Recline*, expresses as near as can be the eastern attitude at table. Luke vii. 36–38. John xiii. 23.

*With Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.* The Jews from their separating and exclusive prejudices deemed that to their nation alone were the blessings of the Messiah to come, and it was a good opportunity for the Savior here to show that these were vain prejudices. There is great significance in alluding to the fathers to whom the promises were made; and by the 'kingdom of heaven' we are to understand the blessings of the Messiah's reign. These blessings were not to be confined to the patriarchs and their posterity. The representation of the blessings of the gospel under the figure of a feast, is too clear and eloquent to need comment.

12. *Children of the kingdom.* The unbelieving Jews are here spoken of, and are called thus, because to the Jews the gospel was first preached; hence when the Savior spoke to the Canaan woman that he was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, he called them *children*—'It is not meet to take the children's bread.' Matt. xv. 22–26. A very useful subject for consideration is the different expressions or metaphors connected with the phrase 'Kingdom of God,' which consideration will show that the phrase is to be understood of Christ's spiritual kingdom on earth. Matt. iii. 2; iv. 17; v. 10. 19; viii. 11; xviii. 23; xxv. 1. 14.

*Cast out into outer darkness.* Feasts among the Jews were celebrated in the evening, and as the kingdom of heaven, or the gospel blessings partaken of by faith, was compared to a banquet, the Savior in the text alluded to the case of a person who deemed he had a right to partake of the feast, but was thrust out from the illuminated rooms into the darkness without. *Weeping and gnashing of teeth;*

what an expressive phrase to denote sorrow and vexation; some render the original '*chattering of teeth*,' supposing an allusion to the coldness and dampness of the night air. A more striking metaphor could not be used than is used in this passage to denote the sorrows and deprivations the Jews would bring on themselves by unbelief. Compare Matt. xxi. 43.

14. 15. *She arose and ministered unto them.* This expression and the like in Mark i. 31. and Luke iv. 39. expresses clearly the completeness of the cure.

16. *When the evening was come*—sunset, Mark has it. The Sabbath of the Jews was from evening to evening. Lev. xxiii. 32. They began their day at sunset; and as this had been a Sabbath, Mark i. 21. they could not till the evening, or the beginning of the next day, bring out the sick to Jesus.

*Cast out the spirits.* See note on chap. iv. 24. page 100.

17. *That it might be fulfilled, &c.* For *fulfilled*, some prefer *verified*. See Campbell's Notes on this passage and on chap. i. 22. He renders this verse—'Thus verifying the saying of the prophet Isaiah, &c.' which is better than the common version.

*Himself took our infirmities, &c.* 'The manner in which this prophecy is here applied, shows in what sense Matthew understood Christ's being said to bear the sins of men, viz. bearing or taking them away, not, by taking them on himself and bearing the punishment due to them. Certainly he did not take on him the bodily diseases or infirmities of men, but removed them by his power. So likewise he removes the diseases of the mind by the power of his gospel.' Isai. liii. 4–6. 1 Peter ii. 24. 25. The words *take and bare*, must be understood in a metaphorical sense, if we would reconcile the prophet, evangelist, and apostle.

18. *Depart unto the other side; i. e. the other side of the sea of Tiberias, from Capernaum to the land of the Gergesenes.* Jesus undoubtedly gave this command to get clear of the great crowds around him, lest a tumult should be created. Mark i. 33. He often did thus, knowing that to keep a great crowd too long together and excited, would not be a measure of prudence, and might create fears in the civil rulers that would lead on to violence. By crossing the sea with his immediate friends, he silently and safely left these crowds.

19. *A certain scribe came and said, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.* This was while the disciples were getting the ship ready for the departure. This scribe undoubtedly addressed Jesus from other than spiritual motives; he had witnessed the miracles of the Savior, deemed him to be the Messiah, and hoped to gain a place of honor by early following him. The answer, verse 20, shew the man that Jesus read his motives, and that if he followed him he must share his poverty. We hear no more of the scribe.

21. *Another of his disciples.* The word disciple was applied to all who professed to believe in Jesus, and not always confined to true followers. John vi. 66. compared with Luke xiv. 27. and John xx. 2.—The disciple in the text Jesus had commanded to follow him, Luke ix. 59. and he said, 'Suffer me first to go and bury my father.' This individual probably had heard the reply to the scribe, and was not a confirmed disciple. Wishing to leave Jesus evasively he did not give an absolute refusal, but one that he could turn as circumstances might in the future require; and 'it was a maxim among the



Jews that if any man had any duty to perform to the dead, he was, from that time, free from the observance of any other precept or duty.

22. *Let the dead bury their dead*; i. e. Let the spiritually dead bury the naturally dead. Luke ix. 60. Holiness is the true spirit of life to the soul; where this is not, the man is spiritually dead. Eph. ii. 1. Col. ii. 13. 1 Tim. v. 6. Our Lord's answer appears harsh, but it will not be so considered when we so consider the times and circumstances, and that the establishment of a new religion required the sacrifice of many of the feelings and habits formerly cherished. And add to this the probability that the professed disciple gave this reply as an excuse for not wishing to follow him in poverty and trial.

LETTERS TO ANNIE. No. I.

Original.

THOUGHTS UPON GERMAN STYLE AND LITERATURE.

Glen-Viola, Dec. 10.

DEAR ANNIE,—How do you like the German style which is becoming so popular with the authors of English literature? I confess there is a twilight grandeur, a solemn vagueness about it, which excites a thrilling sensation of pleasure when I read; yet I weary of it at times, and turn with a sweet relief to the simplicity of the Lake School, and the purer and softer elegance of the Addison style. It is like the change from the scene of some old Gothic ruin—its base in shadows, and its turrets in misty moonlight—to a soft green landscape in the glow of a summer sunrise—the one all grand and dim and wild, the other clear and rich and variegated, with here and there a merry rivulet, and thousands of delicate flowers up-springing everywhere.

About the finest thing I have read in the Germanic style, is a little poem by Professor Longfellow, called the 'Beleagured City,' first published in the 'Southern Literary Messenger.' Perhaps you have not seen it—at any rate it is worth preserving here for its wild, startling imagery, no less than for the beautiful truth it conveys.

THE BELEAGURED CITY.

I've read in some old wondrous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale,  
Beleagured the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream—  
The wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there—  
No drum nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the hour of prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled;  
Uprose the glorious morning star—  
The ghastly host was dead!

I've read in the wondrous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll—  
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,  
Beleagured the human soul.

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,  
In fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle ground  
The spectral camp is seen;  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there  
In the army of the grave—  
No other challenge breaks the air  
But the rustling of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar  
The spectral camp has fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star—  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

You will observe how perfectly the similitude is sustained throughout—and faith, coming in as 'the morning star,' is an exquisitely beautiful figure after the awfully wild encampment of spectres, and the solemn stillness of the midnight air, broken only by 'the sorrowful, deep sound' of life's rushing stream through the soul.

Superstition seems to be a characteristic of the German nation, and there is scarcely a spot in the whole course of the Rhine, which is not made the scene of some strange and fearful legend. It is undoubtedly this same principle which has thrown such a mysticism about their popular philosophies, and interwoven so much of vague and shadowy imagery into the writings of all their poets. There is a sweet thing, written by Uhland, I think,—'a writer who has more pretensions than any other German poet, to lead as the Coryphæus of modern minstrels.' He is crossing a ferry—and the memory of two deceased friends who had passed the river with him in



former days, hovers around him, and he feels the presence of their spirits so real that he exclaims with all the earnestness of truth,

'Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee—  
Take,—I give it willingly ;  
For, invisibly to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me !'

Is not the idea a very sweet one ? I scarce ever read anything which seemed so to haunt me with its beauty. The generous spirit with which he urges the treble fee upon the boatman, and the seriousness with which he assures him that the invisible spirits were really with him in crossing, are among the finest touches of *soul* ever breathed into language. By the way, Annie, what is your idea of these things ? Do spirits from the 'other land' ever attend us here ? Is it all a holy and beautiful superstition, wrought out from the darkness of the tomb, by our love of the marvellous and the beautiful ? or should not, rather, the implanting of this principle of wonder and mystery within us, be a silent evidence to our souls of the existence of a corresponding reality ? It seems to me that a faith of this kind is too pure and beautiful, to be *all* error—and I have ever most dearly loved the text which readeth—'Are not they'—the angels—'all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation' ?—for in it I find a voice which declares that spirits from on high *are* around us, ministering unto us holy and heavenly things.

Now that I am upon the subject of German translations, (for of the original I know nothing) I must ask you if you have read—of course you have—Mrs. Sawyer's 'Leaves of Antiquity' from Herder, published in the 'Union' ? They are full of the sweetest and purest poetry, particularly that one which speaks of the descent of Jehovah with his daughters, Love and Wisdom, to give the finishing glories to man. The *kiss*—the divine kiss which breathed in him an immortal soul—is a fancy so beautiful we must call it *truth*. It *was* given with a kiss—this spirit of ours, which cannot die ; and when its pilgrimage on earth is done, it will be received back with a kiss to the bosom of Him who gave it. These fables have much of the sweetness of 'Krummacher's Parables,' which we have so often admired ; and are even more wildly imaginative. Mrs. S. is deserving our gratitude for the spiritual treat she is preparing for us in her German studies. I trust she will continue to dispense to us with a liberal

hand, for she does it with a grace and delicacy that adds 'perfume' even 'to the violet.'

But my epistle is swelling to an extent I did not intend. I doubt whether my subject be of sufficient interest to warrant a lengthy communication ; so, ere I weary your gentle patience quite to death, I will say adieu, for the present.

EVELEEN.

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### OBITUARIES.

Original.

DIED, in Danvers, Oct. 27, 1839, Miss MARY S. BENNETT, adopted daughter of Maj. Lewis Allen, aged 22 years. When the young and virtuous, whose characters present peculiar and praiseworthy excellencies, depart this life, what can be more proper than to make a lasting record of their graces and commend their example to the living of their own age and circumstances ? The deceased, whose death is here recorded, had endeared herself by many valuable qualities to a large circle of friends ; and her loss is deeply lamented, not only by her connections, but also by the religious society and the Sabbath School to which she was devotedly attached. Few possessed more eminently, those characteristics which surround them with firm and lasting friends. To a strong and well cultivated mind, were added a gentle and kind disposition, a deep love for truth, and an ardent interest in every good cause, especially in the religion of the gospel.

Naturally of a delicate constitution, sickness at last came and laid its palsying hand upon her—a protracted and fatal disease destroyed her strength and wasted her form ; but to the last hour the vigor of her mind was unimpaired. Throughout all her sufferings, not a murmur escaped her lips against the dispensations of Providence ; but she ever expressed an entire submission to the will of her heavenly Parent, nor allowed one doubt to enter her mind that it was not best for her to be afflicted. Death was not a stranger to her thoughts. She knew that it was advancing with rapid strides, but she trembled not at its approach. She conversed cheerfully respecting her dissolution—it was, to use her own language, 'a pleasant subject.' There were no uneasy doubts, no disquieting fears, no harrowing suspicions, in her soul, in relation to the character or purposes of her Creator. She knew in whom she trusted—she knew she could confide in that God whose



name is 'Love.' The words of comfort which broke from her tremulous lips—the sweet smile that would frequently light up her pallid countenance—evinced that although her body was racked with pain, her soul was full of the sunshine of assurance and peace.

The faith which the deceased possessed and loved through life, sustained her—Oh! how fully and triumphantly it sustained her—in the hour of death! Under its holy influences, she placed her confidence in the living God—she felt that his arms of love encircled her, and all who were dear to her, and all that great family of man in whose welfare she was so deeply interested. As the expiring flame in the socket will send up one bright flash before it goes out in darkness, so the faith of the deceased gleamed out in heavenly brilliancy, just before her spirit winged its glad flight to its home above! As she lay hourly expecting the approach of the grim king of terrors—as the cold damps of death gathered fast upon her marble brow—as her heaving breast feebly and laboriously inhaled a scanty breath—she exclaimed, as it were, in a super-human voice—'If my last hours have come, I desire to testify my faith in Jesus Christ—that *glorious faith* which includes all mankind!' Oh! the rapture of the thought, that her blest spirit now enjoys the full fruition of the faith thus so clearly and emphatically expressed! Oh! the rapture of the thought, that now, endowed with a heavenly vision, she beholds her Creator's love spreading out its bounds as far as creation extends, and including every being ushered into existence. Tell me not that this comprehensive, this 'glorious faith,' will not do to die by! Tell me not that it will not fill the mind with peace, and the soul with triumphant joy! Tell me not that it is not precisely what the human heart pants for, at the approach of death, to give it that fulness of confidence which it requires in the hour of dissolution! A thousand voices, sounding as it were from the tomb, testify to the contrary. Would that the fearful, and the doubting, and the unbelieving, could have been at the bedside of that dying youth, and heard her proclaim the faith that filled her soul with moral strength, and her heart with peace. When I consider the sickness and death of this young lady—when I remember that death presented itself to her view in the morning of her existence, a season when life puts on its utmost attractions, and when death appears the most terrific—and when, notwithstanding all the ten thousand sweet ties,

which bound her to earth, I recall to mind her deep resignation, her perfect confidence in God, her full faith in her Savior, her willingness to depart, and the composure and calmness with which she met death—there is a moral grandeur, a heavenly sublimity thrown over the whole scene, that fills my soul with inexpressible emotions! Is it not a blessing thus to die?—is it not a blessing to those who depart, thus to go in peace, and in full assurance of a happy immortality, where they shall meet all the loved ones of earth? Is it not an unspeakable comfort to the mourning, to know that those whom death's stern mandate takes away, depart in the triumphs of gospel faith and hope?

The virtues of the dead become the property of the living, to use for beneficial purposes. If by spreading before the living, those peculiarities of the departed, which are of a valuable nature, we can stimulate them to imitate the pattern thus set before them, we do a good work. We can speak of the departed, as we could not while living—we can throw off that reserve which their presence would enjoin, and speak plainly of those characteristics which are worthy of imitation. Among the many valuable traits of character possessed by the deceased, I cannot forbear recording two or three, for the especial consideration of those readers who are of her own age and sex.

One peculiar trait in her disposition was benevolence. This blessed spirit seemed to dwell in her soul in unbounded extent. The restricted circles, the limits and walls within which so many seem to confine their good wishes, were to her entirely unknown. Her benevolence overreached all these bounds, and in the true spirit of the gospel, it included every child of humanity. Especially was she interested in the condition of the poor, the needy and helpless. Their wretchedness called into activity all the sensibilities of her soul—and she felt it to be a duty which she owed to God, to humanity and her religion, to do all in her power to ameliorate their condition.

Another remarkable characteristic of the deceased, was independence of mind. This was a trait which she possessed to an extraordinary extent. She never inquired in relation to any doctrine, any principle, or custom, is it popular? is it fashionable? Her only questions were, is it true? is it right? And to answer these inquiries, she trusted not entirely to others, but she listened and investigated for herself. And when she satisfied herself that a sentiment, a principle or cus-



tom, was true and right, she adopted it at once, and fearlessly and unhesitatingly professed it before the world, regardless alike of the frowns or the smiles of mankind. Surely this was a noble trait! Would that this example was more generally imitated, not only by those of her own sex, among whom alas! there is often too much deficiency in this respect, but by those of the other sex, who flatter themselves that they have strong and superior minds. Did this independence more generally prevail, doctrines and institutions hoary with age, would fall to the earth, and light, and truth, and peace, would fill the habitations of man.

Another peculiar trait pertaining to the subject of this obituary, was her ardent attachment to the religion of Jesus Christ—to that gospel which gave her the joyful assurance of the salvation of the world. This attachment was not exhibited alone in words—it was made manifest to all, by her deeds. It was seen in her constant attendance on the preached word. Never have I seen a more punctual worshipper in the house of God. Those trifling excuses which many are fond of hunting up to justify them for tarrying at home, had no influence upon her. Nothing but *necessity* could detain her while others were worshipping her heavenly Father. It was her joy to listen to the services of the sanctuary; and one of the greatest deprivations which she experienced in her sickness, arose from her inability to attend on the ministrations of the gospel. On one of those occasions in which she invited me to pray with her, she exclaimed—‘I long to hear once more something that sounds like meeting!’ She also exhibited her attachment to her religion, by her desire to adorn it in her daily walk. She heard the Savior exclaim, ‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ And faithfully and successfully did she strive to cherish and cultivate the spirit of the doctrine she loved. Her daily intercourse with the world, was a most beautiful commentary on the influences of the gospel of universal grace on a virtuous and susceptible heart, and was peculiarly calculated to recommend that gospel to the favorable consideration of those who are strangers to its excellencies.

Many other excellencies might I enumerate; but I must desist. Seldom do any, dying so young, leave behind so many testimonies of the purity and strength of their attachment to every thing good and holy. The Sabbath School, the Bible Class, and the sewing circle, to which she was

attached, abound with evidences of her devotion, her faithfulness and her generosity. Would that I could hold up her character in the light which it deserves, for the admiration and imitation of every youthful reader. Her life shows how useful the young can make themselves, if they are so disposed, and how easy it is to obtain the esteem and confidence of the entire circle of their acquaintance.

Earth was no longer a fitting dwelling place for the deceased. Her pure spirit has been transplanted to broader, brighter scenes of usefulness and joy. She has left those who loved her below, to join a larger circle above, and to mingle in that great congregation who surround the throne of the universal Father. Why should we mourn her departure? A frail child of earth has become a spirit in heaven!

‘I know she has gone to the home of her rest,  
Then why should my soul be so sad?  
I know she has gone where the weary are blest,  
And the mourner looks up and is glad—  
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stains it had gathered in this,  
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!’ J. M. A.

DEPARTED this life, on Sunday morning, 8th September, after a protracted and afflictive pulmonary phthisic, at the age of 31 years, MRS. REBECCA W. WILSON, wife of Hon. John L. Wilson, of Charleston, S. C. Her sufferings were borne with a fortitude, so heroic, that it bordered upon stoical indifference. The strong, and I trust, the well founded hopes, she had in the illimitable goodness and mercy of her Father in heaven, could alone have sustained her so firmly, when the earthly tabernacle of her spirit had almost wasted away.

Her firm and undoubting faith in the sufficiency of the atonement of her Lord and Savior, with a conscience approving her long continued efforts to conform to all the law and the prophets, enabled her to look serenely to the closing scene; and with her last words commending her children to the care of her God, she feebly pressed the hand which encircled her’s, and with uplifted countenance, expired, in the attitude of earnest prayer and supplication. Such is the death of the virtuous and good.

But few women are enabled, at so early an age, to acquire so great a fund of varied and useful knowledge, as was the subject of this notice. Her natural capacity to acquire and retain, added



to great advantages, at an early season of life, to gain instruction, made her what she was. Yet she was without pride, and her endowments were only known where it was necessary to make them practically useful. None ever discharged the social obligations of child, wife, sister, mother, or friend, with more tender and anxious solicitude. Her pecuniary means were limited, but her charity was without bounds in acts of benevolence and sympathy; and there is no better evidence of the goodness of the heart, than when it always beats in the right place. In her last illness, many ladies of her acquaintance, as well as many known to her only by sight or name, clustered around her, and administered with a kindness and affection, that was most gratefully felt and acknowledged by her, and has imposed a lasting obligation upon her immediate surviving family. Such conduct is characteristic of woman, and elevates the sex to that excellence to which they were intended to reach by the Author of their existence.

A. C.

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### GOSPEL HOPE.

Original.

PAUL, in writing to the brethren at Rome, says: 'Now I say that Jesus Christ was a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made unto the fathers.' This undoubtedly alludes to the promise that in Abraham should all the nations of the earth be blessed. It could not mean that all the nations would be blessed, through Israel, before the coming of the Messiah; for they were, during that time a distinct people, by divine command. They held no intercourse with the Gentiles, where it could be avoided, and history says nothing of any blessing which the surrounding nations received from Israel, previous to the coming of the Messiah; and certainly the Jews have blessed no nation *since* the advent of Christ.

We need not argue this point, however, as it will be generally conceded, that all nations have been blessed, and will be blessed through the coming of Jesus Christ.

But why should we use words without meaning? Why should we speak of the great blessings which come by Jesus Christ, unless we can distinctly tell what those blessings are? It is evident that the same apostle thought these blessings were tangible, real and substantial—not partial or conditional. For he continues: 'And again he saith,

Rejoice ye Gentiles, with his people.' 'And again, Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles, and laud him, all ye people.'

For what are the Gentiles called upon to rejoice? Must they rejoice because they can be saved from an endless hell, on certain conditions, while some of their near relatives will doubtless suffer its agonies? But it is sometimes said that, when we become angels, we shall see the justice of God's judgments on the wicked, and shall rejoice that he has executed his fierce wrath on our nearest relatives. I answer, that if this is the case, the Gentiles should have been called upon to rejoice after death, since it is not until then that they can be happy while others are miserable. Such, however, is not the case, for there is neither Jew nor Gentile, male nor female in heaven—therefore the Gentiles are called upon to rejoice while here; and if human nature, as it is in this world, cannot endure the thought of endless misery to those we love, then the Gentiles would have no cause for rejoicing. But we are also commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves; yet when we are pretty certain that a multitude of those neighbors whom we love as ourselves, will be eternally miserable, while we will be happy, we are called upon to rejoice. This must have been a 'blessing' of a very equivocal description.

If we know anything of the gospel, it inculcates disinterestedness as the very foundation of the christian character. What disinterested love must be ours, when we rejoice and triumph in the thought that *we* are the favorites of heaven; that *we* are safe, while thousands around us will writhe in everlasting torments! Such rejoicing would be as disinterested as that of the little girl who said she was glad the yellow fever was sweeping everybody off, because when the other people were all dead, she and her grandmother could ride in a coach! But it appears that the *belief* which the apostle inculcated was of a different kind, and one which was productive of great joy and peace. 'Now the *God of hope* fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.'

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#### THE STAR.

Gaze thou upon the beauteous star  
Which decks the azure heaven above;  
Behold it beaming from afar,  
The emblem of undying love.  
How sweet it shines! how bright! how fair!  
God's mighty power is present there.



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**A NEW WORK BY REV. T. WHITEMORE.** We perceive by the Trumpet, that Br. Whitemore has in preparation, a new work for the serious reader, entitled, '*The Universalist's Guide*,' designed to elucidate and enforce upon Universalists the duties of their faith, and by clear expositions of the principles of the doctrine of the Restoration, and difficult, controverted passages of scripture, be a guide to those who are enquiring after truth. No one can doubt the ability of Br. W. to produce a work of great value, and we question not the execution of it. It will consist of at least 400 pages, will be handsomely bound, and furnished to subscribers at \$1 per copy. We give below the divisions of the work as we find them in the Prospectus.

I. It will show who are Universalists.

II. It will give a brief history of the doctrine from the earliest ages, and notices of its most eminent defenders.

III. It will clearly and particularly set forth the sentiments of Universalists.

IV. It will give the evidences of Universalism as contained in the sacred Scriptures, by which it will be infallibly proved that it is the doctrine of the Bible.

V. It will explain all the principal passages, both in the Old and New Testaments, which have been used to disprove Universalism, amounting to upwards of One Hundred and Thirty, in which all the different subjects will be discussed, whereon light is so much needed,—such as the words rendered 'hell,' the 'lake of fire,' the 'furnace of fire,' 'unquenchable fire,' 'everlasting fire,' 'everlasting destruction,' 'eternal judgment,' 'coming forth from the graves to condemnation,' the 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' 'day of judgment,' 'destruction of the soul,' 'kingdom of heaven,' &c.

VI. It will point out the moral tendency of Universalism, and the duties of those who believe in that benign and heart-cheering sentiment.

VII. It will furnish a Constitution for Universalist Societies, and advice in regard to the formation of the same; also directions in regard to the formation of Churches.

VIII. It will give scriptural views of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

IX. It will also treat on other subjects, highly interesting to Universalists.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained.

All those friendly to Universalism, who are desirous to see that doctrine better understood by its opponents, and adorned and honored more and more by the exemplary lives of its friends, are requested to use their ex-

ertions to obtain subscribers for this work. Any person who is willing to render such aid, can copy this prospectus, and obtain signatures thereto.

It is requested that returns of subscriptions may be made as early as the last of January. Subscriptions received at this office.

**YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE.** This is a new work by the author of that most excellent practical treatise, '*The Young Man's Guide*,' and is intended as its companion. It contains many excellent things; rich and useful thoughts, and we have read it with pleasure, albeit there are too many references to eternal retributions. As a whole, we like the work, and though we do wish the author had been contented to draw his motives in accordance with the best feelings, rather than fear 'of the sentence of condemnation in the world to come,' yet not for these would we throw aside the book, for they are incidental references that ought to affect powerfully the believer in eternal condemnation, and which disbelievers can pass by, feeling there are appeals enough to their love and reverence, to make them obedient. We shall make some extracts in a future number, to give our readers an idea of its style, and the fruitful thoughts of the author. The work is very beautifully printed, and neatly bound, pp. 356, divided into 31 chapters, the subjects well arranged, and concisely, yet clearly discussed.

It is published by Mr. George W. Light, Cornhill, Boston, and can be had at this office.

**'HAPPY DEATH SCENES.'** Some persons on reading our notice of a new work treating of facts connected with the deaths of heart-true believers in Universalism, have expressed a fear that the work might be the offspring of a spirit of exultation at the power of our faith, unaccompanied with a suitable solemnity of feeling. To all such we say that their fears are wholly vain; the work is not intended to flatter denominational or sectarian pride, but to exhibit the triumphs of gospel faith amid the trying scenes of pain and death to the holiest ends—to strengthen the believer's confidence in its worth, to be a consoling companion for the bereaved, and to show to the world that a glory truly of heaven has often rested on the departure of the soul whose trust was in God as the eternal Friend and Savior of all. Much has been said by minds ignorant of our faith, that Universalism will not do to die by—that it has no real holy sustaining power, and there is a great need of giving such facts for their fables, to show them wherein they have erred from the truth. This can be, this will be done, without boasting, without undue exultation, and with a consciousness that a happy death is not a proof of the truth of the dying one's religious opinions, but is, if the happiness find its spring in religious hope, an exhibition of religion's power. We say this much unsolicited by the author of the work proposed, (see Nov. notice) from a desire to correct any misapprehensions in reference to the character of the same.

**COMPLETE SETS OF BACK NOS.** We have on hand but a few complete sets of the back Nos. of the present volume; and if any of our patrons know of any persons who have expressed a desire to become subscribers, we wish they would just hint to them the necessity of immediate application, if they wish to secure a complete volume. No subscriptions received for less than a volume.

**EXCHANGE PAPERS.** More than once we have protested against the uncourteous habit of sending to a brother editor the worst paper—the torn, ill printed, or otherwise damaged copy. We always send



a good No. to those with whom we exchange, and deem it no act of proper feeling to have sent us one of the refuse copies. We have an eye for neatness, and when we find among our exchanges a torn and soiled apology for a paper, we always wish the editor was near to hear a word from us concerning common courtesy.

'CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST.' We were sorry to observe on the reception of No. 14 of Br. L. S. Everett's paper, that he has doffed the word 'Connecticut' and now gives his weekly the cognomen that has belonged to our work for years—given when he was one of its editors, and by which it is extensively known. The original name was a good one, and why Br. E. should wish so soon to alter it we cannot opine. We know that a man has a right to give what name he pleases to his own child, yet when that child has been known by a name given by the parent, good cause should be shown for an alteration. And courtesy requires that we should guard as much as possible against confounding names. Having said thus much in all good feeling, we wish success to each and all engaged in the work of publishing the word of truth and love.

M. H. of Waterville is informed that his account is now correct. He may rest assured that no further mistakes will occur on our part. The M. & A. containing the notices alluded to, never reached this office, which will account for the mistake. A. T.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. We have on hand quite a large number of communications from our female friends; and we cannot but here remark, that we should think some of those ministering brethren who receive our work gratuitously, and who ought to be able to furnish our readers something valuable, would feel some compunctions of conscience when they see how much has been done for us by a few, and how continuously we are obliged to labor. Let some of them send us a new year's present in the shape of a communication written for and adapted to our work.

In our next we shall give one of our gifted correspondent—N. T. M.'s sweetest poems—'The Silver Spring.' We tender to her our unfeigned thanks for her many valuable and always prized communications. 'Who will question that she has the true genius of a poet, when they read the "Vesper Bell," writes one of the best judges of the true poetic. We do not, and never did. There is a power in her productions that makes us thank God always that it is associated with a sympathy for the great doctrine of the Restitution.

We gladly welcome Eva again. May we not give her initials to the public rather than a fictitious signature? Let her tell us in her next communication.

The 'Sea Nymphs' in our next. We should much rather have the same talent unfolded in the treatment of a different subject, and hope we shall be privileged with other articles from the young Julius.

We acknowledge with pleasure 'Beauty of Winter' from Miss L. M. Barker of Clinton, N. Y. It will appear in our next, and we have promise of other favors.

We have to apologize for the non-appearance of 'Counsels and Scraps for Children.' They were crowded out.

A notice of the Cincinnati School Report, was prepared, but mislaid. It shall appear in our next.

MUSIC. Being disappointed in obtaining a suitable piece of Music for this month, in season, we shall give two pages next month.

Though rather late, we wish our patrons a 'Happy new Year.' 'To be good is to be happy.'

**BLACK LIST.** Byron has sung, 'Tis pleasant to see one's self in print,' but we imagine the following will not be of his opinion. Neither is it pleasant for us to put them in print, but when there is nothing for us to hope for than some good in warning brother publishers against the dishonest, for that good we wish to aim, and thus make the warning known. If any of the persons here noted will make the *amende honorable*—will pay, or give a reasonable excuse, we will do the thing that is right for them to the public.



H. T. WALKER, Allen's Hill, N. Y.	owes	\$5,00
LEVI TORREY, Brownsville, N. Y.	"	2,00
M. B. BENTS, Marietta, Ohio.	"	11,00
G. JOHNSON, N. Stoughton, Mass.	"	2,00
WM. RHODES, Mohecan, Ohio.	"	5,00
A. CUSHING, Homer, N. Y.	"	2,00
ROBERT DUNLAP, Buffalo, N. Y.	"	4,00
P. WHITE, Delta, N. Y.	"	5,00
W. D. FORD, E. Medway,	"	2,50
J. MEAD, N. York City,	"	5,00
J. FAXON, Buffalo, N. Y.	"	7,50
D. LEE, Birgin's Corner, N. Y.	"	7,50
G. W. EDGARLY, Coolville, N. Y.	"	7,50
ALONZO TREADWELL, E. Rush, N. Y.	"	7,50
LEMUEL HALL, Manchester, Ct.	"	7,50
J. M. BARNEY, Newark, Ohio.	"	10,00
MELVILLE ORR, N. Bridgewater, Ms.	"	7,50
Dr. TERRY, Natchez, Miss.	"	7,50
L. LEWIS, Penfield, N. Y.	"	7,50
JUSTIN MURPHY, Springfield, Mass.	"	7,50



## Monthly Record.

**DEDICATIONS.** The number of Churches dedicated by Universalists within a few months is truly astonishing, and what in this connexion is very gratifying, the effort is immediately made for sustaining a stated ministry. A house built is a work begun—is a public profession of love and desire for the better ministry. Our friends in South Reading, Mass. have great cause for joy. They had a fine house dedicated on the 21st of Nov. Sermon by Br. Thomas Whittemore. Three original hymns were sung. Services were held in the afternoon, sermon by Br. J. M. Austin, Job. xxvi. 14; and also in the evening, sermon by Br. J. H. Willis. The day was a holy and happy one to the Universalists in that town and neighborhood.—A new church in Potsdam, N. Y. was dedicated on Sept. 19; sermon by Br. W. H. Waggoner. It is described as a handsome church, and a great credit to the zeal of the friends there.—The new church in Bath, Me. was dedicated Dec. 12th; sermon by Br. S. Cobb of Waltham, Mass.—The new church in Union, Me. was dedicated on the 25th.



sermon by Br. George Bates of Turner, Me.—The new church in Charlton, Mass. was dedicated on Dec. 4; sermon by Br. Aurin Bugbee.—The new church in South Dennis, Mass. was dedicated on the same day as the last; sermon by Br. W. S. Balch of Providence, R. I.—The new church in Hinsdale, N. H. was dedicated on Nov. 28th; sermon by Br. J. W. Bailey.—The new church in Denmark, Me. was dedicated Nov. 20; sermon by Br. Z. Thompson. A new church owned by Universalists and Methodists in E. Alstead, N. H. was dedicated on the 12th of Dec. two services were held—in the A. M. and P. M. sermon in the A. M. by Rev. Silas Quimby, Methodist; in the P. M. by Br. W. S. Cilley.—A new church was dedicated in Bridgton, Me. on the 4th of Dec.; sermon by Br. C. C. Burr.—A union church in S. Woodstock, Vt. was dedicated Dec. 11; sermon by Br. R. Streeter. A Union church was dedicated in W. Windsor, Vt. Dec. 25; sermon by Br. W. Skinner.

**NEW ACCESSIONS TO THE MINISTRY.** Br. Cobb states that Br. John Prince, a young man of good character and talents, has commenced the work of an evangelist. We welcome him, and knowing his capabilities and zeal wish him all success.

**A NEW SOCIETY** has been formed in Townsend, Mass.

**SABBATH SCHOOL MEETING.** We were unable to attend the meeting notified in our last to be holden in Boston for the discussion of matters relative to the greater influence and success of Sabbath Schools. The meeting is described as very interesting though small, but we are sorry that Br. Whittemore of the 'Trumpet' should take the attendance there as a test of 'the interest felt in Sunday Schools,' and thereby be led to grieve. The meeting was called at an exceedingly bad season of the year, and when many schools were just closing. The discussions at this meeting were, we are told animated and instructive, but why some of the brethren did not give the public a sketch thereof, is what we cannot divine. The influence of the meeting *might* thus have been greatly extended.

**REMOVALS.** In our last by some strange oversight Br. Usher's name was printed *Asher*; and here we record that he was ordained in Danvers, Dec. 1. Br. John Moore of Lebanon, Ct. has accepted an invitation to remove to Hartford, Ct. Br. J. S. Barry has removed from West Amesbury, Mass. to Weymouth, Mass. and has taken the pastoral charge of the society there.

**CENTRAL UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.** The church known by this name in Boston has become the temple of Unitarianism, the pastor, Rev. Paul Dean, having by some strange magic suddenly become a Unitarian, whereas he has been a Trinitarian Restorationist. We lament his fall, for he was our first love, his hands offered us in solemn dedication to God, when an infant, and in our childhood he was a 'lovely man and a beautiful preacher.' Would that the realities now concerning him were as good as the memories of childhood. 'How has the fine gold become dim!'

**BARNSTABLE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.** This body met in Yarmouth Port, Nov. 6. The committee on Fellowship and Ordination, reported that letters of fellowship had been granted to Br. W. Stull of Provincetown, and J. F. Witherell of Chatham; and ordination was granted to the latter at this meeting. Br. J. N. Parker was appointed to preach the next occasional sermon, and the Association adjourned to meet, at the place hereafter to be designated, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in November 1840.

**INSTALLATIONS.** Br. L. C. Browne was installed as pastor of the Universalist Society in Nashua, Ms. on Dec.

5th. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas. All the other usual ministerial services were performed by Brs. Thomas and Thayer.

Br. Aurin Bugbee was installed as pastor of the Universalist Society in Charlton, Mass. Dec. 4; sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner.

**OLD COLONY CONFERENCE** met in East Bridgewater, Mass. Nov. 20. One excellent resolution was adopted, which we trust will be carried into effect, and imitated by other conferences, and that is, previous to the next meeting, each town where there is no stated preaching, shall be visited by a preacher, who shall preach and ascertain what can be done for the advancement of the cause there. Towns were apportioned out to the several ministers, and each we trust will be a true missionary. A letter was received from Rev. William Whiting, of Abington, disfellowshipping himself from all connexion with Universalists. He is a young man, who has preached but little.

**CHRISTMAS.** It is with us a subject matter of much grateful reflection that the celebration of the Birth of Christ was so generally attended to by Universalist societies. We cannot command space sufficient to record all we have heard of who have attended to this service. In this neighborhood the day was very generally noticed by the Universalists. In Haverhill, Mass. the 25th was to the Universalists one of the happiest of days. In the afternoon there was a celebration by the Sabbath School. Three original hymns were sung, and after an address, 41 Recitations and Dialogues were listened to. The church was crowded, and many persons were unable to enter; those who were in were surprised and gratified by the admirable manner in which the scholars acquitted themselves. After the services, the children of the society to the number of about 150, 'proceeded with their teachers to the pastor's house, and there partook of a festival richly provided by contributions from parents and friends. Happy indeed were they. In the evening the church was again densely crowded. The choir, always good, gave us some of the most soul-stirring music ever listened to, and many were the laudatory remarks made, after the services, in reference thereto. Our address continued an hour and a half, yet the people seemed not weary, such was the intense interest given to the services by the presence of the vast crowd, the exquisitely beautiful decorations, and the brilliancy of the illumination. The decorations were made under the direction of Mr. John S. Rogers, who evinced, as on other occasions, a true taste for the beautiful. The day will be long remembered.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Dec. 30, 1839.*

S. J., Meig's Creek, \$2; H. S., Marcellus, \$2; R. W., Cumberland, \$1; C. W. M., Royalston, \$20; E. C. W., East Pembroke, \$2; Post Master, Amesbury, \$2; H. N. T., Parkman, \$2; E. P. L., Cincinnati, (Pays up to Dec. 1840—15 per cent discount on money sent) \$5; D. K., Newark, (all right) \$10; M. J. T., Westerly, \$1; Post Master, Jacksonville, \$4; S. E., Auburn, \$2; Mrs. C., Chardon, \$4; C. M., Yates, (pays to June 1840) \$2; F. G., Ravenna, \$2; O. W., Williamsville, \$10; H. D. M., Bridgewater, \$2; C. H., Delaware, (\$2 for T. W.) \$10; J. F. B., Springwater, (we send but one paper to his address at S. perhaps he receives it at some other office—we credit him to June 1841) \$2; M. B., Phillipston, (she must take the whole vol. according to our terms) \$1; J. L. R., Exeter, \$2; D. D., Yates, \$2; Post Master, Otto, (pays to June 1842) \$12; Post Master, Whiting, \$2; J. N. P., Yarmouth, (he will please accept my sincere thanks for his kindness) \$15; J. M., Columbia, Me. \$20; P. W., Cumberland, \$1.



# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 8.

For February 1840.

No. 9.

## 'FEED MY LAMBS.'

Original.

It is no slight nor trivial declaration when the believer in the sincerity of his soul exclaims, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee! There is a deep and eloquent meaning in those words; they express more than a mere admiration of the conduct of the Master; and every professed disciple should understand and feel their full import, that they may be enabled to breathe them with that quickened affection, and that desire to obey, which filled the apostle's heart when he answered the tender question of the Lord: 'Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.'

The same arguments *why* we should love Jesus are with us, as convicted the hearts of the early disciples. By the matchless works of his power, by the sublimity of the teachings of his wisdom, by the heavenly blending of divine majesty and authority with humility and condescension, and by the ever active compassion that befriended the friendless, that cheered the desponding, that raised up the lowly, and comforted the mourner—by these, and many other proofs, the early disciples felt that he was indeed the Son of God; they loved him as such; they loved his character, his doctrine, and his cause. It should be so with us. True, we cannot follow his footsteps beside the dark streams of Galilee, or linger upon the green mountain where he taught, or journey with him to Bethany, and sit at the social board; but we can study his history, and in spirit do all this; and love, ardent and upward tending love, will increase in our hearts, as we drink in the inspiration of his simple history. Yes, we will venture to say it, He that loves not the Lord Jesus never read the gospels as he should read them; he knows not of the loveliness of him whose single

look of affection could melt to tears the unfaithful Peter. Even Gibbon, the great advocate of infidelity, has borne testimony to the loveliness of Christ's character by recording 'his mild constancy in the midst of cruel and voluntary sufferings, his universal benevolence, and the sublime simplicity of his actions and character.'

But we will not linger to show *why* we should love Jesus, but give a few moments to unfold what is embraced in the idea of loving him with sincerity—Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!

1. This implies love of his character; the course of conduct he pursued; the disposition he manifested; the ever active spirit of his life. The love of his character leads to a devout admiration of his devotion to the great interests of humanity, his willingness to labor, and his constant readiness to aid human progress, and impart to others his knowledge of God, truth, and duty.

2. This declaration implies a love of his mission. And what was his mission? It was to draw out the affections toward God, to remove evil, and make men holy, benevolent, and happy. We cannot love Christ, in a scripture sense, without loving his mission. They are identified with each other; and it is one blessed fruit of true love of Christ, that it makes the lover love the great work of human emancipation from ignorance, error, and sin; that work to which Jesus gave himself, in which he died, and to accomplish which the Father hath exalted him above all principality and power, might and dominion.

3. This declaration implies a love of his commandments. In vain do we say we love the Lord while we put his commands far from us; in vain are our expressions of esteem and affection if we heed not his sayings, and trample under foot the precepts of his truth. 'Ye are my friends,' said his own gracious lips, 'if you do whatsoever I command you.' And again, 'If ye love me, keep



my commandments.' Thus is friendship and love towards him manifested by a love of his commandments; those commandments are like as the requests of affection, and by the attachment we feel in our hearts to the asker we are constrained to obedience thereunto.

4. This declaration implies a love of his cause. It cannot be that sincere love is kindled on the altar of the human heart, while the affections are indifferent towards the advance of his cause—the spread of the heavenly principles of his truth, and the triumphs of his doctrine over the foolishness of men. Ardent love toward a political leader, or champion, is not thus shown; ardent, deep, and strong, love of anything is not thus manifested. The profession of love towards Jesus without a love of the advance of his cause, is a mere intellectual admiration; it has no warm fellowship with the heart; it is not the affection he requires.

Thus we see what a fulness is embraced in the sincere and heartfelt declaration—Lord, thou knowest I love thee! Thou knowest I love thy character, thy mission, thy commandments, and thy cause. To such he says, *Feed my lambs!* The lover of the Lord Jesus is to care for the younglings of the flock; to guard their innocence, and lead them into the green pastures and beside the refreshing streams. Jesus Christ, clothed as he was with majesty not of earth, did not forget that the great fold embraced lambs—many lambs, and he gave a beautiful example of interest in the happiness of the little ones. His arms encompassed them, his lips taught them, his prayers blessed them, and his counsels guided them. He took them to his embrace and spoke of them, not as man has spoken, regarding them as born depraved, utterly incapable of conceiving a good thought, or doing an acceptable deed, but he talked of them as under the especial care of the Almighty, and commended to his disciples their docility and confiding affection.

The great error in the religious world in reference to religious instruction to the young has been, the forgetting that the little ones of the flock are the *lambs of Christ*, and treating them as being at heart children of an evil power; too much effort has been put forth to teach children of native depravity, of natural sinfulness; and while their little hearts were thankful for all God's favors, they have been told that they are aliens from him, and their hearts at enmity with him. Is it not natural for children with the first dawn of

intelligence to love the kind parent? It is. And so with the first dawn of a correct knowledge of God, children are constrained to love him. The natural and religious affections are from the same Creator, and they need only to be properly directed, to present beautiful manifestations.

It is, God be praised! one of the lovely features of our blessed religion, to recognize children as the lambs of Christ, as possessing naturally capacities to receive the first principles of truth, and to be taught the alphabet of our religion. This is the great encouragement of the teacher. He rejoices that he has not to sow seed on a barren soil—a soil having no affinity with the planted seed, but he can sow in faith, believing that as we are commanded to feed the lambs, the lambs have a natural appetite for the food. And there is the idea to be impressed—children have a natural spiritual appetite for spiritual food. Food is given to children to strengthen and develop their animal system, so spiritual food should be imparted with a confidence that it is fitted to develop their spiritual nature. But teachers should be careful in respect to the food given, lest, like thousands, they impart improper food, and in ignorance blame the nature of the children, instead of the food itself, because no good effects follow their labor.

With what, then, should the lambs of Christ be fed? In brief we answer, With heavenly wisdom. And how is heavenly wisdom represented in the scriptures? By every figure that can lead the mind to form a delightful conception of it, and the heart to feel that it is something pleasant. It is represented under the figures of green pastures, sweet streams, and well watered gardens. Here then is the first step to be taken in religiously educating the young—*It is to make religion a pleasant thing to them.* The lamb feeds cheerfully and sports in gladness in the verdant pasture, but not on barren plain; so with the child, if you would have it feed on the teachings of the Redeemer, and become a truly religious being, you must make religion pleasant to him; by this only can you create in him that love for divine things which is the only foundation for a lasting and true piety.

The next step is, to make them understand that *their happiness is connected with religious duty.* Duty should as much as possible be made a pleasure to them; for the child who is acquainted with virtue only as an austere sovereign, or who is inclined to regard religion as the enemy of pleas-



ure, will never yield that cheerful obedience desired, while those ideas possess its mind. 'What do you teach the girl?' asked Maltravers of the schoolmaster—'That God made her, and that he loves good girls, and will watch over them.' 'What else?' 'That the devil runs away with bad girls, and ——' 'Stop there; never mind the devil yet awhile. Let her first learn to do good, that God may love her, and the rest will follow. I would rather make people religious through their best feelings, than their worst—through their gratitude and affections, rather than their fears and calculations of risk and punishment.'

This last sentiment should be the motto of every religious teacher. There has been enough of the religion of dread, fear, and terror, in our world, but too little of the religion of the affections. For instance, 'a child so young as scarcely to be able to discern between truth and falsehood, speaks them indiscriminately. By way of correction, the parent begins by telling him it is wrong to lie, and he must not do it. But, forgetting the line upon line and precept upon precept which she bestows on his other faults, and looking on this in the child, in the same light she would regard it in the man, she becomes seriously alarmed by its repetition, and determines to make a final effort to subdue it, by bringing before its quick imagination the awful tribunal of God, against whom the offence is committed. She takes him on her knee with tender concern, tells him first the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and then teaches him to repeat that hymn of Watts's, which represents God with his great book,' in which he 'writes every lie that children tell,' and ends with

'Every liar

Shall have his portion in the lake

Which burns with brimstone and with fire.'

She has done her work indeed! The child, in deadly terror, never tells another lie. But alas! at what an expense has she laid the foundation of truth in that child's mind. She may labor to make him love his God, but she will labor in vain. He may strive in maturer life for that love which casteth out fear, but never, until the day when God shall receive him to himself, shall he see him as he is; never, till that hour, will that mortal heart be free from the fearful impression.'

'Thus a hearty dislike to the thoughts of God is unwittingly implanted with the earliest religious lesson that childhood receives; and when the

parent discovers it, she sets it down as a legitimate inheritance from Adam and Eve. But the truth is, that if children could love the picture of God which is first given them in this way, it would be the strongest argument we could have of their native depravity. For what must be the original constitution of a mind, which would turn with involuntary affection to a being whose prevailing trait to them is power, whose favorite exercise of that power is the punishment of sinners, and whose image is ever before them, with his great book, where he writes down all their sins, and his dreadful lake of fire and brimstone, where he punishes them?'

Parents and teachers! Build the religious instruction of your children and pupils on their affections. Endeavor, by every means attainable, to draw out their love toward their heavenly Parent, that they may act and obey as grateful beings. Speak of the character of Jesus, of the deeds of matchless tenderness he wrought, till their glistening eyes shall tell you they have felt its beauty, and desire like him to be good. Speak of his mission, that they may know the great love and condescension of our Maker, that they may learn the hideousness of sin, and understand the duty of repentance for every evil deed. Speak of his commandments, that they may be counselled in their duties and follow the guide given to lead them in the proper way. Speak to them of his cause—his kingdom, how it shall triumph over all evil, and re-unite the world together and to God in purity and bliss, so that even their young voices may sing the praise of redeeming and sanctifying love.

So shall ye regard, teach, and guide them as the lambs of Christ; they shall be fed aright, and he will accept your labors as tokens of your love to him. Be faithful, be affectionate, and his Spirit will be with you and ever bless your honorable efforts. Confide in the promises of Jehovah's truth, and fear not that you shall labor in vain. An effort of love is never lost; its effect may be secret from us, but he who seeth the invisible beholdeth the good fruit; though your pupils may not make the improvement you desire, may not grow up in all the beauty of christian excellence, yet you cannot tell from how much evil your instructions have saved them—you cannot tell how much worse they might have been, had you not spent your labor upon them. Again we say, an effort of love is never lost, for



'The infant prayer, the infant hymn,  
Within the darkened soul may rise,  
When age's weary eye is dim,  
And the grave's shadow round them lies,'  
*Haverhill, Mass.* B.

### TO COUSIN FRANCES.

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

DEAR COUSIN! sing the song I loved of yore  
When my light heart was happy all the while;  
When on my cheek where roses bloom no more  
The tear was far less frequent than the smile:  
Sweet thoughts are linked with every thrilling strain,  
Sing to me cousin!—sing it once again.

Dearest, how often in the days gone by,  
For me that touching lay thy lips have sung,  
When on bright wings we saw the moments fly;  
For we were both light-hearted, gay, and young:  
There was no cloud upon our summer skies,  
There was no shadow in our joyous eyes.

We were like sisters, and the circling hours  
Seemed to unite us with as strong a tie,  
As though our infant steps among the flowers  
Had erst been watched by the same mother's eye;  
We tracked the wild bird and the wandering bee,  
And well we loved all sounds of melody.

Thy voice was like the breathing of a flute  
Heard at still evening o'er the moonlit sea;  
My heart sang with thee but my lips were mute,  
I did not share the gift bestowed on thee:  
Strong is the spell by music round me thrown,  
But never could my voice awake its tone.

Oh there are strains that thrill the feeling heart,  
With sadly sweet remembrance of the past—  
With joys that all too soon we saw depart,  
And hopes which brightened to deceive at last—  
They smile once more as o'er life's mazy track  
The song-woke spirit swiftly wanders back.

Then we were parted—many years passed on—  
The changing power of time we cannot stay—  
But weary were his steps while thou wert gone  
To find another home so far away:  
I longed to fold thee to my heart the while,  
To hear thy voice again and see thee smile.

And thou wert ill, and yet I was not near  
To bathe thy brow and hold thine aching head;  
To seek with pleasant words thy heart to cheer,  
And keep love's patient watch beside thy bed:  
While far I waited with a heart of care,  
Thy name was breathed in many a fervent prayer.

But health returned, and on the wings of love  
Thou didst revisit then thine early home,  
The truth of childhood's memories to prove,  
And through the old familiar scenes to roam:  
Dear eyes beam on thee with affection's light,  
Fond lips with thine in many a kiss unite.

We stood where autumn leaves were thickly strewn,  
And saw the beauty of the year depart—  
Thus had the brightness of our young days flown,  
And 'hours that were' came thronging to the heart:  
Like the aroma of the dying flowers,  
Sweet was the memory of those vanished hours.

Frances, thou art not here—I did but dream  
I heard the numbers of my favorite song;  
But oh so pleasant did the vision seem,  
I would that fancy might the spell prolong.  
Lonely and sad I muse—thou art not near,  
The music of thy voice I may not hear.

And now farewell—it is a mournful word—  
A word I cannot breathe without regret;  
But tuneless is my lyre, its strings were stirred  
To tell thee that thy love I ne'er forget:  
And oh may Heaven its choicest favors send,  
To bless thy lot, my cousin and my friend.  
*Hartford, Ct.*

### THE BEAUTY OF WINTER.

Original.

BY MISS LOUISA M. BARKER.

THE poet of the seasons has personified winter, with the epithets 'sullen and sad,' and his imitators have repeated them, till we can scarcely believe, that with the younger hours in classic land, he joined the dance with the graces. We forget that the mighty power that accumulates the icebergs of the north, and piles upon its Alpine height the huge glacier, is the same little sprite that draws so fancifully upon the window pane, builds mimic palaces beneath the shelving bank of the rivulet, and hangs up in the clear air, jewelled pendants, delicate enough to adorn the court of Titania.

It is not honorable to our appreciation of the beautiful, to be insensible to the beauty of winter. Summer bribes us to her worship, by her delicious perfumes, and her intoxicating juices; by the ripening glow of her splendid noontide, and the cool shadow, and refreshing breeze of her evening twilight. And we throw around her graceful form, a light dress all radiant with the sunlight; and gaze delightedly on the glowing cheek, and ripe lip, of more than human beauty, that we have given her. Winter comes to gratify but one sense. He presents to us beauty in the abstract; and we wrap him in the furred robe; bow his form with the decrepitude of age, and make his countenance 'horrid with frost and turbulent with storm.' Yet see; what a bright and crystal surface he has spread over the lake, what curious and playful devices he has traced upon the crusted meadow; and how gracefully he has curled the snow-wreath, upon the brow of the hill! His mood yesterday was a *ruse de guerre*. He feigned to sleep, while the southern breeze brought down the clouds, in an uncomely shower. But when night-fall had closed over the dreary scene, a chill was sent through the air,



condensing the innumerable rain-drops, and settling them down, in their new and feathery form, upon the wet roofs and dripping branches.

'And where they fall, or on the steepest slope,  
Or slightest twig, remain unmoved.'

The morning is a scene of enchantment. What bold little bluffs have been raised upon the ice-ledge by the stream-side, and how beautifully they contrast, in their whiteness and their stillness, with the black and brawling brook below! How dim, yet how pure the light, beneath the vine-covered walks of the garden! How soft the shadow around the door of that porticoed dwelling! And what a hermit-like looking habitation, that cottage yonder behind its sheltering trees!

The clouds are breaking in the east. But it is not for the sun to unburden the tree-tops, and let down the overhanging masses from the eaves; for winter has called the winds; and they come, freshly, playfully, yet powerfully; for one shake of the tall tree, and its branches are bare to the blast.

A few hours, and the scene is wholly changed. The clouds are gathering themselves together, and the winds weary of their play in the woods, are ranging with deep, low tones, through the air. And the storm is coming. Yet turn not the sofa to the fire, nor repeat in melancholy mood,

'As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,  
All winter drives along the darkened air.'

But put back the curtain from the window, and look out upon the evening. The fading light of day, will show the village dimly through the storm; but nearer, where it blends with the rich glow from within, it is the fitting light for the snowflakes, those lightest and purest of all material forms. Watch them a few moments in their swift and noiseless descent, and while that chord in the soul, which is touched by gentle influences alone, is thrilling with emotion, confess that nothing in the 'rolling year,' has more power to awaken pure and peaceful thoughts, than a snow-fall at twilight.

Winter is beautiful. Another morning will come, and the trees will look like penciling on the clear sky; and every object within the range of vision, will glitter with the gold of the sun-beam, and the silver sparkling of the frost. The character of the beautiful, at this season, is a relief to the eye of taste. The mental sense, like the natural, may be vitiated by combination; but delicacy of light and shade, grace of proportion,

and simplicity of effect, give strength, and refinement, to the perception of beauty.

Why then do we not welcome and love this season, as gratefully as we do the others? It is winter that prompts the gathering of scattered kindred around the anniversary board; the wreathing of the pillared church for the evening worship; and the hanging up of the bright evergreen for the parlor festivities at home. To winter belong the courteous dismissal of the old year, and the joyous welcoming of the new. His are the hearth-side joys; the brightest and dearest scenes of social life, and his are among the purest, and most perfect of the forms and hues of nature.

Then let the circling year be to our imaginings, 'lovely, joyous Spring;' 'child of the sun, refulgent Summer,' next; then 'jovial Autumn, crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf;' and last, not 'surly Winter,' but a fairy king with a vest of silver light. And if we must protect him from the storm he loves, we will give him the snow-white royal ermine; and his look shall be like that on the face of a friend we love—for beautiful is winter.

Clinton, N. Y.

# COUNSELS AND SCRAPS FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

## THE STORY; OR THE LITTLE MORALIST.

ELIZA ANN. I have just been reading a pretty story of a little girl, which I hope will do me good.

NATHAN. Do tell it to me—perhaps it will make me good too.

E. A. Well, I'm sure it ought to—for when we read of how others have been good, we should try to be good like them.

N. Is not that what we are taught in the Bible, when we are told to follow the Savior?

E. A. Yes, for we cannot follow him as we follow a person who walks before us, but as you follow a copy in your writing book at school.

N. That is, you mean, try to imitate his traits of character, as I try to imitate the letters the master gives me?

E. A. Yes, and that is what Jesus meant by being his disciple, and when he said 'Come learn of me.' And we can learn to be like him by doing right and good acts as we see others do them, for they are just what he would do if he were on earth and with us.



N. Then I can learn to be a christian from all the stories I read of good men and women.

E. A. Certainly ; and we should never forget to learn something from what we read of such to make us better.

N. Yes—but don't forget to tell me the story you said you had been reading.

E. A. That I will not—but tell it now. Well, it was of a little girl by the name of Anne Wilson, who one cold November day was sitting beside her grandmother sewing, and hearing her tell some interesting stories, while the fire on the hearth burned brightly and pleasantly.

N. That was comfortable enough—just what I like.

E. A. So it was to her ; and when a messenger came in to bring a letter to her grandmother, the cold wind coming through the door made her think how blest she was.

N. But I suppose she asked who the letter was from, and all about what it said ?

E. A. O no, she didn't like many little girls, and boys too, interrupt her grandmother, but waited till she was ready to tell her.

N. That's a good lesson on curiosity—not to meddle with other folks matters.

E. A. Yes, and you are a good moralist. Well, Anne's aunt then came in, and her grandmother told her that the letter was from the poor widow Becky, very sick and in great pain from the rheumatism, and wanted immediately some of the medicine sent her the winter before.

N. Anne's grandmother must have felt glad to think she had once done the sick widow good, and could again benefit her.

E. A. True, but the story says, the grandmother said to the aunt that there was no one to go with the medicine, because none of the men would be home till night.

N. But why couldn't the messenger who brought the letter take the medicine back ?

E. A. Because he was the post-man, and was off in a moment. Little Anne wanted to say she would go, but the distance was long, the day cold, and she never had gone near so far alone, and so she kept silent.

N. I don't think any one can blame her, for to jump up from a good fire and from hearing a good story, and go off far away in the cold, is rather hard.

E. A. Yes, but then such excuses to ourselves are selfish, and when Anne's aunt said—*Why can't Anne go ? she would like to comfort*

*poor widow Becky, and to take a run in the cold will do her good !*—up she leaped and exclaimed—*I can go just as well as not !*

N. Bravo ! I guess a good many of us can learn something from that if we will remember it this winter, and not say—*O 'tis too cold !* when our parents want us to run an errand.

E. A. Yes. The aunt thought it was too much for little Anne when she thought of the distance which was two miles, and said so, but the brave little girl cried out—*You fix the medicine while I get my cloak and mits, and soon widow Becky shall see me and smile !*

N. I hope you won't tell us that she was in such a hurry to get there as to fall and break the bottle sent—there is often something like that to spoil a story.

E. A. No, she knew that the best haste was to prepare well, and, fearing she might fall, she wrapt it up in two newspapers, so that if it did fall from her hand, it wouldn't get broken.

N. That's a good hint, and I'll make a proverb—Care preserves as much as carelessness loses.

E. A. Good. Well, Anne ran on, and the keen wind made her feel at first quite chilly, but her heart was so warm with love to do good, that her animation made her soon free from cold ; and when she saw the widow smile as she ran into her room and heard her blessing, she felt she was richly paid for all she had done.

N. Yes, and if we would think a little more of how good we should feel after we have done a duty, we should be more ready to do it.

E. A. A good moralist again ! And she felt again repaid when she got back home, and heard her aunt's and grandmother's praises, and had also a reward in her good appetite for dinner.

N. That reminds me of an old saying—

*'What makes our food so very sweet ?  
Because we earn before we eat.'*

E. A. And then too when night came and she thought over the past day, her heart felt light and happy because of what she had done, and her sleep was sweet to her.

N. But how different would have been her thoughts and feelings to have remembered then that she feared the cold more than she loved to do good.

E. A. Yes, and I hope we shall learn to do well through the day that we may feel well at night.

N. So say I—for to try to do well every day, is to be good through life.



## THE DULL PARTY.

'What made you look so dull and sad at Miss Collins' this afternoon?' asked little Maria of her sister Ellen after their return home from a party at their schoolmate's house. 'Because that hateful Miss Hartwell was there!' was the reply. 'But you seemed very happy for the hour before she came, and why should her coming so change all the company as to make you dull and sad?' 'O, I don't know—but I do know that when she came in I wished myself at home and couldn't enjoy the company in the least.' 'I think,' continued Maria, 'you might easily know why this effect was produced, if you would only think of the influence of anger and malice. We were made to love each other and to do good to each other, and if we do not do so we are punished by the loss of pleasure and delight we otherwise might have enjoyed.'

This reply made Ellen think—and think very soberly too! and the thoughts awakened I know did her good, for soon after she was at her aunt Mitchell's and Miss Hartwell came in, and she greeted her kindly—had a good time with her, and felt happy at heart. She was now to her no longer the hateful Miss Hartwell, but the pleasant Eliza, and she found how anger with another will hide their goodness from us and make us regard them as evil when they are good. And more than this, Ellen discovered by friendly conversation with her, that she had misunderstood her at the time she became angry with her, and that the offence was all imaginary.

Now, will not my young readers learn a lesson from this? Anger is sinful, and often it arises from misunderstanding the words, looks, and feelings of others. Those who are the oftenest angry with others are generally those who the easiest think they see evil in others, and often imagine wrong where wrong is not. When any of my young readers cannot enjoy a company of friends or schoolmates because a certain one is also there, they may be sure something is wrong in their own hearts. Be ever kind, and ready to think as well as you can of your playmates and friends, and you will be much happier than you can otherwise be.

## 'IT'S JUST AS MOTHER SAYS.'

I have just been conversing with a lady who told me a little anecdote of her young days that I wish to tell my readers, and want them to re-

member it. When this lady was a little child, a young friend came to visit her one afternoon, and they proposed to take a walk to a certain place. 'Come, let us go,' said the little girl to her visitor. 'I don't know whether it is right,' was the reply. 'Our mothers will let us,' said the little girl, but the visitor was not so sure of that. They went in to the house—told their mothers what they wanted, and were advised not to go, assured that it would be better for them to enjoy themselves around home. They went out again, and the little girl said to her friend, 'It's too bad we can't go!' and the reply made was one the lady told me she has never forgotten for any length of time,—'*It's just as mother says.*' This answer, so dutiful and just, made a deep impression on the little girl's heart, and whenever afterward she was inclined to disobey her mother she thought of this little girl, how contented and pretty she looked when she was willing to do as her mother said, and that answer has often done her good.

And will it not do some of my readers good? Who loves you more than your mother? Who will counsel you more wisely and tenderly? Who wishes more your happiness? None than your mother; and when she tells you to give up your wishes as hurtful when she thinks so, will you not do it?—Did you ever feel happy when you had disobeyed her? I think I can answer for you, no. Do not do so again then as you wish to be happy, and be as cheerful and dutiful as the little girl who was willing to believe her mother was wiser than she.

## THE APPLES.

A rich man dwelt in kingly state,  
In splendor drest was he,  
And round him were a thousand things  
To wake the heart to glee.

'He must be happy!' thought a friend  
Who was a transient guest,  
And told him he was glad indeed  
He was so highly blest.

The rich man took some apples fair  
In a wrought golden dish,—  
'Take of this splendid fruit,' said he,  
'If such a kind you wish.'

The guest took one—he cut it through,  
And lo! a worm was there!  
He gazed upon the rich man's face,  
And saw a shade—despair!

And then the guest full well did know  
The meaning of it all,  
And felt nor wealth, nor power was good,  
If in the heart be gall.



## TO AN OAK.

Original.

*The following was found amid the papers of the late Mrs. Tompkins, and was written upon an old oak in front of the homestead in Haverhill, Mass.*

Yes, there thou standest still, thou aged oak,  
With thy huge branches bending in the air,  
And thy broad shadow dancing freely now  
On the broad green which God hath wisely made.  
How few like thee can stand unshaken 'mid  
The stormy blasts that fortune brings around,  
And strong in deep laid strength raise up to heaven  
Their hands in praise to God!

Thou aged tree!  
How oft hath my paternal friend in peace,  
And gratitude sincere, reclined beneath  
Thy grateful shade, and there in accents kind  
Taught his own child of duty and of God!  
But he no more is with us; yet would I  
Commune with thee, Reminder of the past!  
For in sweet freshness thou recallest now  
The days of childhood and their merry sports.  
Would that I were as innocent as then!  
But all in vain the wish, as time once past  
Can never be recalled.

Thou aged tree!  
Alone in thy magnificence thou art  
A monument of human frailty. How  
Oft I've heard the tempest round thee sweep,  
Still thou remain'st the same, unmoved, unharmed.  
So let it be with us. Let virtue be  
Implanted in our hearts, its roots so strong,  
Deep bedded there, that like the noble oak,  
The world's dread laugh and scorn, which scarce can be  
Resisted by the firm philosopher,  
May pass unnoticed.  
Boston, Mass.

L. A. T.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Original.

*'I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:  
And meditate on scenes more silent still.  
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
What, though we wade in wealth, and soar in fame?  
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies';  
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.'*

YOUNG.

'Now comes still evening on.' Oh how beautiful is a September sunset: the whole canopy of heaven,—deep, celestial blue, save where 'the weary sun hath made a golden set,' there rests the 'light track of his fiery car,' all crimson, purple, and gold! How new beauties leap forth from every fold, to meet the riveted eye!

'We can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,'—

so beautiful, so transporting is such a scene as this. How the soul, at this hour leaves sublunary cares and pleasures,—they seem mere atoms in the immensity of creation. How little does self, idolized self appear through such a medium

as this—how insignificant! Yet not wholly so, for all this beauty, and this handiwork of our God, are but ministries to our gratification. They are nothing to him who made them, his happiness is incapable of being augmented or diminished by such accessions. But he leaves them, traces of his deep love—the 'glow of the sun, and blossom of the trees;' and now the one has left us, and the other is succeeded by the sober tints of autumn, we still perceive marks, *felt* marks of that love 'living through all this space;' softening earth's beauties, and our own worldly feelings; throwing alternate light and shadows on variegated woods; making them near the abode of happy spirits,—discoursing to us of the lights and shades of human life;—of its joys, that are to be increased; of its sorrows and darkness, that are to be dispersed, by the sun of righteousness shining on our hearts.

Heavenly Father—now, at this solemn hour—we thank thee for these, thy teachings! Thou art dressing all vegetable nature in 'robes of beauteous hue,' just as she is mingling 'dust to dust;'—may we, when our summons come, be found clad in 'robes of righteousness,' rejoicing that an eternal spring awaits us in paradise.

'Now twilight gray, hath in her sober livery all things clad,' and now is the season for reminiscence and anticipations,—for high and holy communion with God and our own souls. Dear to me are such hours, and of vital importance to my 'growth in grace and in the knowledge of God.' We seem to have a peculiar set of feelings—if I may so arbitrarily express myself—for twilight hours. We find it easy then to shut out the world from its hold on our affections, and to concentrate the mind on the pleasing, though sad, realities of death and eternity. Recollections of the past, lose the shadowy indistinctness with which they usually flit by us, and become tangible, felt;—happy hours, spent in the society of loved friends, in walking, talking, and singing, precious sabbath days, when together we repaired to that hall, which was, to us, 'none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven'—how I live them over now. Oh my God! still the tumult of this heart: let it not forget its manifold blessings, in its repinings for those that 'were, and are not;' teach it that thou art present everywhere, ready to hear and to bless! And do thou watch over the spiritual interests of that dear flock,—make them 'as happy as I wish, and they will be blessed indeed!'



Friends, dear to us as life—too dear—too much our idols—we see them now, as we were wont to see them. We hear the soft, kind tone of approval; and see the glance of interest and sympathy,—and where are they? Where that brother? Before me stands his portrait; all around me are books bearing his name; there the keys whose tones were scarcely hushed when the hand that so playfully drew them forth, was cold in death; here my flageolet, presented by him 'for a twilight companion;' and where is he? His grave stone answers: 'He is not here, but risen.'

Hope now comes in, and whispers of the time when we shall be re-united with those from whom we are now separated by distance and death. We shall meet, we shall be happy in that world whose beauty knows no decay, whose day no night. May we live as becomes the beings of such a destiny; be grateful for privileges; resigned amid bereavements; and at all times and seasons devoted to God and the welfare of those with whom we are associated; then will be ours to soothe and sustain the consciousness of having been faithful stewards of the talents entrusted to our keeping.

E. J. C.

Amoskeag, N. H.

## A SONG.

Original.

LET us out in the open air, love,  
Where sunbeams are mantling the hills;  
The spirit of beauty is there, love,  
In the light of the musical rills.

The waves are the throbs of his heart, love,  
The winds are his breathings divine,  
And I know wherever thou art, love,  
On that spot he will hallow a shrine.

His smile resteth pure in thine eye, love,  
Its blue light beams softer on me,  
Than the glow of a mild evening sky, love,  
On the breast of a still summer sea.

The spirit of beauty is thine, love,  
And why should I count it a sin  
To worship the beautiful shrine, love,  
For the beautiful spirit within?

Then abroad 'mid the delicate flowers, love!  
Let us make their sweet language our own,  
For feelings so holy as ours, love,  
Should be breathed in a delicate tone.

Aye, the spirit of beauty is there, dear,  
His wing in our spirits shall move,  
And our hearts shall converse but in prayer, dear,  
For prayer is the language of love. S. C. E.

THE golden cord of love! It lives in all hearts.

VOL. VIII.

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## CIRCULATION OF BOOKS.

Original.

ACCORDING as we have a deep and sincere desire to promote the cause of christian truth, we shall embrace every available means that promises success. Among such the circulation of books is prominent, and deserves more consideration than it receives. Therefore we would offer a few thoughts that perhaps may not be wholly useless, but tend in some humble degree to wake up attention to this subject.

Books can enter where preachers and conversationists cannot, and often receive attentions men or women in vain might seek for with a view to plead the same cause. Many will read who will not hear the preached word, or listen to conversation on subjects pertaining to the great controverted question of the final destiny of our race; and not unfrequent do books—silent preachers—make impressions favorable to the truth on the mind and the heart, that never could have been made by preaching or conversation. Let us look into this—inquire out its philosophy—and perhaps the circulation of books will be felt more to be a matter of duty.

A person averse to the doctrines of all embracing eternal love may at length gain courage to attend a Universalist meeting; but in what state of mind does he or she do this? With feelings not at all, oftentime, suited to prepare the mind to receive benefit—to look on propositions, arguments, and illustrations in a candid light; but on the contrary with agitated feelings, that totally unfit it for the right exercise of the reason and the generous emotions. Frequently the case with such is much like that of a timid one for the first time venturing to take a sail on the waters, all the time she is in the boat she wishes herself out, and while in the agitation of her spirits, distorts every appearance of beauty. Many a serious minded person has entered our churches, desiring for the time to hear candidly, and soon began to question the propriety of being there; cautiously looks round and imagines many eyes rest on her, watching her countenance, and as she thinks, trying to discern from its lights and shades, its changes, how she is affected by what she hears. Thus ill dispositioned is her mind to hear correctly, weigh justly the argument made, or to retain the sum of the preachment. One proposition misunderstood—one qualification of an assertion forgotten, and all the labor of the preacher to her is worse than vain.



But not so with the same and books. She retires with them from the observant eye—from all excitement; and the very secrecy and silence sought are admirably adapted to aid the reason and judgment in rightly performing their offices. There she can read and re-read; if a proposition is strange, she can again peruse it—repeatedly examine it—have it distinct in all its parts before her mind, and reflect upon it leisurely. There she can compare it with the holy record; pause for prayer; question experience, observation, the feelings and affections of her own heart, and decide deliberately and candidly. Many have thus caught glimpses of the heavenly vision of universal triumphant grace, who would not hear with calm and serious feelings the preached word.

Books also have sometimes advantages over conversation, especially with excitable persons. In conversation an antagonist generally wishes to acquit himself well, to appear to good advantage in the advocating of his cause, and while another is engaged in an argument for the opposite, he is all the while considering more, as it advances, how he can answer it, than to appreciate it and admit its force. The looks, tones, and manners of an opponent sometimes excite so much as to cool the warm feelings of friendship, and the heart is closed and reason is blinded.

Preaching and conversation are both valuable, heaven-ordained means for the advancement of truth, and we think the considerations here laid down are of sufficient force to entitle the circulation of books to be regarded as a worthy co-aid in the great and good work.

One important particular is here to be noticed in this connection, and that is—the *choice of books to be circulated*. Every book will not do good with all classes of persons, and care should be taken that the ones recommended or loaned, be written in a christian spirit and a style friendly to the gentler feelings. We cannot hope much for those that are written in a style that may be likened to the strong wind and fire in which the Lord was not, and should favor most those whose authors seem to have caught the true spirit of the declaration of Moses—‘My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.’

B.

THIS is the season for beneficent acts.

## AN ASSOCIATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Original.

‘WILL the Lord cast off forever?’ This is a question of solemn import, and is asked by a sacred writer. There are men and doctrines that give us an affirmative answer, and would make us to limit in thought the Holy One of Israel. But what answer does the record of truth give us? An answer that bespeaks its source to be the inspiration of God who is love; for we read—‘The Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.’ Holy and beautiful indeed the reply. And what a reason for it! ‘He will have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.’ Here is the measure of God’s dealings with man plainly made known; it is not according to man’s merit, but the multitude of the Deity’s mercies. And who would lessen that multitude to less than enough for the entire sanctification and redemption of our race? It were a miserable work to be engaged in, and especially while the heavenly testimony declares that God is good to all, and not only this, but that his mercies are over all his works, and more than that, that these mercies are his *tender* mercies. A certain writer who is bold in favor of the doctrine of interminable woe for millions has written on this declaration of the Psalmist thus: ‘He feels for his intelligent offspring, as the most affectionate mother does for the child of her own bosom.’ What an association is such a thought with the doctrine he maintains as the truth of the Bible! The spirit of good, and the spirit of evil, are not more at variance; and the contrast does but show how hideous are the conceptions of a diseased imagination when compared with the revealed truth of our heavenly Father. May the fidelity of our God to his love towards us wake up to stronger and more continuous exercise the better feelings and powers of our nature.

## DIGNITY.

Original.

I BELIEVE there is such a thing as true dignity, but I believe it to be something very different from that quality which passes for dignity, in the great world. Either the doctrines of the Savior are false, or they are true. If they are true, they are paramount to every other principle or motive of action. If we are not disposed to follow him entirely, let us, at least, teach nothing which is



adverse to his truth. If he has said that 'Unless a man is converted, and become as a little child, he cannot enter the holy kingdom,' let us not, contrarily, teach that it is good for mortal men to assume an important air, a lofty step, or a contemptuous indifference to even the meanest of our fellow-beings. Yet this haughty demeanor is termed dignity, and is frequently lauded by those who delight to consider themselves more favored of heaven than other men.

Persons are called dignified when they maintain a reserved and grave demeanor, evince a lordly contempt for the commons, carry the head a little raised, answer questions with brevity and with a slow, monotonous voice, and pay the highest price at inns or hotels. It is also necessary to this kind of dignity, that the individual move slowly, and never even raise his hand to his head but with great circumspection and an air of self-collectedness, as if fully aware of the important step which he is about to take. In the act of yawning, the right foot should be thrown out; the arms should be deliberately raised above the head until they form part of a circle, with the palms of the hands turned upward. The mouth should then be gradually extended until its alarming expansion leads the observer to fear that the top of the head is about to fall off. By the time the mouth is closed, and the arms are again placed parallel with the sides of the chest, the spectators—unless they are very dull—will have perceived that there is something more than ordinary in the mind of such a man. He is very 'dignified' in all his movements!

I once knew a young man of this character, who was, by nature, rather slow-witted, whose knowledge of the world was very circumscribed, and whose education had been sadly neglected. He made up for all these deficiencies by an overweening veneration for himself. As he not unfrequently thrust himself into the company of intelligent people, it would have been difficult for him to keep up appearances had he not taken refuge in a dignified silence which evinced his disregard for such trifling topics of conversation as were brought forward. In fact, it was not to be expected that a person of his consequence should stoop to comprehend any subject conversed upon by mere mortals. He was not to be drawn out by anything short of a miracle. This reserve, however, proceeded not from natural modesty; for he would curl his lip with contempt whenever any observation was made that proved particu-

larly difficult for him to understand. He was very fastidious in his choice of companions, and acknowledged but one or two intimate associates, the cause of which is supposed to be that there were few persons to be found in the vicinity who did not know more than himself. His mother and sisters regarded him as 'the flower of the family;' but if he was so, it was plain that the flower had not yet opened its petals and made known its perfume to the world. He may have been an aloe which blooms but once in a hundred years, and as he never attained to that age, of course his excellencies were 'born to die unseen.' But his dignity was unquestionable. Had the steeple descended from the parish church, and been drawn on wheels through the street, its port would not have been more majestic, its motion more regular, or its expression more intellectual. Had this man caught the philosopher playing with his children, he would have pronounced him a mere pretender to science; and had he seen a man of wealth condescend to speak to a beggar, he would have decided that he would soon be a beggar himself. As it was impossible to define what excellencies this man of dignity possessed, there can be little doubt that they were beyond human calculation. As he was neither poet, painter, philosopher, scholar, musician, nor moralist, he was doubtless something superior to all these; for when a man is not found in the lower stories of his house, you look for him in a higher chamber.

On one occasion, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of the trinity, when a lady appealed directly to him at some point in the argument. He replied, with wonderful *hauteur*, 'I never think about such matters.' Another lady archly responded—'His thoughts are upon higher subjects, no doubt.' He regarded it as a compliment.

When we proceed to analyze that quality which goes by the name of dignity, we shall resolve it into pride, ignorance, and stupidity. It is indeed remarkable that, in many cases, an individual is treated with respect in proportion to the estimate which he appears to have formed of himself. The meek man is trampled upon—the modest one is overlooked; while the arrogant coxcomb or the soulless braggart, is elevated to posts of honor, and freely permitted to exercise dominion over his fellows.

Shall I be asked in what true dignity consists? The definition that I should give to the word



would not accord with the idea which it usually conveys to the mind of the reader. For pride, I entertain no respect. We do hear of persons who are too proud to do a base action; but I cannot understand the justice of the sentiment. I know of no motives to do good or to avoid evil which are based upon pride, that being itself an evil. It is true that a man may be too miserly to be extravagant—too sly to be insolent—too violent to be treacherous—or too superstitious to be sceptical; and pride may be an antidote to other vices, while it is the parent of many. If pride is a vice, it cannot prevent the commission of a base action; since everything opposed to divine truth is base.

The real dignity of man consists in doing the will of our Father which is in heaven, and 'none but the good are truly great.' I know of no other dignity and no other greatness; and am utterly at a loss to know why any believing christian should seek to fashion any other than that laid down in the scriptures, of which Jesus Christ is the perfect pattern.

An assumption of importance can add nothing to the real worth of the individual; and must, therefore, be deemed not only useless, but also a counterfeit. The most dignified being that ever lived among men, washed his disciples' feet.

*Boston, Mass.*

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### *A DREAM OF THE DEAD.*

Original.

*'In communion sweet  
The living and the dead can meet.'*

CAMPBELL,

SPIRIT of one I love,  
We met in sweet communion in my dreams!  
Thy mournful eyes had beauty in their beams  
That melted me to tears. No pure young dove  
Hath glances half so tender as were thine,  
When thy soft lips were warmly pressed to mine.

Our meeting was on earth;  
Thou, from thy holy dwelling in the skies,  
Wearing, as when of earth, the same bright guise,  
Met with me here; for I, of mortal birth,  
Knew not the way to thee. 'Tis ever thus;—  
We meet not angels save they come to us.

Our converse was of grief,  
Of earthly sorrows, and death's cold farewells,  
Of love's mysterious ties and dreamy spells,  
The budding blossom and the fading leaf;—  
And tears were in thine eyes;—thy voice was low,  
And woke within my heart unuttered woe.

Upon that heart reposed  
Thy tender cheek and faintly throbbing brow;  
I felt that thou wert holy—holier, now,

Than when on thy dear form my last look closed,  
And thy gay laugh, when thou wert lost to sight,  
Responded sweetly to my last 'good night.'

We talked in words of song—

The interchange of soul was earth and heaven;  
And every word of thine to me thus given,  
Will grave itself upon my soul so strong,  
That all the waters of time's wearing stream  
Can ne'er efface the record of that dream.

Come to me oft at night;  
I would commune with spirits from that sphere,  
Where sin hath no inheritance, as here.  
I feel the lingering beauty of thy sight  
In my soul's silent fountains. Come to me,  
Sweet Spirit, in my dreams—I'll learn of thee.

S. C. E.

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### *A LESSON ON ROMANCE.*

Original.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

*'In thy earnest eyes—*

*(Sweet mirrors of thy heart,)  
Dwell the rich pictures of May-tinted skies,  
Beauteous in all their changes; while around  
The eloquent lips, half playful, half profound  
Deep words seem hovering, and thy forehead wears  
Most radiantly the gift of many cares.'*

MRS. SCOTT.

THERE are some countenances which are whole histories in themselves; and they tell tales, not of the past alone, but of the present, and that which is to come. Some are wild, dark legends, told in solemn metaphors or in the mystic style of the old necromancers; some are sweet pastorals, made up of quiet scenes and happy love; but now and then, there is a lyric of sad and thrilling beauty, told in pleading glances and softly pensive smiles—coming out from eyes that seem fathomless as the vault of heaven, and lips all ceaseless in their play, wearing no fetters but those of thought and feeling.

Of this last class was the countenance of Isadore Southey. Seen once, it lingered on the heart like the strain from some sweetly plaintive lyre. 'The still, sad music of humanity' was written out upon every lineament; and in the darkly shadowed eye were gleaming deep and everlasting fountains of thought. It was not a beautiful countenance, and yet when one looks on the face of a beloved friend, how can it appear less than beautiful? To one, at least, Isadore seemed passing lovely. Young Emma De Vay was sitting on a velvet ottoman at her friend's feet, with her small white arm hanging over her knee. Isadore was playing with her golden curls, and talking to her in those tones of solemn eloquence which fell from her lips so naturally in



her moods of deep and excited feeling. They passed into Emma's soul with a strange influence that mere beauty could not have exerted. She felt it—felt it as only a pure and sensitive spirit can feel; and a beautiful blush spread itself over her gentle features as she timidly whispered, 'My dear Mrs. Southey, you are too good to bestow all this upon me.'

'No, Emma, because you are the only one who truly loves me.'

'Why, Isadore'—the familiarity of love sometimes allowed Emma the privilege of addressing her friend by this name—'Why, Isadore! Your husband?' There was a *look* with these words, and it thrilled on the heart-strings which it touched; but the music which it awoke there was the low murmur of flowing tears. A burning tide of agony flushed Isadore's brow for a moment, but passed away again, and left her face colorless as marble.

'Emma, you are so gentle and pure that I tremble at the very thought of making you a confidant of my secret being; but your very purity, your very gentleness are the qualities that win that confidence. You will understand me better than another could, though the feelings that I may divulge to you will be new, and perhaps not altogether comprehensible. But Emma, you are all my own. From the first germinating of your tender impulses, you have been watched over and protected with all of a mother's fondness, and I have felt in the growth of your sweet affections that a rich harvest is preparing for me, which will not decay as others have—which will not, Oh Emma! will not change to bitterness and ashes within the very lips, the poison going, meanwhile, down to the fountains of my holiest love. No, no! to love you is life—heavenly life—for the echoes of your heart are but the softened melodies of my own—sacred melodies they are, too—the angels know none purer or sweeter.' She paused and printed a gentle kiss on the fair girl's brow. It was answered by a thousand eager, heart-full caresses and tears of deep and hallowed affection.

'I know you, Emma,—every feeling and sentiment of your heart I know—a thousand little peculiarities of your nature unknown to yourself, are known to me—and for this I love you, and will talk to you of things that may do you good, though for the moment they be painful to us both. I have told you that you are the only being that truly loves me. I repeat it—you are the only

being that *truly* loves me, for your love, only, is as pure as it is deep and changeless. Remember this, dearest, and you will feel then, how necessary your presence is to my happiness. Yet, yet, Emma, you are free to leave me when you will. I would bind no fetters on your wishes—they must ever 'glide at their own sweet will,' and where they will, independent of my joys, and the secret pleadings of my love. Nay, interrupt me not. I know all you would say—I know you are grateful for all I have done and felt for you, and would willingly make a vow never to leave me; but I cannot permit it. You must be free as the birds and the winds—your gratitude must bind you to no hard duties, and condemn you to no sacrifices of love or inclination. Your heart is your own, not mine.'

'Let me speak—do let me speak, Isadore! my best and dearest friend. You don't know my heart, indeed you don't, when you talk of hard duties and sacrifices of love. I *will* breathe a vow—I *have* breathed a vow to heaven never to leave you; not from an impulse of gratitude, however, or of mere benevolence; but from the deep promptings of a deep love that can find its happiness in no other path. A hard duty to live for you alone! Why, Isadore! Fancy cannot dream of anything half so sweet as to be always with you, and always a partaker of your joys and sorrows. Let me ever live with you, dear, dear friend, and share your confidence, and repay you, as I only can, with the holiest love of a loving heart. Say I may, Isadore!'

In her earnestness the little maiden had knelt down at Mrs. Southey's feet, and clinging with one arm to her friend's neck, had drawn her head quite down upon her own. The pale and chastened cheek of the elder rested upon the roses and dimples of the younger—the shadow of the hazel eye met the sunbeams of the blue—their lips were softly pressed, and the precious answer went silently down into Emma's heart. Oh! beautiful and holy is woman's love for woman, and the soul that scoffs at it in doubt and derision, must have lost the last trace of its divine origin, and acknowledged itself a child of the evil one, who knoweth not light. There is so much of sweet earnestness in it; such depths of pure and fervent passion; such angel-like truth and delicacy; such an utter abandonment of feeling without a thought of ill, that it seems as if heaven itself could ask nothing more spiritual and divine—nothing more innocent in its impulses or ex-



quisite in its enjoyments. It is an affection not clearly understood by the world, and possibly there are no pulses in the soul of man which can quicken at the revelations of a love from which he is debarred. His sympathy is not needed, though it would be felt; for surely, the wide world throughout, there is not one female heart of delicate sensibilities and innocent affections, which will not breathe out the softest of echoes and the sweetest of responses to the music of its own element in a sister heart. Woman can, woman must feel its beauty, unless her fine natural perceptions have been dulled by contact with the coarse materials of earthly passion; and even then she cannot but remember there *was* a time when she could have thus felt, and have been happy with nothing more.

Isadore replied. 'You *may* live with me, Emma, and share my confidence, and repay me with love; but mark me—it is permission, not obligation. If ever the time arrives when another heart has won the fervor of an affection now all my own, remember what I now tell you, that it is my *will* that you obey the impulses of that affection—that you turn from my heart to *that other*—for Emma, dear, you are free, free as the winds of heaven, and must ever be so, while you are mine. You are thinking me a little cruel now, to believe it possible you should ever change—but I know human nature better than you do, and I know that at best it is a mutable thing. You have not yet been tried; you have not been tempted; no one has yet passionately prayed for your love, and sworn at the altar of heaven to keep it a treasured and sacred gift through life—to devote his whole existence to your happiness—to live but in your smiles, and die when they are withdrawn; but Oh, Emma! such vows have been made—yes, made and broken!'

When Emma looked up into her friend's face, she saw it flooded with tears. Such grief was a fearful thing to her young and happy heart. 'Dear Isadore!' she murmured beseechingly, 'tell me why you weep.'

'Sweet Emma,' was the reply, after a long pause, 'may you never know by experience, why I thus weep; and it is against such sorrows as mine, that I am wishing above all things to fortify you, by a knowledge of your exposure. At your age I had no dreams of what I now suffer, and worse than that, no one told me that such sufferings could be. My novels did not tell me

so, nor was I taught so by the poetry which I read; and I trusted that life was indeed but one long scene of romance and love. Emma, tell me frankly, have you never dreamed the same?'

Poor Emma blushed a little, and hid her face in Isadore's lap. 'I see by that blush that you have,' continued Mrs. Southey, smiling faintly; 'and there is no reason why you need be ashamed of such dreams. They are the natural fruits of pure feeling and an active imagination. I love you better for them. They are what they should be—sweet and bright, and heavenly. But do not trust to them. *They cannot be realized.*'

Emma lifted her head, and answered eagerly, 'Oh I do not dream them now, since I have loved you so well, because those ideal visions are all merged in one dear reality; but let me ask, is it not possible that there can be in actual life something answering to these longings of an unsullied spirit? Was there never *one* instance of a young love-dream realized?'

'Where two *pure* hearts have met, Emma, in the fullness of a spiritual love—where this love has been the result of perfect intellectual and spiritual sympathies—where the music of one heart was the only touch that moved the strings of the other—in such a union, if ever such did exist, the dream in all its brightness and purity must have been realized. But such unions, Emma, are rare, perhaps solitary in the world. Trust not your hopes to a faint possibility; there is a wiser plan for you to pursue. But I will tell you portions of my own history, and you will understand. I was an only daughter, Emma, and of course much petted. I do not remember that a serious wish of my young heart was ever thwarted, when it was possible for it to be gratified. My tastes were indulged without restraint, and among them an inordinate appetite for novels and love-poetry. My parents were proud of my taste for literature, and rather smiled upon and encouraged it. They did not perceive that I was drinking in passion and sentiment to a dangerous excess; they did not perceive that my heart grew three-fold faster than my mind; that my imagination was feasted while my reason starved. But so it was; and when I would sit down some dreamy hour by my mother's side, and talk of the heroes and heroines that thronged my brain, she would smile tenderly upon my enthusiasm, and ask me when I expected to meet with a lover so handsome, accomplished and devoted as those of whom I read. I did not tell



her *when*, but I felt sure that such a one would come at last, and then I should be blest indeed. I created an ideal being after the numerous models pictured in my favorite books, copying the most wonderful perfections of each, and uniting them all in one. This ideal I set up in my heart to be worshiped till the real should come; and foolish as it may seem to you, I nursed as deep a passion for this *imagined* lover as ever was entertained for one of more palpable form. I loved my parents with a sort of dutiful affection, but it had no ardor—my female friends or acquaintances rather, were merely tolerated, and as for the gentlemen, they were utterly despised. There was not a hero among them—they were mere men of ordinary intellects, with neither susceptibility of affections, nor refinement of sentiment. They were human in their feelings, and exhibited a servility to earthly passions utterly repugnant to the fastidious delicacy of my own feelings and tastes. There was not one among them capable of the love I coveted, nor could they in any degree comprehend it. I despised them, and they called me haughty and cold; but I did not care—I deemed them unworthy of my attention. They belonged to the real, I to the ideal world; they trod the terrestrial, I the celestial globe; we were of different spheres; of different natures; and though we met and talked, we talked without the heart. At length I became acquainted with Mr. Southey, and he seemed to me so unlike all I had ever seen or known before, so superior to the worldly minded beings around me, that he at once captivated my imagination and enthralled my heart. In a word, I loved him as you may suppose I should have loved. He took the place of my imaginary idol, and seemed more than to realize him. His love for me was as passionate, and entire as my own—but oh, Emma! it was the union of Eros and Anteros—so at least it has proved. The dream was sweet, bewildering; but it was short. I am not loved as I thought myself loved; the romance, the soul of it has fled forever. The spell is broken—the beautiful Iris hues have faded, and my heart is forced to wear the sober colors of real life it has so long abhorred. Emma, my love, dream not as I dreamed, but prepare yourself for all the chances and changes of fortune and feeling. Cultivate your mind, and let your passions slumber. Keep your spirit pure, and keep it also quiet. Let your affections be moderate and rational, subdued ever to judgment. It is your

only chance of passing through life with a heart unwrecked. You may love, Emma, and you may marry; I have not a word to object—but do it not as something necessary to your happiness, for it never yet *made* any woman's happiness. In many instances it may add to it, but the foundation was already established on a surer basis. Look for your joys within yourself, and if your mind and heart be *properly* cultivated, you will find them there. Circumstances must neither make nor unmake your peace; and above all things, however much your spirit come in contact with human passions, keep it pure and unsullied in itself. Mine, Emma, is still free from the touch of the destroyer. Where it loves, it loves purely; but from you, only, it meets what it asks, and you make it happy. Dear Emma, how much I owe you.'

'Owe me! I owe you the world, Isadore. I had neither mind nor heart when I came to you, but you have given me both. You have given me a religion and a love that I would not relinquish for anything that lips can name; and now you have given me an experience that will be to me instead of many guardians, and serve me better than they all. I owe you everything, Isadore—everything.'

'But I am a thousand fold repaid in your goodness and intelligence. What were I without you? Where should I look for sympathy? Who would laugh or weep with me, or follow me in all my moods? Oh Emma, how much woman does ask of the one she loves—and yet, how little. She will make all sacrifices for the one boon of sympathy. She is not satisfied with mere kindness—she asks an unwearied requital of feeling. A shadow of indifference chills her—a mere common tone of address makes her heart ache. Poor self-deceiver! How idle for her to stake her happiness on the fulfilment of hopes so bright and dreamy! Why does she not learn to satisfy her heart with Divine love, and its revelations in nature and in man, without seeking and longing for the perfection of human love? Dear Emma, excel your sex in one thing—train your affections to lean upon something less frail and changeable than romantic love. You have an intellect—cultivate that. Study the beautiful in all things, for the heart is kept pure by a contemplation of purity; and, moreover, there is exquisite enjoyment in the mere love of beauty which will supply the place of deeper passions. I wish you to make yourself permanently happy by an intimate ac-



quaintance with the sources of happiness which God has fixed within you—streams of pleasure flowing from fountains deep-bedded in the soul, independent of influences and tributaries from without. Do not forget, dear Emma, that the intellect is the better portion of our nature, and the only portion that is immortal, in connection with the divine affections.'

When Emma again lifted her beautiful eyes all humid with tenderness to the countenance of her friend, and with a sweet and earnest voice thanked her for her confidence and gentle counsel, she felt that she had received the key which would interpret the mysteries of that eloquent face; that its history was of a heart all poetry and passion, which had thirsted for the waters of a holy love, and drank instead, at a polluted stream; which had passed from the Eden bowers of romance into a desert world of realities and woes; which had wasted the incense of its purest affections upon an idol of earthly mould, and had nought remaining upon its broken altar but the withered fragments of snowwhite flowers. And when Emma felt this, she rose from her seat, and leading her friend forth among the green shrubs and opening roses, talked to her sweetly and soothingly of God and Heaven, till they both were once more happy.

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### HOPE.

Original.

WHEN a young man leaves a widowed mother—one who toils hard to maintain herself and a group of little ones—and all those around his home to whom his affections cling, and goes into a far-off country in order to gain a portion of this world's wealth so that he may comfort and support her when the blessings of health and strength shall have left her, and, because of some unforeseen occurrence, gains it not, we say his hopes are blasted. And when that mother—she who fondly anticipates relief from all her toils when an absent one returns—is informed of what has befallen her son—it may be of his death—we say her hopes are blasted also.

How frequently are the hopes of the children of this world thus cut off by the blight of disappointment! Thus the fond desires of thousands are daily destroyed! One summons forth and calls into action all the powers of his mind in order to gain the summit of the hill of science, and ere he reaches its base, he ascertains that he

can proceed no farther. He seeks fame and honor, and his efforts are baffled. Another desires health and longs to live upon the earth, and is sorely afflicted while living, and his sands soon run out. All earthly hopes, like all secular things else, are short-lived. They are like the bubbles that float in the air with so much brilliancy—they please for a moment, and then are gone.

Now the question arises, why does a good—an infinitely good and wise Being permit the hopes of his children thus to perish? Before man complains and questions the wisdom of the Holy One, he should learn that for God's own good pleasure he was created, and that he has written 'passing away' on all the things of earth in order to induce him to place his strongest, sincerest and best affections on things above. It is well that an all wise and good Being has made all things below transitory. If nothing should be taken away from man, would he not forget the giver of every good and perfect gift? If health should decline not nor beauty fade, if wealth should last forever and friends never die, if prosperity should ever bless and fond desires never wane, would man ever hope for a better home than earth?

It is man's duty to place his affections on things above. Are the good things of earth desired? Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all that is needed will be obtained. Is knowledge desired? Learn what is written—the truth—for it maketh free. Is an undying hope desired? Lay hold of the hope set before us—the undying hope of the christian; it will cheer us through life's journey. How many children of sorrow have been cheered by this sure and fadeless hope! How many grief-stricken—afflicted forms, whose souls panted after good, have, in their hours of trial, found comfort in repeating these words of the psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' How truly can we say when we behold one receiving and understandingly uttering what is implied in these words—

'See gentle patience smile on pain,  
See dying hope revive again,  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
While faith points upward to the sky.'

How many are without hope in the world!  
Who can tell the sufferings of such? Never



can I refrain from alluding to those whose darkened souls have not been filled with gladness by the hope of heaven. In truth, I pity those who have not learned the bright and happy end of all things. I am young, but have lived long enough to know what causes suffering. Who does not know what would gladden sad and oppressed hearts? There lives one whom better days saw happier. I know her well. She is a mother. She had a son whom she loved, and many times thought would be to her a blessing in future years. But suddenly he was taken away. He died before asking of God the forgiveness of his sins—without a hope! No one could describe the misery that was depicted in that mother's countenance when she heard of what had befallen her son. She mourned, and loudly and wildly repeated his name as she walked to and fro. The pangs which then filled her soul she never before had felt. She doubted that the spirit of her beloved had gone to a happier home. She doubted that God would reconcile that wayward child unto himself. She knows not where he has gone. Some tell her where pains end not; and so she believes the Bible teaches. Often has she said—'If I could be assured satisfactorily that my son is happy—is not in hell, I would be satisfied.' She has even wished, when beholding the green mound over his remains, that a plant would grow from it with these words written upon its leaves—'Thy son is saved.' Need I say, that woman has lost all taste for what is called by many, religion? She hopes that Universalism is true, but does not believe it is taught in the Bible. The revealed word of our Father in heaven does not impart peace to her mind, because it is not freed from early impressions; nevertheless, she has confessed that the language of a mysterious plant would comfort—nay, satisfy her. How faithless! How hopeless! Can no one tell what would gladden and free the souls of the many who are thus filled with sorrow and bound with the chains of error?

—Oh, who would cast  
The undying hope away of memory borne?  
Hope of reunion, heart to heart, at last,  
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?

H. C. L.

Haverhill, Mass.

THE holiest and the loveliest attributes of woman show themselves in all their beauty, when called to assist dissolving nature!

## THE SEA NYMPHS.

Original.

BY JULIUS DODD.

As slowly sank the setting sun  
Beneath the sparkling waves,  
The sea nymphs thus their songs begun,  
In ocean's coral caves.—  
List to their sweet melody,  
Softly stealing o'er the sea.

FIRST VOICE.

Lo! the day-god laves his car  
In the billowy tide;  
While the rainbow clouds from far  
Press onward to his side.  
Mortals now have gone away.  
Sister nymphs, oh come and play!  
O'er the waters we will stray,  
'Mid the sheets of foaming spray,  
Where gems light us on our way,  
And be happy, blithe, and gay.  
Sister nymphs, then come and play.

SECOND VOICE.

Now evening swift steals on,  
The winds to rest have gone;  
See the moon ascending,  
Starry hosts attending,  
Hymns and anthems raising  
To Him who dwells above;  
Ever and aye praising  
That One whose name is Love.  
Then let us raise our song,  
Rolling the notes along,  
'Till ev'ry tuneful shell,—  
All that in ocean dwell,  
Loudly the chorus swell.  
Sister nymph, at thy call,  
We come, we come,  
From each jewel-lit hall,  
And island home.

THIRD VOICE.

Hark a mortal voice I hear  
Harshly grating on the ear.  
Mortal footsteps too intrude,  
On our revels breaking rude.  
Sister nymphs, this may not be;  
Mortal may not share our glee.  
Sister nymphs, no longer stay;  
Swiftly speed, away, away!  
Greenville, Hartford, Ct.

## MIND OF CHRIST.

Original.

BY E. M. FINGREE.

'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'—PHIL. ii. 5.

WHILE we who are 'made subject to vanity,' sojourn in this mortal existence, exposed to temptations, trials, afflictions, sorrows, persecution, and hatred, we need a pattern, a model, an example, by which to fashion our feelings and conduct. Men in all ages have seen the necessity of this, and have held up to the minds of the peo-



ple, the examples of different great and good individuals, and said, Be like this great man, or that good man, and you also will become great and wise and good. We, as American citizens, have our attention often directed to the virtues, the great and good actions of such as Franklin, or Lafayette, or *Washington*. It is said to us, Walk in *their* footsteps, and you will be sure to secure honor, and respect and happiness. And so we might, perhaps; but we have set before us, as christians, a better example, one more worthy of being followed, than any or all of these, or that the whole world can furnish besides. It is that of *Jesus Christ*—our great Exemplar. Thus we are required, in the language of the Apostle to the Gentiles, to 'let this mind be in us, which was also in Christ Jesus.' As he was the Son of God, and had the Spirit given to him 'without measure,' we are perfectly safe in conforming our thoughts, and feelings, and conduct to his, as far as it is in our power to do so. The spirit he manifested, should be to his followers, under all the circumstances, and in all the conditions of life, 'a light to their path, and a lamp to their feet.'

I propose, in this article, to introduce several exemplifications of the mind that was in Christ, as found in the records of his Evangelists. Of course, only a few traits of his character, as showing what was his '*mind*,' can be touched upon in one article, and those few but briefly.

1. Humility. When one came to him, as recorded in Matt. xix. 16, 17, and said, 'Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?' he answered, 'Why callest thou *me* good? there is none good but one, that is God.' In this instance, although he knew himself to be the 'only begotten and well beloved Son of God,' and the Sent of the Father, yet he did not claim for himself uncommon goodness; but confessed, 'There is *none* good but one, that is God.' How different from the spirit manifested by the proud, self-righteous Pharisee! His language was, 'I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as other men, or even as this poor publican.' And when one approached him, whom he thought to be less holy than himself, he would say, 'Stand by thyself, come not near *me*, for I am *holier* than thou.' But he who is the 'Savior of the world,' when called 'Good Master,' manifested quite a different spirit; and thus, by his own example, commended that humility that becometh fallible mortals. Friendly reader, shall we

not here 'let the same mind be in us, which was in Christ?' For why should weak, ignorant, frail, mortal man be proud, and so exalted in his own estimation? What has he, of which he may be proud? His strength? That is *weakness*, compared with the power of the Almighty. His knowledge? Short sighted mortal! be proud of his knowledge, when he cannot even tell where he will be the next hour;—man's knowledge is but ignorance, contrasted with that of the Omniscient. His goodness? Alas! for sinful man; he has no righteousness to boast of, except the righteousness of Christ. Ah! pride ill becometh a worm of the dust, that shall soon pass away as 'the flower of the field and the goodliness thereof,' to be remembered no more. How much more becoming our condition, to be humble, like our Master!

2. The forbearance and condescension he manifested towards unbelievers. Here, too, we should endeavor to have the mind of Christ. This is clearly seen in the case of Thomas. At the time that Jesus first showed himself to his disciples, after his resurrection,—John xx. 19—29,—Thomas was not with them; and when they told him, 'We have seen the Lord,' he would not believe their words, but said, 'Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, *I will not believe*;' so strong were his doubts! When, therefore, the Lord came to him, possessed of such obstinate unbelief as he was, how did he treat him? Did he call down upon his head the curse of God, for presuming to deny the testimony of the other disciples? Did he say to him, Believe, or be damned! without affording him any additional evidence that he was really raised from the dead? Did he show any indignation or impatience at all? No; but when he visited them again, Thomas being present, he affectionately said to him, 'Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.' What condescension and forbearance are here! How ready is the Son of God to afford to the doubting and unbelieving all the evidence that is asked, in order to induce belief! with no frowns, or curses, or denunciations for the groundless scepticism of poor Thomas.

Brethren! When we are placed under similar circumstances, may we 'let the same mind



be in us, which was also in Christ Jesus ;' for how often are we called upon to exercise forbearance towards those who deny our heavenly faith ! We prove to them, as clear as a noonday sunbeam, that our doctrine is true, by the testimony of God's prophets, his Son, and the Apostles, aside from the considerations of his character, the nature of his government, and his relationship to man ; and yet men will deny it, and scoff at the idea that it can be true. There are thousands at the present day, who deny the truth, with as much pertinacity, and in face of as strong testimony, as did doubting Thomas. Now what shall we do in such a case as this ? Shall we let our indignation arise and manifest itself by denunciations on the heads of those who show such obstinate unbelief ? Shall we turn from them, and leave them with a frown of contempt ? No ! but 'let the same mind be in us, that was in Christ ;' let us bear with them, and show them again and again, if necessary, by every argument we can think of, and that too with the spirit of kindness and love, that they are rejecting a glorious, a heavenly doctrine, that would fill their spirits with joy and rejoicing, and give them 'the peace that passeth understanding,' in all the vicissitudes of life, and at the close of it, impart the hope of a future immortal life of glory, and incorruption and bliss. Thus shall we tread in the footsteps of our great Teacher and Exemplar, and the truth be aided in its onward march, 'conquering and to conquer.' This, surely, will be a sufficient reward for our forbearance.

3. His kind offices to his friends and others, his inferiors, and not confined, either, to his own nation or sect. Here we find a spirit worthy to be imbibed by every follower of the Savior, and carried out into practice, in our intercourse with the world. In the expressive language of the Apostle, Acts x. 38, '*he went about doing good ;*' this appeared to be his sole occupation. But aside from this general declaration, let us look for some particular exemplification of this 'mind,' in the record of his life. For an illustration clearly to the point, see John xiii. 1—17. This is the account of his washing his disciples' feet. After he had performed this kind office on them, he said to them, 'Ye call me Master and Lord ; and ye say well ; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an *example*, that ye should do as I have done unto you.' How often, in this world,

do we have occasion for the kind offices of our friends and others. Sometimes, too, we are obliged to look for them to those who are greatly our superiors. Let us not, then, refuse the same to those whom we may think, in our self-important cogitations to be our inferiors. Thus, by letting '*this mind be in us, that was in our Master,*' we may greatly promote our own and other's happiness.

As I have already remarked, his favors were not confined to those of his own sect or nation. In this, he differed much from his brethren, the Jews. We see this well illustrated in the incident that took place at Jacob's well, near Sychar, in Samaria ;—John iv. 5—9. He addressed the woman whom he found there, with, 'Give me to drink.' The Samaritan woman was astonished out of measure at this, and replied to him with an exclamation of surprise,—'How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria ?' It was something so uncommonly witnessed, for a Jew to ask a favor of one who was not of his own nation, that the woman was utterly astonished at the conduct of Jesus. 'How is it ?'—I cannot account for your strange behavior. There are thousands now, and even among professed christian sects, who will have no intercourse, if they can possibly avoid it, with such as are not of their own sect or party ; so sectarian and contracted are they in all their views and feelings. But O ! how different this spirit, and 'this mind,' from that manifested by the Savior ! Although the woman of Samaria was not a Jew, as he was ; although she did not worship his Father in precisely the same manner in which he did ; yet that did not hinder him from asking drink of her, and saying to her, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink ; thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given thee living water.'

In this, friendly reader, we should make him our *example*—'let this mind be in us, which was in him.' We should not confine our intercourse or favors to those alone who think and act as we do, or as we wish to have them. As we profess to have the most extensive faith and hope in the world, and even boast of it, we should show that our benevolence is equally as extensive. Ought we not to make those ashamed of their narrow-mindedness, who are so utterly bound up in their own creeds and limited views of God's character, and man's destiny, by showing them that we are



far exalted above such selfish views and feelings, and so 'overcome their evil with good?' Only let us do this, and we shall find ourselves treading in the footsteps of our great Exemplar, and prove to the world that we are indeed his followers, and have learned of him. Thus shall we 'let our light shine before men.'

Cincinnati, Dec. 1839.

### TAKING REVENGE.

Original.

*'Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon; and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of man to pass by an offence."'*

LORD BACON.

How much unhappiness arises in the world, by inattention to the truth expressed above! When one injures another, if the same or an equal injury is returned, the offended man thinks he has paid off the offender. Well, even if he has; what then? He is only even with him. Now would it not be better in such a case as this to be superior to the enemy, if possible? So it would seem. But how is this to be brought about? Ans. By *forgiving*, or *passing over* the offence. As Lord Bacon well says, 'it is the PRINCE'S part to pardon.' Equals or inferiors are not commonly asked for pardon. It is only the king, or prince, or some *superior*, who can forgive. Now, then, when we think we are injured, and might be disposed to have revenge, let us keep in mind that if we avenge ourselves, we are then only even with our enemy; but if we pass it over, then are we his superiors. Thus shall we secure to ourselves the 'glory,' of which the wise man speaks.

There is another remark of his lordship's in the same connection, that is worthy our attention:—'This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own words green, which otherwise would heal and do well.' If this be true, then the man who seeks revenge by retaliation, injures himself more than any one else. He 'keeps his own words green.' What folly is this! for one to make himself unhappy, for the sake of troubling others. Yet multitudes do this, and thus show to the world how much they lack true wisdom. How much better would it be for all, instead of studying revenge, and so 'keeping their wounds green,' to pass it by, so that they might 'heal and do well.' There is one way, however, in which we may take revenge, law-

fully; and that is, by returning good for evil. This will be 'heaping coals of fire on the head' of our enemy, and is the only justifiable revenge. May that always be *our* revenge, and thus show ourselves too wise to make ourselves unhappy merely to torment others.

E. M. P.

Cincinnati.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 313.]

Matt. chap. viii. 24. *There arose a great tempest in the sea.* The Jews gave the term *sea* to any large body of water, and hence the words Lake and Sea are sometimes used synonymously. The Lake of Tiberias was subject to sudden and violent commotions—John 6. 18. by reason of strong winds. Mark calls this tempest 'a great storm of wind,'—4. 37. Luke 8. 23.

*He was asleep.* The past day had been an exceedingly fatiguing day to the Savior as the record will intimate, and now that night was come he gave himself to sleep, to recruit his bodily strength. Mark 4. 38.

25. *His disciples came and awoke him.* This will show us that the Savior was indeed wearied, and that he was a man like ourselves, needing the restoratives provided for exhausted nature.

26. *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* By connecting the language of Mark's record with this, 4. 38. it would seem that this rebuke applied to their want of faith or confidence in his interest in their well being. He had bidden them enter the ship and go to the other side, and had they not had demonstrations enough that they would not want for aid to protect them? We have here a vivid picture of many minds that permit the agitation caused by a calamity to deprive them of the confidence and trust they felt, in their calm and reflecting hours, it was wise to place in God as the wise and good.

*He rebuked the winds.* A like rhetorical use of the word *rebuked* is in Psalm 106. 9. and shows clearly the relation of it in the text.

*And there was a great calm.* By the parallel texts it will be seen that there was an instantaneous subsiding of the agitation of the waters. Mark 4. 39. Luke 8. 24.

27. *What manner of man is this, &c.* The disciples wondered at this effect because it was the first in which he had made the elements subject to his power.

28. *Country of the Gergesenes.* Mark and Luke use the term *Gadarenes*. The country of the Gadarenes was so called from Gadara, a town on the eastern shore of the lake of Gennesareth, opposite to Tiberias, 7 or 8 miles distant from it. Gadara was the metropolis of Decapolis in the region beyond Jordan, or a part of Parara, and was a city of mingled Jews and Gentiles. Gergesa was another city, supposed to be adjacent to Gadara; and therefore it is not remarkable that in describing the same events an interchange of names should take place, both towns being in the same district, and the owners of the swine might have belonged to both places.

*There met him two possessed of devils.* Mark



and Luke mention but one; but an omission does not imply a contradiction, and probably one was fiercer than the other, or better known. This disparagement between the Evangelists shows the independence of the writers, and also teaches that the gospels throw light on each other, and studied in harmony give additional information than is afforded by one.

*Coming out of the tombs.* The tombs of the Jews were usually spacious caverns, sometimes natural, and sometimes hewn out of a solid rock. In the outer parts of these caves persons could easily find shelter, and Josephus tells us that robbers lurked there often as a retreat. Dr. E. D. Clarke informs us in his travels, that along the borders of the lake of Gennesareth may still be seen the remains of such ancient tombs, in the rocks which face the water.

*Exceeding fierce.* Mark 5. 3. 5. and Luke 8. 27. 29. give a more particular account of his or their situation, clearly describing the strength and furiousness of extreme madness. These demoniacs undoubtedly had lucid moments, for being often bound, often times it had caught him, &c. imply that he was at times tame, and was fettered as the madness came on again. In their lucid moments they must have heard the all engrossing subject concerning the wonderful works of the Messiah, and before their madness had the same notions as their countrymen concerning possessions. They knew themselves to be mad—imagined themselves possessed of demons,—and as the more violent the madness, the greater the number of demons supposed to possess the person, they deemed they were possessed of a legion,—‘*My name is Legion, for we are many.*’ Mark 5. 9. see Luke 8. 30.

29. *What have we to do with thee, &c.* Matthew puts this speech into the mouth of the men, as do Mark and Luke into the mouth of the one man—neither make the devils speak, but the possessed as possessed. We are not to examine their language as of the sane, but as the speech of maniacs.

*Art thou come here to torment us before the time?* Clarke and others speak of this as though the demons spake and desired to be kept from the greater torments they knew were prepared for them, but the Evangelists let the men speak; and Luke 8. 28. represents one falling down before Jesus, which implied a mere bodily act. Maniacs anciently were used most wretchedly—subjected to fearful restraints, imprisoned and treated like wild beasts. These men knew the power of Jesus—his authority over even demons, and though they had strength to resist man, yet they had a consciousness that he could do as he pleased with them, and they dreaded being placed under the severities to which they had been subject.

30. *A herd of many swine feeding.* The country of the Gadarenes, we have stated, was inhabited by a mixed population, and these swine might have belonged to Jews who sometimes bred them for their neighbors, though their law forbade them to taste swine’s flesh as unclean.

31. *So the devils besought, &c.* Here the men are permitted to speak for the supposed devils—the personations of their thoughts. And there is but one way to cure insanity of this character—indulging the imagination that reigns within and turning it to the right account. A late fact told me by a worthy gentleman will illustrate;—A person was fully per-

sued that he was the Holy Ghost, and this was the reigning feeling—all his talk took its character from this. Every effort for his recovery was made by medicine, regimen, &c. but to no effect. At length his physician indulged the insane’s fancy—and then pretended himself to be the Holy Ghost, and set up claims in opposition; thus giving a different train of thought to the other’s mind, and awakening him to think of his character, till at last he exclaimed—‘There can’t be but one Holy Ghost—I’ll give up!’ and he recovered perfect sanity. And it is not rash, we think, to say, that the madmen could not be cured without indulging their fancies—they believed themselves to be possessed of many devils, and could they have the consciousness that they were gone out into other bodies, they would feel free and would recover. The devils desired not to be cast into the sea—Luke 8. 31. but into the herd of swine, and thus it was commanded.

32. *The whole herd ran down a steep place and perished in the waters.* What was done by the maniacs is applied indiscriminately to the devils or them. When the Savior commanded the devils to go out and enter the swine, the maniacs felt it was so, and rushed upon the swine and drove them down the precipice into the sea, and were cured. To those who believe in the reality of evil possessions we would propose the following particulars. 1. The demons desired him *not* to cast them into the sea. 2. They desired him to permit them to go into the swine. 3. This was to escape from going into the sea. 4. It is expressly declared that he permitted their request. 5. They went into the swine and the swine went into the sea. 6. The demons influence the beings they possess, and consequently caused the swine to go into the sea—the very place they were desirous to escape from. How can this be reconciled? ‘Possession and madness were supposed,’ says Farmer, ‘to bear to each other the relation of *cause and effect*, and accordingly to commence and cease together. When therefore it is said that the demons *went out* of the madmen, and *entered* the swine, the Evangelists, their language being interpreted according to the popular opinion on which it is founded, must mean that the madmen in consequence of the departure of the demons, were cured, and restored to their right mind.’ They then deemed the swine to be mad, and attacked them and drove them into the sea. We see no necessity to believe the swine became mad; and if so, is it not strange that two thousand mad swine should run one way? And yet the idea that two men drove them into the sea has been ridiculed as an impossibility, because swine when driven run different ways. To this we answer, that we know not the exact situation of the herd, and therefore cannot decide respecting the difficulty of the project; and if swine are of so very contrary a nature, it is not to be supposed that their owners would place them in a situation where it was difficult to manage them. All three of the Evangelists speak of the herd running ‘violently down a steep place’ into the sea.

33. *They that kept them, i. e. the swine, fled.* They were terrified at what had happened to the swine, and went to the city to spread abroad the news. And we are told by Mark and Luke that when the people came to see the subject of the cure, they saw him sitting at the feet of Jesus, and clothed, and in his right mind; contrast this with the former characteristics of not abiding in any house,



wearing no clothes, and imagining the indwelling of a legion of evil spirits.

34. *They besought Jesus that he would depart out of their coasts*; i. e. the people of the city besought him to leave their region, lest a greater judgment should [come upon them—] a natural apprehension of a probably licentious people from so holy a prophet.

In regard to the justice of the miracle, as considerable property was destroyed, a few remarks must be offered. In the first place be it noted that the sanity of two minds is more valuable than many herds of swine; 2. 'The laws of Hyrcanus prohibited the Jews from keeping swine, (which shows it had been much practised among them,) but these Gadarenes, (probably Jews) who had so many Gentiles in the neighborhood, having long been under heathen government, and living in the extreme part of the country, presumed to do it, scandalous and illegal as the employment was;' and they deserved the punishment of the loss; 3. That guilt felt the justice of the loss, seems intimidated by the absence of any attempt at violence towards Jesus, and the beseechings of the people to have him leave their country; and 4. It may be that that people needed a miracle like this to arouse them to an acknowledgment that Jesus was the Son of God with power. We may here add Doddridge's note—'It, Gadara, was, by the righteous judgment of God, the first Jewish city that fell into the hands of the Romans, in the fatal war under Vespasian, and suffered great extremities.'

Matt. ix. 1. *He came to his own city*; i. e. Capernaum, Mark ii. 1. Matt. iv. 13. the home of Peter, Matt. viii. 5. 14.

2. *Sick of the palsy*. See note on chap. viii. 6.

*Lying on a bed*; i. e. a small mattress, or portable bed, still used in the East.

*Thy sins be forgiven thee*. 'It was a maxim among the Jews,' says Dr. A. Clarke, 'that no diseased person could be healed, till all his sins were blotted out.' He quotes Psalm ciii. 3. This may have given rise to our Lord's peculiar form of speech, as with the Jews to remit sin and to heal disease, were the same. John ix. 2.

Mark ii. 4. and Luke v. 18. speak of the crowd being so great at this time, that they who brought the sick one could not enter the house, and therefore ascended to the roof by the common outside steps, and having broken up the roof, let the sick one down into the room below. Mark speaks of the breaking up of the roof, and Luke of the letting the man through the tiling, so that we must understand the proper roof to be spoken of, and not a mere curtain, as sometimes is the case, drawn over to exclude the sun. The houses were built flat roofed, so that, without coming down into the street, a person could go out of the city on the roofs of the houses. Matt. xxiv. 17. On the roof they usually had a trap door whereby to descend into the house when needed, and it is probable that the bearers of the sick intended to let their burden down through this door, but finding it too small, were necessitated, in order to accomplish their purpose, to break up the tiling around the door. This showed their great faith, which was noticed by the Lord.

3. *Certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth*. Clarke, commenting on blasphemeth, says: 'Whenever it is used in reference to God, it simply signifies, to speak impiously of his nature, attributes or works. Impious speak-

ing is its proper translation when applied to man. The scribes attributed blasphemy to Christ, or charged him with speaking impiously, because he claimed divine power in saying 'thy sins be,' or are, 'forgiven thee;' for to forgive sin, was the prerogative of Deity alone.

4. 5. *And, Jesus knowing their thoughts, said, &c.* The force of this reply is well given by Campbell; 'To pronounce either form of words were equally easy to any one; and to say both with effect, were equally easy to our Lord. Now, if the former (thy sins, &c) only were said, the effect was invisible, and for aught the people could know, there might be none. But to say to one manifestly disabled by palsy, *Take up thy bed and walk!* and when this effect, in the sight of all, followed, it was an ocular demonstration of the power with which the words were accompanied, and might stand for evidence that the other expression he had used, was not vain words, but attended with the like divine energy, though from its nature, not discoverable like the other. This is the use our Lord makes of this cure—verse 6, "But that ye may know, &c."'

8. *When the multitude saw it—the cure—they marvelled and glorified God, who had given such power unto men*. The Jews regarded Jesus as a man extraordinarily endowed, and therefore felt that the power bestowed on him was to humanity—hence the plural *men*, though but one example is given.

## THE DYING ONE.

Original.

SUMMER, with her rose-tinted beauties came,  
And the soft wooing breezes, laden rich  
With fragrance of the flowers and shrubs, bore on  
Their wings the songs of birds. All, all was joy!  
Health strewed her bounties round, but not to one  
Whose pallid brow, and wasting form, and low,  
Quick, heaving breath, told of her near decay.  
She looked not to this world for aught of joy,  
But placed her hope in God and heaven. She knew  
Her life was ebbing fast, and summoned all  
Her little strength to bid farewell to earth  
In the rich melody of song. And while  
The clear, tho' whispered notes were borne away  
By waiting zephyrs, it did seem as though  
Sweet seraphs with their golden harps awoke  
The tide of song. Aye, sweetly thus she sung;—

'I would not, do not ask for aught earth's treasures  
can afford,  
Not e'en for health could it with all its pleasures be  
restored;

No, let me go! There is for me a brighter realm above,  
Where cherubim and seraphim are chanting lays of  
love.

I know that earth is beautiful, its sunshine and its  
showers,  
Its lofty hills, and sparkling streams, its springing buds  
and flowers;

And my young spirit clung to it while yet its hopes  
were bright,

Ere sorrow had brought over earth her withering,  
deadly-bligh.

I loved in search of happiness to mingle with the  
throng,

And hear the thrilling symphonies of mirth's triumphant  
song;



I loved to glide with measured step to music's quick-  
 ening sound,  
 And through the lightsome mazy dance with agile step  
 to bound.  
 I sought as fashion's worship'd queen the homage of  
 the crowd,  
 And then, oh ! little did I dream of death's dark man-  
 tling shroud ;  
 But now, oh ! welcome be the day that brings me to  
 my home,  
 And welcome be the messenger that summons me to  
 come.  
 Adieu, oh ! once loved earth, adieu, for heavenly glo-  
 ries are  
 Deep mirrored on my soul. E'en now I see the seraph  
 car,  
 That waits to waft me heavenward to realms of end-  
 less day,—  
 Aye, farewell all, my Jesus calls, I must no longer  
 stay.

EVA.

West Cambridge, Mass.

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### HUMAN CHARACTER.

Original.

THERE is nothing in which we are so liable to commit mistakes as in forming opinions respecting the character of our fellow-men ; yet nothing is more common than for us to make up our minds respecting them—frequently on a very short acquaintance. Oftentimes a trifling event decides us with respect to their disposition and habits. This manner of proceeding is erroneous. It is unjust to individuals ; and the fault becomes greatly augmented when we confidently express our opinion of other persons, upon a short acquaintance, and before we have become qualified to judge of the motives of any of their actions.

Even after being intimately acquainted with an individual for years, we frequently discover some peculiarity in him of which we had previously not the most distant suspicion. How often do we hear the expression 'who would have suspected it of him—he is the last person on earth of whom I would have thought it.'

A person of a suspicious disposition frequently renders himself unhappy and anxious by attributing motives to people, and forming opinions respecting them for which he has no cause.

In forming our estimate of another's character, we do not always bear in mind the great difference in individuals—in their temperaments, tastes, talents, opportunities, prejudices, and passions. What should also weigh much with us is, the age in which they live or did live ; and the customs of the people among whom their lot may have been cast. Much has been said of the cruelties practised by the christian church, in

former ages, and the most has been made of them by the enemies of the faith. But where were not cruelties practised at that time ? We find that these things were not confined to one description of people. John Calvin, the reformer, burned a man to death for entertaining sentiments very similar to those of the celebrated Dr Channing of our day ; and those very Pilgrim Fathers, of whom it is customary to speak in the most favorable terms were quite as much in the dark with regard to religious toleration as the old Romish Church. Again, we must take into consideration, the amount of knowledge possessed by those whom we would judge. Where intellectual blindness prevails, there will necessarily be much in the morality of an individual or a nation to condemn. But while we condemn the character of their actions, we must make great allowance for the situation of the actors. When we speak of the bloody assassinations and rencontres in Spain and Italy, we should bear in mind that the temperaments of the Spaniard and Italian are warmer than ours ; and that there are many less glaring crimes committed in our own country, which while they make little noise, are quite as productive of human misery as those of our transatlantic brethren. Shylock says, 'You take my life, when you do take the means by which I live.' The oppressions of the widow and orphan, the grinding demands of avarice, and a want of hospitality may often obtain among a people boasting of their moral purity, while in those countries notorious for assassination and other deeds of violence, they may be almost wholly unknown.

While we pretend to judge so accurately of the characters of other men, we are frequently ignorant of our own. The young man who said to the prophet who foretold the enormities which he should commit—'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing ?' was not more unprepared to hear his future story than many of us would be found, if the scroll of destiny was unrolled for our perusal. We generally flatter ourselves that we are incapable of performing worse deeds than we have already done, and that if more power and influence were given us, we should do much nobler ones than any other man has performed. Thus partial and ignorant as we are of our own characters, we should be slow to judge others in that we may be also judged.

Boston, Mass.

L. S.

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PROCLAIM love toward the family of man.



## THE WINTER EVENING.

Original.

'Now, if it was only summer, how much better one might enjoy a leisure evening,' said Lauretta, as she drew the shutters of the windows to exclude the searching cold, while her thoughts were roaming back to the sweet moonlight rambles she had enjoyed with dear friends, and which she felt fully paid her for all the past day's cares and labors. Winter was around as king of the earth. The hills and plains were covered with snow, and the bleak winds whistled as they passed the corners of the house and shook the neighboring trees. The stars looked out in the clear blue sky cold and bright, and the young moon glimmered faintly as the smile of beauty near hid behind muffs and furs. The fire burned brightly on the hearth, and shed round the room its many colored light, with its flickering brilliancy tracing fantastic shapes on the walls and furniture. Lauretta drew her small work table to the fire, and sat down with a countenance more shaded than bright. She was alone. Her parents were absent on a journey, and her brothers were attending their duties at their stores, and her sister had by some means been detained where she had called in the afternoon. She prepared herself for a dull evening, and mechanically took up her work, singing melancholy—

'O for a summer isle  
Where winter never comes.'

Her mind was full of images of desolation connected with winter, and her heart was fully given up to despondency, utterly unconscious of the numerous comforts she had around her. She thought of the social party, the Lyceum, the dance, and all the outward pleasures of the fashionable world, feeling ready to invoke Mercury to bear her to either. While thus she meditated, she heard voices near the street window, and hopeful that some friends had really imagined her case and were coming to enliven her home, she bent forward to catch the sounds that she might tell who they were. They were stranger voices, and she heard a part of a conversation,—*'Did you go in?'* said one gentleman to the other; *'Yes,'* was the reply, *'and there saw what will always be remembered, for there sat three persons around a table on which was one not large loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and I found I had disturbed the group, as the father was about giving thanks, which he did as soon as I had closed the door.'* Lauretta

was successful only in hearing thus much of the conversation, and it was enough to wake up her imagination. She sat down again to her needlework, and thanked God for the plenty of her home. Her fancy now was busily employed in framing a picture of the situation of the family the stranger had visited, and she soon saw it all—poverty with neatness, thankfulness with scanty fare; and she asked herself how many such there were, choosing rather to meekly bear their wants than intrude their claims upon the world. And then her own good heart dictated many plans for the relief of such—resolving on proposing a scheme for the approval of her brothers and sisters, whereby the blessings of those ready to perish might come upon them. The plan was all clearly laid out, and she felt assured of their co-operation, and that of her parents also should they return in season. The whole current of her thoughts and feelings was now changed, and she dwelt in imagination only on the happiness she felt was in her power to bestow on the unfortunate. So busy was she with her thoughts, that she did not heed the wasting fire on the hearth till the change in the air of the room by its chill, aroused her, and she found herself quite cold. Then as she renewed the wood, she thought of the blessings of fire, and brought to her aid all her acquaintance with the economy in nature, the arts and sciences, till her heart swelled with adoration of the wisdom of God in the manifold blessings provided for man by the uses of heat, recognizing it as the grand principle of life, fruitfulness and beauty in the outer world. And then too she thought of the wonderful supply of wood, and in its absence, of coal, wherever needed, and of the labor used to bring them forth for use, of the various branches of the mechanics embraced therein, of the benefits of navigation, and the strange applications of wood and coal in manufactures. Then arose all the wonders of steam—she saw the majestic ship sailing through the vast ocean, the mysterious workings of the engine, and the thousand marvels in factories. Her mind was crowded with these images, and they became oppressive, associated as they were with elevated conceptions of the power of intellect. A stick broke—and its fall recalled her from this intense thought, and immediately she was led to the forest—there she saw nature in her pride, as when she had often lingered there charmed by the invisible presence of an holy spirit. She gazed on



the lofty and majestic oak, that spread out its branches far and wide over the saplings beneath, like an aged patriarch blessing his numerous offspring of several generations. She thought of its history—how it grew from a little acorn that a squirrel could have played with, or an insect hollowed for an habitation,—and how its daily growth was imperceptible, and while wrinkles were telling the plain story of the power of years on the brow of man, it was rising and enlarging without any visible changes, till now its roots were extended deep and broad, and an army could not shake its foundations. And then fancy led her on to think of how the varieties of the seasons—the storm and sunshine, the fierce wind and the calm, the rain and snow, had all contributed to its growth and strength, even as the changes of life should affect the moral being. And then she thought of religion and worship, and was borne back to the distant times when

'The groves were God's rich temples. Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks  
And supplications. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences,  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty.'

Many and pleasing were the pictures of the Druid's worship, and the sweet, because simple and sincere, devotions of the untutored race, that rose up in the soul's chamber of imagery, till she felt herself roaming with strange personages amidst fragrant temples in the darkling wood, and awed with reverential feelings toward the felt divinity of the place, bowed to the earth in prayer.

From this reverie she was aroused by the swift footsteps of approaching persons, and soon in came her brothers and sister. 'Quite Miss Solitary!' exclaimed Edwin, and 'Miss Sorrowful! no doubt,' added Franklin, adding with an expression of real pity—'It's too bad, too bad!' while Ellena ran eagerly and kissed her sister, and they embraced as eagerly as two flowers bend swiftly to each other's folds soon as the zephyr that parted them was past, and as the white leaves of the one gain a blushing hue from the crimson

of the other, so the face of Lauretta, pale with thought, caught a new bloom as the ruddy cheeks of the sister met hers. She soon explained her delay, and began to offer her sympathy to condole with Lauretta for her misfortune in having to spend the whole evening alone. 'Say no more, sister,' was the reply, 'for the evening has been a very, very pleasant one, and I have had quite a large number of visitors.' Who? who? exclaimed all at once. And then she set them a guessing, and had many a good laugh as she joked the brothers for their anxiety to know whether the Miss Simmons or the Miss Blanchards, or other favorite maidens had been there. 'No, no! you have not guessed, and I fear you never will; but I can assure you they were all very intellectual, entertaining, and instructive,' said the laughing girl. 'Rare qualities to be united in one,' said Edwin, 'and I am now sure Miss Lawrence has been here.' 'Fairly caught!' exclaimed Ellena, 'for when we were just applauding your peculiar attachment there, you was mum, and rather insinuated when you did speak that she was not so very charming.' 'I give up!' he replied, 'and a man acts a fool when he copies the common shrinking from acknowledging his partialities, for he is not honest to himself, and does no honor to the lady concerned. But pray tell us who you have had here?' 'Well,' replied Lauretta, with arch gravity, 'I will tell you. I have had Charity, Imagination, Philosophy, Art, History, and all the welcome visitors to a well ordered mental habitation.' 'Well done, sis! capital joke!' cried Franklin; 'I should like to have come earlier, and been introduced to your visitors.' 'That may yet be done, for they are all here,' said she, as she laid a hand on her head and on the region of her heart. 'And first of all, I want you to consider a little plan Miss Charity and Imagination have left, proposing a good work we may do,'—and then she unfolded to them her project for relieving those she might discover by inquiry who were needy and retired from notice. Readily they all agreed to her arrangement, and speedily resolutions for active goodness were agreed upon. Then she related the busy and happy employment of her thoughts during the evening, and never sat listeners to fairy tales more interested than they.

'O what a power has the spirit to hang round before the mental vision brilliant picture-thoughts, and by its glowing, life-like panorama of the past and distant, fill the soul with delight!' ex-



claimed Edwin. 'How little,' he continued, 'do we consider what a vast and strange world we carry about within us, and how mysterious and grand are the powers of mind!' 'Yes!' added Laurretta, 'when the twilight came I sighed for the world without and forgot the world within; but sweet charity came, and the outer was remembered not, and I retired to the inner temple—from thence the spirit led me to wondrous scenes—from busy cities to solitudes, from solitudes to the boundless world of waves.' 'And,' continued her sister, as if the same mind were speaking—'And does not all this confirm the passage we were discussing in "Rasselas" the other night, on the benefits of a well regulated imagination? Indeed *there* is a mighty creating power, and if we cultivate it aright, we may cheer and gladden our loneliness at home by sweet picture thoughts,—and soon find ourselves in a brilliant festival hall, surrounded by whom we please to summon to our side.' 'Yes,' cried out Franklin, 'and I wish I was a poet, for I have most glorious visions of the beautiful, and they are useless.' 'Nay, not so,' replied Ellena, 'they impart to the soul their charm that keeps it pure, for when you are alone, I know your thoughts are not employed upon evil devices, but upon good projects.' 'Bless you, sister, for your good opinion, and let me read you what Dana says:

'Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see  
In yonder lake reflected rock and tree,  
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,  
Now rests, now stirs, as if a breeze were there,  
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all.  
And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;  
The double strips of silvery sand unite  
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.

And see we thus sent up rock, sand, and wood,  
Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?  
The world, O man, is like that flood to thee;  
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see  
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand  
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou takest thy stand,  
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep  
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,  
Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams  
That run by grass and brake, with dancing beams,  
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye  
Veil the wide shifting glories of the sky,  
And one, still, sightless level make the earth,  
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless soul,—a dearth.'

'Too little,' said Laurretta, 'is this power of the soul to invest outward things with the colors of its own feelings or passions understood, for to me it is the great rewarder and punisher, for a guilty imagination is a fearful thing, while that of innocence is a rich possession.'

'True,' added Ellena, 'and often we might trace to this power our false estimates of characters or actions—suspicion giving to the imagination hints, as fancy does to the artist, and its creating skill makes them as reality.'

'That,' said Edwin, 'makes a fine application of Shakspeare's description of the poet, and we should indeed be careful in our judgments of others lest we

'Give to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.'

'And what a fine idea,' added Laurretta, 'is that in the same passage where the poet is described "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"—to my mind it is the character of the genius of true poetry, ever blending heaven with earth for spiritual good, bringing down from heaven brightness to illumine whatever on earth is dark, and looking on earth's lovely things in the light of heaven.'

'True,' said Franklin, 'and that reminds me of how sadly bereft must be the denier of God, for from him is torn the loftiest and divinest poetry—the union of the spiritual and eternal with materiality.' And then he read some passages from the 'Sceptic' by Mrs. Hemans, adding—'How much has she done to make us recognize the presence of the Invisible around our daily paths.'

'Yes,' said Edwin, 'a spiritualized imagination can make poetry out of everything, and as Franklin was reading I was gazing on that consuming log on the hearth, and remembered the ingenious poem in the New Monthly—permit me to read it.'

'Poor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,  
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,  
To warm a poet,  
Without evincing thy success,  
And, as thou wanest less and less,  
Inditing a farewell address,  
To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth, a bud unveiled,  
Some busky bourn or dingle hailed  
Thy natal hour,  
While infant winds around thee blew,  
And thou wert fed with silver dew,  
And tender sunbeams oozing through  
Thy leafy bower.

Earth, water, air, thy growth prepared;  
And if perchance some robin, scared  
From neighboring manor,  
Perched on thy crest, it rock in air,  
Making his ruddy feathers flare  
In the sun's rays, as if they were  
A fairy banner.



Or if some nightingale impressed  
Against thy branching top her breast,  
Heaving with passion,  
And, in the leafy nights of June,  
Outpoured her sorrows to the moon,  
Thy trembling stem thou didst attune  
To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots  
Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots  
So grappled under,  
That thou, whom perching birds could swing,  
And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,  
From thy firm trunk, unmoved, didst fling  
Tempest and thunder.

How oft thy lofty summits won  
Morn's virgin smile, and hailed the sun  
With rustling motion,—  
How oft, in silent depths of night,  
When the moon sailed in cloudless light,  
Thou hast stood awe-struck at the sight,  
In hushed devotion,—

'Twere vain to ask ; for, doomed to fall,  
The day appointed for us all  
O'er thee impended :  
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,  
First laid thee in the forest low,  
Then cut thee into logs, and so  
Thy course was ended.

But not thine use ; for moral rules,  
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,  
Thou mayst bequeath me ;  
Bidding me cherish those who live  
Above me, and the more I thrive,  
A wider shade and shelter give  
To those beneath me.

So when at last death lays me low,  
I may resign, as calm as thou,  
My hold terrestrial ;  
Like thine my latter end be found  
Diffusing light and warmth around,  
And like thy smoke my spirit bound  
To realms celestial.

'An ingenious affair,' said Lauretta, 'and a good mate it is to Sprague's Ode to the Cigar.'

The mention of cigar produced something like an electric shock upon Franklin, for he leaped up and ran to the entry, and in a moment was back with a letter which he gave to Lauretta, received with a box of most elegant (he said) cigars, from a far off friend. She blushed deep crimson, and her first exclamation was : 'Thank God for winter !' and great was the fervor of her soul in the utterance thereof. The letter was for her lover, and gave the happy intelligence that his health was recovered, and that he should venture to return for a season as soon as the winter should fairly set in. And this is the last I am privileged to tell of the Winter Evening.

B.

How noble and dignified sits nature in winter.

*MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD BOOK.*

Original.

I HAD been reading the wisdom of one of the English Divines of the last century, and feeling that I held communion with a mind of no ordinary excellence, admiring his lessons of pure religion. Nearly a hundred years has the work been preserved, and as I thought that now every one engaged in its introduction to the world slumbers in the grave, a strange sympathy was awakened within me towards it, and I looked on it with something akin to veneration. And I praise the Parent of the mind for this power of our gifted nature—to look on materiality every where as but the embodiment of the spiritual. We never understand nature in any of its parts till we recognize its spiritual application, for it is this recognition which lifts the soul from the footstool to the throne of God. Is there not spirituality in union with the materiality that forms this book ? There is. The spirit of the author is here—I commune with his thoughts, with his desires and purposes, and I feel that the intellect that wrought out what here I behold, is a wondrous power, superior to all the might of the outward elements and more precious than all things in the outer world. A thought ! What a fearful—what a glorious thing. It may lead on the mind to the discovery of some great truths that shall be of inconceivable benefit to man—it may lay the foundation for a reign of despotism and cruelty the most accursed and awful. A thought ! It may be conjured up in childhood and linger with its poisoning or balming power when the almond tree blooms on the aged head. Virtue and crime, happiness and misery, oft turn upon a thought. And what a strange and startling array would be before us were we to behold the various effects on the mind of the thoughts in this book ! It is a book of sermons—various in their subjects, and rich with illustrations of important facts ? Has not the rich man, who has kept the chief of his strength on his gold, and been deaf to the wants of the poor, felt the rebukes of the holy servant of Christ ? Has not the oppressor—the intemperate—the dissolute—the proud—the envious, and the murmurer, been reproved by the various counsels of this volume ? Mark you this fact also,—These sermons were in part preached before one of the most learned universities of the mother country, and the rest in one of the cathedrals of the metropolis. What audiences did the preacher address ! The learned and the great—



the noble and the wealthy—the dignitaries of the land with their attendants, and the crowd that ever follow in the wake of worldly greatness. What a power was in the preacher's possession ! Had he been of an eccentric mood—oft careless and mirthful—what impressions would have been made of disrespect towards the ministry ; and when holy truths should come warm from the earnest lip, the jest would have sported there. Solemn and affectionate—attractive and engaging, as he was, how often did he turn with his speech the whole current of thought in the ambitious who were dreaming of state and policies—of the profligate dwelling on past sinful pleasures—of the beauty flattered with her own follies and all wrapt up in the homage of the admirers—of the man of business filled with the cares of commerce and trade, and of the bereaved and afflicted from the griefs that ate away the life of the heart. Man can never speak at any length and on an important subject, before a crowd, without producing effects that touch the springs of action, so that results are produced throughout a vast range of society. These sermons when pronounced in the desk must have, in the aggregate of small effects, produced great results. And this single volume—What has that done ! For the years of almost a century it has been from place to place. The aged eye has gazed on it and the heart been gladdened by its consolations ; and when weariness or tears made the eyes dim, the grand-child has drawn its stool near the old man's chair, and read its pages—his sweet voice giving a new charm and holiness to the teachings. The daughter has drawn nigh the bed of the sick mother, and read of God and heaven to cheer the gloom of the hour, and wean the afflicted to a forgetfulness of her pains and sorrows. The idler has opened it—some figure or illustration has attracted his eye, and led him on and on till he found himself deeply interested,—the book is laid upon his lap, and he is the very picture of abstraction, so absorbed is he in the thought. Great has been its mission, and the results none can tell. One of its owners names is written clearly and handsomely on the title page, and the date is 1757. The ink has grown red with age ; and underneath is written in coal black characters his wife's name. Imagination takes the contrasts of inks as the names now appear, and makes them types of the fading away of the life of the one, while the other was still strong and vigorous. She wrote her name when he died—did she there

by mark as hers the consolatory sentiments of the book ? If so, her heart was comforted. She closed the book ere the ink was dry and it marred the beauty of the opposite leaf—is this a memento of a hasty temper, or careless mood ? I cannot think so—as the name is written with evident marks of great care, and in such a style as no one of rash temper could write. And thus I learn to consider both sides of a subject, and not look too much on the transcript to the neglect of the original, even as many fix all their mind on what seems a transcript of Bible doctrine and let the Bible itself alone. And again,—As the impression of the name on the opposite leaf is the reverse of the original, so do men cause their transcript of scripture to become when written the reverse of the original. Again, as I look on the book, I mark the author's name—'*Jeremiah Seed.*' What a fruitful theme is a name—and that name especially ! It recalls the startling and sublime predictions, and the solemn and pathetic songs of lament, of the people. I see in the mirror of memory the strange and magnificent array of imagery that he presents by the prophetic muse, and my heart is subdued by a remembrance of his lamentations over the city solitary that was full of people, become as a widow ! And she that was great among the nations, become tributary ! The soul is touched anew with the sorrows of the man of God as he weeps because the ways of Zion do mourn, none coming to her solemn feasts, and all her gates desolate ! Her priests sighs, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness ! And then I think of the hardness of heart in Israel that would not be touched by his warnings, and how the visions that were from the Lord were despised ; I see a vivid picture of man's folly, and my heart is sad. But as the sounds of far off, yet sweet music come gratefully to the ear, so come the memories of his ascriptions of praise to God for his ceaseless mercy—that He will not cast off forever. *Jeremiah* thus becomes a hallowed name and spiritual. And to me the sire-name is as eloquent *Seed*. For it not bears me back to the promise of God concerning Christ<sup>1</sup>—of the continuing of seed time and harvest<sup>2</sup>—of the fruitfulness of his truth<sup>3</sup>—of the great increase to the soul of every good effort<sup>4</sup>—and the warning against sowing to the flesh and encouragement to sow to the spirit ?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxii. 18 ; xxviii. 14. Acts iii. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. viii. 22.

<sup>3</sup> Isaiah lv. 10.

<sup>4</sup> Gal. vi. 9. 2 Thess. iii. 13.

<sup>5</sup> Gal. vi. 8.



Rich and sweet are the thoughts waked by each of these testimonies, and more my heart is made to love the Giver of life and the Father of the Prince of Glory. Reader! read always with vigorous thought, and remember that a book is often more to be prized for the thoughts it suggests, than for what it communicates. If thou rememberest this, I have not meditated in vain on an old book.

B.

### THE YOKE AND BURDEN OF THE GOSPEL.

Original.

FEW, if any subjects, probably, have been more erroneously regarded than the nature of the service which Jesus requires of his disciples. Too generally has it been looked upon as a hard and irksome service—requiring the performance of unpleasant duties, and burdening us with commands, obedience to which is exceedingly difficult and disagreeable. Indeed, the character which the scriptures place before us as that of the service of the world and of sin, has much too often been transferred—particularly by the young—to the service of the well-beloved, while the true character of his service has been given to a life devoted to sin. This is wrong.

It is true, obedience to him is represented by Jesus under the similitude of a yoke and a burden. But then he also assures us—and the assurance should be very particularly observed—that it is an easy yoke and a light burden. 'My yoke,' says he, 'is *easy* and my burden is *light*.' Notwithstanding the similitude employed, therefore, this assurance should certify us, that our Master did not intend by it to assert, or even to intimate, that his service is irksome, or the duties of which he makes requirement in his religion, hard or unpleasant in their performance. Nor should it merely certify us thus negatively; but it should also come to us, as it really is, a positive declaration of the delight and pleasantness of his ways and of obedience to his precepts. Every duty, we should, by this, feel assured, incumbent on us as christian disciples, is a sweet and joyous one; and the more thorough and constant is our obedience to him whom we, as such, acknowledge as our Master and our Guide, the greater—the richer—the sweeter will be our happiness.

That this is truth, and consequently, that the yoke of Jesus is not a hard or irksome one, will

be evident if we consider what that yoke is. It is simply the yoke of LOVE. Jesus only requires of us, that we give way to those affections which are made a part of our very nature, and let the fountains of love which God has made to abide in the deep places of every human soul, pour out, free and unconstrained, of their gushing streams. This is all he asks. Witness in proof, his declaration that on the two commandments—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' hang all the law and the prophets. Witness, too, the declaration of the Apostle—'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

And is this yoke an irksome one? Is this a hard and unpleasant duty? Is it a hard thing for us to love God when we contemplate him as our Father—when we remember the many bounties he has bestowed upon us, and call to mind the many proofs he has given us of his regard and sympathy and his tender solicitude for our welfare? Is it a hard thing for us to love Jesus, when we think of all his sacrifices and toils—all his labors and sufferings for our good, and of the beauty and sublimity—the perfection and loveliness of his character? Is it a hard thing for us to love those about us—those with whom we mingle in the walks of life and the world of mankind, when we remember that they are all our brethren—children of the same good Father—pensioners upon the same rich mercy, and heirs of the same everlasting inheritance in heaven? Let the reader say—are these things hard? If so, then is the yoke of Christ a hard one. If not, then is that yoke an easy one; for, as we have seen, these, and only these, are the requirements he makes of those who would be his followers.

In saying this, I would by no means be understood as favoring, in the least degree, the idea that it is a slight or a small thing to be a christian—a true disciple of the great Master. By no means. God forbid that I should. High and lofty are those conceptions which have been formed within my soul of the work which the christian has to do. It is indeed a great and important work; and far is it from being a small thing to be faithful in its performance. The heart—the soul—the head and the hands must all be engaged in it. Constant watchfulness and unwearied labor and care are required that it may be well done.

Nor do I, in this remark, contradict what I have previously said concerning the requirements



of Jesus. I have indeed said that all he requires is *love*, and that this is the only yoke he puts upon his followers. I repeat it. But then this love, to satisfy the requirement which he thus makes of us, is not—must not be a passive principle—a mere feeling of complacency. It must be an active, stirring, energetic principle. It must be something living and glowing within us—purifying the heart—loosening the cords of its attachment to this world—subduing the passions and subjecting them to its supreme control. It must be something going down into, and working within, the very depths of our nature—moulding the whole inner man into a resemblance to Jesus—assimilating it unto him, and giving it the mastery over the outward man and every external and worldly influence that may be brought to bear upon it. Such was the love which Jesus cherished—and such is the love, the cherishing of which forms the yoke which he puts upon those who would be his disciples.

And here I would just remark, that it is to be feared this is not sufficiently realized. It is to be feared that it is not, as it should be, felt that the love of the christian who would truly bear the yoke of the Master and be his disciple, must be, not an inert—passive feeling, but a living—active—working principle—a principle exerting the mightiness and strength of its power within, and manifesting itself in the life and actions without. Too many, we fear, look upon it as enough that they simply cherish enmity towards no one—that they have a feeling of mere complacency for all. But this is not what Christ requires. It is not his yoke. The love which he requires, I repeat, has life and energy and power in it. When exercised towards God, it leads to pure affections—to a proper discipline and control of the passions, and to a life of virtue—of devotion and conformity to his will. When exercised towards Jesus, it leads to a training of the heart in the school which he established—to an obedience to his precepts and an imitation of his example. When exercised towards our fellows of man's wide-spread family, it leads to forbearance—to charity and deeds of kindness and good. It shuts the mouth and cuts off the tongue of slander. It destroys the green eye of jealousy. It quenches the spirit of hatred and revenge, and causes man to deal with man as brother with brother.

Is it said that this is a hard yoke? I reply—it is not—at least, to the heart that is schooled aright. It may be a hard thing—it may be a

heavy yoke for one who has always indulged in hatred and the spirit of revenge—whose heart has been the abode of lust and sinfulness, and over whom evil passions have been wont to hold the mastery—it may be, I say—it undoubtedly will be—indeed, it must be, a heavy yoke to such an one to be required to cultivate a principle within him which shall drive out this spirit of hatred and revenge and fill his bosom with kindness—which shall subdue and control these passions, and assimilate him to Jesus; and it undoubtedly will be a hard thing for him, at first, to do this. And this will be, not because this christian yoke is in itself hard, but because of the heaviness of the yoke he has been wont to bear, and the difficulty of ridding himself of it. But when he has once effectually freed himself from that yoke, and put on the yoke of Jesus, he will find it no longer hard. It will be easy to him. And though he will have to exercise much of watchfulness and care, he will find his burden indeed light compared with that under which he has hitherto labored. He will find it easy for his soul to throw the arms of his affections around his God, embracing him even as a child its father, and to engage in his service. He will find it easy strongly and fervently to love his Master, and truly and faithfully to love his brethren and do them good. In doing this, he will only be giving way to the irrepressible impulse of his own better nature, and acting in accordance with those deep and everlasting principles which God has implanted within his bosom, and which, in the better and 'spirit land,' where humanity is to be quickened and sanctified and made to feel its divinity, are to constitute the only elements of his character.

Reader, whoever thou art,—let it be ours to make continued and vigorous endeavors to throw off the yoke and burden of sin and of the world and to take that of Jesus upon us as his true disciples. So doing, we shall find by happy experience, that 'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

E. G. B.

*East Cambridge, Mass.*

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TO ENJOY God in duty, is to enjoy his gracious assistance, or the enlightning, quickening, strengthening, and sanctifying influences and operations of his spirit; without which it is impossible to perform any duty in a right, holy, and acceptable manner. Then one may conclude that he enjoys God in duty, when his mind is impressed with a deep sense of the reasonableness, use, and design of the duty.



THE SILVER SPRING.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

Original.

THE DROUGHT—A DRY FOUNTAIN.

THERE is, or was, in Florida, a beautiful sheet of water known by white men and Indians as the *Silver Spring*, which before this year's [1839] drought, had never failed, and was relied on by all living things in that region as exhaustless. Its pretty name was naturally suggested by its bright aspect. In the depth of the forest, and bordered by a matted growth of live oak and other evergreens, a circular or oval hollow about sixty yards in diameter shelved down through sand of perfect whiteness, to its centre, where the spring gushed upward so vigorously as to agitate the surface some fathoms above, filling the entire basin with water of delicious purity and coolness, through the diamond transparency of which were seen fish of different kinds and various colors, which always refusing a bait, were believed by the Indians to be enchanted or blessed spirits; and under the blaze of a tropical summer, a sensual fancy could hardly have imaged, even in the land of flowers, a more delightful heaven than the bath of the *Silver Spring*—perhaps the very fountain of rejuvenescence, in search of which the romantic old Spaniard found that immortality in death which he hoped to enjoy in life. There was ample room and verge enough for a little boat, in which visitors amused themselves floating over the secluded little lake. On a visit, a few weeks since, some officers found the spot deprived of half its beauty and of all its wonted freshness. The silver sands were dry as the desert; the spirit fish and the water had vanished; and thickly strewn in the woods around were the bleaching skeletons and withering carcasses of horses, deer, wild cows, and a variety of other animals which had perished of thirst. The dry basin somewhat resembled the crater of a volcano; for although there was not a drop of moisture, the boiling motion of the spring was kept up in the sand—and on thrusting down the foot or a stick, the gas escaped in puffs distinctly audible. A poet might make something out of all this.

Charleston Mercury.

It lay 'mid forest depths enshrined,  
Scarce stirred by th' soft, and southern wind;  
The tall oak stood in its grandeur there,  
And the wild flowers' fragrance filled the air,  
And evergreens their shadows threw  
On the water's soft and glassy hue.  
Ay 'neath a warm and southern sun,  
That spring was fair to gaze upon;  
The waters were clear as the crystal wave,  
Where the bright, wild birds their plumage might lave,  
And the sands beneath were white as snow,  
And the spirit fish swam to and fro;  
And all was calm, and clear, and bright,  
As are our dreams of the world of light.

And every free and happy thing  
Drank of that pure and silver spring;  
Here the Indian lover sought his maid,  
'Neath the dark and spreading forest shade,  
And he breathed soft words in her listening ear,  
And none save his dark browed love might hear.  
With the arrow quivering in his side,  
The wild deer laid him down and died;  
And close behind in the bounding chase,  
The hounds and the hunter came on apace,  
And far rang their shout on the summer air,  
For the deer lay stretched on the greensward there;  
And the hunter stooped his brow to lave,  
And to drink of the gushing forest wave.

O 'twas a fair and lovely spot,  
And its like for beauty earth hath not.  
Lovely and bright 'neath the sun's broad gleam,  
And lovelier far in the moon's pale beam.  
Fit place for the poet's heart to dwell,  
Fit place for the lover, his tale to tell.  
Here the joyous heart might find a home,  
And the soul oppressed by sorrow come,  
And find relief in the softening tone  
Of the wind, and the wave and breeze's moan.  
And the christian might kneel on the deep green sod,  
And offer his prayers to his holy God,  
While all below and all above  
Were telling his heart that God is love.

A change passed over the place so bright,  
A deep, a deadly, a withering blight;  
The fair and lovely had passed away,  
All crushed and drooping the wild flowers lay;  
The waters, that gushed so freely out,  
Like a child's light, gladsome and ringing shout,  
Had vanished away,—the spirit fish gone—  
And all things around were desolate—lone!  
The silver sands, as the desert, were dry,  
And thickly strewn in the forest shades nigh,  
Lay the bleaching bones of every wild thing,  
That had perished of thirst by the once bright spring!

Thus do the bright things of earth fade away!  
Thus do her springs and her fountains decay!  
The poet's bright dwelling is faded and gone,—  
The bower of the lover is desolate—lone,—  
The scenes that could make the gladsome more glad,—  
And soothe the heart that was weary and sad,—  
And all things that heard the christian's deep prayer,  
Lie withered and desolate, perishing there!

But there is a fount, that can never be dry,  
Fairer than ever met mortal eye;  
And there is a spring, in its pure, deep flow,  
That can never of drought or perishing know,  
And all who sit on its verdant shore,  
Of doubt and of sorrow can never know more.  
Charlestown, Mass.

LETTERS TO ANNIE. NO. IV.

Original.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

Glen-Viola, Jan. 15.

ONCE again, sweet friend, my sheet is inviting an epistle to you. And what shall be its subject? There are ever so many thousands of things floating in my mind whenever I think of writing to you, that the only difficulty I find is in deciding which to select; for from the first I have made it a rule not to allow my letters to become tedious from their length, nor to diverge from themes of general interest to matters of mere personality. I know you have a love for poetry and literature, particularly of an imaginative and delicate character; and I know, too, that while I am away from you, you will be pleased to know what I find in my reading that is suited to our mutual tastes. Well, Annie, here is an old thing of the sixteenth century, written by Henry King, an English Bishop; and, certainly, I know not where to look for anything to excel it, in its sweet and tender beauty. Mark every line, so melting with love and sorrow,—so delicate and full of hallowed submission!

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

SLEEP on my love, in thy cold bed,  
Never to be disquieted;  
My last 'good night!' thou wilt not wake  
Till I thy fate shall overtake;



Till age, or grief, or sickness, must  
Marry my body to that dust  
It so much loves ; and fill the room  
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there ; I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale ;  
And think not much of my delay ;  
I am already on the way,  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step towards thee ;  
At night, when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my West  
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale !

'Stay for me there'—what a tender entreaty, as though he feared her dust would grow weary of its loneliness, and leave the grave ere he could meet her there ! And then, too, with what a touching simplicity he excuses to her his seeming delay, as though he half feared she would reproach him for lingering so long behind. Oh, it is beautiful, every word ! and what wife—Annie, *you* can answer—what wife would ask a sweeter or more earnest tribute of her husband's love ?

'And is this all ?' you will ask. 'Have you read nothing else beautiful ?' Indeed I have. Shakspeare and Wordsworth—one, the greatest of living poets, and the other the most wonderful genius the world has produced—have divided my leisure hours. Of course, to give you anything like an idea of the countless and indescribable charms I have found in each, would be impossible within the limits of one brief epistle. I will therefore consider them in portions, without any regard to method ; for you, who know me well, know that I am no methodist on any subject, or in any matter.

I commence, then, with 'THE TEMPEST'—in many respects the most beautiful and original of all the productions of the great dramatist. In the first instance, the scene is one of enchanting beauty. A lone island in the Mediterranean—uninhabited save by invisible spirits and such of the human race as had by accident been cast upon its shores—a climate 'of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance,' and producing of its own warmth and fertility, fruits and verdure, and flowers,—the 'sweetly breathing air,' full of soft melodies and wild, rich sounds, from wandering voices and instruments unseen ;—surely the imagination can conceive nothing more sweet, and dreamy, and wild than this. Then the vividness and variety of the characters that throw life and passion around the scene ;—the old hermit Pros-

pero, once a rich and powerful Duke, forced by the villainy of those he trusted, into solitude and sorrow, and there by the spells of his magical wisdom gathering around him a world of spirits who obey his slightest wish ; the pure, lovely, artless Miranda,—solitary in her sex throughout the play, tender in her nature as a young dove, and as ignorant of sin ; Caliban, that strange monster of deformity and vice, alone of his kind in all the creations of nature and of fancy ; the noble-hearted, chivalrous Ferdinand, and the faithful old Gonzalo ; and last, not least, 'the zephyr-like Ariel,' that being of another and more spiritual element, the genius of the fable, 'the sweetest creation of a most sweet fancy,' hovering over the scenes, and controlling them all by his delicate and invisible agency ;—what, indeed, can be more wonderful and beautiful than the contrast and unity of characters like these ?

The plot of the story, independent of the machinery by which it is woven, is very simple, and readily anticipated. The termination is as happy as could be desired, and on no event do we feel a thrill of sweeter joy than when the faithful Ariel is set free. We hear his glad voice singing,

'Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'

There are some touches of exquisite poetry thrown in, here and there, like gems in a mine of gold. The whole scene between Ferdinand and Miranda, where she offers to carry logs for him, is 'beautiful exceedingly' in its earnest tenderness ; and the delicate frankness with which she avows her love, and offers to be his wife, is a faultless picture of a heart uncolored by a single feeling of ill or of earthliness. The nice finger-ing of a master will be recognized in the quotation which is subjoined, where Ariel enters invisible, singing and playing, and Ferdinand follows.

'FER. Where should this music be ? i' the air, the earth ?

It sounds no more ;—and sure it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
*This music crept by me upon the waters ;*  
*Allaying both their fury, and my passion,*  
*With its sweet air : thence I have followed it,*  
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings. Full fathom five thy father lies,

Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
*But doth suffer a sea-change*  
*Into something rich and strange,*  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.'

Here is a passage solemn and true, which



Prospero utters to Ferdinand after the disappearance of the spirits whom he had invoked to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter.

'You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.'

Enough. These are but hints of admiration. Great minds have dwelt critically upon the beauties of this wonderful drama, and I strive not to add a single tint to the colors of their praise. I but note down the opinions and sentiments I should express were I reading it aloud to you in our little sylvan study, where 'music creeps by upon the waters,' and we were once so happy. Receive them in this character, and if my judgment coincides with yours, I am satisfied.

Affectionately yours,

EVELEEN.

## FORMATION AND CORRECTION OF OPINIONS.

Original.

MEN are often imitative creatures, more fond of travelling in a beaten track, rather than to aid in laying out a new one; they are seldom what their own inclinations, or the use of their own reason would make them, and generally form their opinions, not from a fair investigation of the subject, but from the opinions advanced and defended by those with whom they are intimate, and whose judgment, or the correctness of whose decisions, they never call in question. Some read none but books which favor the opinions they have previously formed, and tenaciously cling to them, and will not even look at a single remark on the opposite side of the question; and as they read a large number of books that favor and support their peculiar notions, they conclude that such a great number of learned minds cannot be in the wrong; and so they blindly follow the multitude, like the old traveller, who was pursuing a journey to a distant part of the country, and who on being told of a nearer, better, and more pleasant road, than the one he was treading, exclaimed, 'My father, and grandfather travelled this way,

and do you think they were such fools as not to know the best way?' And forward he went, in the longest and worst road, merely because his ancestors travelled that path.

Some people in establishing a set of principles are influenced by prejudice, interest, spiritual guides, education, common received opinions, or anything rather than a fair and patient examination to know what is in fact *right*; and when they have become habituated to a certain mode of thinking, and which they adopted without examination, they reject every argument that is offered against their opinions, and receive every notion, however absurd it may be, that seems to prop their received principles. And though a man's belief may be the truth, yet there is nothing commendable in his receiving it, unless that belief is the effect of examination; for he that receives any doctrine without examination, is as liable to embrace falsehood, as truth; and if he obtains the truth, his gaining it is no more honor to him, than it is an honor to a man to become rich, who receives his wealth by a legacy. But as it is an honor to a man to become rich by his own exertions in an honest calling, so the possession of the truth is honorable in that man who has gained the truth by diligent inquiry.

In the formation of our opinions we should throw aside all prejudices, passions, and attachments to preconceived sentiments, which may bias our judgment in the question before us, and candidly and calmly weigh every argument adduced on either side, and decide as the heaven-born dictator *reason* may dictate. And it is the duty of every christian to keep his mind open to conviction at all times; to be ever a sincere inquirer after truth; and though he may, for years, have held to a sentiment, yet if he sees sufficient cause to change, or reject it, it becomes his duty so to do; and in fact he must do so, if he would act the part of a true christian.

Men have been sometimes stigmatized for changing their sentiments, which they had upheld for years, and have had hard names given to them, such as fickle-minded, irresolute, hypocrite, heretic, and the like; yet if we look into this subject, I think we shall find more to commend than condemn. There is no want of resolution for a man to change his sentiments, for if a man be ir-resolute, he may say he has an opinion, but he has not, but 'is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed;' he has



never fully settled in his mind what is right, and when he changes his *professions*, he cannot properly be said to have changed his sentiments, for he in truth never had any. It is the *resolute*, and the resolute only, who may properly be said to possess an opinion, and when they exchange that opinion for another of a different nature, that circumstance argues nothing against their resolution, or moral honesty, but is in fact a proof of the existence of both; for no man ought to adhere to any doctrine after he is convinced of its erroneousness, but should comply with the dictates of true honor, and renounce it, and embrace what he is convinced is truth; thereby he can give the best evidence of his desire for the true faith—the right.

Who is there that has not, in the ordinary concerns of life, found himself mistaken in opinions he had formed on certain occasions? And let me ask, if it would be becoming to still adhere to those opinions; or would it not be more honorable to acknowledge himself mistaken, and yield up to the mighty conqueror truth? How much misery has been caused in our world, merely by the base practice of men, who for mere bravery, or false honor, (the child of pride and conceit) have still adhered to assertions after they were proved false, and debased themselves by so doing; while had they acknowledged themselves in the wrong, they would have performed their duty as honest men, and by so doing honored themselves. It is no disparagement to any person to unintentionally err; but it is highly reprehensible in any one to adhere to any position after it has been proved false. And that man is indeed an object of pity, who is continually studying, reading, arguing and writing wholly on one side, without giving the other a chance to be heard; he may be called a 'wise man,' but he is *wise* only in his own conceit; and 'when thou seest a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

Every man should be ready to hear the arguments of a candid, christian opposer, and weigh them in his own mind with seriousness; and if he be led to doubt the truth of his own sentiments, he will earnestly, if he be a true disciple of truth, seek after more light, and will not permit fancy, prejudice, or interest, to bias him; and if he finds sufficient cause for renouncing his former sentiments, he will do so; and thereby act like an honest man, who is not ashamed to own he was in the wrong, and a resolute one, who

had courage to correct his mistakes, and brave the censures of his former partizans.

A man who is attached to any sect, or party, and who becomes convinced they are in error, must expect persecution or censure, if he dissolves his connection with them; but should this be any reason to prevent him from coming out from them? No! Which is best, to have the friendship of a few, or many, and be continually goaded by the stings of remorse, or to sacrifice, if sacrifice it can be called, the friendship of those, and partake of the calm tranquility of an approving conscience, and feel a fellowship with the noble minded everywhere?

Pride is a great obstacle in the way of seeking after truth; for most people when having declared themselves of a certain opinion, do not like to bring themselves to think that they can be in the wrong, and as he who wishes an opinion to be true, is apt to be led into a belief of it upon insufficient grounds, so they rest satisfied with the slightest evidence, pride being ever at hand to flatter them. Again, pride subjects the possessor to a severe trial of contending feelings, when he would give up the position he had defended, and which he is now convinced is wrong. But this is *false pride*; for honest pride would give a throb of joy to the heart, to yield to truth; for it rightly estimates truth as a jewel of great price, and the joy it receives in gaining possession of it, far overbalances the contrary emotions. And there is more true greatness of mind displayed in candidly acknowledging our error, than in attempting to defend it; and the best way of escaping error is judging for ourselves what is right; examining the subject in all possible forms, and not deciding too hastily.

We should never permit ourselves to be ridiculed out of our opinion, nor forced from the position we have taken by loud talk or bold threats, but ever let those with whom we have intercourse know that we cannot be driven by force to embrace any theory; and yield to naught but convincing proof—no power but superiority of argument. Some men who when they find they cannot move their opponent by the arguments they adduce, proceed to the fool's weapon, ridicule, and try the effect of that; and many an one who felt his cause was the cause of truth, has quailed before the shafts of ridicule, who could not be shaken by all the arguments that could be brought to bear upon him. Many men have been laughed out of the better principles of their natures,



and have yielded to ridicule what no power could force from them. How many young men are there, who would have refused the 'social glass,' as it is termed, had it not been for fear of the ridicule of their companions. How many are there, who now are lamentable instances of human frailty, and who have become votaries of the maddening bowl, who, had they had heart enough to withstand the railery of their youthful companions, would now have become good members of society, instead of a pernicious example—a reproach on humanity.

It becomes every one, who claims the name of a christian, to foster a strength of principle to judge for himself what is right, and to maintain, with becoming modesty and firmness, whatever he considers as right, and to let the breath of flattery and the shafts of ridicule pass him by as 'the idle wind, which he respects not.' He should be ever ready to listen to calm reasoning, and careful not to be led astray by artful declamation, which too often leads weak minds from the truth. And when the artful are speaking to us, let us strip all their remarks of all their ornaments, and take the bare thought, and consider that; if it be consistent with cool reason, receive it, but if not, reject it; never permit the *style* in which the thought is clothed to gain any influence with you, to the neglect of the *idea*. Remember many a lie has been told in pretty language, and many a villain has been dressed in fine clothes. As when we judge of men's characters we should look deeper than the mere appearances they wear and the professions they make; so when we judge of an argument adduced, we should look and see if there is not some false notion concealed within a flowery wreath of fancy's culling; and if in fact there is not falsehood clothed in a plausible garb, and cunningly concealed to deceive us. We should never dispute for mere contention's sake, but ever have in view truth. Our sole object should be truth, and to gain her smiles, we should be ever willing to sacrifice pride, prejudice, and all that may obstruct our path, deeming no effort too laborious that will gain us admittance to her glorious temple.

I have written thus much on freeing our minds from all restraint of prejudice and interest, and of retaining our mental freedom, because I deem it as all important to the further advancement of true religion, and dispelling the darkness caused by the inventions of men—the gloomy doctrines of gloomier minds. I wish to arouse men from

their fearful lethargy; to emancipate them from the galling chains of superstition, and from the degrading slavery of the mind. I would bring them from error's darkness to the true light and life of the gospel; free them from the fears that the arrogance of ambitious man has filled them with; and make them true disciples of truth.

Too long has the period lasted of permitting others to judge for us; too long has the Savior's injunction been disregarded—'Why even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?' This has been sounded forth, and in too many instances *echo* has been the only answer—'these things ought not so to be.' God never made high destined man to be the fawning, passive slave of another's will and caprices; and if but 'one talent' be given him, he is required to exert that, as much as he to whom more is given is called on to be faithful in his stewardship. Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace; the friend of sinners; the great Exemplar for our imitation, never called on his hearers to believe without convincing proof, either external or internal, and in the language quoted called on the Jews to judge for themselves, whether, even without the express declarations of the prophets, by what they had *seen* and *heard* themselves—if the mighty wonders he had wrought, and the truths he had proclaimed, were not sufficient to prove that he was 'Him that should come,' the long expected Messiah? He proceeded by no arbitrary rule, but sought to convince and gain the hearts of his hearers; he came 'not to kill, but to make alive;' not to bind, but to release. 'Come!' cries he, 'all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; my yoke is easy and my burden is light.' He sought not to impose a yoke that was too grievous to be borne; as was the work of some in his day, and is the work of more religionists at the present day, who would 'put a yoke on the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we are able to bear.'

The first impressions on the mind are generally the most powerful and influential; and after many years have rolled away, they still possess much of their primitive power. We have all more or less prejudice, and hug it as something near and dear; and it is perhaps one of the most difficult things in existence to entirely eradicate from our minds sentiments which we have long cherished as true; but nevertheless it is a duty which all should perform, to examine themselves; and to root out from their minds whatever they



may discover lurking there, that is at variance with truth. The work may appear at first glance difficult, but perseverance will soon make it vanish. We should not relinquish any sentiment till we are firmly convinced of its falsity; nor receive any one as truth, till we have full and fair proofs of its correctness; and in judging for ourselves what is right, in regard to religious faith, we should embrace none that we cannot understand or reconcile with reason. We should never be reluctant to become convinced of an error because we have long held to it; for the sooner we are released from bad company, the better; nor should we be unwilling to listen to a truth because it is a newly discovered one; but be ever ready to listen to instruction's voice, wherever, whenever, and by whomsoever she speaks to us. We should glory in relinquishing old errors, and embracing new truths; receiving what is reasonably proved correct, and rejecting what is become indefensible. Let us act upon these principles, and we shall tread in safety.

B.

### TO THE \*MEMORY OF

MRS. L. A. TOMPKINS.

\* We should, with pleasure, have copied from the 'Connecticut Universalist,' the following affectionate tribute to the memory of one beloved by us, at the time it appeared, had we not had in type several articles relating to the same person. We copy it now that we may preserve it in the work its author and its subject loved, believing it will be welcome by many, and will be valued.

B.

SWEET sister!—in life's promise vain our trust,  
Our ardent love was powerless to save;  
The beating of thy gentle heart is hushed,  
And autumn winds are sighing o'er thy grave.

Oh, never more shall spring thy heart rejoice;  
Thy treasured name is numbered with the dead;  
Still is the music of that happy voice,  
And from thine eye the light of love has fled.

I cannot realize a grief so deep,  
And oftentimes my doubting heart will deem  
That I have laid me down to troubled sleep,  
And soon shall waken from this weary dream.

For I had hoped, e'er many moons, to come  
And spend with thee some pleasant hours of life;  
To see thee in the circle of thy home,  
A tender mother, and devoted wife.

And he the chosen of thy youthful years—  
How dark to him appears thine early fate:  
The fountain of his love is turned to tears,  
His home is sad, his heart is desolate.

Look up thou mourner to her blest abode,  
Where round the throne of God bright seraphs kneel,  
And bow submissive to his chastening rod;  
For he who wounds thee now will surely heal.

In that fair land where blight can never fall,  
Far from the idle world's perplexing strife;  
There is a fount which freely flows, where all  
Shall drink the waters of eternal life.

Farewell, beloved friend! a long farewell—  
In Auburn's shades, oh, peaceful be thy rest—  
The anguish of my heart these tears shall tell;  
'Tis selfish thus to mourn when thou art blest.

M. A. D.

### GOD'S PATERNITY AND PUNISHMENT.

Original.

OFTEN when the dread theme of punishment is agitated and we are led to contemplate the design of the Divine chastisements, we find nothing in the true picture that is so revolting, as some of the copies which men have made, would lead us to suppose existed there; their own corrupted imaginations have distorted the features, heightened the colors, and made it at last a mere fancy sketch; and the true portrait is rendered more seemingly lovely, by contrasting it with the miserable distortions of fancy painters, who love romance better than truth, because it is more suited to assist them in their art.

Men tell us that God punishes to satisfy his 'vindictive justice,' or, in plainer language to satisfy his revenge; and that the time will come when that must be indulged to the endless torment of millions. But let us look at fair truth, the lovely daughter of heaven, and hear what she says: 'As a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.' 'If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons!' 'We have had fathers in the flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live?' Do these testimonies sound like proofs of punishment to satisfy revenge? do they justify the idea that our heavenly Father chastises for the mere sake of punishing? Where is the kind earthly parent that delights in inflicting chastisements on his children? If such an one could be found, would he not be considered a monster, a disgrace to his kind, a baneful example in the community? Most certainly. O then let us not apply a character to God that would disgrace man. And whenever an instance is known of parents inflicting excessive punishment on their children



that causes them to lie a week in pain, do we not hear a thousand voices crying, shame ! and is not the name of that parent branded with the foulest infamy ? And when it is declared that God will punish his children with endless, untold, inconceivable agony, should we wonder if the rocks should cry out, shame ! and the high arch of heaven resound with the voice of all animate, and inanimate creation, declaring the falsity of the assertion, and exclaim—'the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the isles be glad !' Let the mountains sing for joy, the rivers rejoice, and the broad ocean roll on in gladness !

Let us then in meditating on punishment always remember the true paternity of God. And does it not seem perfectly clear that we do not maintain the paternal character of God, if we do not associate with the idea, the affections, the care, and tenderness,—the undying, uncooled, and overwhelming love of the kind parent ? What signifies it, that we call a man the father of certain children, if he neglects them and permits them to rush on to irretrievable ruin ? Where are the affections—the natural interests of the parent for the children ? To such an one, the application of father would be a mockery—a profanation of the hallowed name ; and it reflects the highest dishonor upon the Father of our spirits to assert that he will permit, aye, doom his children, or a single soul of them, to unending misery. May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, ere I should so blaspheme the sacred name of our Father in heaven.

#### OBITUARY.

IN Haverhill, Mass. on the 19th inst. Mrs. ABIGAIL G. SAWYER, wife of Mr. George Sawyer, formerly of Medford, Mass. aged 30 years. We embalm this record in our memory with the affections of true esteem, for intimate acquaintance did but deepen the first impressions of admiration of her amiability. She was a member and an ornament of the Universalist church, for her life exemplified the pure principles of the gospel rule of duty, and won for her, from all who knew her, the name of good. Placed by marriage in the relation of step-mother to four children, her impartiality was tried, and the trial showed the pure gold of her virtues, for she was all that a mother could be to them, as to her own child, and their grief for her death testifies how deeply her love

was reciprocated. Her last sickness was of a most afflicting character, and her intense pains were borne with a fortitude and patience truly remarkable, and, like the ancient afflicted one, her acknowledgements were rendered to God for her strength—'all my springs are in Thee !' She sent a message to a relation who had prophesied she would not die in the faith in which she had lived, assuring that friend she was never firmer in her belief than then—her faith was full in the gospel of universal salvation. '*To die is pleasant!*' was her testimony. 'I feel that I can lie still and die, without saying one word,' was her expression. She then longed to hear singing—solemn singing; and her soul was delighted and elevated when the voices of song sounded in her ears from friends who came to cheer her. 'Bring more ! I want to hear more such appropriate tunes, and the words,' said she as the friends were retiring. But the songs of earth could not again reach her consciousness, and she died the next day—the Sabbath, fit day for the departure of one so pure and tried, and happy ! We cannot ask more for her bereaved husband, children, parents, brothers and sisters, and friends, than that they may know as she knew, 'the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.' May God grant it.—Amen.

B.

COMPLAISANCE. Complaisance, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.—*Addison*.

Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, "be easy." That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive.—*Steele*.



### {Notices.}

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**'WOMAN'S MISSION.'** Such is the title of a new work from the press of Wm. Crosby & Co. written by a lady, partly from individual reflection and partly a translation of Aimé Martin's work on the 'Education of Mothers.' We like the latter name the best, as it conveys the idea of the present volume, it being designed to awake woman to the importance and duties of the maternal relation. There are many excellent things in the work, well deserving the attentive consideration of every reflecting woman, and well suited to awake the unreflecting to useful and serious thought. The work makes a neat volume of 156 pages, and is published in a good style.

**POCKET EDITION OF THE 'UNIVERSALIST' COLLECTION** of Hymns; by Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d. This long expected edition of decidedly the best collection of hymns for our order, we welcome. It has been much needed, as the pew edition is somewhat larger than the usual size, and not very convenient for carrying to the evening meeting, or social gathering. It is published in a very neat form—corresponding with the excellent taste in which the larger edition was got up—and will compare with any work of the kind in the country. The delay in publishing, we are assured, was not the fault of the publisher, but occasioned by circumstances connected with the printing, beyond his control. B. B. Mussey is the publisher, 29 Cornhill, Boston.

**'THE NAZARENE.'** Another has been added to the large number of Universalist periodicals, and we hope it may be encouraged and sustained. 'The Nazarene' is the title it wears—edited by Br. Savillion W. Fuller, and published by J. H. Gihon & Co. Philadelphia. It is a fine looking sheet of handsome, clear type, large super-royal size, issued weekly at \$2 per annum. We wish those concerned all success desirable, and assure those who care anything for our judgment, that Br. Fuller is fully able to furnish not only a readable work, but one worthy of preservation, and we believe he will do it. We marvelled that in the list of Universalist periodicals our own was not mentioned, when in the same No. was a notice to its publisher.

**'PRACTICAL HINTS, to Believers in the Gospel of Universal Grace and Salvation;** by John G. Adams.' It will be remembered by our readers that on pages 151-2 of the present volume, we published a letter from a highly esteemed and intelligent correspondent to Father Hosea Ballou, in which the importance of a

work on 'Practical Universalism' was set forth in true and strong terms, and the request was made that he would undertake the task of writing such a work. Father Ballou declines the labor for good reasons, arising from his feebleness and age, though he admits the need of it, and perfectly coincides with our correspondent respecting the worth of a judicious volume, enjoining the practice of Universalism, and aiding the believer therein. The proposed work whose title leads this article, will, so far as we can judge, be the one needed to carry out our correspondent's suggestion. Let our readers refer to the pages noticed above, and re-peruse the article—thereby they will have a better idea of the work and its importance, than we have room to give. That Br. Adams will present a good work, we can have no doubt; that it will be one suited to the female portion of our denomination, we as fully believe; and we ask for him the countenance and support of all our friends and patrons. The work will contain nearly, if not quite 300 pages, the printing and binding handsomely executed, and afforded to subscribers at 75 cents per copy. It will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained. The book will be divided into chapters, as follows:—

- I. The superiority of Practical Christianity considered.
- II. The duty of Self-Examination.
- III. Watchfulness and Prayer.
- IV. Government of the Tongue.
- V. Culture of the Mind.
- VI. Improvement of Time.
- VII. Reading of the Scriptures.
- VIII. Fruits of the Spirit; containing illustrations of the fruits of Christianity enumerated by the Apostle; viz: Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance.
- IX. Christian Institutions: wherein the following subjects in connection with others, are considered—viz: The Christian Sabbath; The Christian Ministry; Attendance on Public Worship; The Church Institution; the Lord's Supper; Baptism; Dedication of Children; Sabbath Schools.
- X. The Christian's Gain. A brief view of the pre-eminent advantages and blessings attendant on a practical faith of the Gospel.

**Subscriptions received at this office.**

The other New Work by the same author is nearly ready for the press, and we feel confident that everywhere, where received, it will be highly valued, not only for its records of 'happy death scenes,' but for its consolatory truths and reflections. How much have we wanted such a work to place in the hands of the lonely and sorrowing mourner! Nothing but sickness and pressing cares has kept us from the completion of such a volume; but a better will doubtless be given to the world.

**'LADY'S BOOK' and 'ROSE OF SHARON.'** We find the following notice from the Lady's Book in the Trumpet of Jan. 25: 'The Rose of Sharon: A religious Souvenir, for 1840. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgerton. Boston: Tompkins and Mussey. This annual is a new competitor for public favor; and we regret to say, that we fear it will not be estimated very highly. The writers seem to be nearly all young or unpractised; the stories are, most of them, "soft" enough, to suit Mrs. Wititlerly's taste, and the poetry is very flat. The engravings, four in number, are tolerable, and the execution of the publishers' tasks seems to have been well done; but there is little interest for the reader. We always regret to find dull, prosy, unmeaning stories and poems palmed off under the title of "moral and religious," as though nothing could be pious that was not stupid.'

It is an indispensable duty with us to be courteous



to the ladies, and in the most courteous manner possible we would say that the above notice is the *meanest* thing we have seen for many days. We have ever loved reviews and literary notices, and have been conversant with a vast variety in English and American periodicals, but have never met with anything more contemptuous than the above. We wish we knew whether Mrs. Hale or Mrs. Sigourney penned it, but there is enough to require two to bear the iniquity. We have, however, every reason to believe Mrs. Hale wrote it, as to her a copy was sent. A work put forth as the Rose of Sharon was, with the most modest pretensions and by a lady, deserves to be treated in some degree kindly, and not thrown aside with a—*Pshaw!* The notice is too ridiculous to excite any other feeling than pity for the weakness of the writer. We are satisfied in being able to bury it deep under the numerous generous notices that have been given of the work, from as excellent judges as the editors of the 'Lady's Book.'

**THE CULTIVATOR.** A weekly paper with this name commenced a new (2d) volume with the year, and we wish to say a word in its behalf to our farmer readers. It is one of the best 'signs of the times' that agriculture is being made a science—an art—wherein thought and ingenuity may have as wide a sphere of action as in any other; and the character of the 'Cultivator' is such as will commend agriculture more to the farmer's love, and aid him to see its real importance, and the available means for improvement. Here he will see that to be an agriculturist indeed, is no slight affair, and will have much food for thought and reflection given him. Study raises the dignity of every art—of every laborious occupation, and they are the truest to duty, who let intellect and physical strength be co-workers. Any farmer will find his money well laid out in subscribing for the Cultivator—edited by Wm. Buckminster, and published at No. 20 North Market Street, Boston, \$2 per annum, in advance.

'**MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE,**' Utica, N. Y. This most excellent, because always interesting and instructive, Universalist periodical, commenced a new volume Jan. 3. We have always conscientiously commended it as valuable and worthy of an extensive patronage, and have found no cause to alter the opinion. We wish Br. Grosh and associates every good.

**LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD.** In 2 vols. By a lady of New-York.

Works descriptive of the people, manners and scenes of the East, have been so multiplied of late by travelers not only from France and England, but from our own America, that sitting quietly at our Yankee fire-sides, we can wander familiarly through the streets of the cities of *l'Orient*, sail up the Nile, and visit the ruins of Thebes, mingle with the wild Bedouins of the desert, pay our devotions at the sacred *locales* of Judea, and find ourselves, all the while, no farther from the shrines of our own Penates than when our imaginations commenced the tour. But it is rarely our privilege in these wanderings to enjoy the company of a *lady*, as in the present instance. These 'Letters' were first chiefly published in the 'New-York American,' and copied in other secular journals, where they were read with an interest which induced their compilation in their present handsome form. We have read them with profit and gratification; and so far from finding them lessened in interest by a recent perusal of Stephen's admirable volumes upon the same subjects, we were delighted to retrace with a new and feminine companion the same scenes of hallowed associations which he had taught us to love and venerate. The style is entertaining, the descriptions are graphic, and evidently not

exaggerated by the 'fine frenzy' of poetic enthusiasm. We recommend these 'Letters,' as well entitled to a place in the libraries of those who read to be interested, instructed and improved; and those who desire to purchase are referred to Mr. Mussey's Bookstore, 29 Cornhill. S. C. E.

**THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.** By the author of 'May Martin.' In 2 vols. These volumes are the production of Mr. D. P. Thompson—a 'Green Mountain Boy,' and we believe, are his first attempt at a regular novel. The story is historical, and nearly all the scenes and characters are 'by-gone realities.' Ethan Allen figures conspicuously, and in true individuality, in many interesting scenes and *ruses de guerre*; and Col. Warrington is hero *par excellence*. The author is evidently a man of talent, *not* of genius, and he has given us an exceedingly interesting narrative of the early settlers of Vermont, and their struggles for the maintenance of their domestic rights. The characters are skillfully drawn, and the story is well constructed. The style is unpretending and agreeable. We trust Mr. Thompson will find encouragement to cultivate, and often exercise his talents in the department he has chosen. His first novel promises much future excellence. Also to be had of Mr. Mussey. S. C. E.

**LECTURES ON THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST,** by William Miller. We feel bound to notice a copy of a new edition of Miller's famous lectures, which has been sent us. This is the work which advocates, with supposed scripture authority, the end of the world about the year 1843. As a curiosity the work is worth possessing; and whoever will read it thoroughly in connection with the Bible, will become acquainted with much scripture, and thus gain good. This is the best edition that has yet appeared, and is got up in neat style. Any one wishing a copy, can find it at this office—price 62 1-2 cents.

'**MILLER OVERTHROWN;** or the False Prophet confounded.'—Such is the title of a new work by an anonymous author, a few sheets of which we have been permitted to examine. The writer, whoever he may be, knows how to use the weapons of argumentative warfare, and convey his ideas in a good style of strength and interest. The work will certainly deserve attention—will interest, and should be possessed by all who care any thing about the positions taken by Miller. It will be published by the time this No. is due, and we hope it will be widely circulated—especially in those places where Miller has lectured and deluded the simple. Let it go where the prophet goes, and be where his volume of lectures is, and a morbid excitement will be allayed or prevented. Abel Tompkins is the Publisher. Orders requested and will be promptly attended to. Retail price 50 cents.

**LOOK AT THIS.** On January 1st. circulars were sent to 175 long continued delinquents, the aggregate amount of whose delinquencies is near \$1,400!!! From 10 *only* have we received letters, and \$30 are all the remittances made. This is a fine business indeed! What do these individuals think of themselves! We are forced to think a good deal of them, but it is thought not very flattering to them, and they would find it so if they could read it. The cold weather must have froze up their moral sensibilities, or else their sense of justice would be a little more powerful for their disquiet. We want to think better of them than present appearances seem to warrant as just, and hope they will aid us by changing appearances through the very easy process of *paying us our dues*. 'Acquit ye like men!'

**CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSITE.** We have lately re-



ceived a few letters concerning certificates of deposit, and concerning such we wish to say, that the cost of collecting such is greater than the discount here on a bill of the same bank of a like amount. Therefore, we wish our friends would hereafter send us the best funds they can collect—Eastern are most desired, and next New York.

**EXPOSITOR AND REVIEW.** The first No. of a new volume of this valuable work has been received, containing five articles on important subjects and a *very* fine poem ;—The Mosaic account of the creation, Rev. G. W. Montgomery ; Historical sketch of the form and structure of the Hebrew language, Rev. S. C. Loveland ; The New-Testament doctrine of salvation, Rev. H. Ballou 2d. Editor ; The Birth of Jesus Christ and its consequences, the same ; Scripture Geography, the same ; and the Maiden, King Death, and his Conquerors, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.** W. L. J.'s poems will all appear in due time, and we are thankful for them, as they will be very acceptable to our readers, as will others. *Julia's* articles in our next.

Several articles were crowded out of this No.

## Monthly Record.

**DEDICATIONS.** A neat and commodious Church, built by Universalists, was dedicated in Union, Me. Dec. 25. Sermon by Br. G. Bates. An union house was dedicated in Kensington, N. H. Jan. 8. Sermon in A. M. and P. M. by Rev. A. P. Peabody, Unitarian, and Br. H. Bacon. An union house was dedicated in West Windsor, Vt. Sermon by Br. W. Skinner.

An elegant church built by the Universalists in Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y., was dedicated on Christmas day. Sermon by Br. P. Morse. A new church was dedicated by the Universalists of Homer, Cortland County, N. Y. Dec. 24. Sermon by Br. A. C. Barray. The new church in Amoskeag, N. H. will be dedicated Feb. 12th. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas.

**REMOVALS.** Br. Giles Bailey of Lynn, has removed to Winthrop, Me. and taken the charge of the Society in that place. Br. Asher Moore is about to remove from Roxbury, Mass. and take the charge of the Lombard Street Universalist Society, Philadelphia, over which Br. A. C. Thomas was settled. He will remove, it is expected, in April. Br. L. R. Paige has removed to Lancaster, Mass. Br. Isaac Brown wishes all communications for him to be directed to Salem, Mass.—*Errors* in our last—for Lebanon, Ct. read Lebanon, N. H. And under the head of *Installations*, for Nashua, Mass. read Nashua, N. H.

**RESIGNATION.** The following is from the *Trumpet* ;—Br. Whittemore,—You will please state to your readers that Br. Henry Bacon has resigned the charge of the Society in Haverhill, Mass. and would explicitly state that the reasons therefor are not in the least connected with any unkind or wrong feeling, but of a nature entirely personal and of no interest to the public. I leave here as I have lived, in friendship with all, bearing with me many kind wishes, and cherishing in return the most sincere desires for the health, virtue, and happiness of my late charge. The Society is united and strong ; has attached to it a good Sabbath School, and Young Men's Institute, and Church ; and I deem it wrong for me in the least to doubt their continued steadfastness and devotion.

HENRY BACON.

A NEW SOCIETY has been formed in New Lebanon, N. Y.

ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, met in Andover,

Jan. 15. There was a good attendance of ministers, and among the business items are the following ;—

*Resolved*, That the members of this Conference be requested to give, at each meeting of this body, a brief statement of the condition of our cause in their respective places of residence, with such facts and statistics as may be deemed interesting and important.

The Committee on subjects for discussion, reported the following :

1st. What does the apostle mean by 1 Cor. xv. 53 ?

2d. The necessity and character of ecclesiastical discipline.

*Voted*, That one person be appointed to open the discussion, on each of the above named subjects. Br. Bacon was thereupon appointed on the first, and Br. Austin on the second.

Public services were held in the A. M. Sermon by Br. J. M. Austin, from Heb. 6. 18. 'Wherein the speaker showed that the hope of the Gospel, is emphatically a "refuge" from all those distracting fears, doubts and anxieties, consequent upon the prevailing errors of the Church.' In the afternoon Br. S. P. Landers, late of Pennsylvania, was installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Andover. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, from John 1. 29.

'The Sermon was an eloquent exposition of the fact, that Jesus is really "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"—that man's "moral agency and perverse will" are not obstacles he cannot surmount ; but that his means are sufficient to reach even to the root of the difficulty, the perversity of the will itself.'

A conference meeting was held in the evening, and very fully attended ; addresses were made by quite a number of the brethren.

THE BARNSTABLE COUNTY CONFERENCE met in Chatham, on the 14th and 15th of Jan. and a very interesting meeting was enjoyed.

A very interesting discussion was held on Tuesday evening, by Brs. Wilson, Clark, Vose, and others, on the propriety of having the Lord's Supper observed by all christians, which was decided unanimously in the affirmative. On Wednesday two sermons were preached ; the first in the morning by Br. Ingalls from Isaiah lxi. 11. In the afternoon by Br. Wilson from Isa. xli. 21. Although the travelling was very bad, which prevented many from attending, yet a goodly number not only walked to the house of God in company, but held sweet council together, thus proving, (what must be evident to every lover of the doctrine of God's impartial grace) that such meetings are profitable for our moral improvement and growth in grace and knowledge of the truth. We sincerely hope there will be a renewed zeal in the attendance of such meetings, as they must be the means of waking up in us a more lively interest in the cause of truth and righteousness. The Conference adjourned to meet at Orleans the 11th and 12th of February.'

NEWBURYPORT, MASS. We are glad to perceive by a communication in the 'Trumpet' that preparations are being made for the erection of a Universalist church in this town, and we wish abundant success to our friends there. Br. W. M. Fernald is pastor of the society, and his labors are spoken of in high terms of praise.

### List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Jan. 31, 1840.

A. B. M., Stockbridge, \$4 ; L. A. G., Selama, Ala. \$2 ; H. P., Sandown, \$2 ; J. G., Troy Grove, \$2 ; S. H., Williamsville, \$2 ; P. M., Amesbury, \$2 ; S. V. B., Poughkeepsie, (Pays up to June 1840.) \$5 ; P. M., Middle Had-dam, \$2 ; N. C., Stoughton, (Pays up to June 1840.) \$6 ; P. M., South Waterford, \$2 ; P. M., Hume, \$8 ; S. A. G., Lebanon, \$2 ; P. M., Portageville, \$2 ; T. P. A., Castine, \$20 ; J. G., Cincinnati, \$10 ; J. M. S., Hartford, \$6 ; W. B., Ravena, \$2 ; for F. G.



# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

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No. 10.

## ADAPTATION OF TEMPER TO CONDITION.

Original.

IN the letter to the Philippian church we find the following expression of a contented spirit:—‘I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.’ By this the apostle seems to have possessed the same temper of mind as led the wise preacher to write, ‘Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.’ The best days are too often considered to be those that are past, and the present is regarded by itself, without inquiring concerning the influence of the former better days in producing the perplexities of the present times. It is far more wise to inquire concerning the duties of the present season, than to lament the days that are past; even as it is better to seek out remedies for our sickness, than to remain in melancholy mourning that we are sick. The sentiment of the language quoted from the apostle affords matter for much profitable reflection, and is particularly worthy of our attention now when the general voice is dwelling on calamities, and every one, that knows aught of discretion, admits the necessity of rigid economy to meet the exigencies of the times.

Let us inquire wisely concerning the present day—the present state of general affairs, and ask ourselves, individually, if it is not important to have such a temper or disposition as the apostle possessed, and which led him to write to the well loved church at Philippi—‘I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.’ Or I know how to adapt the temper of my mind to every situation in which the provi-

dence of God may place me; I know how to enjoy and use prosperity, and I know how to be patient and make the best of adversity. And the whole history of the apostle’s career is a beautiful commentary on this declaration—his course proved his words, and his example is precious, and affords instruction adapted to all the various circumstances of life, the high and the low, the wealthy and the poor.

Events are uncertain; the affluent to-day, may be poor to-morrow, and he that now knows, as he thinks, how to abound, may soon need the knowledge that will enable him how to suffer need—to be abased in outward circumstances and still retain the proper dignity of man. But how few can say with justice, that they *know both how to be abased and how to abound*—that they can adapt themselves to any condition, without pride on the one hand, or murmuring or despondency on the other. The apostle *was* one of these; and when we consider the ease of his early life—his education, refined and elevated—his sphere of life among the great and affluent, and then behold as in a moment the change that came over his lot—his profession, the state of the public mind toward the work he was building up causing him to meet innumerable difficulties, we are led to the conclusion that had he not known how to be abased, he would have sunk under the weight of trial.

There are many now mourning over a ruined fortune, who once thought they *knew how to abound*; their course would seem to declare it, and they would use wealth as the gardener uses the waters of an exhaustless fountain, letting them flow forth wherever he pleases, not dreaming for a moment that a drought can ever come. It is well that man should sometimes know the evils of drought, that he may learn to value the riches of water; and it is well that the public mind should be sometimes aroused from the lethargy into which men too often fall in the fancied security



of prosperity, and which has ruined nations on nations—that the whole soul be not given up to the fierce spirit of gain, but remember that riches take to themselves wings and flee away.

To know *how to be abased*, is not only a needed lesson to the poor, but is needful to all. Providence wisely sees fit sometimes to abase the high and mighty—to call down the lofty from their elevation, and teach the profuse sons and daughters of affluence what it is to suffer need. In times of general distress, there must be a general awakening to the calls of duty, if we would see better days; and we hope that it will prove profitable to occupy a little space in inquiring into the value, importance, and benevolent tendencies of the knowledge possessed by the apostle by which he was instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

There is not much opportunity given us at present to abound, or live affluently, but duty prompts us to live humble and contented; therefore our meditations will be particularly employed upon the knowledge how to adapt the temper of our mind to an abased, or more humble mode of living. And what are the reflections that will tend to calm the mind and bring us to bear with a patient spirit the evils of such a state—an abased condition? The first that arises in our mind is, the devout acknowledgment of the providence of a wise, powerful, and good God. Philosophy has tried its power to sooth the troubled breast without leading on to God, but it has only taught man stubbornness, but not inspired him with resignation. Let the mind but receive the conviction that we are all under the control of fate—that iron, inflexible fate controls our destiny, and we must despair of pouring into the ears of that one the words of consolation and encouragement. We must first make it our task to remove the fatal persuasion from the mind—to bid the heart reject the deadening error, and no longer feel that he is a child of fate, but a subject of the kingdom of an all directing and overruling Sovereign—even the blessed God!

The apostle felt in his inmost soul this great truth; he rejoiced in the providence of the Almighty; and the untold evils that afflicted him—the trials and dangers he met, shook no more his faith in that truth, than the angry waves of the storm beating against the adamant rock affect its strength. And we can never have any considerable acquaintance with the lesson of our text, till we feel the force of the truth that God's provi-

dence is in the earth, and that we cannot trace out the ends of his agency because the human mind cannot comprehend infinity. The proofs of this truth of the providence of a Supreme Controller, are as many as the sands on the sea shore; and had we space it would be delightful to turn over the pages of history, and bring forward some of the striking evidences of God's providence. We could trace these in the mighty revolutions in society, and show what magnificent results have followed the most inconsiderable causes, against the combined predictions of the great and wise—how some of the brightest records in the history of man have followed some of the darkest, and that the happiest effects have flowed from causes that appeared the most calamitous—and how the overthrow of mighty empires has brought the greatest blessings to man, and proved that God indeed reigneth in the earth.

Let us feel more the sublime truth of God's providence; that in him we live, and move, and have our being, and be enabled to exclaim with deep fervency of soul in the words of the prophet—'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

Another reflection that should engage our serious attention is, that our real and permanent happiness depends more on our dispositions than on our possessions. He that walks before God and men with an open brow and honest heart—who employs his strength and powers in honorable industry, and values wealth as a means only to procure good, can scarce keep from being contented and humble. Wherefore should he complain? God is near—his heart reproaches him not—the actual necessities of life are few—the journey below is short and the bliss above is eternal. Herein is the great value of a virtuous life; it gives strength to bear misfortunes and calamities; for when they weigh heavy on the spirit of man, it is a most consoling reflection to be enabled to say, my heart reproaches me not. But the afflictions of the wicked are keener and more poisonous to the mind's ease, because of the remorse for evil deeds done. If we would make the best of a less affluent condition, we must look well to the temper of our minds! let dark eyed envy enter not into the secret home of our breast, and seek to know how few are the real wants of our station and how



much is luxury. To be contented with a little, and make much of that little, is the true science of human happiness, and the sooner we apply our hearts to that knowledge the better for our peace and comfort.

Man is prone to murmur when denied food for all the artificial wants; he considers not for a moment that the denial of them is the greatest favor of divine providence perhaps, and that the destinies of men are in the hands of unerring wisdom. Laboring as little as we do for God and man, we are apt to murmur more at the evils of our lot, than did the greatest and best who spent a life of struggling and suffering for the benefit of their race. Look into the histories of the great benefactors of our world and you will not read of how many luxuries they enjoyed, of how prosperously the events rolled on for them, of how much time they had to spare, and the ease in which they lived; but you will read of their toils and trials, of how much they suffered, how much they labored and endured, and how little ease they enjoyed. But every blessing was made dearer to them by the great price at which it was bought; and rightly improved, every trial we meet with will be an enhancer of our joys, by awakening us to set a just value on things and on the divine consolations of christianity; the more we learn to set a just value on things of earth and things of heaven, the more free shall we be from the disposition to murmur and repine, and consequently better fitted to meet the changes of this unstable world, and enjoy the sweets of life.

But if we cast from us the teachings of Jesus—if we set our affections wholly on the fleeting things of earth—if we give up our souls to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and seek for riches only that they may glitter before our vision and minister to our vanity—then must we expect to meet disasters that will weigh down the spirit in despondency from which no human being can relieve us.

It is well to love this world—God made it to be loved. It is well to desire its comforts—God furnished them to be desired. It is well to possess its riches—God created them for a great mission. But we are not to bind to these all the noble affections of our nature, as though man's dignity, honor, and happiness, depended on his possessions and luxurious style of living. No; there is that in the noble mind that rises above the influence of wealth and station; that cannot be destroyed by the fluctuating things of the outer world; but

though the owner be in a cottage, his mind is a palace, his heart is rich, and his passions are his servants—

'Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing yet hath all.'

Wealth is power, and it is to be desired, for many good ends can be attained by its possession. But it takes its whole character from the mind of its possessor, and it can only be noble with the noble mind. When it is the chief good—when it is the supreme idol, then it loses its greatness, and becomes a minister to an all-absorbing selfishness. It is like fire, grateful and pleasant when burning on our hearth-stones and sending its genial warmth through the apartment; but when raging beyond control may lay a city in ashes, involving in one common ruin the rich and poor—depriving thousands in one night of their homes and property, and spreading a voice of lamentation throughout a whole country.

How far the fierce fire of ambition for the power of wealth has caused the calamities in the commercial world, which affect every class and condition of society, we leave for others to answer. The smiles of fortune are deceitful—they are apt to make men blind to their errors, and regard the faults they do discover as of but little importance. Prosperity flows in notwithstanding their errors, and they are made confident of future success; but the change comes, and with such overwhelming power does the memory of their errors come over them that they are astonished at themselves—astonished that they could ever dream of continuing to prosper with the same principles that had controlled them. Our country is dearly purchasing a lesson, but whether it will be remembered long, or effect much good, Heaven only knows.

We cannot recall the past—the deeds done are indelibly registered—our thoughts should be with the present and future. There are duties and dangers around and before us, to which we should direct our attention. If there are deprivations to be borne, let us bear them with a cheerful spirit; and if there are temptations held out to do evil, let them be resisted as becometh a servant of Christ, for 'it is better to suffer than to sin.' A murmuring and fretful temper only adds to the embarrassments of a person's situation, and a cheerful spirit, that is determined to make the best of every thing that befalls him, takes away half the gloom of adversity. And he that would violate the holy principles of justice to extricate



himself from difficulties that surround him, is only rushing into far greater and more grievous ones.

Adversity is the furnace by which to test human virtue—to refine the gold of human friendship, and purge out the dross of selfishness. It teaches man how to be abased, that he may know the better how to abound, and saves him from the destruction of a vicious worldliness. If it produce these ends, adversity is a rich jewel, and will not otherwise than adorn the recipient, and put the song of faith into the mouth—‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.’

Let us remember the lessons of faith given us by our Master, that will form within us, if we will permit them, a cheerful and patient disposition. ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.’ ‘Thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.’

‘Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things,  
Father of heaven and earth, and I am rich,  
And will possess my portion in content.’ B.

Haverhill, Mass.

### THE PARTING.

Original.

*Lines addressed by a father in Charleston, S. C., to his daughter, who was expected to sail the next day with her aunt, for Edinburgh, Scotland, and there to reside permanently.*

My child, can you leave me?  
Oh! remember the pangs I have felt for your sake!  
And will you now grieve me,  
Or strain the stretch’d cords of my heart till they break?  
Oh say! Can you go,  
And leave me in woe,  
A prey to despair, and phrensy as wild?  
What joy, what comfort, what peace can I know,  
If you leave me, my child?

My child, can you leave me?  
Can you fly from affection as holy as mine?  
You cannot—believe me—  
With love more enduring thy heart intertwine;  
When in childhood you sigh’d,  
All rest was denied,  
And my hours were sad until sweetly you smil’d!  
Ah then! every fountain of sorrow was dried!  
Can you leave me, my child?

My child, can you leave me  
For strangers who care not—who feel not for you?  
Oh! they may deceive thee,  
And encumber thy way with wormwood and rue;  
But the wreath that is wove  
By a father’s deep love,  
Of flowers that bloom in our forest so wild,  
Shall bloom on thy bosom,—ev’ry pang shall remove—  
Can you leave me, my child?

My child, can you leave me,  
When time’s snowy blossoms are crowning my head?  
Shall the damp earth receive me,  
With none to deplore when my spirit has fled?  
Man’s short pilgrimage here,  
Is but sorrow and care,  
By affection his hours are only beguiled!  
Oh where are the drops that should fall on my bier,—  
If you leave me, my child? W. L. J.  
Charleston, S. C.

### A FAMILY.

Original.

OFTEN the great mass of human kind have been compared to members of one large family. We are often told in the scriptures that we are thus in the sight of God; and the command to love our neighbors as ourself, and the explanation that the suffering man is our neighbor wherever he may be found, proves to us that there is an unbroken chain of brotherhood uniting us, though we may not yet feel its power.

I have just looked into the abode of a family and have learned a lesson of profit, which will, or should, prevent me from ever ‘turning back and tempting God, and limiting the holy one of Israel.’

As I looked I saw there an infant, an unhappy idiot, a wild and reckless lad, and an amiable and virtuous son. The parents are kind, they love them all, and their hearts yearn in tenderness toward them as they think of futurity. The infant is unconscious of its parents’ love; yet how many anxious hours are spent in watching over it with tenderest solicitude, and in guarding it from every danger with that energetic love, which ‘none but a mother can express, and none but mothers feel’—which asks no return save that of the happiness it brings to the object. God only can fathom the depth of such affection. The idiot, as well as the infant, is unconscious of his parents’ love, and though he cannot appreciate their kindness in exerting their utmost to render his lot as happy as possible, and guard him from trouble, yet that tenderness is not in the least abated; but the very circumstance of his being unconscious of their love causes them, for they are true parents, to exert themselves the more in his behalf, and watch over



him with greater care ; and if the idiot could be restored, or reasoning powers awakened, he could not be more loved, nor more tenderly treated ; no return which he could make, could add to the parents' love, though it might to their joy and comfort, for the cup of love was already full and running over. There is another unhappy member of the family—*The wild and reckless child*. Is he forgotten, and permitted to become a prey to starvation, because of his errors ? Will not his parents receive him ? Yea, verily, they will and do, and love him too. Their love is not so limited, so cold, nor lifeless, that he cannot share it. Look at him when sickness has stopped his career of madness, and disease makes him the child of helplessness—the creature of deeper pity. Who is she that hovers over him, when the last star is fading from the sky, and who has there been during the long, long night ? Who is she that sacrifices rest, ease and health, for that abandoned boy ? It is his mother—his unchanging, loving mother—who holds him with all his faults dear to her heart, and bears unshrinking all her trials, and mentions not his faults, and errors, save when apart, and none but the eye of God is on her, and no human ear to greet her words ;—or perchance she breathes them not lest some secret ear might hear them ; but writes them on her heart, where God, and God only looks and reads ; and they tell only of his errors in pity, reproaching not, but praying for the Divine forgiveness—that his sins may be removed, and he become a child of holiness. Aye, and that parent would weep drops of blood to blot out that child's transgressions, ere she would permit him, willingly, to go from this world to suffer a single hour's pain in another. But there is another child—the *amiable, virtuous, and obedient son* who cheers the hearts of the parents amid their sorrows. He is sensible of their love ; his heart is filled with filial affection, and he keeps a strict guard over his actions, that he may not in the slightest manner wound the fond hearts of his parents. He rejoices in the consciousness that he has performed his duty as God hath given him ability, and he experimentally knows, that 'the soul's calm sunshine, and a heart-felt joy, are virtue's prize.'

Such are the characters found, and that may often be found in a single family ; and such the love that is shown toward them. When therefore we carry the similitude into the great family of man, shall we not say, that the almighty and universal Parent looks with equal tenderness on the

different characters therein, as the earthly parents exercised toward the different characters in their family ? Has not the one as much desire for the happiness of all his children as the other ? or in short, has not the God of love, the Father of all, as much love, as has the man of love, the father of a few ? If so, will any of them be endlessly miserable ? Creation with her ten thousand voices, and the broad ocean with its voice of storms, and the loud thunders of heaven, united could not answer more distinct than reason, No ! Man was made for happiness ; yea, he has a goodly heritage. God is love ! and his design for the final happiness of all standeth sure—on the immutable rock of Almighty wisdom and power. His word is true,—'I have sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return ; that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' Isaiah xlv. 24. Come the time when it may, when all shall in righteousness call on the name of the Lord, and all must be happy—

—'No wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven.'

B.

#### SCRIPTURE DIVINE NAMES.

Original.

WHEN we read the inspirations of the ancient prophets that preceded our Savior, we discover in their allusions to the Supreme Being a fondness for high and sublime titles ; they give to the divine perfections the most exalted and expressive names that human language could frame,—names which call up in the contemplative mind an association of ideas which grant it the most majestic conceptions of the Author of all things, and elevate the soul to the highest point of sublimity, and stretch the imagination to its utmost extent.

True, the most magnificent title can but ill express the greatness and glory of God, and all attempts to set forth to the mental eye his perfections must be faint and feeble. Yet it is not the most majestic displays that exert the most beneficial effect on the human mind, for while scenes of sublimity and grandeur wrap us in astonishment, those of calm and quiet beauty cause us to admire and love ; we tremble, as we gaze on the first, and are forced to soon turn our thoughts to other objects ; while as we look on the scenes of calm beauty, we find the purest delight, and linger long, admiring and adoring.



Such is the constitution of the human mind, that to dwell long on the grand and sublime, overwhelms and prostrates its powers, and we become lost in a wild maze of wonder ; as, for instance, who can linger long in view of that type of power, the cataract of Niagara ; and not feel a crowd of thoughts rush into his mind, that weigh him to the earth, and he muses in lost wonder, and is soon compelled by the intenseness of his emotions to turn away, and leave the spot. But yet, at other scenes, where the prospect is as transcendantly beautiful, but not so sublime, we can tarry long, with gratefully pleasing emotions. So also in contemplating characters. When we turn over the pages of history, on whom do we meditate with the greatest delight, and strive to body forth by the creative powers of our imagination ? Is it those, around whose memories the historian has thrown the mantle of greatness, because of their mighty deeds in deluging the earth with blood, and desolating the quiet abodes of peace, happiness, and love—who to feed their undying ambition have made thousands on thousands to sacrifice life, and whose road to fame has been the pathway of blood ? Are such characters our fondest delight ? No ! we turn from the men of blood, and seek for the friends of humanity—those whose ambition was to do good—to imitate Jesus Christ. We leave Napoleon, and muse on Howard : we turn from the man of war, to the man of peace, and find our delight greatly increased by the change.

The same feelings are brought into exercise when we turn our minds to contemplate the God over all. We follow Moses, and amid the thunders of Mount Sinai we hear the voice of power proclaiming—*'I am Almighty God !'* and we sink overwhelmed with fear and trembling ; a dread feeling of insecurity comes over us ; we feel ourselves in the power of an all powerful Being, and are deeply concerned as to the manner in which that power will be exerted over us—whether to our good or injury. We turn to the glorious gospel of our Lord, and there read—*'When ye pray, after this manner pray ye,—Our Father who art in heaven !'* our fears are gone, our tremblings cease, we bow in thankfulness and praise, with as glad hearts as that of the child restored to its parent after a long absence. And it is the peculiar beauty of the mission of Christ that he gave us such delightful conceptions of the Divine character, and shed such a softening beauty over the attributes of God, as cause us to linger with the

purest delight upon them, and have meditations sweet and consoling.

And what name—what title—what term, can be applied to God, that will have the same power to take hold on the affections as that of—*Father* ? There is none ! There can be no name so sweet to the ear, so charming to the heart. It is of itself a great volume of revelation. A mighty work on the character of God !

How many associations, hallowed and joyous, gather around the paternal name ; To what a delightful train of thought does it direct the reflective powers ! Where can the imagination rest, and find more exquisite delight ! The names, which the ancients gave to God, lead us to expatiate on power almighty, and grandeur the most sublime, so that we think of kings and conquerors ; and we muse on the histories of earthly potentates—we remember how much they delighted in wars and blood-shed—how far they kept elevated above even the nobles around them, and would not deign to look on their humbler subjects, and we shrink with fear, lest the mighty God of the universe, so highly exalted above even angels, should look not on us, but abandon us to the rude hands of fate, and permit us to vanish from his sight forever forgotten : But when we turn to our Savior's descriptions—when we hear the name of Father applied to Him, our thoughts are instantly turned to infancy, and the delights of home ; we call up from memory's holiest cell, the remembrance of the watchful care, the unceasing tenderness, the kind benignity, and the ardent affection, that were ours in childhood's home ; we think of the happy hours we spent when we were all gathered around the annual social board, and a parent's blessing was ours ; and from this scene, our thoughts fly eagerly to that time when we all shall meet again, and a heavenly Parent's blessing be eternally ours. For this hope we feel the name of our God is surety enough—the paternal name scatters all our fears. How grateful should we then be, that we have indeed all one Father—that of one blood hath he made all the nations of the earth—that all are his offspring—all the objects of his care, and all the children of his love.

Through the records of the evangelists we find the paternal character of God set forth in the strongest terms, and the name Father, to be the one by which he is most commonly designated ; as also in the epistles, and addresses in Acts. All seem combined to affix this delightful name



to the Almighty according to the example and injunction of our Savior, who always maintained in his discourses this relationship as existing between God and his creatures—that mankind are children of one common Father. This similitude our Lord uses in a most beautiful manner to illustrate the care and tenderness of the God of all, thus : 'What man of you, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone ? or if he ask a fish, will give him a serpent ? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him ?' And one of the most solemn commands given us is that of—'Love your enemies'—and why was this given ? Simply because thereby we become characteristically the children of our Father which is in heaven. If we, then, are commanded to love our enemies, and bless them that curse us, in order that we may become in character the children of our heavenly Father, it follows as the legitimate conclusion, that he loves his enemies, and is emphatically, as the scripture saith, 'kind to the unthankful and the evil,'—that the universality of his tenderness is illustrated by the falling of the rain, and the light of the sun,—the rain descends on the just and the unjust, and the sun shines on the evil and the good. Let us believe this. B.

### THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Original.

WHERE lives there one who loves not song,  
To cheer with joy his way along,  
Through this low earth of light and shade,  
Where pleasures end, and beauties fade ?

Who does not love sweet music's tone,  
That soothes the soul when left alone,—  
When sadness, with mysterious power,  
Comes near to give to gloom the hour ?

Sad, sad indeed, that heart must be,  
Spirit of song ! that loves not thee—  
That is not moved by thy sweet strains,  
Which breathe but to assuage our pains.

When far from books and haunts of men,  
I've hied me to some woody glen,  
How sweet thy charms were then to me !  
Thy breathings came from ev'ry tree !

O'er hill and glen, and through the vale,  
In every breeze and passing gale,  
All o'er the earth, all through the air,—  
Nay more, thy tones were everywhere.

The forest-birds, inspired by thee,  
Thrilled forth sweet notes of melody ;  
And, silvery soft, their warblings were,  
When light winds did the green leaves stir.

Down by the stream where willows lave  
Their leaves within the rippling wave,—  
And darting swallows dip their wings,  
I've heard thy distant murmurings.

But now the streams are bound in chains,  
And o'er the earth cold winter reigns ;  
The forest-trees are icy, bare,  
And sharp and chilly is the air.

The hills are white, the glen is drear,  
The warbling birds have ceased to cheer ;  
And all the leaves once fresh and green,  
Are dead beneath a snowy sheen.

Has music too withdrawn the spell,  
That makes life glad where'er we dwell ?  
Come there no charms my way along ?  
Has winter check'd the tide of song ?

Oh no, for e'en the howling blast,  
That speeds the clouds that earth o'ercastr,  
Is cheerful in its boisterous mirth,  
And makes more dear the blazing hearth.

The moaning pines, the leafless trees,  
That stiffen now when night winds freeze,  
Do pour a sad and plaintive wail,  
Like harp-tones dying on the gale.

Yet their low requiems make me glad ;  
They please and charm, though they are sad ;  
They give me faith, they give me joy,  
They give me hopes doubts ne'er destroy.

I never heard a mournful lay  
That ne'er bespoke a brighter day ;  
To me, the low, sad songs I hear,  
Do surely tell that spring is near.

Thus thou dost cheer, and soothe, and bless,  
In city, town, and wilderness !  
In ev'ry clime, in sky, and air,—  
Thou art a charmer everywhere.  
Haverhill, Mass.

H. C. L.

### IDOLATRY.

Original.

It may be a matter not altogether accountable to some readers, that so much is said in the scriptures respecting the crime of idolatry. We find that the first commandment recognizes this offence, and guards against it. It is repeatedly urged upon the Jewish people that there is but one God, and that him only must they serve. So constantly was this impressed upon their minds, that the Trinitarian system of belief has always afforded the strongest objection to christianity in the minds of the Jewish people. Idolatry is the object of their just abhorrence ; and a belief in one only God has become a part of their very nature. Hence we are led to believe that the doctrine of but one God is of vast importance. It was insisted on by the prophets ; it was taught



with great earnestness by every inspired preacher of the Old and New Testament ; and the sin of idolatry was abominated as a vice which admitted of no apology or extenuation.

This, however, admits of explanation. There is no doubt, in my mind, that while we have been placed in a world composed of matter, and are ourselves joined thereunto, it was intended that we should feel ourselves as strangers on earth, and that we should use the things which perish as materials that were only of temporary importance. It is also plain to me, that we shall not find out the full bearing of the subject until we have become detached from these gross tabernacles of clay ; when we shall learn how mean is the destiny of that man who has sought for happiness among the elements of this world ; and how mean is his ambition who aspires to be possessed of this world's treasures.

Alas ! how much idolatry there is in the world—yea, in christendom—at the present time. We may learn, by this fact, that mankind are prone enough to attach undue importance to worldly goods, without carving out an image expressly for the purpose of worshipping it ! The great Father of our souls knew how prone mankind were to set their affections on things below : He knew that in their weakness and in their folly, they would grasp at the comfort derived from earthly things ; and he knew that they would find them all to be 'miserable comforters,' like the friends of Job in his misfortunes. There is great instruction in this commandment respecting the worship of one God. It decidedly expresses the mercy and love of the Creator. He knew what was good for us : he designed to bless us ; and he intended that our heaven should begin on earth. It was for this reason that his prophets and other inspired teachers were taught to urge upon us the necessity of detaching our affections from the things of this world. Do we not see that the brutes which perish, know nothing of enjoyment, save what they can derive from this earth and the things thereof ? How can we claim superiority over them—how can we expect to reap the wheat and the barley for the satisfaction of our immortal spirits, unless we seek for those things which are not temporal and earthly ? The brute, guided by infallible instinct, finds the food which nourishes his animal frame and supplies all its wants ; but man goes hungry and suffering. He cannot be satisfied—he continually longs for something more, and does not seek

aright for it. The prophet therefore says—'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib ; but my people know not God !'

But Jesus had found that bread which nourishes the soul, when he said, 'I have meat to eat which ye know not of.' Earthly minds know nothing of this meat—but feeling a want of something, try the path of ambition, the road to fortune, and the labyrinths of human science ; and after all the toil and perplexity incident to human ambition—even after attaining the very summit of their wishes, they sit down, like Alexander, and weep that there are no more worlds to conquer ! They feel that they have not achieved their object. They have fed upon wind, they have eaten, and still they are perishing for want of food. They have devoured the goodly things of this world, and have gained no thrift, like the lean kine which Pharaoh saw in his dream.

If by the love of outward wealth and outward greatness, men become alienated from God and that spiritual enjoyment which alone can satisfy the cravings of an immortal creature, how excellent, how kind, how benignant was the command that the Jews should make nothing in the likeness of perishing things, for the purpose of worshipping it. The Almighty knew what was best for us ; and I know of no greater evidence of his goodness than the command of which I have spoken.

When will men learn that their unhappiness springs from an earthly and carnal mind—from a disposition to seek gratification in objects which are tangible to the outward senses alone ? When will they learn that their highest interest is synonymous with their duty, and that they are highly favored, beyond all that the heart of the carnal man can imagine, in having the privilege of enjoying communion with their God—even he who is near unto us all, whose still small voice may be heard by those who listen, and whose presence may be realized by the humble and the teachable soul. The heart must be emptied of self, with all its wisdom and all its cunning. We must cast our crowns at the footstool of the Lord, and stand before him poor and naked, being determined to yield up body, soul, and spirit to do his good pleasure.

Does this appear like a hard thing ? He requires nothing at our hands that does not conduce to our happiness. Is it a small thing to cease from finite man, and to surrender ourselves wholly into the hands of a perfect Being ? Do



you not admire the pure seraphs that joy and rejoice in the presence of the excellent God, and whose souls are filled to overflowing with that love which constitutes heaven, perfection, and all that we venerate and doat upon? Is it not then worth our while to sell all and buy the gem of price? Indeed, this earth would be like unto heaven, if we ceased from our own works and suffered God to take full possession of our souls. 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' beyond all potentates of this world.

c.

### PARTIAL JUDGMENT.

Original.

WHEN a sect or people are endeavoring to establish a doctrine different from that which is generally received as the truth; or which the majority choose to term heterodox, they have a great work to do; because it is not sufficient for them to prove the truth of their principles. They must also oppose and conquer the deep-rooted prejudices of those who are opposed to them.

Particularly is this the case with respect to religious doctrine. The Universalists are an example of what we have said. The innumerable texts which directly militate against partial grace are easily passed over, while a single passage that seems to discourage our faith, is paraded a thousand times before our eyes, as if nothing else were to be found in the Bible. Our opponents seem to take it for granted, that Universalism is so obnoxious a doctrine, that it should not be credited so long as there is a single scripture text which may possibly be wrested to its disfavor. How would it fare with partialism, if it were compelled to pass through the same ordeal? But Universalism must not be permitted an equal chance; because it is opposed to the long cherished prejudices of most christians. We are told about 'the plain and obvious meaning' of certain texts, because they have been long supposed to teach the doctrine of endless misery; while 'the plain and obvious meaning' of texts which teach the contrary, has been entirely overlooked. We well know that there is much in the Scriptures which may not be explained but by considerable reading and research. What better texts would a teacher of annihilation want than those words of Solomon, when he asks who knoweth that the soul of a beast descendeth downward, but that the soul of a man ascendeth upward, &c.

It must be recollected that the writers of the Bible wrote as men write now-a-days—expressing their ideas as they came up, and not for the purpose of laying down and defining the peculiar opinions of a sect. Take the writings of several good men of the present day, and we shall find much that cannot be directly applied even to the support of the doctrines in which they firmly believe. Although the doctrine of universal salvation is unequivocally taught in the Scriptures, yet we do not pretend that every text goes directly to the maintenance of that peculiar item of the christian's faith. But we do deny that any text teaches the doctrine of endless misery.

The Scriptures are very full on the subject of sin. They speak of its direct opposition to the character of the Divine Being; and of the evil consequences which result to those who indulge in it—and well they may, since even in those days, as well as in these, men imagined that while hoarding up wealth and winning power and authority by sinful means, they were adding to their amount of happiness. It was then peculiarly necessary to break the bands of this ignorance—to arouse them from their deathly lethargy—to sound an alarm, and to give them plainly to understand that the way of sin was the way of death. It was the great intent of the Messiah and his apostles to bring the kingdoms of this world into subjection to the kingdom of Christ—to render them heavenly—to establish the kingdom of God here on earth.

It must not be supposed that our conduct *here* is of no consequence. It is of vast importance, inasmuch as we can find no true happiness, but in the way of well doing. Power and wealth will bring us no peace, unless we have within us the spirit of Christ. Now, in order to exhibit the enormity of sin, we have many strong texts, none of which a good man would wish to see expunged from the Scriptures. All who have tasted of sin will know that they are true and just, if they are willing to bring their deeds to the light that they may be reprov'd. They will feel the exceeding hatefulness of evil, for be it especially understood that we believe there can be no salvation where every thought is not brought into the obedience of Christ.

Sin is to be condemned as the arch enemy of our happiness, and the wicked are not to be justified in evil doing.

Death and hell are to be cast into the lake of fire, and the thoughts of the evil man shall per-



ish. But it really might be supposed that those who find so much in the Scriptures which expressly controverts the doctrine of partial grace, would draw the necessary distinction between gospel enmity to sin, and gospel enmity to the human race. Sin, personified under the appellation of the devil, is the enemy of mankind; and it was to make an end of sin that Christ came. Men enthralled by sin, hug their chains, and remain in misery; but they will not arise and burst those chains until they have a powerful appeal to their understandings and their consciences. This appeal the Scriptures make; and we are not disposed to alter its phraseology in the least. But while hatred and bigotry reign in the breasts of mankind, it will be difficult to convince them that those texts which reprobate sin, are not intended to establish the doctrines of partial grace, to which they have been so long and so unfortunately wedded. The man who hates his fellow-creatures will, with great difficulty, be persuaded that the Creator does not hate them too.

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#### MUSIC FOR THE DYING.

Original.

O WHAT a balmy power, my God!  
To music's sound is given,  
To loose the bands that bind to earth,  
And lead the soul to heaven,—  
So that it feels from all set free,  
That keeps its powers from love and Thee.

I've seen the fading eye grow bright,  
The cheek resume its bloom,  
And from the dying face depart  
All trace of shadowy gloom,  
As music's breath stole to the ear,  
In numbers soft, and sweet, and dear.

'Bring music! for my soul doth faint  
To hear the sound of praise,  
As when the softened notes came near  
On holy Sabbath days,  
As I, within my chamber lone,  
Was oft made glad by sacred tone.'

Thus said a dying one, whose soul  
Had love for all things good,—  
In whom the love of God was deep,  
And deep her gratitude:  
And who had often bowed in prayer  
In sight of church, when kept from there.

They brought her music, and her heart  
Was filled with joy most sweet,  
As holy strains came o'er her sense  
She long had wished to greet;  
'Bring more! I would the song be loud,  
For O what visions on me crowd!'

She died! for angels heard her plea,  
And brought the glorious throng

Of cherubim and seraphim,  
To lift a nobler song!  
O music was her joy on earth,—  
In heaven she'll never know a dearth!

H.

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#### INTELLECTUAL AND RELIGIOUS LOVE.

Original.

'By many a word  
Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred,—  
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,  
Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim,—  
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,  
All eloquent with childlike piety,—  
By the still beauty of her life, she strove  
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love  
Poured out on her so freely.'

HEMANS.

I HAVE been thinking of one of the distinctive traits of the woman whose life is directed by deep felt religious principle, and which gives her an excellence of character that cannot be possessed by those who do not reverence the highest relations of their being. The trait to which thought has been directed is that which is formed by her efforts to direct to God and spiritual things the affections lavished upon her from the full fountains in the hearts of the beloved. The worldling is satisfied if she be loved; the christian is not satisfied till the love cherished towards her is directed to God, for she understands how thus affection is sanctified and made true and pure. And why should not all understand this? Why should woman forget the great duty of her mission on earth, even the directing to heaven all the affections she can take hold of and control in the human breast! She permits to lie buried in inactivity her noblest energies when she becomes satisfied with homage paid to herself; when she asks of the human voice no better music than the utterance of praise of her beauty and charms, and asks to see the eye kindle with no brighter radiance than when the soul is worshipping her. She may be left to mourn over alienated affection, infidelity, and desertion; and will not the curse be felt in some degree to be from her own unfaithfulness; from her neglect to make love a religious thing, that gains its true strength, purity, and devotion, from a consciousness of its kindred with the essence of the divine nature! The woman who is indifferent to the religious character of her heart's lord; who does not aim to give to his religious affections and feelings a good direction, and hears without deep and sorrowful emotions the sneer against relig-



ion, deprives herself of the best assurance of faithfulness in that heart towards her; for it is religion that gives a sanctity to the ties of love; that makes the duty of fidelity a part of our very life, and causes the soul to act everywhere as under the eye of the loved, controlled by an omnipresent consciousness of the heart's worth and the baseness of wrong doing. Yet how many content themselves with believing that hearts will never want in fidelity to them, which are unfaithful to the divinest interests of the soul—the aspirations that reach not their true elevation till they take hold on the things of heaven. He that is true to these, alone can be true to humanity.

But I will not dwell on wordy persuasions and reasonings. I leave these with the essayist, and proceed to the sketching of the scenes that have brought out the few reflections already given.

Clara and Evelina Howard were sisters, twin stars that seemed to borrow all the light they possessed from each other, and to be shaded by the same cloud whenever shadows drew nigh. But though every pulsation of the heart of one beat true to the pulses of the other, there was a great difference between the aspect and hidden springs of the character of the one, and the outward and inward being of the other. Wherever they went they were admired as pleasant spirits, as rich in sociality, and their society was courted by the variety that make up the *levee*; for while the gifted mind was charmed with the brilliant flashes of intellect, the admirer of beauty saw grace in every feature and motion, and the gay heart in search of pleasure was enamored with the rosy sunshine of pleasantness and joy. Yet there was a great difference between all this in the one and in the other. Clara was one of those whose beauty pleases, Evelina's that which irresistibly wins the heart; the pleasantness of the one would be grateful in our joyous hours, but too airy for the serious, that of the one would be welcome everywhere and always; the wit of the one would often be considered harsh were it not deemed ungallant to be offended at a lady, that of the other was delightful to remember; the shadows that sometimes flitted across the countenance of the one caused feelings of sadness as the observer strove to divine the reason, those of the other were as the shading that gives a dearer beauty to the rose; in short, every one said a true heart *might* live in happiness with the one, but they *knew* it must be so with the other. The outward took its hues from the inward; and the eye that

could accurately trace the relations and workings of the springs of feeling and action in both, would have seen how religion had softened and subdued in Evelina what in Clara was harsh and excitive to a wrong extent; and while Clara asked, when she would judge of the character of a friend, 'Will he requite my love, will he answer my affection with his whole heart?' Evelina asked, 'Will a fixed and pure religious principle sanctify and make true his affections?' And this difference arose from the fact, that seriousness of thought and feeling came to Clara only when some misfortune or accident had changed the course of events against her wishes and present happiness, while in Evelina there was always an under current of serious feeling, taking no more from the beauty and pleasantness of her character than the coolness of the spring water does from its brightness and the music of its flow.

They married, and the future was full of promise of blessedness, for they could ask no more from fortune, friends, and pleasure, and all that could be required to mark them and theirs as among earth's happiest was that each and all should subject their every feeling to the controlling influence of religion. The husbands were partners in trade, and occupied a conspicuous position in the mercantile world. They inherited from their fathers a good name, and their great duty was to preserve and perpetuate the honors of their ancient house. They obeyed it. Stern integrity marked all their dealings, and they were quoted as the upright and just. But this rectitude sprung rather from the absence of the trials that are brought about by a narrow income and need of wealth, and from veneration of the exalted character for honesty maintained by their fathers, than from deep felt and ever operating religious principle. It is difficult to say what would have been their characters had they been the children of poverty, and subjected to severe strugglings against adverse fortune, with the same lack of religious principle. True and strong virtue springs from a recognition of the divine law of right, and a voluntary obedience to it amid powerful temptations to follow the crooked policies of worldly wisdom. This is the integrity that will come forth from the trial, as did the noble Jews from the furnace fire, unharmed.

The feelings of the two sisters that led them to wedded life, were widely different. Clara found in Raymond Clermont the personation of the romance she loved. He had the vivacity, the



sprightliness, and those undefinable graces of air and manner, connected with fine intellectual accomplishments, that involuntarily captivated and at last completely won her. She felt that he was embodied sympathy, and she gave herself to him unreservedly, with confident trust that love as she might, he would return it all; that he would be her heart's echo, her thoughts response. But with Evelina the current of feeling ran in a different channel, and sought to repose in a different sea. Calm and long continued thought on life as it is had, it is true, clipped the wings of her romance, but its pinions were as strong as before, bearing her to as high an elevation,—yea, to a higher, even to the world of light, where there are no shadows. She wanted a heart that would echo her prayer, and an eye whose kindling brilliancy should respond to the gladness of her soul when the spiritual was dwelt on. She desired to be able to consecrate to God whatever love was poured into her heart, so that she might become a living chalice to bear to the altar of religion whatever affection was given her by another. When she saw Edgar Laurene she was impressed with the intellectuality that gave a power to the expression of his countenance even when in repose, and when she aimed to draw out his opinions and criticisms on various subjects and books, she felt awed by the presence of a richly gifted mind, while she listened to, and held converse with him. And then too the kindness of his manners, and the, at times, strangely touching softness and pathos of tone, combined to awaken an admiration, then esteem, then a restless desire for his society, then an abstractness of thought as the mind in solitude, and sometimes in society, dwelt on a remark or answer made by him, which combined at last to convince her she was in love, and Edgar Laurene was the object. But there was to her one painful subject of thought, and reflection often suggested the question, Must I not quench the fervor of this love? She had, in her observant moments, seen a want of interest depicted on his countenance when conversation chanced to take a deeply religious turn, and he seemed ill at ease, giving forth none of those exquisite thoughts that are awakened in the gifted mind that has spiritualized its imagination and made religion the high priest of the beautiful. Sometimes she strove, seemingly undesignedly, to draw out a reflection of such a character, that would betoken some familiarity with the divine, and would give a turn to obser-

ventions on beautiful phenomena in nature for this purpose. But in vain. He could discuss most eloquently the beauties of a master-piece of sculpture, or an exquisite painting, but had no interest in the contemplation of the Perfect Man, or the beautiful scenes in his history. Once they were in the hall of art, and an ancient representation of the scene of the condemnation of Jesus attracted her attention. She saw the spiritual portraits of several gospel characters, which had long been in the soul's chamber of imagery, there depicted with wonderful skill, and she panted for the presence of a sympathizing spirit. She drew Edgar to the spot—but the skill of the artist and the genius of the management of the groups, were the great themes of his remarks. While her eyes were full of those holy tears that never well out—too sacred to fall—as she gazed on the trickling blood issuing from the wounds of the thorns of the mock crown, he pointed with his slight cane to a shadow round one of the Savior's eyes which was, he remarked, 'in decidedly bad taste!' A feeling of strange and painful coldness was about her heart, for she felt that the act and the remark were a profanation against the religion of the picture. She was oppressed by her deep feelings, and bitterly would have wept, had she then been alone, the want of sympathy in that mind so richly gifted with the power to admire and love the silent eloquence of the Savior's countenance, the meekness and holy submission of the look and attitude of Mary the mother of Jesus, and the various portraiture therewith given, dear by the associations of the gospel history. And then too, how her heart did violently beat with emotion, when he in a moment after dwelt most enthusiastically on the historical associations connected with the death scene of the Baron Von der Wart, whose wife Gertrude attended him with love's true devotedness, cheering with her voice of heart-felt tenderness the agonized husband. The wild, yet tender look of the wife, and the responsive glance of the husband, gleaming through the awfulness of his features as the agonies of the wheel tortured him, drew from Edgar the most touching remarks, while his eyes glistened with tears that gave them unearthly beauty. Her first feelings had some affinity with indignation, as she saw how the exhibition of devoted love in the one case could excite no deep feeling, but could in the other, while she felt that the heart should give a deeper meaning and power to the one than to the other. But then the



tearful eyes of Edgar conquered all these feelings, for then she saw the revelation of the deep feelings of human sympathy, and there seemed to be a spirit whispering that she could direct this sympathy in due time to diviner things. Without a firm conviction that she could do this, she never would have laid her hand in his with the marriage vow in her heart. The spirit of prophecy in the soul that assured of this, was to her the inspiration of God, and when she could say, *Thou art mine!* the pledge was given to her Father—*He shall be thine!* That pledge was redeemed. How shall I best win his affections to heaven! was her great study. In the deep silence of the night, when the moonbeam stole in and lighted up the features of the sleeping husband, she prayed—prayed as fervently as the mother for her first born; for often the intensity of her thoughts would deprive her of sleep, and those hours of wakefulness were holy and blessed. Her efforts to the end desired were never obtrusive, and were oftenest the natural direction of remarks, incidents, and conversations, to spiritual things. Lafayette in a letter to a friend respecting his wife, after her death, speaks of her unpretending efforts to recommend her religion to him, calling it, says he, '*to make me love it better, perfect freedom.*' How much there is in that short sentence! She knew that freedom was the delight of her husband; she knew what he suffered for it; she knew how much he valued it, and how many richest blessings he associated with it. And with the instinct of true affection she directed this love to the spiritual; she strove to lead him to look on her religion as the genius of spiritual freedom, as the only power that could give freedom of soul. This was the best idea she could fix in his mind, for he was better fitted by the prominent events of his life to estimate religion aright as freedom, than under any other similitude. The same aptitude was owned by Evelina. She brought religion before the mind of her husband in the robes he most admired, so that her form appeared graceful and lovely. He had a deep love of poetry and painting. Therefore the poetry of the Bible, of the religious sentiment, and of the life of Jesus, often were delicately brought before his attention; and she would form imaginary pictures thereof—thought scenes, and they would discuss them as though they were actually looking on the productions of the pencil. He loved nature and the sciences, and she would take advantage thereof to read beautiful descrip-

tions by devotional writers, and then converse of them—she aiming, 'showing no part of study but the grace,' to make impressions on his mind and heart favorable to religion. Unconsciously his mind became stored with devotional thoughts and images, and he acquired a taste for religious reading and conversation. When abroad in the garden and fields, on the hills and by the meadow streams, he would mingle with his remarks on a beautiful flower or bird, or splendid scenery, thoughts breathed by his wife, quoting them as from some book he had read; and so frequent was this habit that his friends remarked and mentioned it, and this first woke him to direct effort to become a true christian, which effort was never slackened. Evelina was happy, for she now found not only intellectual and heart sympathy, but also religious sympathy.

But how was the case with Clara? She found in her Raymond the companion she desired. If Sunday was a dull day to him, she did not deem it very strange, and slight excuses for neglecting the sanctuary were very reasonable to her. The volumes that formed her library were in general unlike the collection of her sister, and those bearing the most evident marks of use were those requiring but little reflection, and suggesting very little serious thought. They were both still intellectual, but it was as the intellectuality of a statue that pleases an artist, but not him who wants the warmth of religion in every semblance of humanity. They lived, as thousands live, a life that might be well, were this world not one wherein is required a wise preparation for evil, that will preserve inward quietness when storm and tempest rage without.

The storm and tempest did indeed come to the partners, as to multitudes in our land, when the commercial world was convulsed and terror and dismay took possession of thousands of hearts. They had deemed—and the most cautious prudence would not have questioned it—that the fortunes of their house could not be so completely changed, as to make them incompetent to discharge every business obligation. But so it was. Crash upon crash affected them, tearing away piece after piece, of huge proportions, from the broad foundation of long continued prosperity, and ruin, entire and inevitable, seemed the only issue the future promised. For the time their spirits were overwhelmed by the utter hopelessness of recovery and the debased condition in which they were placed, though the fragments



remaining would not be deemed of slight value by those less favored by fortune in earlier days.

Now came the trial, and how was it met? Differently indeed by the partners. They were now like to two ships on the open sea—both beautiful in outward proportions, but the one made only for the quiet waters, while the other is constructed to brave all and ride out the storm in safety. When the winds raged and the waters heaved themselves up in strength, how the one was tossed and thrown about, while the other, though borne up mountain high and carried down in the far depths, held its mastery, and was victor. Raymond found not in his home those sweet counsels that flowed from the heart of Evelina, as sweet balm to her husband's wounded spirit; for Clara had learned only to sing gay music, and had dreamed that earth was heaven. Religion was needed to make home still happy—to fix there a power to calm the perturbed spirit, rearrange, as a scattered army, the mental energies, and bring back, or impart, the consciousness that true happiness depends more on what we are, than upon what we have. Such a power Edgar Laurene found and felt, and acknowledged. But it was not in the home of his partner, and the heart that had recognized only the beauty of the earthy, now that that was eclipsed became desperate, while the spiritual afforded a loveliness to cheer the other which had never been so clearly discerned before—

'As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.'

Raymond suddenly left his home, and day after day passed without his return. It was discovered that a large portion of the remnant of the available property of the house had been secured by him, and Edgar was left to mourn the tarnished fame of his long tried friend, the additional loss, and alone to manage the shattered estate. But he fainted not, for the strength of his own and the kindred spirit was great. They brought the overwhelmed sister to their own home, and sought by every art of kindness and sympathy to comfort and encourage her. She needed it all—for her heart was in her husband. They had dwelt in harmony and joy, and the memory of the happy past lingered in vividness before her vision, and she prayed a like reality might be hers in the future—at least the love that was her best food. Raymond had left a note when he departed whereby, with the injunction to keep it as a secret, he informed her how she might send let-

ters to him. Her first was a reproachful one—written while the first feelings awakened by the desertion were still active, and its tone was bitter, though passionately expressive of attachment. Much would she have given to have recalled it when the gentle influence of her sister's religious trust had stolen in and allayed all the tumult of her feelings. Gradually that sister moulded the kindred heart into the fashion of her own; and as the sunbeam lifts up the mist that clouds the beauty of the earth, so did the warmth of Evelina's religious love remove the deep melancholy from the countenance of her sister. The change in Clara was great. It was seen best in her letters—in their increasing gentleness and piety, and the power of the persuasives she used to recall the wanderer home. The replies showed that all this was not ineffectual; the magnetism of feeling was communicated, and when at last the three combined their efforts at pleading in one letter, the answer brought a promise of return.

The wanderer did return; and if aught was wanting to make his love toward the injured partner deep and fervent, it was supplied by the knowledge of the means used by Edgar to cast the most favorable aspect possible on his conduct. They moved on again in life, and prospered in soul and estate. The sisters dwelt, as it were, in each other. Their tastes, habits and sympathies became alike. They loved the same books, the same songs, the same walks, the same diversions, and engaged in the same efforts for improvement and social benevolence. Life was and is happiness to them, and whoever is permitted to look in upon them, in their beautiful retreat in a village in the neighborhood of this city, will see the beauty of religious affection. Intellectual love is beautiful, but it cannot find its heaven till it permits religion to lead it to, and baptize it in, the river of grace, that issues out of the throne of God, and makes glad the city of the New Jerusalem!

B.

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### LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE MEMORY OF AN EVENT  
LONG SINCE.

Original.

THEY led me where thy form  
Lay hushed in dreamless rest,  
With snowy grave-clothes folded o'er  
The chill and pulseless breast;



They bade me look on thee  
So tranquil and so fair ;  
A cold, white, statue met my gaze,—  
Alas, thou wert not there !

The parting mind, its seal  
On the pale brow had set,  
And, on the placid lip, the smile  
Was sweetly lingering yet ;  
That lip had not for me  
Its wonted, fond reply,  
And love's soft light had passed away  
Forever from that eye.

Thou wert not there ; thy home  
Was in bright, distant spheres,  
Far, far above the gloom of earth ;—  
Thou didst not see my tears !—  
Thou never couldst have been  
So careless to my grief,—  
Thou hadst not seen that bitter wo  
And spoken no relief.

Oh, hide the lifeless frame,  
When the spirit-guest hath gone,  
And left its earthly tenement,  
Dreary, and cold, and lone !  
It is thought's keenest pang,  
To look upon the dead,  
And know that all which loved us once,  
Hath thence forever fled.

When, on the darkened eye,  
The darkness must remain,  
And from the closed and pallid lip,  
No voice shall breathe again,  
Let dust to dust be given ;  
Earth hath no loneliness,  
Like that which, by the newly dead,  
Will on the spirit press. L. J. B. C.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 342.]

Matt. ix. 9. *A man, named Matthew.* He was a son of Alphaeus ; by birth a Galilean, by religion a Jew, and in business a publican, or collector of the taxes required by the Roman government from the Jews. Mark ii. 14. Luke v. 27. The other evangelists call him Levi, his Hebrew name ; but he always calls himself Matthew, which probably was his name as an officer of the customs.

*Sitting at the receipt of custom*—the toll-office, or booth—the place where the collector of the revenues was stationed. Mark ii. 13.

*Follow me*—become my disciple. Matthew had probably had many opportunities to become acquainted with Jesus and his doctrine, and the Savior knew he only wanted a call to make him a devoted follower.

10. *In the house*—Matthew's. Mark ii. 15-17. Luke v. 29-32. *Sat at meat*—were at table. The reclining posture of the Jews at table should always be kept in mind, and the common translation made conformable to it, or an accurate story may be made absurd ; for example, Luke vii. 36-38. The acquaintance with the common manner at meals makes all this correct, by using *reclined* for *sat*. 'At their feasts matters were commonly ordered thus ;—three

couches were set in the form of the Greek letter *π*, the table was placed in the middle, the lower end whereof was left open, to give access to the servants for setting and removing the dishes and serving the guests. The other three sides were enclosed by the couches. The middle couch, which lay along the upper end of the table, and was therefore accounted the most honorable place, and that which the Pharisees are said particularly to have affected, were distinguished as uppermost rooms, or places. Matthew xxiii. 6. A person was entrusted with the direction of the entertainment. John ii. 8. The guests lay with their feet backwards, obliquely across the couches, which were covered with such sort of cloth or tapestry as suited the quality of the entertainer. As it was necessary, for the convenience of eating, that the couches should be somewhat higher than the table, the guests were probably raised by them three feet and upwards from the floor. As they lay forwards, in a direction somewhat oblique, feeding themselves with their right hand, and leaning on their left arm ; they no sooner intermitted, and reclined a little, than the head of each came close to the breast of him who was next on the left.' John xiii. 23. 25.

*Publicans and sinners.* Sinners here, as elsewhere, refers to the Gentiles. Gal. ii. 15, and the connecting of publicans and these together, was expressive, by a Jew, of deepest scorn towards both. Matt. xviii. 17. The persons here mentioned were probably Matthew's friends, Jews and Romans.

11. *Pharisees saw it, &c.* This to them was a strange procedure for one who claimed to be a messenger from God. Acts x. 28. To decline eating with others was, in oriental language of action, a strong expression of dislike. 1 Cor. v. 11. and therefore the Pharisees considered the act of Christ's eating with publicans and sinners as expressive of friendship for them. Matt. xi. 19. Luke vii. 34 ; xv. 2.

12. *They that are whole, &c.* Christ came to save men from diseases of the soul—the sin sick, and among such he must move in order to reach them. The sentiment of the text is then, These feel they have more need of, and will receive my doctrine more readily, than those who are whole—righteous—in their own estimation. 'He met the Pharisees on their own ground. They esteemed themselves pre-eminently righteous, because they obeyed the ceremonial law, and shunned the company of those whom they regarded as sinners. Luke xviii. 9. Christ tells them that as his mission was designed for the benefit of the sinful who might be reclaimed from their errors, persons so excellent as they thought themselves could not be its proper objects, and he did right to seek the company of such as they despised.'

13. *I will have mercy and not sacrifice.* Hosea vi. 6. speaks comparatively—God delights more in the humanity of man towards man, than in their sacrifices. 1 Sam. xv. 22. Prov. xxi. 3. Micah vi. 6-8. Matt. xii. 7. The aptness of the quotation as applied to the Pharisees, is seen by comparing Matthew xxiii. 23.

14. *Disciples of John*—the Baptist. John at this time was in prison, and having lost their Master, his disciples had sorrow of heart that naturally dictated a fast ; and the reply of the Savior intimates this, assuring them that as his disciples had not lost their Master, they could not fast in sorrow. The sense therefore of the next two verses is,—'All



things should be suited to times, circumstances and persons. For my disciples to mourn and to fast while they enjoy my presence, would be as absurd as to put new cloth upon an old garment, or new wine into old bottles.'

15. *Children of bride-chamber*—those who attended the bride-groom during the seven festival days of marriage. Some regard the phrase as a Hebraism signifying the nuptial guests. Marriages with the Jews were times of great joy. The use of this similitude by the Savior in answer to John's disciples, will be seen to be very pertinent by comparing John iii. 29. When he should be taken away, then they would mourn and fast.

16. *New cloth in old garment, &c.* See marginal reading—'*raw or unwrought cloth*'—cloth that has not been through the hands of the fuller. Such would be utterly unfit, as it would shrink up, and then tear away the cloth to which it was sewed, and thus make the rent worse than before. Old garments should be repaired with suitable materials—so in order to make men better he must adapt outward things to the inward being—not unite incongruous things.

17. *New wine into old bottles, &c.* The eastern bottles were made of skins—leathern bottles, and of course, in time became unfit for use, as the fermentation of the wine distended and made parts thin and weak. Josh. ix. 4. 13. The idea of the Savior thus set forth was doubtless, that his religion and the ceremonial law of the Jews would not go together. By the *new*, we understand his doctrine; by the *old*, the fasts and ceremonial ordinances. These he was not willing to incorporate.

18. *A certain ruler.* Mark v. 22. Luke viii. 41. The ruler of the synagogue was what we style a President, being the head of a council, directing the services—appointing the reader of the portion of the law, (as any one might be chosen, Luke iv. 16) &c. The rulers also were accustomed to invite any one who professed to be a teacher of divine things, to speak, whenever any such were present. Acts xiii. 14. 15. This accounts for the opportunities with which our Lord and his apostles were favored to speak in the synagogues. Matt. iv. 23. Luke iv. 15. John xviii. 20. Acts xvii. 17; xviii. 4. The rulers of the synagogues had power to inflict public rebuke on certain offenders, and deprive them of valued privileges. John ix. 22; xii. 42; xvi. 2. Punishments were inflicted in these places, as is now the custom in some of the eastern courts where the bastinado is practised. Matt. x. 17; xxiii. 34. Mark xiii. 9. Acts xxii. 19; xxvi. 11. Compare note on Matt. iv. 24. *Worshipped him*—prostrated himself before him in homage.

*My daughter is even now dead*—'is by this time dead,' as many translators have it. The reader of the account would readily infer this from the circumstance of the servant coming out on the return of the ruler and telling him of the daughter's death. See Mark's record—'*lieth at the point of death*,' v. 23. Every other hope had gone save that which rested in the exertion of the supernatural power of Christ.

*Lay thy hand upon her and she shall live.* 'The laying on of the hand seems to have been a symbolical act, signifying the regard felt, or the benefit bestowed by a superior being.' Numb. xxvii. 18. 2 Kings v. 11. Matt. xix. 13.

20. *The hem*—border or fringe—of his garment. It was a command of Moses that the Israelites

should put a fringe on their garments, with a ribband of blue, (signifying faithfulness) to remind them of their duty to the law. Numb. xv. 38. 39. These fringes the Pharisees made broad in ostentation. Matt. xxiii. 5.

21. *If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole.* This was her thought, not an utterance. Her disease naturally led her to court concealment, and also rendered her ceremonially unclean. All efforts at cure had proved vain—Mark v. 26. Luke viii. 43. and she felt that Jesus could and would cure her, and she wished to gain it as secretly as possible.

*Daughter, be of good comfort.* The tenderness of the Savior here deserves attention. *Thy faith hath made thee whole.* This could be said, as it was her faith in his supernatural character that brought her to him.

23. *Minstrels, &c.* The funeral customs of the East were always of a boisterous character. See pages 4. 5. 6. this volume.

24. *Give place*,—the crowd was great, impeding the way of entrance. '*The maid is not dead, but sleepeth*'—she may rather be said to be sleeping, than dead. *Sleep*, we understand here to be used to denote a temporary extinction of life, and implies that her recovery would be more like waking than any thing else. *They laughed him to scorn*, scornfully derided him.

25. *When the people were put forth*—the crowd removed—he went in. Mark informs us—v. 37-40. that Jesus allowed but the disciples, with the maiden's parents, to be present at the miracle; probably because of the noise of the crowd; the youth—twelve years—of the subject, and the better opportunity thereby given the ruler to judge of the matter. The circumstances at the raising of Lazarus were very different, there he wrought the miracle before a crowd. We cannot but mark the prudence and tenderness of our Lord in the present case; and how simply, but yet powerfully, is his calm presence of mind shown in the record, that when all were wrapt in astonishment, 'he commanded that something should be given her to eat.' Mark v. 42. 43.

*And the fame hereof*—the report—*went abroad into all the land*—the region around Capernaum and the sea of Galilee.

27. *Departed thence*—from the ruler's house—*two blind crying, Thou Son of David have mercy on us.* This was one of the titles given the Messiah. xii. 23. as the Messiah was expected to be the lineal descendant of king David. Matt. xxii. 42. John vii. 42. Compare also Matt. i. 1. Luke i. 32. Therefore the exclamation of the blind men was an expression of conviction that he was the Messiah, and the fervency of their cry was natural, as doubtless they had just heard of the late miracle, and believed he could heal them.

28. *The house*—the house he usually resided in in Capernaum; *the blind men came to him, and Jesus saith to them, Believe ye that I am able to do this?* This question was put, doubtless, to draw out a full expression of their faith in him; it was well, as they could have become convinced that he was from God, only by thought concerning what they had heard of his ministry, for they could not have seen.

29. *He touched their eyes, &c.* He performed the miracle in the simplest manner, a significant act being the only outward sign.



30. *Eyes were opened*—a phrase expressive of the recovery of sight. Ps. cxlvi. 8. Isai. xxxv. 5. See that no man know it, i. e. for the present. All who knew them would see the evidence of the operation of divine power.

32. *Brought to him a dumb man possessed with a devil.* 'His dumbness,' says Farmer, 'probably arose from the natural turn of his disorder, which was that species of madness called melancholy, of which dumbness or taciturnity is a very common effect. By the phrase a *dumb spirit*, the ancients implied their belief in possession, and distinguished it from that dumbness which is owing to a defect in the organs of speech.'

33. *It was never so seen in Israel!* This exclamation of the multitude, some commentators regard as applying to all the miracles here grouped together, performed in one afternoon.

34. *He casteth out devils by the prince of the devils.* In this absurd manner the Pharisees attempted to neutralize, if not remove, the great effect produced by the miraculous works of Jesus. They admitted the reality of the miracles—they could not deny that, but they could ascribe the whole power to a magical or diabolical agency. Christ's whole labor was to build up the kingdom of holiness—would powers of evil aid him in this work?

35. *And Jesus went about, &c.* This brief record shows the freedom of our Lord in preaching and healing.

36. This passage is expressive of the Lord's interest in the common people, of how much their real spiritual wants were neglected by their religious teachers, and how, like sheep without a shepherd, they had roamed and wearied themselves in seeking what they could not find—good spiritual food. Mark vi. 34. This figure is a common scripture one. Numbs. xxvii. 17. 1 Kings xxii. 17. Jer. l. 6. Ezk. xxxiv. 5. 6. John x. 11-6.

37. *The harvest truly is plenteous.* Here the figure is changed. The people eager for instruction, are compared to a harvest ready to be gathered in. John iv. 35. *The laborers are few.* The figure is carried out by the comparison of the disciples to reapers and gatherers of the harvest. John iv. 38.

38. *Lord of the harvest, i. e. the owner—God.* 'Pray him,' says Jesus, 'to multiply the teachers of that religion which alone can satisfy the wants of a people whose religious instructors have neglected and injured them.'

### SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Original.

We cross the boundless prairie,  
We leave the haunts of men,  
We seek the distant ocean,  
We seek the mountain glen.  
Then away for the far Pacific,  
Away with gladsome hearts,  
What care we for the trackless path,  
What care we for dull charts.

We leave our youthful dwelling  
With many a last farewell,  
But our hearts with joy are swelling,  
As we seek the rocky dell.  
Then away to the far Pacific,  
With lightsome steps we go,

We seek the Rocky Mountains wild,  
Their summits wreathed with snow.

The cross of Christ before us,  
To those regions wild we bear,  
With freedom's banner o'er us,  
And spirits free from care.  
Then away to the far Pacific,  
With joyous smiles away,  
What care we for the perils,  
Which o'er our path may stray.

Then onward, onward ever,  
Still let our motto be,  
May we prove faithless never,  
To this motto of the free.  
Away to the far Pacific,  
Be this our watch-word high,  
Nor let us pause within our course  
Till the ocean's waves are nigh.  
Lancaster, Mass.

JULIA.

### BEING DEAD HE YET SPEAKETH.

Original.

AN ADDRESS

*Delivered, before the Sunday School attached to the Charlestown Universalist Society, on the Sabbath succeeding the interment of its late pastor, Rev. THOMAS F. KING. By Richard Frothingham, jr. a Superintendent.\**

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

OUR temple for the first time has been circled with the emblems of death; the requiem has been sung in sorrowfulness of spirit; the eulogy has been pronounced with heaviness of heart; the funeral ceremonies of our deceased pastor have been decently performed: dust has returned unto dust as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

When the arrows of death penetrate our social circle, even though aimed at a less shining mark, we are willing to pause amidst our various pursuits and consider what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. The ambitious in the career of fame, the enterprising in the schemes of wealth, the votary of pleasure in the whirl of enjoyment, alike yield to reflections on the frail tenure by which life is held. At these times we feel that we are mortal; and as we survey the silken cords that bind us to earth—the sacred sympathies of domestic affection—the endearing sweets of friendship—the pleasures of mental life—the joys of the world—we anxiously ask if earth is to be the limit of their being? Must all

\* In permitting this address to appear in print, the judgment of the author yields to the repeated requests of many who heard its delivery; for he is conscious that it owed its kind reception chiefly to the melancholy occasion that produced it.



these streams of happiness be broken at the fountain? We ask also the momentous question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' And in whatever earthly tabernacle it may be, the soul, conscious of its noble claim on immortality, gladly receives the answer of inspiration—Dust returns to dust as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

But are not the scenes just past but a dream? Can it be that the form we have so long seen amidst us, will be seen here no more forever? Can it be that the voice that so eloquently heralded forth the great salvation, shall never again be heard? Shall he who stately came to our waiting congregation filled with the fullness of the blessing of the gospel, come to us no more in the temple dedicated to the Most High?—The earthly house of mortal man may be dissolved to its original elements; the spirit may return to God who gave it; but there is a language that comes from the departed, solemn in its nature, hallowing in its effect. And our late pastor, in the words of holy writ, 'being dead, yet speaketh.' As in the days that are past, he shall still come to us in earnest exhortation, in affectionate appeal, in solemn warning. He shall speak to us in our social circles of the daily beauty of his life, and of his christian walk and conversation. He shall speak to us in the services of the sanctuary of the love of our Creator, of God's care for his creatures, of his purposes in their creation, of his promises for their final destiny. And when we gather in the chamber of death, to pay the last melancholy tribute to departed love; when the heart is bowed down with its load of grief; when nought is before the depressed spirit but the devastation the grim messenger has created; there, in solemn prayer to Almighty God, his voice shall still mingle with the living voice that ascends to the throne of grace in petition, imparting consolation to the heart of the mourner, and strength to the faith of the believer. Being dead he yet speaketh; his voice is still to the sons of men as a divine messenger of the Most High.—And how weighty, how impressive, is the language which comes from the tomb! How deep should it sink into the hearts of the living! How faithfully does it speak of the destiny of created things! How solemnly does it say that passing away is written on them all! How surely it carries the mind to that dwelling place not made with hands eternal in the heavens! How forcibly does it appeal to the thoughts and the lives of the children of men; directing the former to things worthy of their im-

mortal nature, and urging the latter in the practice of that godliness which is profitable to all. Impressive indeed is the language of the grave! Happy is he who can receive it without self condemnation for past errors in life and conversation. Happy, thrice happy is he to whom it does not bring the sting of remorse for offices of love delayed, for acts of friendship unrequited, for times of charities past,—in a word, for duties unperformed. Whatever now may be its import, let us receive it as a messenger of grace. Whatever may be its admonition, let it be to us as admonition for good. Our pastor, being dead, yet speaketh. Let us listen to his voice.

CHILDREN! Your pastor though dead still speaks to you. This school was to him a comfort and, joy, and pride. Often did he express satisfaction on witnessing your numerous attendance, and your attentive behavior; on seeing the interest manifested in your welfare; on being able to say that this institution was flourishing. Often has he said that he felt no danger for that christian society where the Sunday School was well conducted. Besides, he had a heart that opened wide at your approach; you all know how his eye kindled in gladness when he saw you together. He loved you all affectionately. He was rejoiced when he heard of your welfare; he was sad when he heard of your affliction. But, children, your friend has been removed. The same thing has happened to him that must happen to all: he has gone home to his heavenly Father; he is dead. And in his dwelling\* where you have seen him in health, you have looked upon his cold and lifeless remains; you have seen them again at the grave with the thousands that gathered on that mournful occasion. On your part, what remains but to remember the words he still speaks. You can all understand them. They are those he said to you while he was here: the advice he gave, the commands he enjoined, the truth he preached. They may all be comprised in the simple words—*love and obey*. He told you to love one another, to love your parents and friends, to love your Creator. He told you to obey your superiors in all things;

\* On the Sunday succeeding Br. King's death, the Sunday School children, with their teachers, over two hundred, went in procession from the church to his late residence and saw his remains. The scholars were also assigned a separate place in the funeral procession, and saw his remains again at the grave. It was a touching spectacle, and cannot soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.



to obey when they instructed you in wisdom ; when they entreated you not to do that which is evil, when they commanded you to do that which was good. LOVE AND OBEY. This, children, is the language your beloved pastor, though dead, still speaks to you. Remember it. Remember it at all times and under all circumstances. Remember it in your plays, in your school hours, in your homes. Remember it all the days of your lives. It will do you good.

TEACHERS ! Our pastor, though dead, yet speaks to us. He has left the rich legacy of a good name ; of a noble, frank, and generous heart ; of an ardent love for man ; of a faithful christian. His word comes to us with power to follow him as he followed his Master ; and as we go in and out before these interesting children, to set an example of christian deportment, of order, of sobriety, becoming the responsible duties we are called to perform.

He speaks to us in the *goodness of his character*. He was emphatically good ; not an evil disposition found an abiding place in his nature. And wherever goodness dwells, it sheds abroad a hallowing influence. Its exhibition softens the rough parts of our nature, and it finds an answering echo in the breasts of all. Even the worst of mankind bow before its presence as to a divinity. Such was the influence produced by our late pastor. None knew him but to love him. Goodness beamed forth in his countenance ; it pervaded his life ; it showed itself in his labors. The halo of happiness that made him the life of the social circle wherever he moved, was but the index of his heart. It was the soul's calm sunshine. It came up from the depths of his nature as living springs well forth from exhaustless fountains. His supply of cheerfulness never seemed to fail. He could still smile on though clouds seemed to gather around him. When disease racked his earthly frame, it was still the same. And when his spirit was leaving its mortal tenement, it was still the same : as in life so in death ; his expiring song was a song of joy and not of sorrow. How does his example yet speak to us of the blessing of a pure heart !

He speaks to us in the *noble generosity of his nature*. We are prone to have our sympathies hardened by the crusty influences of the world. Look around in society and behold the selfishness of man. How often is he steered to the condition of the unfortunate ! How often does he turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress ! He needs an

awakener of his generous feelings. He wants something to make him feel that other hearts beat around him with the same desires, frailties, sorrows, and wants ; requiring all his sympathy and in need of all his aid. How powerfully here is the voice of our departed pastor ! No selfishness reigned in his bosom. He was generous, whole-souled, noble in all his feelings. Never did the unfortunate appeal to him in vain. His hand was swift to do what his heart was ready to prompt. Nor did the thought of his own stint his charities ;\* what he had was freely given, without measure, running over. Being dead he yet speaketh ; he still exhorts us to cultivate that enlarged philanthropy which is as wide as the faith we profess ; to manifest that sympathy with suffering humanity which is enjoined by christian precept and the example of our Savior ; and to adorn our lives with those acts of benevolence which are so worthy the high purposes of our being.

He speaks to us in *his love for all mankind*. His was no sectarian affection—the world was the object of his pity and compassion. His love was for man. He looked beneath the garb of selfishness, of folly, of crime, which, to some, make up the character, and found in the depths of man's nature the glorious characteristics which stamp him as the handiwork of God. He found there a common brotherhood of pure desires, of high hopes, of warm affections, of ennobling intellect, and above all of religious sentiment, which manifests his claim for immortality. This inspired in him a love and respect for the race as sincere as it was exalted ; a love and respect, not for the dross that floats on the surface of humanity, but for the ore that lies imbedded in its bosom. All to him were one common family, the objects of the same heavenly love, the recipients of the same ever flowing bounty, destined to the same common inheritance. This was a moving principle of his life. It found an interpreter in the pages of revelation ; it commends itself to

\* One instance of Br. King's benevolence, among many, may be given. A short time before his death he married a couple in Charlestown, and received the common fee. The next day, however, he learned that the mother of the bride took in washing for a livelihood. Though she was a stranger to him, he immediately called upon her and tendered the sum received—remarking that *she* needed it more than he did, and that *he could not keep it*. Reader ! are you desirous of requiting such noble charity ? Pour your favors upon his widow and his fatherless children ; for had he been more studied in the ways of human selfishness, he had not left them without more of this world's riches.



every heart. Our pastor though dead yet speaketh. His example teaches us never to despise our fellow men. Jew or Pagan, bond or free, they are all God's children. They bear about them the same precious jewel, mind; their journey is to the same final resting place, heaven.

He speaks to us *as a faithful christian*. But already has his devotion to the cause of his Master been faithfully portrayed by a father in our Zion. To do God's will was his meat and his drink. He failed not to declare the whole counsel of God; and when death had marked him for his prey, and when disease had driven reason from its throne, even then went forth from his unconscious frame tokens of trueness to the principles he professed. The faithful have burned at the stake, and their dying tears have watered their cause as with heaven's dew; they have fallen in the battle-field, and their death-songs have inspired the deeds of patriotism; and they have fallen asleep breathing notes of peace, and speaking of God, and of hope, and of heaven, and their dying words have ministered to the growth of pure thoughts, and of firm faith. Like the latter was the passing away of our pastor. Being dead he yet speaketh. How powerfully does he still urge us to walk fearless in the path of duty; to stand by the principles we profess, not merely in the summer of prosperity, when zephyrs bring gladness on their wings, but in the hour of dark clouds, when the storm-winds of adversity roar about our pathway. Then comes the hour of trial. Then comes the day for bold hearts, and strong purpose, and fearless action. Brethren! let us follow him as he followed his Master, 'by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned.'

PARENTS OF THIS SOCIETY! Your pastor, though dead, still speaks to you. His voice comes in solemn exhortation to prize more highly this interesting institution; to prize it for the benefit it confers on your children, for its efficient aid to this society, for your own peace and comfort.

The Sunday School should commend itself to all. Childhood with all its endearing qualities, with all its generous emotions, is here. The heart, bounding in the buoyancy of hope, open to all that is pure and exalted in sentiment, free from the rough action of the world, is here. Selfishness, nor ambition, nor interest, nor guile, hath scarred its early beauty. Youth in all its freshness is to be swayed. And the great object

should be to bring out and confirm those moral and religious principles which God has implanted in the nature of all. Say what we may of learning, of philosophy, of genius, these are only valuable as they contribute to the permanent good of society. Let them rest on the solid foundation of principle, and they become blessings to the race. They inspire what is noble in thought and glorious in action. Then they are mental promontories—beacon lights—to direct our course onwards and upwards. Whatever may be the gifts bestowed on man, or whatever may be his station, principle is the anchor that holds him fast to the haven of integrity, and the sign by which he triumphs. But let this be wanting, and the void cannot be filled. Confidence in him cannot exist. His fellow men view him with suspicion and scorn. His glory is but a name.

This is admitted as axiom. Yet where, but here, are the schools which make moral and religious instruction a part of their regular exercise. Where but in the Sunday School *should* they be studied in system! But how different the intellectual from the moral vineyard! How vast is the machinery in operation to prepare the mind for the active duties of life! How clear and direct the pathway for cultivation of the mental powers! From the time the child begins to lisp in letters, up to the period when the youth learn the wonders of science, there is ample provision. Books by the thousand are provided, instructors are trained to devote their ability to the task, and the pride of learning bows itself down to the limited capacity of the pupil. And when the school days are over, how carefully is the money getting faculty provided for! How urgently is the stimulus of ever-growing thought guided in the pursuit of wealth or fame! Nay more. The frivolous trappings which custom or fashion demands are sure to be gathered up, and the education of either sex is incomplete until it acquires the graces of the dancing school. These may be all well in their place; but who will not acknowledge that moral and religious influences are far—far above them in importance? These are the peculiar and appropriate province of the Sunday School; the lessons here recited, the conversation here had, the books read—all are but as means to accomplish the end of quickening into life and activity the nobler parts of our nature.

We can say that a great object of Sunday School instruction should be to unfold and strengthen the moral nature of the individual. For we be-



lieve in no chilling views of natural depravity, in no theory that would make the human heart naturally averse to good. Thank heaven our lines have fallen in more pleasant places. We cherish the better doctrine, more consonant with reason, with the great law of God's kindness, with the benevolence of the christian faith. We believe the moral sense—the notion of right and wrong—lives in every individual of the race, fixed by the Creator as a never-failing compass to guide men through the mazes of life. We believe the great family of man have 'the work of the law written in their hearts;' that conscience is in every heart, sitting in judgment on the thoughts and actions of life, bearing them witness, and 'accusing or excusing one another.' We know it may be inactive and dormant. It may become choked as the bad influences of the world gather about it, but still it is a living principle, and only needs the appropriate stimulus of warm and invigorating encouragement from the wise and the good. It early and urgently and constantly implores the gentle ministry of the heart of kindness. It requires its infancy to be nurtured, its youth to be directed, and a god-speed given it in manhood's path of honor and duty. Then the germ becomes a plant, the plant a tree, and the fruits are even an hundred fold. Then the moral nature grows with the physical and intellectual; and there arises in all its noble proportions the full stature of the well instructed conscience.

As there is a moral principle in man guiding him in his duties to his fellow man, so there is a religious principle, relating to his duties to his Creator,—leading him to faith and worship. This is no narrow feeling. It is not confined to a creed—it is not limited to a sect. Its scope is the broad field of humanity. It embraces the world of mankind in its horizon. Wherever dwell tribes of human beings, there it exists. Wherever a hope is entertained of a future life, whether by the untutored Indian for his far-off land, where the white man cannot disturb the council fires kindled by the great Spirit, or by the christian believer for the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, *there* is its manifestation. Wherever is the worship of a superior being, whether it be an adoration of the sun and stars, or of the almighty Creator of all things, *there* is religious devotion. All is but the expression of the natural desire of man for an hereafter—a desire which cannot be suppressed. It is seen in the lowest depths of superstition, and

in the noblest hopes of christianity; and all the infidelity in the universe cannot argue it from the human soul.

This, then, is also a paramount object of Sunday School instruction. It is to cherish this precious sentiment; to welcome its early dawning in the youthful breast; to keep it sacred from worldly contamination; to aid it in its struggle to obtain a controlling influence in life. Thus nurtured the heart will ever be ready to respect institutions of religion, and to defend the christian faith. And wherever devotion is seen in sincerity, however erroneous may be deemed its expression, there it will meet with reverence and regard. There soul will respond to kindred soul. The deep seated patriotism of the Swiss wanderer, makes him weep, as his ears catch the sounds of the songs he has sung among the hills and the valleys of his father-land: so will gush forth the heart of the christian, whatever sun may shine upon him, when he hears the hymn of praise ascending in the trueness of worship. It is the answering tribute of his spirit to the sacredness of the occasion.

Parents! look upon this school! Let your children become interested in its duties, and what kind of influence will it have upon them? will it be good? What impression will it leave upon their hearts? will it be such as you can approve? Will they be more likely to grow up in soundness of moral and religious principle? Will they be more likely to defy the atheist's scoff? Will they go from it more able to resist the thousand temptations that must meet them at every corner of the pathway of life? If so, what is the amount of the objection arising from the supposed danger of loading the mind with creeds and doctrines it cannot comprehend? What is it, but as a feather, compared to the weight of the moral shield it throws around the youthful heart. Your pastor, though dead yet speaketh,—'Cherish your Sunday School!' Such is still his silent language—'cherish it as an efficient aid to your society, for it is a ministering influence for good. Stint not its means of usefulness, for it furnishes that which money cannot buy. Yield it your hearty sympathy and encouragement, in your presence and counsel, for it will provide you with solace and comfort in your journey of life. Watch closely over its interests, for its charge is the moral and religious condition of the lambs of your flock—of those for whom you gladly toil and would willingly



die ! And then, if in the dispensation of a wise providence, the bitter cup be destined for you, to see them grow up in sin ; if flowers that now bloom around you more beautiful to your eye than the coronets of kings, hereafter bear the canker-hues of death ; if voices that now make melody to your ear sweeter than the tones of timbrel or harp, hereafter pour forth the foulness of iniquity ; you will still have the consoling reflection that this means of christian influence was not neglected.'

Once more. Our late pastor speaks a language to all in the peaceful close of his life. It was a sentiment of antiquity to call no man happy until his death. Now he is safe from the storms of the world. And how serene was his final departure ! Not a doubt disturbed his dying belief : not a cloud hung between him and heaven. The consciousness of a well spent life—the hope it was his mission to promulgate—carried him in triumph through the dark valley. He had fought a good fight ; he had finished his course ; he had kept the faith. The last of his sojourn here was an emblem of his tranquillity of soul : one moment his spirit—the candle of the Lord—gently flickered in its earthly socket ; then he was not. Being dead he yet speaketh. How solemnly does he say to each one of us :

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

### THE SEA AND THE HEART.

Original.

THE sea is God's ! He made the deep,  
And gave it all its might and sway !  
'Tis he can bid the storm-winds sleep,  
And smooth shall be the great high way ;  
And gallant men with freighted ships  
Can go and come the wide world o'er,  
And breathe a song, with hallowed lips,  
Of joy to hail their heart-home shore.

The heart is God's ! He made it all—  
Its passions and affections strong !  
And he can loose from sinful thrall,  
So peace shall reign the thoughts among,—  
And angels come and go with wealth  
From all the realms of wide spread truth,  
Till the glad soul, in truest health,  
Shall know again the joy of youth.

The sea and heart are God's alone !  
He sets the bounds to each at will,  
And never by them can be known  
Might to defeat creative skill !  
Stand by the sea, O man ! and view  
The beauty of the quiet main,  
And pray thou mayst all wrath subdue,  
To kindred beauty all restrain.

B.

### TRAITS AND SKETCHES.

Original.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

OF THE AFFECTIONS. NO. I.

ONE very sweet evening in summer, two young ladies were walking leisurely through a beautiful woodland, and talking earnestly as they pursued their way, sometimes laughing merrily, and sometimes each wiping away a stealthy tear, which she was ashamed that the other should observe.

The elder was a tall slender girl somewhat past twenty years of age. Her face, was inexpressibly sweet, and there was a meek, placid expression in her eye that revealed the serenity of her spirit. She was not beautiful—the world never called her so ; but lovely and interesting she certainly was felt to be by all who gazed for even a half minute at her pale and modest countenance.

The other maiden could not have exceeded seventeen years, but her beauty seemed richly matured—and surpassing beauty it really was, though not easily described by words. Imagine a complexion of sunny richness—not exactly an olive, but brighter and softer ; an eye of the clearest hazel, hidden by long, very long silken lashes, which were lifted with a sudden motion, at times, that revealed the beautiful 'mirrors of the soul' in all their deep transparency, where thoughts and feelings were reflected like the images of stars in some midnight lake—as bright, as trembling, and as pure. Imagine such a complexion and such an eye ; still you have but a shadow of Clara Waterville—for, as I said before, her beauty was indescribable. More than half her fascination was in sudden glances, and impulsive motions and attitudes. There was always something new in every look and movement—something more graceful and enchanting than those who admired her most could ever expect. Her most perfect charm was feeling. Every look and tone was deeply impassioned. Enthusiasm gave sweetness and energy to every



word she uttered. In all respects she was a most rare creature of beauty, and intellect, and feeling. But let these things pass. I repeat once again, I cannot describe her; so my readers must listen awhile to the conversation that was passing between the sisters during their woodland walk.

'But surely, you will allow, Cassie, that Horace has more than ordinary attractions,' confidently said the younger of the twain.

'Yes, certainly; and that is the very reason why I consider him a dangerous associate for my somewhat too susceptible sister.'

'But you assert nothing against his moral character, and you are altogether too much an admirer of grace and comeliness to make these a serious objection to any man. I tell you plainly, Cassie, that you cannot point out a single fault (of any magnitude) in the character or manners of Horace Willoughby. I am more than half in the faith that your caution to me arises from an overfondness which you, yourself entertain for him.'

Whether Clara uttered somewhat too close a truth, or whether the imputation of selfish motives which her language involved, excited a little pique in the gentle Cassie, I shall not endeavor to determine; I *only* say, she blushed very deeply, and that this blush was not unnoticed by the keen glance of the hazel eyes that hid themselves, like spies, in the shade of soft brown ringlets.

'Clara, dear Clara,' at last spoke a low and tender voice, 'I love you, better than I love anything in the wide world; and I am not selfish. From these truths you must draw your inferences of my motive in cautioning you against the indulgence of too ardent feeling. I would I could do more than caution—I would I could indeed, save you; but I know not what will follow—oh God forbid that it should be estrangement between our hearts, my Clara!'

Tears were in the eyes of both the fair girls, at the thought of any possible shadow that might pass between their love; and as doubts and fears crowded thick and fast into Cassie's mind, she was quite unable to control her emotion. She sunk down upon the soft grass beside the path, and leaned her head upon her knee. She did not weep—her feelings lay deeper than tears. Clara knelt beside her, and clasped her arm about her neck. 'Cassie, dear, darling Cassie, my love shall not come between yours and his. No, *you* shall be happy, weep not; I am a wretch to wound you thus by my selfishness.'

The young girl sobbed audibly, and her generous words were uttered like the last gasps of a breaking heart. Cassie did not answer. For long minutes she seemed scarcely to breathe, so cold and heavy lay the weight upon her heart. 'Ah Cassie! Cassie! Cassie! If you never yet have known the strength of my love for you, know it now! Dearly, deeply, exclusively as I love Horace Willoughby, I love him not as I do your happiness. I will freely throw aside every hope but to see you blessed in his affection. He *must*, he *will* love you, Cassie, for whoever looked on you and did not feel subdued by the goodness and purity of your heart—the sweetness and delicacy of your manners? Yes, dearest sister, I will gladly relinquish all my foolish dreams to see you happy. Fear not for me—my heart has strength you know not of—a hope and a faith anchored in heaven!'

'Bless you, bless you Clara, my dear, good girl! you know not what a peace you have breathed into my heart with those last words,' exclaimed the elder sister, drawing the pale face of the trembling Clara to her bosom, 'I feel now that I can tell you all, and see you rise from the stroke with a spirit unbroken, and a heart sustained by heavenly inspiration.'

She paused, as every one does when about to collect the memories, and calm the feelings for a reminiscence of by-gone events, and while she paused, Clara but crept more closely into her arms, and shrouded her beautiful face more entirely with the long rich curls that fell around it when nestling on that faithful bosom. She trembled so convulsively that Cassie grew alarmed; and pressing her fondly home to her own throbbing heart, exclaimed hastily, 'Clara, I do not love him—indeed, indeed, I do not love him—why do you tremble so? He never shall be mine—never, never, Clara; before heaven I declare it—he *never* shall be mine!'

'Oh he will—he shall be yours. You *do* love him—I see it in your eye, I hear it in your voice, I feel it trembling in your heart. I am not selfish, indeed Cassie I am not, whatever you may think me. I know I have been a wayward girl, and troubled you cruelly with my wilful caprices; but my heart has always been warm with the truest affection and gratitude; and it shall never shrink from any sacrifice that can add to your happiness. Do pardon my childish weakness. It will soon be over, and I shall be strong,



and well, and gay as I have ever been. Oh Cassie, Cassie !

'Dear, artless, generous [girl ! Never before have I half known your excellence. Hear my story, Clara, and you will find in it a lesson that may be of use to you in the trials that have come too early to your innocent heart. It is a sad one, and the memories of which it is made, will unseal the fountains of long-concealed tears. Still it shall be told, for it will explain to you the reason and the necessity of my warnings, and convince you how little cause you have to suspect me of selfish interests.

'When we were left orphans, Clara, I was somewhat younger than you now are—but not half so beautiful, nor half so gifted. Yet was I loved—Oh most purely and fervently loved, by one who united all gifts, and graces, and talents, with goodness of heart and strength of principle such as I have never met in any other person—no, not even in Horace Willoughby. Need I say *how* this love was returned ? I cannot, Clara, for words have no power nor eloquence to tell. You can imagine perhaps. Do you remember those lines of Mrs. Hemans ?

'To love in doubt and woe,  
Shutting the heart the worshiped name above,  
Is to love deeply,—and my spirit's dower  
Was a sad gift, a melancholy power  
Of so adoring ;—with a buried care,  
And with th' o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,  
And with a deepening dream, that day by day,  
In the still shadow of its lonely sway  
Folded me closer ; till the world held naught  
Save the *one* being to my centred thought.  
There was no music but his voice to hear,  
No joy but such as with *his* step drew near ;  
Light was but where he looked—life where he moved—  
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved !

'There were reasons why our love was kept secret from the world—and now it can never be revealed, nor known save to you. I never hoped for worldly happiness in that affection ; but the sweet rapture which it diffused through my secret being was worth all earthly joys beside. I knew that few years, at best would be given me for the possession of a treasure so heavenly. I knew that the being I loved was not of earth, and heaven was already excelling its own. Oh do you wonder, Clara, that I made a love like this the shroud in which I wrapped up my whole being ? Never was there a union of hearts so perfect—never, Clara, in this wide world. But I need not tell you more—

'He died—he died,  
On whom my lone devotedness was cast !  
I might not keep one vigil by his side—

I, whose wrung heart watched with him to the last !  
I might not once his fainting head sustain,  
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,  
Nor say to him, "Farewell !"

'And thenceforth for years, Clara, life was to me all dark and fraught with agony. My struggles with grief were not attended with victory, and I longed and prayed to die. But my prayers were not answered—and I am better now. You came to me, my sweet sister, from school—a gay, beautiful, enchanting creature—and my heart opened once more, and took you in, a welcome guest. Since you have lived with me, I have been quietly happy. I shall continue to be so, if you are blest—but Oh ! how can I, Clara, dear Clara, how can I see you tried as I have been ? Alas, my story is not yet told. Shed no more tears for me, love ; make yourself strong to bear your own sorrows.'

'Oh my poor Cassie ! How wicked I have been to trifle so much with a heart so wounded as yours. Why did you not tell me this sorrow at an earlier hour, and then, Oh I *would* have been tender and kind, and given you all, all my love ! Poor Cassie, how you have suffered !—so patient too, and silent. Can angels themselves be so good and pure ? But tell me all—I am prepared for whatever will affect me. But Oh ! for others' sorrows let me weep.'

'Generous creature ! you will, you must be rewarded for such goodness. He will yet love you. I know he *must*. Clara, have you never suspected that Horace Willoughby has no heart free to give you ? Do you not know that he wastes his deepest affection where it can never be requited ? Clara, I am the bar between your love and his. Years before he ever saw you, he loved, and declared his love to me. My heart was another's—it could never be his. I told him so—but he has hoped against hope—he has struggled with his feelings and failed to conquer them—he has absented himself for months from my presence, and then returned but to plead for what he cannot have. Were he less gifted and excellent I might feel for him less—as it is, dear Clara, do you wonder that his hopeless attachment wrings my heart ?—and that my pains are aggravated by knowing what you, too, must suffer ? Oh that he would but love you ! or else my dear sister, that you would cease to love him.'

'Both of which are equally impossible,' answered Clara, with a mournful smile. 'But you Cassie, have borne the wreck of hope—so can



I. Your example shall be mine, and together we will lift our affections above the earth, and heaven alone shall fill our hearts. Oh God give him, too, rich consolations and blessings !

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'This is the last time I will trouble you, Cassie. You have borne with me long and patiently. You have been very gentle in your resistance of my entreaties, and I—truly can I say, I have been very selfish. But to love as I love—Oh Cassie, so long, so unrequitedly, and still so devotedly and unchangeably—you can pity, if you will not excuse me ; and Oh once, once, my beloved, let me kneel down at your feet and pray heaven to bless you and to love you. God grant that if there be one blessing in this wide world which is not yours, my prayers—too blessed hope !—may make it your own forever. I will not pray that you may be blessed in your love, for I know that on earth you will never love—No, Cassie ; for had it been possible for human heart to win you, you could not have resisted my long and earnest pleadings. You *have* loved, Cassie—and have wept upon the grave that holds the dust of him so dear to you. You never told me this, but think you any secret of your heart can be hid from a love so keen as mine ? No ; it is no secret to me—the silent idolatry of your soul has been long known, and has but increased my admiration—why not speak truly ? my *adoration* of your goodness. But this homage is rejected—the incense of my deepest feelings wins me no response—and so I go at last, not to forget my love—no, never !—but to spare you, henceforth, for years at least, the presence of one who cannot meet you but to adore and to pray !'

This passionate language was from Horace Willoughby. Cassie heard it in tears, but they were tears of pity and sorrow. She wept to see the anguish of that noble heart—and well she might ; for there is nothing on earth so touching as a strong heart breaking with hopeless love. Had it not been for the memory of her gentle sister, Cassie's compassion had well nigh conquered her heart. The generous impulse of her soul would have urged her strongly to the sacrifice of her own feelings to make her lover happy. But the image of the beautiful Clara looked mournfully into her heart, and her decision remained firm as it had been for years. She replied—but it was in a tremulous voice.

'I will not hide from you these tears, nor deny

to you that I am deeply affected by the truth and earnestness of your love. I feel it all, Horace—but I must still repeat what I have told you a thousand times—I have no heart to give. It was, as you have discovered, buried long ago. All that was earthly of my love, has mouldered away with the dust it clung to in life—but its spirit, its heavenly purity returned with *his* soul to the God who gave it. Can I recall it from heaven ? Will it come down again and make its home on earth ? Oh no—Horace, never. And what were my hand without my love ?'

'I ask it not, Cassie. I ask nothing of you but a kind thought now and then. More selfish wishes than these are now at an end. I have come to bid you farewell. I go to a foreign land, Cassie, and this is probably our last meeting on earth. We shall meet in heaven, and you will love me there !'

'You go then. Poor, dear Clara !' exclaimed the faithful sister, forgetting everything but the fate of that loving girl.

'Clara ! what of Clara ? I hoped you would have said poor—at least *poor* Horace.'

'You are not alone in my sympathy. It is mine to see a sister's heart break also. Oh Horace, could you but love her instead of me—she is so pure, and good, and beautiful, and *she* would so abundantly return your love—could you but love her, I should live and die happy in seeing her thus blest. Have you never discovered how she secretly and sorrowfully loves you ? Oh she would die, to know that I have betrayed the hidden grief that devours her, but I could not let you go ignorant that there is one heart that will weep and pray for you continually, and lay away its fragments in the grave ere long, untouched by a solitary affection save that excited by you. As you love *me*, Horace, so are you loved by the loveliest creature—the most beautiful and gifted, and devoted, the sun in all his course has ever shone upon. Oh sometimes breathe a prayer for her ; and as a reward for it, you shall always be remembered in mine.'

'Bless you Cassie, dearest, loveliest ! I will indeed, merit that reward. I will pray for Clara—*she* loves me—and but for you—oh Cassie, but for you, that love had not been vain. Comfort her with this assurance, if you will, and tell her that next to you—but no ; there is no comfort in second-best affection to a heart that truly loves. But of Clara I shall think a thousand times oftener, than if I had not known this truth ; and her



memory will be precious to me as that of a sister. Farewell, Cassie—Farewell.’

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How swiftly years pass away, and how much that is beautiful they bear upon their wings. Death keeps pace with time ; they are boon companions in the work of desolation, and what one spares the other as surely destroys.

There is a grave here—and a mourner. Who sleeps beneath the marble slab ? Read the graven letters. ‘Cassie Waterville, died A. D. 1825, aged 24.’ Young, gentle, pure, she had gone down to her grave in peace and blessedness. But the lonely sister—what would not she give to sleep there too ? What ties have earth for her ? Her heart is blighted—the only one that faithfully loved her is gone forever. She has sunk upon the grave in an agony of grief. It is a lonely place. The world haunts it not, and the dead, even, bless it not with their silent companionship. It was chosen by its lovely occupant ; for it was the spot where *he* had breathed his love. The long branches of elms drooped lovingly around it, and roses clustered upon the sods. Silence and solitude were its guardians. Here, day after day, Clara stole from the world to weep, and pray, and strive for patience and strength. She had grown pale and sad, but her beauty was more touching and holy than in her brightest hours.

She knelt long upon her sister’s grave, and prayed silently and earnestly for the mercy of God. She grew calm at last, and ceased to pray ; but she did not rise from her humble posture, for her thoughts were far away, and she forgot that still she knelt and clasped her hands, and looked toward heaven. She was thinking of Horace Willoughby. He had not yet returned from ‘the land of the east—the clime of the sun,’ and she knew not that he still lived and could ever return. But she loved him yet—better for having loved him long. She pressed her hands upon her heart as though to crowd more closely within it the deep, strong passion of that love ; and while she did so, a low thrilling voice pronounced her name. ‘Clara ! dear Clara !’ It was the subject of her thoughts—Willoughby—who stood beside her !

He had returned to his native land, and his first pilgrimage was to the shrine of his buried love. And when he spake to the gentle being he found there, he thought she too had fallen dead upon the same grave. He lifted her in his arms, and

as he gazed on her pallid face, he almost thought it the face of his loved Cassie—it was so like ! He felt how she had suffered, and sighed to think himself the cause ; and when her first reviving look was fixed on him with such utter joy and tenderness, he breathed a silent vow to God that he would make her happy.

And did he keep his vow ? Daily, for weeks and months, they met at Cassie’s grave, and while he listened to the tender enthusiasm of the beautiful lips that uttered her praises, he felt his heart yielding gradually and willingly to a new affection. And when he followed her to her home, and heard her read Cassie’s favorite poems and sing and play her favorite songs, with a voice even sweeter than the one he had so long thought earth’s sweetest, he could not forbear to tell her that she was now quite, yes, *quite* as dear as even his once idolized Cassie had been.

Their union was upon earth ; Cassie’s—*where*—if not in heaven ? Willoughby was constant through life ; Cassie through life and through death. But judge not from this that I would inculcate the common lesson of romancers, that constancy in love has no existence save in woman’s heart ;—there was not a perfect parallelism of cases here ; for one was an affection fully and faithfully requited ; the other a passion that had grown up in darkness and doubt, and been carried down to the tomb uncheered by a solitary smile. Who cannot *feel* the difference ? Who cannot understand the effect ?

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### FALSE SENSIBILITY.

Original.

MADLINE. Good morning, Clarissa. You see that I have bestirred myself early. I dare say that you did not expect me so soon.

CLARISSA. No, not so early, I must confess. But it may be later than I was aware.

MADLINE. Indeed, your eyes look as if you had not slept well.

CLARISSA. I was awake until three in the morning, and have slept late in consequence.

MADLINE. Well, how is that poor old lady—for you sat up with her, of course ?

CLARISSA. No, I procured a substitute. Sally, the maid, consented to take my place ; for you must have heard by this time that M——’s new novel is out of press ; and I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, until I had attended to it. Old Mrs. W. needs so much waiting upon, that you



know it would have been of no use to carry the book there. Besides, I cannot endure interruption when I am reading an interesting book. I have done with it, and you shall have it, forthwith, if you desire.

MADLINE (smiling.) I would rather be excused.

CLARISSA. Excused! what, excused from reading M.'s last work? Really, Miss Waters, Miss Johnson, Miss Welsh, and the Misses Greenwood will say that you are very excusable; for they and a score of other young ladies have been pulling caps for the first chance to read it, after me. Are you not afraid of being censured for want of taste? You are hardly yet an *elderly single lady*—ha! ha! ha! Come, defend yourself, Abigail!

MADLINE. According to your own confession, this book has already kept you from the side of a suffering old lady, who could hardly be satisfied with the substitute which you sent her. Sally is not a proper person for such an occasion, you know. She is very superstitious, and Mr. W. is very nervous. Sally has no prudence, and withal she is an incessant talker. She is, in more respects than one, an unsuitable person for a sick chamber. Therefore, your book has wrought mischief enough, already; and I should prefer to avoid it, lest I too might be led to neglect the welfare of those who need my sympathy and my attentions.

CLARISSA. You take this matter very seriously.

MADLINE. Facts are serious things. One well authenticated fact is worth a hundred fictions. I, therefore, prefer to spend what time I can spare in reading those works which impart solid information. You have convinced me that your novel has injured old Mrs. W. That is one fact, and I, therefore regard it seriously.

CLARISSA. Your antipathy to fiction appears to me to be unadvised. You forget that our Savior taught with fictions or parables.

MADLINE. I have no objection to ingenious comparisons. You do not suppose that the Savior pronounced those parables merely for the amusement of his listeners, do you?

CLAR. Neither are all romances intended for mere amusement. The moral that can be drawn from them is the very essence of the story.

MAD. I have read such narratives. Indeed, there are a number of instructive tales and romances in the world. But all are not so; and

can you honestly say that you read for the sake of instruction, and improvement in virtue?

CLAR. I think I generally do.

MAD. What is the moral to this last romance of which you speak so highly.

CLAR. It inculcates virtue, benevolence; it speaks highly of the noble qualities, such as courage, constancy, and never-dying love.

MAD. Do not books generally speak in favor of virtue; and could you not find good examples in mere history?

CLAR. Yes, but this book puts the gloss upon those qualities, and renders them attractive and lovely.

MAD. If these qualities are not lovely in our eyes when we see them in their unadorned simplicity, may we not conclude that the gloss of which you speak is foreign, and not naturally connected with those virtues?

CLAR. I do not know that I exactly understand you. I like to see virtue attired in a beautiful dress.

MAD. But virtue is not always so attired. Ought a person to be respected in proportion to the quality of his dress?

CLAR. Now I am certain that you do not understand me. But I can explain my meaning in part. The feelings are rendered more tender and susceptible by the history of human suffering. The eyes often overflow with tears, and the heart is deeply affected. We are made more alive to refined sympathies, and the woes of others become our own.

MAD. I thank you for the candor with which you have plead the cause of romances. I am, persuaded, however, that their effect is quite different from that which you attribute to them. I never heard of one person who was reformed from a vicious life by reading those works; but I have every reason to believe that many have been led astray by too constant a perusal of them. The sympathy of which you speak could not be put in motion by those recitals of human suffering, unless the quality of mercy were originally present with you. These books draw out that sentiment, and set it to work—but it is drawn out and set to work for no useful purpose. Perhaps that you have considered yourself justified by weeping over a tale of unfortunate love, in default of visiting a living and unfortunate being. But our sympathies avail nothing, unless they induce us to act for the benefit of those who need our sympathy.



CLAR. I cannot agree with you. The ground which has been ploughed and harrowed will produce vegetation ; but the untilled soil is productive of weeds and brambles alone. The heart must be taught, as well as the head. The heart that never learns to feel, will remain hard. Who ever heard of a miser or a murderer who read romances ?

MAD. You say that the heart must be taught as well as the head. So let it be. It remains to be proved that the heart is correctly taught by the perusal of romances, which draw largely upon our sympathy, without giving us any rule for directing it into a proper channel. To *teach* the heart, and to work upon its susceptibilities, are not the same thing, else a constant succession of dreadful tragedies would form the best school for virtue. This, however, is contrary to experience. No man is rendered more merciful by continually witnessing the death of his fellow-creatures. A practical executioner makes sport of his profession. You will also recollect that the quality of mercy is found in the breast of a little child, that pity is the distinguishing trait of childhood. It is difficult to make a child understand how guilt cuts off an individual from the sympathies of his race. An unsophisticated mind, an inexperienced heart, gives its sympathy without stint or measure. But you draw a comparison between the human heart and the earth from which springs the herb, and other necessities for the nourishment of animal life. You say the earth does not produce until it has been broken up by the ploughshare and the rugged teeth of the harrow. I will acknowledge the justice of the comparison. The hard heart must become broken and contrite before it can yield heavenly fruit. Also, it must be operated upon, before it can show its sympathy for real suffering. But it will yield nothing unless seed is placed in its bosom. In other words, real deeds of charity must be performed, or the continual breaking up of the heart will wear out the soil to no purpose. I need not cite many examples. You know several young ladies who weep over romances, and who have great sympathy for interesting sufferers ; but recollect one sufferer of whom it is said, that 'his countenance was marred more than the countenance of any man,' and there was no beauty in him which could render his woes romantic or interesting. In such sufferers the devout christian sees the representatives of his Savior ; but we do not read of them in novels. You also know Margaret

Wilson, who never read a romance in her life, who never spoke of the sympathetic tear or the delicate susceptibilities of our nature ; but with her own hands she maintains her aged mother and little brothers, and when called upon to sit up with the sick, never refuses, even at the close of a washing-day, and much less did she ever depute an unskilful maid to perform her duty, while she sighed and wept over the imaginary sorrows of Evelina Truelove and Ferdinand Edward Corolianus Allfrill.

c.

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### FLOWERS.

Original.

FLOWERS have been called 'the language of love'—'the alphabet of angels'—'the fugitive poetry of nature'—phrases equally expressive and beautiful. Perhaps there never was a conceit of greater original sweetness than that which gave passions and sentiments to these 'floral apostles,' of the wisdom of heaven. Fancy a little scene for illustration.

A wild spot is this, and full of poetry. A brook with its voice of music, dashes through, and beneath this group of overhanging maples, leaps from a precipice like a bold young thing of life, and runs on again, laughing louder and more merrily than before, tossing up liquid gems to the sunbeams, and casting strings of diamonds around the necks of the fair, sweet flowers. A pathway is worn irregularly up the steep beneath the shade of the maples, and at the summit, on a soft green bank, sits a delicate girl. She has known, may be, sixteen summers. Her gipsy hat lies on the grass beside her, and her rich brown curls are interwreathed with wild roses, which are scarcely more delicate and soft than her own dimpled cheeks. Gentle creature ! what a world of love lies in her deep blue eyes ; what a still, rich shadow of thought rests upon her brow and around her lips, half-parted ! She is playing with a garland of flowers, and in the pathway below, just far enough down to leave his elbow level with the turf on which she sits, stands a young friend of hers, gazing somewhat devoutly at her beautiful face. She is a little agitated just now,—the color deepens on her cheek, and she breaks her garland by twining it carelessly about her hand. The blossoms fall apart in her lap. Among them is a little blue flower of exquisite beauty called the 'Forget-me-not,' and in the floral language, signifying *true love*. She



feels her hand a prisoner, and within it fervently pressed that little blossom of blue. She lifts her eyes, and a deeper language than flowers can utter, is speaking from the glance which they encounter. Then her hand is released, and the 'Forget-me-not' remains within. The eyes of him she loves are fixed on her with a most eloquent entreaty. She understands the appeal, and answers by placing the flower in her bosom. Not a word has been spoken, but has the 'dumb discourse' been inaudible to their hearts? Is there any need of spoken vows or eloquent words? Let those who have loved answer.

A very sweet poetess of our own land has termed flowers *the alphabet of angels*. She must have had a very beautiful idea associated with those words. What a pleasant study would it be, could one be entrusted with the key of this alphabet, to spell out the holy sentences which must be written over every hill and valley throughout our world! Would they not all be passages of heavenly love? precepts of purity, and truth, and gentle wisdom? How many times is it probable we should find the sentence written, *God is LOVE*? and how many times the assurance that 'His tender mercies are over all His works?'

The author of 'Hyperion' says, 'I wish I knew the man who has called flowers 'the fugitive poetry of nature.' The mind in which an idea so bright and beautiful originated, could not be destitute of rich fountains of thought and feeling. Nature has volumes of poetry. The heavens are one vast book in which every star is but a page; the mountains, and forests, and dark blue oceans, are but so many endless cantos which we may read forever and grow not weary; Niagara is a wild and solemn lyric that sings undying strains; and human nature is a drama of countless scenes, tragic and comic and sweetly pastoral, which may be studied till the mind is old and worn, but will never grow dull or falter in its interest. But flowers—they are the *fugitive* poetry; the little scraps thrown out here and there in the happiest moments of nature's creation; sparkles struck off from a rich quarry; the sweet embodiments of all sweet sentiments; the fragments of an inward beauty breaking forth at odd moments like the scintillations of an uncultured wit.

Horace Smith has written a very beautiful 'Hymn to the Flowers,' every line of which is a gem; and Bryant has given us a poem called the 'Death of the Flowers,' which is among the most

admirable of his productions on this class of subjects; but though of less simple structure, neither of these in delicate and soothing morality surpasses that sweet little thing by Mary Howitt. 'The use of the Flowers.'

Can there be experienced any sensation more exquisite than that with which we greet the first little blossom of spring? When the warm sunbeams have invited us abroad in an April day, and we have trodden the brown hill-sides un welcomed by a living thing, what a childish gladness dances in our hearts at a sudden appearance of a purple anemone, or dark blue violet, peeping from the withered grass at our feet! We would sit down by it and talk to it as to a child we loved. It has a spirit of innocence and truth about it that wins from us an affection like that we yield to 'human flowers!'

We know not how a living plant can be regarded merely as a thing of exterior beauty—a thing without a soul. Wordsworth says of Peter Bell,

'A primrose on the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.'

How many there are of this class in our careless world. Things that are impalpable they will not believe exist; if they cannot see and hear intellect, they have no inward sense to perceive it. 'Nature ne'er can find the way' into their hearts by any of those subtle workings with which she makes entrance into the inner souls of more delicately organized beings. A tiny floweret is her 'open sesame' to some hearts—to others the voice of a hurricane pleads no admittance.

If it be a superstition, it is at least a harmless and soothing one, which invests a sense of existence in the gentle forms of plants and flowers. If it be a fancy, it is a sweet and holy one, which gives to them a still small voice of moral eloquence. Not alone that morality which is enforced by them in the way of illustration;—not an outward and abstract philosophy of which they are merely an explanatory apparatus, but a sweet individuality of instruction—a native and uninvested dowry of intellect which they impart through their own delicate organs. They talk directly to the heart. Their precepts go in and sanctify the soul. They are indeed, 'the alphabet of angels'—more, they are angels themselves. Such a faith is neither without its sources of joy, nor its efficacy of good. Any heart may be made



purser and happier by it, and with such an influence, even error may be cherished and encouraged

S. C. E.

### LETTERS TO ANNIE. NO. V.

Original.

SHAKSPEARE.

Glen-Viola, Feb. 8.

DEAR ANNIE: Do not laugh at me for my presumption in choosing so *great* a subject for my simple letter. Why may not you and I talk about Shakspeare as well as the wisest of his admirers? We certainly shall not be likely to injure his reputation, and have no ambition to add fresh laurels to his brow by any praises our enthusiasm may suggest.

I have been reading over my last letter to you. I notice one error relative to the *scene* of the *Tempest*. I said, 'a lone island in the Mediterranean'—but most of his commentators, and Irving in a late 'Knickerbocker,' have made the *locale* one of our own Bermudas. But this is of little consequence—no one, probably, is certain in this knowledge, and we care little for these minor points, provided we are enabled to discover the many thousand beauties in that wonderful drama.

I have a few words to say about another beautiful production of Shakspeare—'The Midsummer Night-Dream.' I love this for its *fairies*. Not that I affect any peculiar admiration of the elfish tribe in general; but I do exercise an especial patronage toward these 'dainty spirits' of Shakspeare. 'Sweet Puck' is a good-natured, comical fellow in his way, but he is not my favorite. There is an occasional indelicacy in his thoughts and language, which I cannot overlook in beings of flesh and sense; far less in the invisible sprites of the fairy world. I love better the gentle *færy* with whom he holds converse. Her mission is sweetly related.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAL. Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire.  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tale her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those freckles live their savors:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Oberon, the fairy-king, though a jealous and imperious lord to Titania, gains our good will by his favors to the mortals that are concerned in the drama. He talks very sweet poetry at times—do you remember his description of the mermaid's song?

Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

It is a pretty fairy scene where Titania retires to her couch for rest—a couch which Oberon describes thus.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

She seeks this couch with her train of fays, and addresses them in these words:

Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The song of the fairies is a lively little carol, but I have no space to quote it. A word of the *humans* concerned in the play, and I will have done.

Hermia and Helena are the heroines, and their friendship is exquisitely described by the latter in one of her jealous chidings of Hermia. Shall I repeat it, Annie? Do not you know something of a love like this?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Hermia is a very gentle, pure hearted maiden, and her beauty is of an exceedingly feminine character. Her sweet, melodious voice comes to us in every word she utters, like the warbling of a nightingale—soft, tender and full of love's



witchery. Her gentleness and constancy are her most obvious charms.

Helena is more passionate in love, but less amiable in character. Her betrayal of Lysander's and Hermia's confidence to gain the favor of Demetrius, throws a shade upon her character that her many charms and graces can never quite conceal. No motive, however dictated by passion, and excused by plausibility, can palliate treachery—that darkest of crimes—that most detestable of vices.

Theseus and Hippolyta are two splendid pieces of mechanism, that perform ostensible offices in the revolution of the drama, but are too stately and inspired to win much of our sympathy. But enough. I have told you *why* I admire 'The Midsummer's Night Dream'—I intended no commentary or criticism upon its beauties of style, plot or arrangement. In my next epistle I will find a subject of greater interest to you. Till then, adieu.

EVELEEN.

### THE BREAKING OF WINTER.

Original.

THE snow-wreaths are melting away—  
From the hill-top the garland is gone ;  
And the soft winds are stealing a sway  
Over mountain and valley and lawn.

The snow-drop hath burst from its shroud,  
The pansy hath waked from its dreams ;  
The sunbeam hath conquered the cloud,  
And the ice hath abandoned the streams.

From the valley arises the mist—  
From the hills creeps the breath of the south ;  
And the delicate wind-flower is kissed  
By the zephyr's impalpable mouth.

The air breathes a soft, vernal sigh,  
From eve till the blush of the morn ;  
And the birds are abroad in the sky,  
For winter is over and gone.

M. E.

### THE SISTERS.

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'SKETCHING Sophie? beg pardon for looking over your shoulder! but what have you here? something very pretty; also very rural and romantic: verses too, underneath! I did not know you were a poetess—

A cottage white and lowly—  
Blest with affection holy—  
A wild vine clambering o'er it,  
And a green grass-plot before it—  
Such be my home.

Roses the lattice twining,  
The sunbeams through them shining,  
A wild vine clambering o'er it,  
And a green grass-plot before it—  
Such be my home.

Hum—nonsense—love in a cottage—as Mr. Cophagus would say. This comes of visiting country cousins, reading novels under a tree, and taking long strolls by moonlight. I suspected something of the kind, when you gave such a glowing account of your summer sojourn at Grove Farm; and though you said but little about a certain person you there met every day; the varying color of your cheek and lighting up of your eye told more than words. I know who is the hero of your dreams, Sophie. Did I not see Herbert Gray kiss your hand last night when we came in from a walk on the Battery? You need not blush so deeply, for there is no great harm in having one's hand kissed; but do you think father would consent to your marrying a person without fame or fortune? I speak to warn you, sister! I fear you are becoming too strongly attached to him.'

'I will never marry Herbert, or any one, against my father's wishes; but why should he oppose it, if want of wealth is his only fault? You know dear Sara, I care not for splendor or fashion. I desire not to dwell in lofty mansions, for I know that contented and happy hearts are less often found there than in more humble habitations; but why may not Herbert become wealthy? His profession has led many to honor and fortune.'

'I know it, but it requires the labor of years; and then he belongs to a poor and obscure family, much beneath our own, which is another objection. For my part I have resolved never to marry any one who is not rich. I prefer these lofty halls, to a lowly dwelling, this Brussels carpet, to a sanded floor. I would rather sit at my piano in silken robe and gems arrayed, than sing at a wheel like Rogers' Lucy—

'In russet gown and apron blue.'

I think a walk up Broadway or a call at Stewart's, would suit me better than rambling the fields or milking the cows; and music at the opera or the brilliance of a ball room, is far better than the singing of birds or the most delectable moonshine. Let others talk about 'country contentments,' but give me a city life; and I sigh for no cottage, unless it be a cottage ornee, where I might go with a pleasure party to kill a few of the longest and warmest summer days.



Now you look upon me so pitiful ; as though you thought I had not chosen the 'better part;' but do hasten to the window ! quick sister ! for here is Grant with his grays, in an elegant new chariot. There, he sees me, and is kissing his hand. Now he stops, and will wish me to ride of course. He is a foolish dandy, and I do not like him overmuch ; but he is worth his thousands and I shall soon have him at my feet. Dry your eyes now, my dear little sister, and give me a kiss : I am sorry to have made you weep, but all I said was meant for your good. I will say nothing against your favorite to the powers that be, for he is a goodly youth, and a worthy. Adieu Sophie ! I am off with my beau. I will tell him you are taking drawing lessons of Mr. Herbert Grey, also learning the art of stringing rhymes ; and then he will excuse you for not coming to listen to his compliments.'

Alas for Sophie ! she had been suddenly wakened from a happy dream. She sighed heavily as she looked forth from the window and saw her sister depart ; then sitting down by the table on which lay her cottage sketch, she leaned her head upon her hands, and the tears again swelled in her soft blue eyes.

'Poor Herbert ! I must no longer smile upon him : my kind good father will not approve of it ; but how can I give him up ? how can I treat him coldly ? It were better if we had never met ; and yet—Ah I hear his voice in the hall ! but I cannot see him with these tell-tale eyes : I must plead a headache in excuse, and I might well add a heartache also.'

It was not long after the conversation we have recorded, that Sophie one morning received a summons to attend her father in the library. Pale and agitated, she obeyed ; for she knew that Herbert had been with him nearly two hours, and that her fate would now be decided.

'My dear child,' said her father, kindly taking her hand as she entered, 'compose yourself ; you have done nothing to displease me. Here is a very worthy youth, whose only fault seems to be his poverty, which he wishes you to share with him ; and he seems to think you are willing so to do ; but I would fain hear from your own mouth whether this be the truth, ere I come to any decision. I can sympathize in his feelings, for I was once poor myself, and attached to one for whose hand I could hardly hope ; but my employer took me into partnership, and gave me his daughter, and fortune has since smiled upon me ;

but I forget not the less prosperous days of my youth, and never look with contempt upon any however lowly. I would rather my dear Sophie should remain with me always, but I cannot expect it ; or that she should wed some one who would not take her so far from her friends, and who could support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed ; but wealth does not always confer happiness, and I have no power over her affections. If you marry Herbert Grey, my daughter, you will be obliged to go away among strangers, and help him to make his way in the world. He is likely to do well, and I believe he will, or I could not think of giving you to him : but there is my good friend Colonel Lee, who would be happy to obtain you for a wife, and has requested me to use my influence in his behalf. He is not so young as Herbert, but far from being a disagreeable man ; with a fine fortune, and would make a devoted husband. I have thus set before you the advantages and disadvantages of your two suitors, and now how long a time shall I give you to decide between them ?'

'Not a day, not an hour, father, if I am free to choose.' Then turning to Herbert, who in his anxiety to know her decision, had almost unconsciously advanced close to her side, she put her hand confidingly in his, and with a sweet look of trusting affection, added, 'Herbert, I am thine ! and thine only !'

'I thought such would be your choice, my daughter, and you have my fervent blessing, my free consent. Mr. Grant and your sister have appointed an early day for their marriage : your friend here, thinks a double wedding would not be amiss, as he is obliged soon to be at his western location ; and I leave you to settle the matter with him ; you will undoubtedly find him a special pleader.'

Nothing else was now talked of, in the fashionable circle to which they belonged, but the approaching marriages of Sara and Sophie. As is usual in such cases many idle and useless remarks were made by their professed friends. They thought Sophie was a fool to marry a man with no fortune, and she so beautiful, and so much admired. To be sure he was handsome, agreeable and clever, and they supposed she loved him, or thought she did at any rate, for there could be no other reason why she should 'throw herself away.' As for Grant and Sara, they did not think there was much love lost between them. He was rich enough for anybody, and that was all she



cared about in marrying him ; for he was ' hateful looking,' and ' no better than he should be,' but money could make up for everything. And so their tongues never stood still, till the wedding day was fairly over, and both brides had departed ; one to her western home, the other on a gay bridal tour ; and then some new ' nine days wonder' claimed attention and furnished a fresh theme for gossiping.

Five years had passed away, during which Sara and Sophie, like too many married sisters, had seldom written each other ; when the following letters passed between them, bearing nearly the same date, and with these we shall close this simple tale, leaving our readers to meditate upon its moral, and to decide which had made the wisest choice.

MY DEAREST SISTER : Many times have I taken my pen to address you, but I have so much to say, and of so painful a nature, that again and again, I defer the task ; for when we are unhappy, and know that unhappiness to be the consequence of our own folly, we dislike to confess it, even to our dearest friends. But I have ever been free to confide to you all my thoughts, and will still continue so to do, though the relation of my griefs cannot but be painful to us both. Yet your sympathy will be some consolation, though I know that while you pity, you must also condemn. Can I say to you my sister, who are so blest in possessing and returning your husband's affection, that I married a man who I did not, and could not love ; and one who was himself incapable of cherishing for any one a true and pure attachment. I knew he was idle and dissipated, but you are aware how much such vices are overlooked in the highest circles if he who practices them carries the stamp of wealth and fashion attached to his name. Wealth and fashion !—it was for these I sacrificed my happiness and peace ; and Oh how many have offered themselves as victims at the same shrine ; but alas ! I am moralizing when it is too late. I was married to a fortune. We had a splendid house furnished in the latest and most costly style ; we kept a host of servants to do our bidding ; we gave the most elegant dinners and the largest parties of any among our extensive circle of acquaintance, and a continual round of gaiety and pleasure occupied our time ; pleasure did I say ? Oh Sophie ! a life of what the world calls pleasure, is a weary life ! and when the novelty wore off ; when I was no longer ' the bride,' admired and compliment-

ed, I began to feel a distaste for such pursuits ; and when ill health confined me at home, and he who should have remained to comfort and cheer, neglected me to spend his days with a set of idlers and his nights at the gaming table ; then, I repented my choice ; then, I learned that the wife who is not united to her husband by the tie of affection, is of all beings most wretched. Wealth so lavishly squandered could not last forever, and what was not spent in extravagant housekeeping, was wasted in a more criminal manner till all was gone—yes, my sister, all—our house and furniture are sold—the claims of half our creditors cannot be satisfied, and my husband has gone I know not whither. My father has kindly taken me home, and he never reproaches me with a word or look, though you know he disliked Grant from the first, and advised me never to marry him. To make my cup of sorrow overflow, my little boy, my darling Herbert, who I hoped would copy your husband's virtues while bearing his name, was suddenly carried to the grave by an infectious disease. He was my only comfort, my only hope in life, and now my heart is indeed broken. This affliction is so recent, I cannot dwell upon it at present, I will write to you again when the bitterness of my grief has abated, if that time ever comes. O Sophie ! I can say no more, for my eyes fill fast with bitter and blinding tears. I need not ask you to write. I know your affectionate heart will not long leave me to sigh for its sympathy, and I shall count the hours till your answer comes. Heaven bless you, my sister, and ever spare you the grief and regret which press so heavily upon the heart of your affectionate and unhappy

SARA.

Had Sophie received her sister's letter but one day sooner, she would not have sent the following account of her own happier lot.

MY BELOVED SISTER : A long time has been allowed to pass away since we have written any thing to each other. It ought not so to be. Those so near and dear as sisters should never allow neglect or indifference to grow up between them, however widely separated. I think of you every day, and every day resolve to write ; but time passes swiftly, and I do not adhere to my resolution. I will defer it no longer. I have sat me down at the earliest hour of a breezy morning, with fragrant zephyrs and bright sunbeams, stealing through the roses at my cottage window, to communicate to my dear Sara some of the overflowing happiness of my heart. If you recollect



the little sketch which led to an interesting but painful conversation between us, six years ago, you have in your mind's eye a picture of my present home ; for Herbert took that as his model, and he has it framed and carefully preserved in our own room ; I therefore need not describe our habitation, and of the scenery around ; I will only say it is very beautiful. Here, I am perfectly happy, perfectly contented. My husband realizes, and more than realizes, all my hopes. He is as devoted, as tender, and true, as when he first sought and won my heart ; and I have never for one moment regretted the hour which made me his. My little Sara is beautiful as a cherub ; she talks as fast as her aunt, and is quite a companion for me when my husband is gone from home. Our residence is just out of a flourishing village, and not far from the borders of a magnificent prairie, which stretches away to seemingly an interminable extent ; with a carpet spread over the whole of its vast surface green as emerald and soft as velvet ; with clumps of majestic oaks that have flourished for centuries ; and many flowers which are carefully cultivated at the East, blooming spontaneous in wild and beautiful luxuriance.

With so much to charm the eye, and elevate the thoughts in the scenes around me ; with my botany, my pencil and my child, to divide and occupy the time, it never hangs heavy on my hands, and I am not lonely even when Herbert is away ; and when he is with me the enjoyment is doubled, for he takes an interest and a share in all my pursuits. Often, in the still summer evenings, we sit beneath our woodbine-covered porch in 'the most delectable moonshine' that ever lit this lovely land, and Herbert's octave flute turns the silence around to melody. I sometimes sing my old familiar lays, and he says—the flatterer—that my voice grows sweeter every day. I am growing egotistical, but you are my sister, and will excuse it. Write me as freely about yourself and your occupations, everything will be interesting. Remember me to Mr. Grant, and give a kiss to your dear little boy. Tell my good father how contented, how blest I am, and believe me, my dear Sara, there is such a thing as happiness and 'love in a cottage.'

Ever yours, SOPHIE GREY.

Hartford, Ct.

KINDNESS to all, wins many a blessing ; visiting the sick, and administering to their wants, knits soul to soul with gushing feelings.

## TRUST NOT TOO MUCH.

Original.

TRUST not too much the world's delusive smile,  
Dark cares will come its joys can ne'er beguile ;  
Trust not too much in hope, though bright the ray,  
And sweet the light with which she gilds our way,—  
Yet trust her not too much ; she will thy heart betray.

Trust not too much in friendship's sacred ties,  
Woe to the heart whose all of comfort lies  
Enshrined amid the forms of much loved friends !  
If earth no shade with this sweet union blends,  
Death with relentless hand these cherished heart-strings  
rends.

But if thou wouldst enjoy what earth can give,  
Look to the source of life and learn to live ;  
Thy Father's law with strictest care fulfil,  
Bowing thy heart to meet His sovereign will,  
If weal or woe betide, to trust His goodness still.

Then shall indeed thy heart with pleasure glow,  
The blessed streams of peace around thee flow :  
Earth has no wealth can be compared to this,  
She has no lot so full of heavenly bliss ;  
Look upward then and live ; thou canst not live amiss.

M. G.

Boston, Mass.

## A DIALOGUE FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Original.

WHITTEN. I have just been reading the account of St. Paul's visit to Athens, and find a new interest and charm in it every time I read it.

HOYT. It has been so with me, and I do not know how many times I have read it with the remembrances of our lessons on ancient history.

W. Yes, without them we lose much of the force of the apostle's reasonings, and cannot discern his ingenuity and eloquence as we can with their aid.

H. To what would you particularly refer ?

W. To the introduction. A reader unacquainted with history would not dream that in the very opening of St. Paul's discourse there is a display of great skill in approaching his subject.

H. I do not know that I have noticed that particular—please explain your meaning.

W. You know that it was a law in Athens that no one, on penalty of death, should introduce a new god, without leave of the sacred tribunal.

H. Yes, I have read of such a law, and thought it strange that the wisdom of the sages did not show them the folly of men making gods.

W. True. The Apostle of course would elude the penalty of that law, for the Deity he preached was certainly a new one to them, and he therefore referred to an altar erected with an



inscription—*To the unknown God*, and, said he, 'Whom therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.'

H. That was admirable, for as there was an altar thus erected, they could not blame the apostle for declaring the unknown God, and he implied that ignorantly they at that shrine had worshipped the true God.

W. Did you ever meet with an account of the origin of that altar?

H. Yes; it is said that about 600 years before the birth of Jesus, there was a terrible pestilence in Athens, and to avert the continuance of the calamity, sacrifices were offered to all the deities, but without avail.

W. That was like what was done by the Pope and Cardinals in Rome when the cholera raged. They carried a black image of the Virgin through the streets to avert the calamity, and found no good, while the inhabitants of other cities had recourse to cleanliness, temperance in food and drink, and other rational means, and were blest.

H. Well, as the Athenians obtained no relief, a philosopher, of great reputation for wisdom, advised them to take some sheep to Mar's Hill, there let them loose, and follow them till they lay down to rest—then to sacrifice to the god near whose altar they might be.

W. A singular method indeed to find out what deity they should worship with success.

H. Nevertheless they did do so, but it so chanced that when the sheep stopped they were in an open place where there was no altar or temple, and the people therefore took them and sacrificed them to the unknown God, who had caused the pestilence, and reared an altar to his honor which was the original of the kind St. Paul saw.

W. It is indeed a pleasing thought that this circumstance, so long before the christian era, should prepare the way for the great apostle to preach undisturbed the doctrine of the One True and Living God. Without the existence of such an altar, it is difficult to tell how he would have been permitted to declare the truths he did preach.

H. True, and we know not but that these two incidents, separated by 650 years, had a connection in the all-wise Mind, and that man's ignorance in the one case prepared the way for the successful introduction of the wisdom of heaven in the other.

W. Yes, and that convinces me how we should always remember that God operates for ages to come as well as for the present generation, and

that in calamities that now afflict us, there may be concealed the greatest blessings, as is seen in Joseph's history.

H. We too often forget that, or else we should more seek out the good of trials and afflictions, and not suffer them to overwhelm us.

W. Very true; and we see this want of right judgment and feeling often manifested when a storm is raging. How many complain bitterly because it disables them for some business or pleasure, and how few think of its blessings in purifying the atmosphere, filling the springs and wells, and watering the earth to make it fruitful in due time.

H. And how singular are many in this respect. One day they will scold terribly because they have not water enough to wash with, and the next day will scold because it rains, forgetting that if the air is not then fit to dry and permit them to trip out on a visit, they soon will find the rain has provided a rich blessing for the next washing day, besides making all nature look bright.

W. Yes, and while one farmer thinks it too bad that his hay should be so much wet, another frets because the same rain could not continue a little longer for the benefit of his corn field, and so neither is suited.

H. The same as it was with the Jews with regard to John the Baptist and our Lord. They said John had an evil spirit in him, because he was austere, and that Jesus was a glutton and a wine bibber, because he was so social and free, and could eat with publicans and sinners.

W. Yes, and the Savior likened them to musicians in the market place, who tried gay music and sad music, and could not suit the people.

H. Well, let us learn to have a disposition to enjoy what may be enjoyed, without lessening it by complaints.

W. 'For a poor, and weak, and erring child of dust,

Should not wonder or murmur, but hope and trust.'

LOVERS. Ninon de L'Enclos observes, that 'if a man gives a woman wealth, it is only a proof of his generosity; but that if he gives her his time, it is a proof of his love.' This, however, cannot be considered as a conclusive proof, for, in giving their time, many men bestow that which is of no value to themselves or others.

MUSIC. Music often awakens long sleeping echos in the soul; and though never heard before, seems familiar to the ear, as some voice, loved in childhood, remembered in a dream.



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**NEW STORE.** The office of the *Repository* is removed to the new and commodious building two doors above the old stand—on the corner of Franklin Avenue—38 Cornhill. In this building are the store of A. Tompkins, the office of the Repository, Mr. Bang's Printing Establishment, and Mr. Herbert's Bindery, so that the connection will afford the opportunity to our friends to do business in reference to Books and Stationery, Printing, and Binding, together, with ease. Of 'our Printer' we have spoken and still speak in full recommendation to our friends, and would speak equally so in behalf of our Binder—Mr. Thomas Herbert, who is a fine young man, deserving the patronage that may be extended to him.

To the *New Store* we invite our friends. They will find a good assortment of Books and Stationery there, and any accommodations they can desire. The building is seventy feet deep, and one of the neatest in the city. And in the rear part there is an excellent room for the accommodation of our friends visiting the city.

Ministering Brethren and Laymen visiting the city have often felt the want of a place where without formalities they could meet with the neighboring ministers, for business and sociality. The little room they have in former times been crowded in is burned up, and in the new building on the same ground there is all they can need, and they are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the privileges there afforded them. They will there find the denominational and secular papers, and will always be welcomed. Remember No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

**THE DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN.** Such is the title of a new work about to be published by A. Tompkins, and will probably be for sale about the 20th of March. It consists of Six Lectures, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Richmond, Va. They were delivered in the Universalist Church in Richmond, and more recently in the Universalist Church in Charlestown, Mass. to very large congregations, and universally admired. At their delivery in Charlestown, the spacious church there was crowded, and the admiration great. They will be found to be valuable—full of thought and sound sense—the poetry of truth, and eloquence of deep felt seriousness and earnestness. Br. Chapin is regarded here as a very eloquent preacher, and the reader of this volume will find that his eloquence is not all in manner, but its soul and beauty is matter—elegant and harmonious language embodying sound and important truths. The following is the prospectus:—All pros-

pectuses in the hands of those who have obtained subscribers, are requested to be sent in immediately.

'The author of this work does not expect to surpass or to equal the valuable books upon the same subject already before the public. He does not pretend to set forth new ideas and duties. But his object is to do good—to impress the importance of right action, in every position and relation, upon the class whom he addresses. He would contribute his aid, such as it may be, in establishing the great principle of *duty* in the heart. He would humbly speak for his country and for the age—for righteousness and truth—for humanity, and for God. The work consists of Six Lectures, the topics of which are: I. Self Duties. II. Social Duties. III. Duties as Citizens. IV. Intellectual Duties. V. Moral Duties. VI. Concluding Lecture. It is calculated that it will form a book of not less than 200 pages, well printed and neatly bound. To be ready by the 20th of March. Price 50 cts. Seven copies for \$3. All those friendly to the object, are respectfully requested to use their exertions to circulate the work. Abel Tompkins, No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH, &c.** All persons holding prospectuses of this work by Br. Adams, and who have obtained subscribers, are requested to make returns by the first of April, as then the work will be out of press. We hope our friends, especially our sisters in the faith and service of Universalism, have exerted themselves in behalf of this work. They will be engaged in a good work who aid the circulation of this volume. It is full of comfort, truth and interest.

**NAZARENE.** Br. Gihon is informed that the Repository has been regularly mailed to his address at Heightstown, N.J. from the commencement of the vol. We have had no orders to alter it; but shall hereafter send it to Philadelphia. We like the Nazarene much. Br. S. W. Fuller is a workman indeed. God bless him!

**THE PLAIN GUIDE TO UNIVERSALISM:** Designed to lead inquirers to a belief of that doctrine, and believers to the practise of it. By Thomas Whittemore. Br. Whittemore has issued a work which for mechanical beauty will compare with any one as yet published in the order, and is really pleasant to look on, for its clear type and nice paper. The largeness of the type and whiteness of the paper, will make it very welcome to the aged inquirer or believer; and we are sure that the perusal will be as agreeable, if the right preparation of mind and heart is enjoyed. We received the work after all our notices were made up, and therefore have had no time to examine it. The outline of the work is given in our former notice—See No. for Jan.—and we are confident that we are safe in commending it to the very careful attention of our patrons and friends, and to the public. We shall refer again to it in our next, and apologize to Br. W. for this meagre notice by the lateness of the hour we received it, remarking to our readers that it is just out of press. The volume is large duodecimo, 408 pages, and bound very neatly; price \$1. It can be had at this office.

**UNIVERSALISM AGAINST PARTIALISM.** A new work is announced by Br. W. M. Fernald, of Newburyport, under the above title. It will consist of a series of discourses, delivered in that town, upon the great controverted questions pending between the advocates of Universalism and those of antagonist doctrines. It will, doubtless, be a work of merit, for the author is a deep thinker, and writes with energy and force. It will contain from 250 to 300 duodecimo pages, and will be neatly printed and bound. Had we



room, we would gladly give place to the whole prospectus, which contains an outline of the work. Returns of subscriptions are requested to be made as soon as possible to Br. Fernald. Subscriptions will be received at this office.


**SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTOR.** We perceive that a prospectus is out for a new volume of this paper, by Br. E. N. Harris, Lynn, Mass. to commence in May next. We have watched the progress of this work, and must say that it has been much improved—its interest has gradually increased, and its coming is hailed with pleasure by the young. Let it be encouraged.


**LAYMAN'S LEGACY, Vol. II.** In the 'Union' for Feb. 22d. we find an announcement of the publication of the second volume of the 'Layman's Legacy,' by Henry Fitz. It is expected that it will be published early in April, and will contain a continuation of the discussion of important doctrines and morals, in the bold and severe style that characterizes the author's writings. The same author announces the forthcoming of another work entitled, '*A choice between two horns of a dilemma*;' an essay on the present condition and future prospects of the Jews; addressed to the descendants of Abraham. It is proposed to publish it in 18mo. size, bound in fine muslin, and to be afforded at 50 cts. Subscriptions received at this office.

**A DISCUSSION of the Doctrines of Endless Misery and Universal Salvation, in an Epistolary Correspondence between Alexander Campbell, (Baptist,) of Bethany, Va., and Dolphus Skinner, (Universalist,) of Utica, N. Y.** Such is the title of a new work about to be published, and will consist of forty letters (twenty by each disputant, and occupying equal space) besides six or seven shorter preliminary letters by Messrs. Spencer, Campbell, Montgomery and Skinner. It will fill between 400 and 500 pages—it will be neatly bound, and lettered, and furnished to subscribers at the very low price of ONE DOLLAR per copy. The four following are the momentous questions discussed in this controversy: 1. Are *Sheol*, *Hades* and *Gehenna*, (translated Hell,) or either of them, ever used in the Scriptures to express a place, or state, of endless misery? 2. Do the words *Olem*, *Aion*, *Aionios*, &c. (translated everlasting,) when applied to the punishment of the wicked, mean duration without end? 3. Is there any word in human language that expresses duration without end, which is not applied to the future punishment of the wicked, or which can certify us that God, angels or saints, shall have duration without end? 4. Shall eternal life (meaning thereby endless holiness and happiness) be, according to the Scriptures, the ultimate destiny of all mankind? Of the first and second questions A. Campbell takes the affirmative, and D. Skinner of the third and fourth. This work was published, as the letters were written, periodically, in the *Milennial Harbinger* and the *Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*, from February 1837, to July 1838, when the Discussion was brought to a close; and now for the first time it is published in book form by itself, and offered to the public. No questions can be of deeper moment to the theological student, or the inquirer after truth, than those here discussed. What justice has been done to these questions by either side, the reader must judge after carefully perusing the same. The work will be put to press at an early day, and it is expected it will be ready for delivery to subscribers by the time the spring business and the navigation of the canal shall commence. Any person paying \$5 shall receive six copies of the work. No trust will be allowed, but payment down required in all cases, except where persons ordering the work are known to be perfectly responsible, and to them but a short credit can be allowed.

ed. Subscriptions and orders for the Discussion to be returned as early as possible, either to D. Skinner, O. Hutchinson, or the Magazine and Advocate office, Utica, N. Y. Also. P. Price, Union office, N. Y.; J. H. Gihon & Co., Nazarene office, Philadelphia; A. Tompkins, Ladies' Repository office, and Thomas Whittemore, Trumpet office, Boston; Rev. E. H. Chapin, Richmond, Va.; Gad Chapin, Louisville, Ky.; and J. A. Gurley, office of Star in the West, Cincinnati, Ohio, will act as agents in disposing of the work to subscribers living nearer to them than to Utica. As the volume cannot be sent by mail, those ordering it will either call for the work at the office of publication, or designate how and where it shall be sent, and it will be sent at their risk.

**THE EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.** We hail with pleasure the 2d No. of the new volume, because of its intrinsic worth, and the need of such a work in our denomination. The contents of this No. are of a high order, and consist of, Art. 1. Scripture Doctrine of the Logos, or the Word, John i. 1, &c. by Rev. W. E. Manley; 2. The Minister and the Pulpit, by Rev. T. B. Thayer; 3. Use and Importance of Biblical Archaeology, by Rev. O. A. Skinner; 4. Interpretation of Figures in the prophetic and poetical parts of the Scriptures, by the Editor; 5. Literary Notices—'Means and Ends,' by Miss Sedgwick, and 'Shanty the Blacksmith,' by Mrs. Sherwood. We can give but one reason why the *Expositor* is not better patronized, and that is, our brethren do not know the worth of the work, and its connection with the progress of the great and holy cause of truth. That, at least, one work for elaborate articles of research and critical talent, should be sustained in the order of Universalists, is no longer a matter of controversy; and we must consider it a subject of lamentation that the publishers must still publish the fact—that they have not received, as yet, sufficient to pay the expenses of the last year's publication. We call upon *non-subscribers* to consider this work, and see if they do not feel that they will benefit themselves by extending their patronage; and we call upon *subscribers* to make it a matter of importance to punctually remit their subscriptions to the publishers. We earnestly commend the work to every student and young minister, and assure them that the work will be ever valuable to them.

 **LETTERS—POSTAGE—PROSPECTUSES.**—We receive altogether too many prospectuses by mail taxed with the postage, and this should not be. Let it be remembered that, prospectuses should be returned by private conveyance, or the postage paid by the sender, unless the sender has a number of subscribers to return.

 The '*The Christian's Triumph*,' and '*Chapin's Lectures*,' being bound books cannot be sent by mail, as is often requested; they must be sent for by stage, or by persons coming to the city, or directions explicitly given to whom, what place, and how the books should be directed and sent.

**SERMONS ON THE BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.** The press has teemed with sermons on the melancholy calamity that sent a shock of terror and sorrow throughout the whole nation, and it is well that the teachings of wisdom in this event, should be brought home to the hearts of the thousands who need to feel more deeply the instability of all earthly things, the need of prudence, the worth of religious trust and hope. We have received two of these occasional sermons, published,—the one by Br. Le Fevre of New York City, the other



by Br. T. D. Cook, of Utica, N. Y. Of their excellence we cannot decide other than by a hasty glance, as the press is waiting for this notice, and this glance tells us that they are interesting and of value. They may be had at this office. Price of the first, 12 1-2 cts.—the other 6 cts. The former we perceive was repeated by special request, and doubtless deserved the compliment paid it.

**LAST QUARTER OF THIS VOLUME.** It will be seen by the date that this No. commences the last quarter of the present volume, and now is the time for delinquents to forward without delay their subscriptions. We are getting ready to end well, and commence well again, and hope that our patrons will be patrons indeed.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.** Several articles prepared for this No. have been crowded out. Among them a fine poem from Mrs. N. T. Munroe, which will be given in our next, as we hope will also some other article from her pen. 'The Bridal' in our next. The author of 'Trust not too Much,' we hope will accede to our solicitations to favor us with continued contributions, assured that they will always be welcomed. We thank J. P. F. of Troy, Mo. for his interest in our success and for his efforts in our behalf. 'He is a good agent!' says our publisher, and we feel grateful to him, as good agents are essential to the permanent prosperity of any work.

'Tales for Children' by Juliet, are very gratefully received, and a continuation is earnestly desired. The commencement will be in our next.

## Monthly Record.

**DEDICATION.** A new and commodious church was dedicated in Amoskeag, N. H., on the 12th of February. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas. We learn that the prospects of the society in this place are very flattering, and the co-operation of a judicious pastor with the efforts of the ardent friends there, must produce great good. We regret we were prevented from attending the dedication. A Union Church was dedicated in Wilmot, N. H. Feb. 6. Sermon in A. M. by Rev. Mr. Harding, Methodist; in the P. M. by Br. J. P. Atkinson. A union church was dedicated in Tunbridge, Vt. Feb. 5. Sermon by Br. R. Streeter.

**WITHDRAWAL FROM THE MINISTRY.** We deeply regret that the state of Br. J. Shrigley's health is such, that he is compelled to give up the ministry as a profession. In his letter to the standing clerk of the 'Connecticut State Convention,' he says—

I can assure you it is one of the most painful acts of my life to be thus obliged to relinquish what has been to me the holiest and happiest of duties.

In withdrawing from the ministry, I wish to bear testimony to the kind christian treatment which I have always received from my ministering brethren, and to return my warmest thanks to the Universalist community for the numerous tokens of kindness which I have received from their hands. Whatever may be my lot in the future, I shall ever hold them in affectionate remembrance, and while life lasts, I hope to be worthy of their continued confidence and esteem.

Permit me to remark, *my faith in the restitution has undergone no change.* I still rejoice in the hope of the 'final issue of the reign of grace,' and consequent happiness of all mankind. I hope to be able to practise this doctrine in life, and enjoy its life-giving power in death. Amen.

Affectionately yours, J. SHRIGLEY.

**REMOVALS.** The EDITOR removes this month from Haverhill to *Marblehead, Mass.*, and desires all *personal* communications to be directed to him there after the first of April next. Communications pertaining to the 'Universalist and Ladies' Repository' should be directed to the publisher, Boston, Mass. Br. Joseph A. Bartlett has removed to Bridgton, Me. Br. George Hastings will remove to Swanzey, Mass., in April. Br. Joseph O. Skinner has removed to Framingham, Mass.

**A NEW CHURCH** in Litchfield, Herkimer Co. N. Y. was dedicated January 22.

**CLERICAL CONVERSION.** We learn that Rev. B. F. Newhall, a respected and talented member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has openly acknowledged and defended his belief in the Restitution. He was a local preacher in Saugus, Mass. where he has been, and must still be, held in high esteem for his christian character. May he be strengthened, and be successful in the conversion of many to the 'Most Holy Faith.'

**GERMAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY** in Cincinnati, O. Br. Gurley of the 'Star in the West,' has the following paragraph in a late No. ;—'The fact has just come to our knowledge, that there exists in this city, a German Christian Society, who hold most strictly to the final salvation of all mankind. We understand that the members are among the most respectable and intelligent Germans in the city. As yet, they have no house, but propose to build one soon—some money is already raised for that object. They have made application for the use of the Universalist Church, when not occupied by the Society. We hope to hear of the prosperity of our German friends.'

**NEW SOCIETY.** A new society has lately been formed in Beverly, Mass. Br. John Prince is engaged to preach to them every sabbath, and we rejoice to learn that he is succeeding so well.

**NEW CHURCH.** A new church is about to be erected in Stoneham, Mass.

**SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.** We find by our exchange papers that many of the Schools in this vicinity have had exhibitions by their scholars, and have uniformly been means to awaken a livelier and steadier interest in the concerns of the school.

**INSTALLATION.** Br. A. A. Miner was installed pastor of the Universalist Society in Methuen, Mass. Feb. 26. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner. The friends in this place are united and strong in the faith. Their confidence in their pastor is full and justly so; and we pray that they may still prosper in the unity of spirit and faith. Br. Wm. C. Stull was to be ordained as Pastor of the Society in Farmington, Me. on the 26th of February.

*List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Feb. 29, 1840.*

J. L. S., Vernon, \$2; Z. C. J., Phenix, \$2; I. P. B., Middletown, (pays up to June 1840.) \$5; A. B., Middletown, \$2; H. C. C., Jamestown, \$3; M. A. F., Cumberland, \$1; D. A. Columbus, (Pays up to June 1840. We have sent all the back Nos. that can be obtained—this also pays for back Nos.) \$3; C. J., Dexter, \$2; J. B., Dudley, \$8; C. F., Westerly, (the book cannot be sent by mail) \$1; J. P. F., Troy, \$5; D. G. H., Smithfield, \$4.50; P. M., Cold Brook, \$4; J. S., Perrysburg, (pays up to Dec. 1840.) \$3; G. W. M., Auburn, (We are entirely out of No. 12—the former \$2 was received—have not printed any copies of your article) \$17; J. L. R., Mill Port, (We have corrected his account according to his letter) \$5; J. M. S., Hartford, \$11.



# THE LONG LOST STRAIN.

*Tenderly and Slow.*

1. Oh! not more dear To Swit - zer - ear The sound of na - tive  
2. That long lost strain Re - calls a - gain The brief but hap - py

strain, . . . . . Than is to me, The mel - o - dy That  
hours . . . . . When Friend - ship, - Truth, With Love and Youth Were

now I hear a - gain! At ev' - ry tone Some smile that's gone, A -  
play - mates in these bowers! - And yet it tells Of some fare - wells 'Twas



- gain doth seem to live With all the light That Beau-ty bright In oth - er days could  
 hearts that had en - twined Their hopes and fears For all the years That joy on earth could

*poco rall.*

give! . . . . . Oh! not more dear to Swit - zer ear The sound of na - tive  
 find; . . . . . Oh! not more dear to Swit - zer ear The sound of na - tive

*a tempo.*

strain, . . Than is to me The mel - o - dy, That now, . . . I hear a -  
 strain, . . Than is to me That mel - o - dy, But cease, . . . it gives me

*cres. molto legato.*

- gain!  
 pain!

*e piano.*



# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

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## TRUE GREATNESS.

Original.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN, OF RICHMOND, VA.

*The following Address was delivered before the Lyceum, Charlestown, Mass.*

THE passion for greatness is deeply seated in the human heart. By greatness, as I here use the term, I mean *distinction*—eminence among men—without regard to the circumstances which procure that distinction, or to the nature of the qualities in the individual, or of the popular feeling, upon which that eminence is founded. Now, that we should desire an immortality among men—that is, a posthumous remembrance, a memory which shall live in the heart and be fresh on the lip, when we have gone to our last resting place and have no more participation in the things of earth—its joys and sorrows and manifold interests and passions; I say, that we should desire to live in memory when we are dead to all these, seems natural enough, and, under proper restrictions, presents us with no objectionable sentiments. We feel under the consciousness of posthumous fame, that the high and developing intellect within us, shall not go out forever from among men; but that even here it shall leave traces of its immortality, and, in its pathway through this firmament on to its home among other worlds, it shall leave a glow, that the eyes of others may see that it has been here, and may track its destiny. This feeling is often a life-hope to man. Toiling skill and suffering genius have known its power to soothe and to sustain, amid the darkness of poverty and neglect. Need and persecution, and contempt and sorrow, are around them and before them in their path to the grave—but beyond that are the awards—the living immortality—the remembrance of future generations;—and, when they are sleeping quietly beneath mossy hillock or in obscure nook, the works they leave behind them shall excite the wonder and the admiration

of men, and their sepulchres shall be sought out—the monumental marble shall rise above their ashes, and the sculptured garland shall adorn their statues; and as generation follows generation, their deeds shall be known and their names shall be sounded abroad. Such are the dreams, often illusive, of thousands; and they sustain and nerve them up to toil and to suffer;—and they are the causes, too, of producing good to the world, by exciting real talent and true excellence to diligence and fruition. The desire of immortality, then, one, and indeed the chief characteristic of greatness or distinction, may be cherished without, perhaps, involving with it evil and overweening desires. But too often it is a passion nourished deep in the heart, at the very fountain of life—draining all its fresh and joyous springs, stifling every better aspiration, and checking every purer principle that presents its higher claim. Too often its glory-crown gleams on beyond hosts of evil deeds to be performed, and the altar at which the aspirant sacrifices is the altar of Moloch. But it is not only of the desire for immortality, abstractly considered, that we would speak. It is of this desire for distinction—for elevation above the mass—by some mode either of riches, or power, or genius, or by some unusual and singular act—this wish to be, in the popular sense of the term, *great*. This desire, we repeat, is deeply seated. It is often a vulgar feeling, which possesses no nicety of discrimination, but which drinks in with a gratified ear the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of popularity, and gazes with a delighted eye upon the pomp and gaudy and meretricious show of parade, the outward and the timed—going no deeper with its thought—guided by no philosophy. But the desire to be great among men, in whatever form cherished, is often an unhallowed one, or, if at first kindled by emotions that are not wrong of themselves, breaks out anon in a



sweeping and desolating flame, absorbing everything else in the intensity of its own unsatiated violence. Take such an ambitious man from his earliest years down to the day of his death, and you see this truth vividly exemplified. Amid the circle of home—around the fire-side or on the play-ground—this spirit breaks forth and exhibits itself in miniature pre-representation or foreshadowing of the deeds of after years. It shows itself at first, perhaps, in a determination to excel in some boyish sport, or to gain the head of the form in school. These desires are comparatively harmless, and of themselves might lead even to noble results; but by and by that individual goes out into the world. He finds himself among a busy, bustling, toiling mass, and perceives that he may easily be absorbed in this mass, and remain unnoticed, and pass through life undistinguished from millions of his fellows. But, as he looks around, he discovers that there are some who stand out from the rest—who are, as it were, elevated above the crowd; and who, despite a thousand protestations to the contrary, he sees honored, and even fawned upon, by those who are loudest in these protestations. The show of these triumphs—the attendant circumstances, as well as the honor itself—arrest and dazzle his eye, and his ambitious spirit sets itself to work to discover the causes of their distinction, or, as the many with whom he mingles say—their *greatness*. He soon perceives that there are several ways of attaining these lofty stations. He finds *riches* to be one of these. With no other thought but the gratifying of his impetuous desire to be great, he strives to accumulate wealth as the chosen means of distinction. Soul, sense, heart, from that moment, are all absorbed in toiling for money. The sun and the fair world smile upon him in the morning, but money, money, is the object before his 'mind's eye,' and he heeds not the beauty of the breathing universe—the golden stars look down in loveliness through his lattice as he lays his throbbing head upon his pillow, at night, but money, money is dogging his vision with its haunts; and the holy heaven and the bright hosts above him are unnoticed. The poor man stretches out a trembling hand in his way, and the widow lifts up a tearful and pitiful look to his face, but he spurns them as he passes—for the boon to them would lessen the store by which he is to be great. His earliest and best friend sues to him for a little relief in his utter destitution, but he harshly refuses, because he would take from him a portion

of his riches. And so he goes on;—and by and by the crowd notices him, and the parasite fawns upon him, and the curious gaze with gaping mouth upon his splendid equipage as it rolls haughtily by, and earth's titled ones open their arms to him—and he is a great man.

Or, he finds that he may be great in the political world, by a little subtilty and adroit skill, and what the moralists would call 'wear and tear of conscience'—and so no art is left untried, no political creed unsworn to. He watches, with a cunningly contrived telescope, the varying phases of party, as anxiously as an astronomer watches the moon—and he joins all ranks, as surely as those ranks pass by him flushed with the purple of triumph. The language in which the Irish orator describes Napoleon, may, narrowed to suit his sphere, and used metaphorically, describe him: 'A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant, a christian and an infidel.' Or, if his mind be of a more expanded nature, his may be the dark plottings and the wily intrigues of a Cromwell or a Richelieu; at any rate, principle, patriotism, all, will be sacrificed to gratify this craving after distinction, this longing desire for *greatness*, until that wished-for summit is attained, and he stands before you—the triumphant demagogue, or the throned tyrant.

But if his are yearnings of an ambition that is the offspring of greater thoughts—of original genius—wider will be his sphere of action, and darker and more withering will be the evils which attend his onward and reckless course. If his passion is to be 'lord of the lute and lay,' if he is an aspirant in the sunny fields of literature, nothing but that which tends to aid him up the steep of fame, to wreath the fresh and dewy laurel on his brow, will be eyed, and he will sacrifice principle, honor, happiness, to be thus great. Or if empire is his object, if he would wear a purple robe, and hold the reins of power—battle-fields thronged with the dying and the dead, and strewn with the wrecks of nations heaped up among their torn banners—battle-fields are his sphere of action, and unmelted, unawed by all the terror and desolation he scatters in his way, he will mount, amid scorching cannon-flame, and blood, and smoke, to the summit of that tottering and crumbling arch, where beckons him the crown-bestowing hand.

I have thus endeavored to show you, by exhib-



iling a supposed individual instance, the length to which the passion for greatness, that is so common and so ardent, will carry men. The object of this lecture, and the teaching which I wish to impress upon you at this time, is the important truth, that *usefulness is the test of true greatness*; and therefore, many, who are by the world called great, and who fancy themselves that they are so, are unentitled to the name. He who has wrought something for the benefit of his fellow-men, who has labored, although it may be in an humble station, in some truly good cause, is in reality a far greater man than many a wealthy millionaire, successful politician, laurel-crowned poet, or robbed conqueror. He is greater, my friends, because by greatness we mean something noble and lofty—something that is worthy of a creature born with generous propensities, and with capacities that rank him but a little lower than the angels. He is greater, we speak it reverently, we believe, in the eyes of Him who judges the act by the motive, and to whom the widow's mite was of greater value than the treasures of the rich, and the fervent supplication of the publican than the pompous declarations of the pharisee.

But that we may illustrate this truth and impress it upon you, I wish you to glance with me, rapidly, over a few records of history, and to determine candidly which were truly the greatest men in the instances mentioned.

No sooner was Philip of Macedon dead, than his son Alexander, at the age of twenty, was seated upon the throne, and placing himself at the head of an army, marched to the banks of the Danube, crossed it in one night, defeated the king of one nation, scattered another, and subdued a third, by the dread of his name and the power of his arms. He then turned upon Thebes, invaded Asia, and defeated the Persians at Granicus, Issus, and Arbela, invaded Egypt, conquered the Scythians, penetrated India, and died at Babylon. This mighty conqueror is known in history as Alexander the Great, and the world has rung with his triumphs, down, through all its generations, and amid all its ranks of household heroes, to the present day. His war-hosts swept from the rolling Danube to the gliding Indus, from Iaxartes to the mystic Nile—his banners waved in triumph on the lofty towers of sea-gilded Tyre and the turrets of the famous capital of Chaldea. And well, therefore, did he wear the purple robe and the laurel wreath. But desolation and death were in his track. Lofty as were

the triumphs of the self-styled son of Jupiter-Ammon, earth was the great altar upon which were strewn his hecatombs, and red was that altar with blood;—and he died, reeling with the wine-cup in his hand, in the drunkenness of debauch—‘conquered,’ in the words of Seneca, ‘by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal club of Hercules.’

But look farther back, among the dim shadows of antiquity, more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Cadmus, an adventurer from the coast of Phœnicia, who crossed the sea and founded Thebes, or at least a citadel called by his own name—Cadmus carried into Greece sixteen letters of its alphabet, elements of a glorious language, that were to kindle in the strains of the orator and burn in the glowing epic; that were to be repeated in a thousand forms, in the porches and groves of philosophy, and to thrill, as with a triumph, the pillared arches of future temples; that were to immortalize Homer, and move a million hearts with the stirring eloquence of Demosthenes; that were to enshrine Eschylus and Euripedes in classic memory forever, and preserve to the world the teachings of ‘Plato the divine;’—nay, more, when dark ages had hung upon the world, and fetters bound the noble mind, were to be the watchwords of the morning dispelling that darkness—the notes of freedom breaking those fetters; and from the tombs and the temples and the altars of old Greece, were to pour down a flood of light that should spread through the wide earth, and with the melody of ancient song were to thrill the hearts of distant barbarians; were to be repeated with that melody in a far island of the sea, where living intellect should catch its inspiration; and away across a world of waters, beyond the distant pillars of Hercules, were to be read and repeated in a land that should recount the deeds of Marathon and Thermopylæ, should emulate its bards, and heroes, and sages, and rise above the cloud of its orient glory.

Compare, by our criterion, the two; and tell me who was the greatest man; he who sowed blood and tears and desolation in the earth, or he who brought to the birth-land of genius the letters of the Greek alphabet?

But take another instance. Moved in some instances, perhaps, by a reverence for those countries in which the scenes of the Bible had transpired, and which were now in the possession of the unbelieving Mahometan, and especially as



according perfectly with the martial spirit of the time, which feeling was partially fostered by the zeal and eloquence of renowned leaders—in the course of that period which is styled the middle ages, a spirit sprung up among the chivalry of the times, which resulted in expeditions known by the name of the Crusades. Among the bravest and most ardent of those warriors who periled life for 'Cross and Shrine' in the Holy Land, was Richard the First of England, or Richard the lion-hearted. He besieged and captured the city of Acre, conquered the Saracens of Azotus, and performed feats of valor and personal prowess, which well entitle him to the proud name he bears.

Turn we from Richard for a short time, to another character which appears upon the horizon of history. We point you to an obscure monk of Saxony, born in Eisleben, in 1483, by name Martin Luther, and a professor of theology in the University of Wittemberg. Papal corruption had spread darkly and deeply through christendom. The pure principles of that gospel which had come down in such spiritual beauty from heaven, were almost lost to the eyes of men, veiled and shut in by forms and ceremonies and false doctrines. In the secrecy and silence of his study, Luther began to throw by human authority, and preferred to fallible opinions, the holy Scriptures and sound reason. And he was called upon to act, when John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, began to preach indulgences; that is, hired for the purpose by the Archbishop of Mentz, solicited the Germans in the name of Leo X. 'to expiate with money their own sins, and those of their friends, and future sins as well as past ones.' Stirred up by this procedure, Luther publicly exposed at Wittemberg, on the first of Oct. 1517, ninety-five propositions, in which he attacked the indulgence-seller, and even censured the pontiff himself. And from this, the cause went on. On, in spite of controversies and decrees, went this champion of the Bible and of truth, drawing others powerful of themselves to his aid; and from his openness and boldness, no doubt proceeded that reformation which broke the bands of spiritual despotism, rolled back the night of error and superstition, and in its progress has brought liberty and prosperity and light.

Now, which was in reality the greatest man? Richard with his mail-clothed hats and fluttering banners, or Luther with his Bible? Richard, pealing his war-shout at Ascalon and thundering

with his battle-axe at the gates of Acre and strewing the sands of Palestine with the gallant dead, or Luther, facing Tetzel, contending with Eckius and firmly standing up for truth and the right at the Diet of Worms? Grant that the one was rash, impetuous and headstrong, and the other possessed of many high, noble and generous qualities, still, when we consider the position of each—the obscure Saxon monk, standing up against the united power and malignity of Europe, and the kingly warrior at the head of chivalry and surrounded with his hosts—when we look at the amount of benefit conferred by their deeds upon humanity, (the true test) which, we ask, was the greatest man—Richard the Lion-Hearted, or Luther the Reformer?

One more instance. Some of you were contemporaries with one whose deeds in the end of the last and the early part of the present century, shook all Europe. From an humble Corsican subaltern, he passed through the grades of a military chieftain and a Consul up to the imperial purple and a throne. His pathway was strewn with battles. Marengo, and Jena, and Lodi, and Austerlitz, and Brodino, form the shrouded and misty scenes through which shifts brightly his strange career. Earth has seldom, if ever, seen such a man. The memory of his triumphant march across it, is breathed from the olive-bowers of Italy to the desert snows of Moscow—it is spoken with a trumpet-tongue from the lofty battlements of the Alps, and is echoed by a thousand voices at the mystic pyramids;—and now, an island, lonely and ocean-washed, towering and sublime, is his monument and his sepulchre!

Turn from him as he sleeps, to another character. He was born at Hockney, England, in 1726. In 1756, with the intention of viewing the effects of the dreadful earthquake in that city, he set out for Lisbon—but the frigate in which he sailed was captured by the French. After his release he visited Italy, and on his return settled near Lymington. But his confinement in France, it would seem, excited that spirit of sympathy for the poor, the distressed, and the suffering, which has rendered his name famous. The poor cottage was the object of his benevolence, and the desolate and incarcerated felt his kindness. He visited the prisons of England; three times passed through France, four through Germany, five through Holland, twice through Italy, once through Spain and Portugal. But he fell a martyr to his humane zeal, and at Cherson, after



visiting a patient who labored under a malignant epidemic, he caught the infection, and died Jan. 20, 1790.

Forget, my friends, the dazzling glory-show that surrounds the one—forget the pomp of battle-triumph and the wonder of genius—and compare them with an eye single to the true test—benefit to mankind—and tell me which was the greatest man, the victor in so many battles, the wonderful, the laurel-crowned, the hero—or the philanthropist, who toiled amid prison-damps and suffering, and fell, in the great cause of human melioration a martyr? Which was truly the greatest man—Napoleon le Grand, or John Howard?

I might proceed with contrasts, such as Alaric the destroyer and the inventor of printing—the rich Lydian, Cræsus, and the English chemist, Humphrey Davy—Richelieu, the French Cardinal, and the American philosopher, Franklin;—but enough has been said in this way. You all perceive that usefulness is the true test of greatness.

But you may tell me that I have quoted, in all instances, examples of those whom the world has proclaimed to be truly great—the difference between them existing in the qualities which have constituted that greatness; and you ask me how are the humble-minded and obscure to learn a lesson from this. True, I have done so, but I have not only *quoted* but *contrasted*, and wished you to say yourselves which was the greatest; and I now proceed to bid you mark the *quality* which, in that comparison, constituted in your mind the superiority of the one over the other. And remember you will find that *it was something which contributed to the good of men*. Cadmus and Luther and Howard, were servants of their fellows in deeds of physical, intellectual and moral good; whereas Alexander, Richard and Napoleon, were ambitious and grasping men, whose love of fame, and whose strong desire for conquest, led them to the commission of acts, dazzling, but fatal to the happiness of men, and which acts, because dazzling, raised them to eminence in the eyes of the world. And now mark what I say, and that is, that however poor or obscure you are, you may possess the quality which made Cadmus and Luther and Howard truly great, namely, the doing of good, however humble or obscure your sphere may be. To the splendid renown of Alexander, Richard, Bonaparte, it is probable you cannot attain, for you will rarely strike upon a combination of circumstances like those which

elevated them in the eyes of men, and formed the radiance of their glory. Neither may your field be so wide and lofty as that of Luther or Howard; but while you cannot at all participate in the elements which formed the fame of the one, the least of you, the poorest, may be sharers with the other, may be their co-workers in the cause of human melioration, of human progress. This is a thrilling and sublime thought, but it is not too thrilling, or too sublime, to be true. You, each one who hears my voice, may achieve some good—may act, and act effectually, for God and for the human race; may cast his mite into the treasury of high thoughts and noble deeds, that are working like pious leaven to the elevation and improvement of the mass.

But you may not be known to fame—your name may never be sounded abroad or handed down through earth's generation—your life may glide along unnoticed by men, and your tomb may be undistinguished among millions. But what of that? Are the plaudit and the laurel the only criteria of true greatness? are the shout of the multitude and the pomp of admiration always the reward of these who do nobly and are strong for truth and the right? Think not, think not, that all the truly great are known to fame—that all have a niche in the great temple of mortal renown. No! there are thousands of the leal and the lowly who pass from earth with no blare of trumpets or flush of torches around their bier, with no blossoms of hope upon their graves—who yet in life's great battle have fought a good fight—who in the wide vineyard of humanity have gone forth with tears, and returned with golden sheaves! In the obscurity of mountain-hamlets they have toiled and suffered—in the silence of their closets they have prayed—in the drudgery and humiliation of their daily labor they have wrought with cheerful hearts, and to the ear of the wayfarer and the ignorant they have borne testimony for the true, the normal, and the holy; and the soul of the sinning has been melted, and the steps of the wandering have been led aright, and the tears of the sorrowing and the passions of the troubled heart, have been soothed and humbled by their means. There are thousands like these, even now, in the highways and marts of existence, unknown, unhonored, whose names will never be sung to the lyre, whose forms will never be moulded by the chisel, whose history no glowing page shall bear; and yet whose deeds will tell upon the aspect of the future, and quiver on the



heart-strings of the soul. And are they not of the truly great? What do they need to make them like those whose names have been lauded and sung—

‘Who pass with lighted eyes and radiant brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel boughs?’

What do they need, except the voice of human applause, and the circumstance of a wider and more prominent sphere of action? Nothing. And are they not, then, I ask, of the truly great? For what is human applause but the contingent accompaniment or effect of true greatness—it is not true greatness itself; and what matters it whether the field of good action has been broad and prominent, or not, if the man has acted up to himself, if he has diligently employed all the talents and all the opportunities of which he is possessed? Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, rushed to defend his country, and died at the pass of Thermopylæ, and circumstances made this act prominent, and history has recorded it—but

‘—the village Hampden that with dauntless heart,  
The petty tyrant of his fields withstood,

has passed down to his grave unhonored, unsung, but yet he acted upon the same principle as that which stirred the breast of Leonidas; he acted for it as far as his ability allowed, as far as circumstances required; and is the mere fact of a name in history going to make us bestow honor upon the one, and deny it to the other? Is not the principle of true greatness manifest in both?

Washington, the glorious Washington, was of the truly great. And he has received the human rewards of greatness. The world honors and we are proud of him. We cherish his likeness in the glowing canvass and the marble statue, and we preserve his memory in the granite monument; nay, it is whispered over our cradles and planted in our hearts. But, I ask, was not each man who stood forth for his country and the right, in the time of darkness and peril; was not each man, poor and humble as he may have been, as truly great in his sphere, as Washington in his? Say, was not each man, who flung by his implements of husbandry, wiped away the tears from the eyes of his little ones, pressed a kiss upon the pale lips of his wife, and shouldered his musket and rushed to the mist that hung over yon proud hill from the cannon's mouth and from yon burning dwellings; rushed to do battle and to die, to sprinkle his blood as a libation upon the altar of freedom, and whose white bones are mingling with the very sods beneath your feet; say,

was not each man who lived and did like this, as truly great in his sphere of action, as he, who sleeps in that land of mighty names and consecrated ashes,

‘Where full Potomac flows,  
Bright 'neath Mount Vernon's sun?’

No; true greatness is not always sounded aloud by the trumpet-tongue of winged and flying fame. Applause and honor are not essential to its existence and effectual operation. And therefore I say again, that although you may win no gilded trophies and wear no wreaths, still you may be truly great—you may be co-workers with Washington and Howard, with Luther and Paul.

But what *are* the rewards of our labors for the true, the right and the good? Man needs some consolation to cheer him and urge him onward in his toil, to nerve him with endurance amid his sacrifices and his sufferings. When there is no promise and no hope, come darkness and despair; and the human heart is so constituted that ever-present, unmitigated despair, will crush it. Even for the most unimportant and temporary labor, we expect some reward. In every instance, when we have sown the seed, we brighten and prepare the sickle and stand waiting for the harvest. The night may be long and sad, but then we expect the morning; the storm may be dark and wild, but we look for the sunshine and the rainbow. And what, what shall be the reward of him who toils in the great cause of human welfare—whose claim to greatness rests upon that true test—usefulness. What shall be his reward? You cannot promise him the flowing honors of this earth—you cannot promise his name a record, or his ashes a monument; you have stripped from his heart the hope of human glory; you have told him that his deeds shall not stand among the marbles of those great men, whose honors are so revered, and who stand with passiveless lips and calm eyes, because their work on earth is done; you have told him that no note of his triumphs shall swell through the long line of coming ages; and now what shall be his reward? I answer, it shall be given in the depths of his own soul—it shall consist of the blissful consciousness of duty performed, of treasures laid up above. And is not this enough for the truly great mind? Is not this enough for him who looks forward to the end? Who views earth with its honors as it really is, and the soul with its faculties as it really is? Who sees the crowns of laurel withering with years, the columns of granite



crumbling with decay, the footsteps that have printed the sands of time washed away by the waves of ages—and yet, with the eye of faith, beholds the spirits of the meek and lowly, like the stars above us, looking down upon earth forever in all its convulsions and mutations, and giving it light—robed in immortal beauty, and living in heaven.

My friends ; I doubt not in the hearts of many who hear me, throbs the aspiration for greatness. I doubt not, that in various ways this attainment is sought for by you. It is a natural desire. The avenues to distinction are many, and they are thronged with eager seekers. Knowing, then, of the wide prevalence of this sentiment, I have taken this opportunity of speaking to it. I have endeavored to arrest the footsteps of some who are rushing hastily on, and have humbly and candidly defined for them, according to my idea, true greatness. I have illustrated the principle by historical contrasts. I have shown them that the notion that it is only accompanied by applause and honor, is a wrong one, and I have pointed them to its pure and lasting rewards. I have now only to apply my subject.

I wish you, then, every one who hears me, to remember to impress upon the mind, the leading idea which I have set forth, that *usefulness is the test of true greatness*. Carry this principle out into the world with you. You have need of it. You are dwellers of the nineteenth century. You are American citizens. You live in a land of education—a Bible-land. Never, never did there rest upon any people, such a strong and binding obligation to act, and to act rightly, as upon you ! Never were there individuals into whose hands are placed such weapons for God and for humanity ! The revolution composed but one of a series of great events of which this country should be the theatre—which this people should accomplish. It was one of the first uprisings of the man, sundering in despair his iron fetters, and seizing upon the implements of warfare that lay at his hand—and with these he struck such a blow, that the stern-set hollow armor of feudal forms and hoary dynasties trembled and wrung again. But are we to pause here ? We have obtained political freedom, it is true. But do we need no loftier and nobler liberty than this ? Do we need to fight no battles save those of which the trophies are dismounted cannon, torn banners, and splintered glaves of steel ? Do not mistake me, my friends. No man despises more heartily than

I do, the sickening cant of the day, which talks of progress and of freedom, and attaches to these words no definite ideas—which kindles the enthusiasm of a mob, which would make America the personification of anarchy—Até—and not the classic Minerva, moving onward, calm, stately, and beautiful. There is a progress which I wot of ; but it is the progress of the swollen and unnatural torrent, that bursts from all lawful restraint, sweeps the fair fields of peace and promise, rushes in riot through the homes of men, nor pauses to foam out its blackened wrath, until it has flowed over temples and monuments, tombs and altars. But when I speak of progress, it is not of such a progress as this—when I allude to a warfare that we should wage, I do not allude to battles with fearful weapons, to battles of anarchy and of wo ! I mean a moral and an intellectual progress—I mean a moral and an intellectual strife. And I say, such is the progress and such is the strife, which I would see moving in my country. Such is the field in which the laurels of true greatness are to be gathered ;—and such are the labors in which every one who hears me, may bear a part.

I ask you, then, if you are doing aught for the intellectual and moral advancement of your countrymen—of the race ? Are you out in the wide vineyard of humanity, fulfilling your station, whatever that station may be—undaunted by adversities, and looking forward with a glad and trusting heart, to the golden and abundant harvest ? Or, are you laboring only to secure some temporary end—grasping after some light and mortal triumph—seeking for some means of mere earthly distinction and greatness ? Are you absorbing your talent in the search for gold ? Are you trimming your sails to the breath of popularity ? Are you wasting your precious energies over the midnight lamp, in order that some one of the million may say, ‘Alas !’ above your grave, and give you a marble and a niche ? Now, if you are seeking distinction at all, you are seeking it in some one of these ways—the last is the noblest and the most respected—but in any of them, you fall short of the true idea of man’s end and his duties. In either instance, you are false to the position in which you are placed, and to the privileges which you enjoy.

We will suppose that, in the course of a few years, you accumulate wealth. You erect a splendid mansion, you gather around you all the delicacies and enjoyments that riches can pro-



cure. And when you have thus heaped up treasure—when you thus repose in splendid ease—when you see the multitude pointing you out as the rich man, and numbering you from among the many; will you be satisfied, will you feel that you have accomplished your end? One breath of the midnight flame will wither your monument of glory to ashes;—one orphan's grateful tear, one widow's prayer of blessing, will build you a better, a more durable one!

We will suppose that you become a popular favorite. The music of adulation, the pomp of place, the magic of influence, are all yours to-day—but to-morrow, the wind may change, this very populace may thrust you out from all your honors, and you may stand like disconsolate ruins, cut off from every hope, and detesting the callings which you have obscured forever—now, one honest effort, one truly good deed, performed for your kindred of the human race, will strike a note that shall quiver on celestial chords—will blend with the music of a strain that shall never die.

Or, we will suppose that you secure the palm of intellectual superiority. Is it a palm that will never fade? Is it a triumph that will survive these changing tones and seasons that work so mightily around us? Think you that all—that more than a moiety—of those who have been crowned and robed in the great mental course; have left their names to us? Think you that there are not hundreds who walked with those mighty masters of antiquity in porch and grove, who stood in the forum and upon the stage—with a mien as stately, with a brow as lofty, as theirs—think you that there are not hundreds like these, whose memories are forgotten, or whose works have perished? Indulge not this selfish motive. The little child whom you have led up to the fold of knowledge, whose tiny feet you have planted in the paths of virtue and religion, shall speak of you, when, perchance, the monuments of heroes shall perish, and the trophies of mighty wisdom are crumbled and buried forever.

Thus much, pre-supposing your success in any of the ways in which you have chosen to seek distinction. But you know that this success itself is dubious. You know that the path to that greatness which has no claim but the distinction that accompanies it, and the notice which is taken of it—is difficult to tread, and that thousands fail by the way. But this greatness of which I have spoken, is a sure attainment. As I have already

said, the poor and the humble and the obscure, may possess it. It belongs not alone to earth's mighty. It is not plucked in the smoke and flame of battle—it does not gather its lustre from gold and gems; it does not depend upon the breath of popular applause, or the pen of history—it is sure, original, immutable—the boon of all ranks and conditions. It is possessed by him who has struggled all his days with the bitterness of poverty and neglect, and died unnoticed—it is the possession of those—

‘——the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,—  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,—  
Spoke with us on earth no more!’

It is the possession of the martyr, whose soul went up from the shouting and the flames; it is the possession of those ‘who have come up out of great tribulation,’ who have laid aside the implements of their earthly toil, who walk by the cool, calm waters that gush from the Throne, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, whom the Lamb feeds and leads unto living fountains of waters, and from whose eyes God hath wiped away all tears.

Strive after true greatness, then, my friends. Strive for the welfare of humanity. Labor in your vocation, whatever it may be, but do not shut up your sympathies within the narrow limits of self and of interest—let them flow out, broadly and warmly, for the race. Act for your country, for duty, for God—and may you enjoy the blessed experience of the truth—**THAT USEFULNESS IS THE TEST OF TRUE GREATNESS.**

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Original.

A RAY of light broke through the gloom of a dungeon's grated cell,  
And like to hope on dark despair, that ray of sunlight fell:  
It fell on woman's wasted form, on woman's bended head,  
And pale the face with misery, as is the silent dead.

Hers was a path of loneliness, a fate of bitter wo,—  
And sin and crime with their dark weight, had laid her spirit low;  
Ay, crime within a woman's heart, is oft a fearful thing,  
It scathes the soul and withers up the heart's deep, holy spring.

There came no sigh from the torn breast, no tear from the glazed eye,  
She thought not of the bitter doom, the death she was to die!



The man of God had come with words of comfort to her heart,  
She turned on him her cold, stern eyes, and told him to depart.

They told her of her fearful crime, and of her dreadful doom,  
They spoke to her of death, and sin, and of the dark-some tomb,—  
Her proud lip curled, her dark eye flashed, with bitter scorn and pride,  
She gave a wild and mocking laugh, but not a word replied.

She sat alone—she raised her eyes as that lone, lovely ray  
Shone in her cell, like to a star upon some lonely way;  
Her dungeon door now slowly oped, a fair child glided by,  
She came with quick and bounding step and glad and joyous cry.

She came to that lone woman's side, she laid her fair, young brow,  
Close to the cheek so stained with crime, so dark with passion now;  
She raised her mild, blue, loving eyes up to the care-worn face,  
Where neither love, nor hope, nor joy, seemed to have left a trace.

She put her soft arms round her neck, and pressed her lips to hers,  
Not yet is that stern heart unlocked—not yet the spirit stirs.  
The fair child clasped her tiny hands, the tears came warm and free,  
'My mother', said the little one, 'wilt thou not speak to me?'

Awhile the mother sat and gazed upon her fair, young child,  
The stern lip quivered in that gaze, the flashing eye grew mild;  
And then she strained her to her heart, in one wild, eager grasp,  
And all the love and joy of earth, was in that twining clasp.

The heart's deep fountains were unlocked, the mother was revealed,  
The warm affection of a child had all its springs unsealed;  
The blight of sin had scathed her soul, like lightnings from above,  
But yet o'er all, through all, shone out a mother's deathless love.

Dark thoughts arose—her slight frame shook—as visions o'er her swept,  
Visions of home and by-gone days, and the stern mother wept.  
Less wildly now she clasped the child, unto her heaving breast,  
And kissed the brow, and mildly said, 'A blessing on thee rest.'

'A mother's blessing, though the stain of crime be on her brow,  
A mother's eyes are on thee child, a mother clasps thee now;  
And though a bitter death be mine, my blessing will have power,

For God will hear a suppliant, in this lone, dreadful hour.'

She knelt—that sinful mother knelt, and prayed in that lone cell,  
Prayed for her child, while every breeze pealed but her dying knell.  
O is it not a holy thing, a mother's deathless love?  
It lives on earth mid sin and crime, and it *must* live above.  
N. T. MUNROE.  
Charlestown, Mass.

## LETTERS TO ANNIE. No. VI.

Original.

THOUGHTS ON WORDSWORTH'S POEMS, REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

Glen-Viola, Feb. 26.

DEAR ANNIE: You have no idea how busily the time is employed in the little glen this winter; but winter is nearly past now—look at the date of my letter—and the birds are really singing very prettily around the brookside; even robins are to be heard warbling their rich notes at sunrise, and one dear little scarlet-winged black-bird has been with us nearly all the winter.

And time is so very busily employed, Annie, that reading has been woefully neglected, of late. Woefully, I say—yes, it is a *too* not to find more leisure to spend with my books, for what sweet companions they are—always so 'matterful' and so instructive. But so very little have I been with them for the past month, that I can tell you nothing new at all, that I have received from them; but in lieu thereof, I will send you a few 'thoughts' which were hastily sketched down some months since during a perusal of the poems to which they refer; and which were then intended to be sent with the volume to a friend, to supply the absence of my own interesting self. But they were *not* sent, and so you shall have them; for are they not too valuable to lose? Take down your volume of Wordsworth, and while you read the notes, and the poems they refer to, fancy me, if you please, snugly seated at your side.

'The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

The wish expressed so beautifully in these lines of the opening poem, was undoubtedly the motive which induced the composition of these little epics, lyrics, and *pastorales*. A desire to preserve 'a continuity of existence,'—a kind of retrograde yearning of the soul—a 'rushing



back' of the affections to the simplicity and innocence of childhood, incited the poet to this definite coloring and grouping of juvenile pictures. As one loves to decorate the walls of his apartment with miniatures and likenesses of those who in days 'lang syne' made up the homestead circle, so has our poet desired to gather before him the tangible miniatures of objects, and scenes, and feelings that were dear to the heart of childhood, ere it knew of pain, or sin, or sorrow. I love and venerate this feeling. I have no sympathy with such, (to use a striking expression of Coleridge) as 'exist in fragments'—who have no affection for the past, nor desire for the future—who live in the isolated present, careless of all prior and posterior influences. I love better a heart like Wordsworth's, which clings to the memory of childhood, while it aspires to the wisdom of age; which delights to link year to year in one bright and perfect chain, so that, throughout, the golden grain may run unbroken—a continuous being.

A constant remembrance of the purity and simplicity of our early years is one of the most effective influences to keep the spirit free from base and corroding passions. It is only when we have cut off that white, small thread of youthful being, that we can draw another strong enough to bear the weight of manhood's sensualities. To keep 'a young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks,' is the true secret of a serene and happy life. Seared and blackened then, must his heart be, who can ridicule and condemn these pure and gentle emanations of a mind which, from its earliest years, has fed on nature's holiest truths. Of such a one I say with Coleridge: 'Not willingly in his presence would I see the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue; I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek.'

#### NOTES ON THE POEMS.

1st. Simple as this little prayer-poem is, there is a world of feeling and beauty embodied within it.

'My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky!'

How impulsive, how natural, how true and pure is that feeling—the leaping of the heart at the sight of beauty and glory! The whole character of the man is told in that simple act. We feel at once that he is a poet and a christian—a good

man and true.—The earnestness, too, of the ejaculation,

'O let me die!'

as though death were far preferable to a loss of the fresh, vivid enjoyment of beauty which had made the charm of his earlier existence. Then follows as the reason of this ejaculation, the wish quoted at the commencement of this scrap, upon which I have already amplified.

2d. *To a butterfly.* The same feeling is here expressed, though in different language, and upon a different theme. '*Historian of my infancy*'—what volumes of thought are 'curdled' into that one phrase! The sight of a butterfly could renew in him the memory of whole years—their events, their hopes, their feelings, the scenes in which they were passed, and all the dear friends whose love and companionship made them beautiful. Ah, this is the poet's wondrous power—to make small things talk so much—to win from floating shadows revelations of past and future generations! The tender and delicate allusion to his sister's gentleness in the last two lines, and the wealth of prayer thrown into three words, are characteristic of Wordsworth's heart and mind—generosity of affection, and condensity of thought.

3d. *Foresight.* A sweet little lesson of good, set to music—what we may call, *infant economy* in rhyme.

4th. *Characteristics of a child.* A pretty picture of infancy, and most life-like. (By the way, Annie, your little Mary to the life.) There is a delicate simile to infant wit—

'Unthought of, unexpected as the stir  
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers.'

5, 6, and 7, belong not to Wordsworth, yet contain much of his gentle spirit.

8. *Lucy Gray.* A sweet little ballad, so full of duty.

9. *We are seven.* This is a poem to love. Its whole sentiment and object is told in the first verse—childhood's ignorance of death. The picture of the little cottage girl is perfect.

10. *Anecdote for fathers.* It is a peculiar trait in Wordsworth's poetry, that every little incident which he relates, bears upon some point in morals, or rather, embodies in itself some sweet and beautiful truth. This anecdote well illustrates a remark in '*Hyperion*,' that *some feelings are quite untranslatable*; and when we are forced to give a reason for our preferences, it proves often to be



as little like the truth as the 'no weather-cock' of the boy.

11. *Rural architecture.* There is a meaning in this little poem which I cannot quite *get at*—a reference to some events in history—perhaps the French revolution, in which our poet is known to have enlisted many sympathies, and to have been disappointed. The 'giant' which his mind had built up, had been overthrown, but like the boys upon 'Great How' he resolved to build him another '*Ralph Jones*'—or else he intends to express himself wearied with the works of men, and eager to be once more a boy, light-hearted and free, having nothing worse than the elements of nature to contend with.

12. *The pet lamb.* A very sweet little *pastorale*, full of delicate feeling, and evidently welled out of the fountain of love of liberty so deep and strong in the poet's soul. The sentiment is so delicately inwrought, and of so fine a woof, that to a careless eye it is quite imperceptible; yet it makes no less a part of the fabric.

13. *The idle shepherd boys.* A touching incident prettily related.

14. *To H. C.* There are some fine thoughts in this poem. The situation of the child's mind is beautifully described:

'Thou færy voyager! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery.'

The last seven lines are of almost unparalleled beauty.

'Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth  
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;  
A gem that glitters while it lives  
And no forewarning gives;  
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life.'

15. *Influence of natural objects.* The opening of this fragment is very grand, and throughout it sustains a wonderful beauty of reminiscence—the history of a youthful imagination unfolding beneath the influence of natural objects of beauty and melody.

16. *The longest day.* A very gentle and sweet philosophy is inculcated in this poem, and the last nine stanzas teach some of the richest lessons of moral wisdom ever written.

The poem by Coleridge, included in the notes to these poems, though in his usual somewhat mystical style, is nevertheless, full of deep, rich

power, and radiant with gems of intense thought. Its spirit, too, is beautiful—the generous, enthusiastic praise of one poet poured out freely upon a cotemporary—not a rival.

There, Annie, you have the full catalogue. 'And all praise,' you will say. 'Why did you not notice some faults?' Because, dear friend, I did not perceive any. Is not that a confession? You know very well, I am no critic. If I love anything, I love it entirely, and without any cognizance of faults. Moreover, I would not criticise Wordsworth; it is enough for me to feel 'where true genius lies,' and perceive its beauties without using a critic's microscope to espy its errors.

If I find time next month, I will write you another epistle upon Wordsworth, but probably not in particulars so minute as this. It would take a thousand letters to speak so definitely of all his manifold poems. I know he is a favorite of yours and A.'s, or I should not have deemed these simple 'thoughts' worth copying for you.

Adieu.

EVELEEN.

## TALES FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

WE have received from a highly valued correspondent, the following sweet little poems, with the promise that if they please, others shall be forthcoming. Send us a *great many*, do, dear 'Juliet,' and all the little children will love you for your kindness, and learn to be as sweet as these sweet lessons. Our Sabbath School children will be particularly grateful for the favors—so that little 'George' will not alone be blessed. The author modestly asserts that they are 'simplicity simplified;' so they should be for the purpose for which they are written. There is little danger of falling below the simplicity of innocent childhood. We have given our friend her choice of a signature—but we venture to predict that all our *sagacious* readers, at least, will recognize in 'Juliet's' sweet flow of words, the *spirit*—the *heart* of one to whom in times past they have owed a *few* very rich gratifications. Who does not remember 'Revelations to the Dying,' and—something still dearer to

S. C. E.

### THE LITTLE BASKET-MAKER.

I HAVE a pretty tale for thee,  
My little Rose,  
Of one who used to sit by me  
At twilight's close.



And listen to my fairy tales  
With glistening eye ;  
She was your namesake dear, and had  
A voice of melody.

She was a little basket girl,  
Rose Brady of the wild ;  
A very sweet, obedient,  
And lovely child.

She lived with her blind grandmother,  
In yonder distant wood,  
And twined all day the willow twigs,  
To buy them clothes and food.

A pious little girl was Rose,  
She often knelt and prayed,  
And from the Bible, every eve  
To her blind mother read.

And she was very happy, dear,  
Because her heart was right ;  
She worked and sang the day away,  
And dreamed sweet dreams at night.

One day a wealthy lady begged  
The child would live with her ;  
And promised all a daughter's rights,  
And all a mother's care.

But though Rose loved the thoughts of school,  
And books and pleasant play,  
She would not leave her aged friend  
To pine in grief away.

And God did bless the gentle child,  
With friends both warm and true ;  
For all who saw her sweet face smiled,  
And bought her baskets too.

And now she is the cherished wife  
Of one both rich and great ;  
And every day the virtuous poor  
Find shelter at her gate.

The moral of this tale, my dear,  
To all is very plain ;  
The faithful and obedient  
Are never good in vain.

JULIET.

#### CHARLEY'S BIRD.

A PRETTY bird had little Charles,  
With gold and purple wings ;  
Its home was in a swinging cage,  
With scarlet-colored strings.

He drank from out a shining cup,  
His food was choice and sweet,  
And ever with a thrilling song  
He did his master greet.

One day Charles' mother said to him,  
'My dear, your bird will die ;  
Do you not see his drooping wing,  
His sad and sleepy eye ?

He's pining for his native woods—  
He knows the spring has come ;  
He wants to hear his comrades sing—  
Go, dear, and let him home.'

A selfish heart had little Charles,  
He stole away to play,  
And went not to his dying bird  
Until another day.

But when its morning meal he took  
Unto the wiry grate,  
He saw with tears of vain regret,  
That he had come too late.

The bird was dead, and long he grieved,  
His heart had been so hard ;  
Thus selfishness and cruelty  
Have ever their reward.

JULIET.

#### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Original.

*'O for a Shakspeare of an Olway scene,  
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen.'*

BRANTOME informs us that no 'man ever saw Mary who did not lose his heart to her.' Whether this be truth or fiction, we will not here presume to determine : one thing is certain, she possessed qualities and traits of character, which if they did not command universal admiration in the sixteenth century, would not suffer in comparison with many that do in the nineteenth. We say the nineteenth century, not by way of reproach, but rather as a compliment to the age in which we live ; for we are far from being insensible to the fact that the present century is characterized more by its moral excellence than by anything else which distinguishes it from former times. By this the reader will understand that we are not about to discuss the important subject, whether our heroine's eyes were 'chestnut-colored' or 'blue,' her hair 'black' or 'auburn ;' or whether she had 'Grecian' or 'Roman' features. Nor are we disposed to speak of her personal appearance at all. Nevertheless we are well convinced, in our own mind, that, whatever beauty may consist in, whether in a 'mere fortunate arrangement of material atoms, or a light suffused upon the face from the secret and etherial mind,' Mary Queen of Scots was handsome. It matters but very little so far as the design of this article is concerned, whether it shall finally be determined that her hair was 'yellow,' and her eyes 'deeply, darkly and beautifully blue,' or otherwise. And therefore, we will leave these questions to those who take an interest in such things, and who prefer the contemplation of physical beauty to that of intellectual and moral excellence.

Mary Queen of Scots lived about the middle of



the sixteenth century. Her short but melancholy career may be set down as one of the most eventful ones that has ever been recorded. Being the only surviving child of James Fifth, king of Scotland, she was born an object of jealousy and educated amid the evil machinations of three corrupt courts, and from her infancy, seems to have been a doomed victim. At the early age of fifteen she became the wife of Francis, the playmate of her youth and the Dauphin of France. Soon after, by the death of Henry Second, she arose to the rank and assumed the title of Queen of France, and like the sun at the meridian, she ascended till she could ascend no higher. In the language of her biographer, 'Mary was now at the very height of European grandeur. The queen of two powerful countries and the heir presumptive to a third,—in the flower of her age,—and from her superior mental endowments, much more worshipped, even in France, than her husband, she affords at this period of her history as striking an example as can be found of the concentration of all the blessings of fortune in one person. She stood unluckily on too high and glorious a pinnacle to be able to retain her position long consistent with the *vices vitai mortalium*. While she conducted herself with a prudence and propriety altogether remarkable, considering her youth and the susceptibility of her nature, she began to be regarded with suspicion at once, by France, England and Scotland. In France, she was obliged to bear many instances of bigotry and over-severity in the government of her uncles, the house of Guise ;—in England, Elizabeth took every opportunity to load with opprobrium a sister queen whose descent, birth, station and accomplishments were so much superior to her own ;—in Scotland, the Reformers inspired by James Stuart, who, with ulterior views of his own, was contented to act as the tool of Elizabeth, labored to make it be believed that Mary was an uncompromising and narrow-minded Catholic.' Thus situated, thus looked upon with envy by a rival Queen, and watched by the Argus-eyed jealousy of the blind bigotry, wild enthusiasm and mad ambition of three kingdoms, need we wonder that the glory of the Scottish Queen began to wane like that of the mid-day sun when dark night conspires against it. Elizabeth, who might have had charms, if charms can exist without moral worth, had already marked her for her prey. Seated as she was upon a throne that legitimately belonged to another, un-

able to brook the idea of a rival Queen's transcendent superiority, and jealous, no doubt, that Mary, as the rightful sovereign of the throne of England, might yet be seated upon the throne which she was well aware she held by an unlawful tenure, Elizabeth saw, or thought she saw, that the sun of her glory was never to rise till Mary's should set. And thus deceived by the deceitfulness of sin, and governed, no doubt, by a conscience akin to that of her father's, the illegitimate daughter of Henry the Eighth, in plotting the downfall of Mary Stuart, has made herself as odious in one respect, as ever did her uxorious father. And for aught that we can learn, the daughter had as good reasons for her course as did the father for his ; for though Mary had many faults, yet the head and front of all her offending seems to consist in the fact that she was a Catholic. And she was beheaded not so much on this account, it would seem, as for the startling crime of being one of the most accomplished personages that has ever been elevated to the throne ! For one, we have no desire to rob the 'Maiden Queen' of any of the praise she may be entitled to, for having been Queen of England. But we certainly think she deserves no additional lustre for having been the encourager and supporter of the hot-headed and murderous reformer, John Knox, or for signing with her own hand, and from purely selfish motives, the death warrant of the 'hapless Scottish Queen.' But we are getting in advance of our story. Francis, the husband of Mary and king of France, had scarcely been crowned, when he was laid low by the sternest of all monarchs the monarch of the tomb. A short time previous to this her mother, the regent of Scotland, deceased, and her uncles had their influence at court paralyzed. Thus was Mary bereft of all confidants, and at a time too, when she most needed them : And thus too, was she 'whose charms of conversation, graceful address and captivating accomplishments, had raised the woman above the queen,' left to be torn in pieces by a rude and barbarous world—a victim, whose worse faults were those of tenderness, doomed to die. It is true Mary was a Catholic ; and it would have been no melancholy compliment to the age in which she lived, nor to the spirit of the Scottish Reformation, if they had not considered this a sufficient pretext to torture, burn and destroy. Mary was no bigot ; and Catholic as she was, she would not have suffered much in comparison even with her Protestant



sister of the royal house of England. The meekness, mildness and unaffected tenderness of the one, would only have furnished a beautiful contrast to the vanity, arrogance and stern obstinacy of the other. Elizabeth undoubtedly had virtues, but they were of a selfish nature, and like too much of the religion of our day, consisted principally in externals,—in names rather than things; whereas those of Mary were of a different nature; they sprung from the soul, and like most virtues which originate there, they were rather *felt* than *heard*, and could hardly be figured forth in those appropriate representatives of hollow-hearted charity, 'sounding brass' and 'tinkling cymbals.'

Mary, thus far, had spent most of her days in France, having been sent there at the early age of five years, to place her beyond the reach of the wily machinations of Henry the Eighth. She now resolved to bid adieu to France and return to her native land. Her feelings and emotions on this occasion are best expressed in her own words.

'Adieu, thou pleasant land of France !  
The dearest of all lands to me,  
When life was like a joyful dance—  
The joyful dance of infancy.

Farewell my childhood's laughing wiles,  
Farewell the joys of youth's bright day ;  
The bark that bears me from thy smiles,  
Bears but my meaner half away.

The best is thine ;—my changeless heart  
Is given, beloved France ! to thee ;  
And let it sometimes, though we part,  
Remind thee with a sigh of me.'

Mary was now nineteen. Full of fearful anxiety and hazardous uncertainty, alone and unprotected, she landed upon her native shores and assumed the government of a country, where turbulence and rebellion were, and had long been, the order of the day. The masculine spirit of her father, and the strong intellectual energy of her mother, had both quailed before the storm, which she had now undertaken to buffet. On the one hand were the Catholics, jealous of their rights, and zealous to maintain them : on the other were the Protestants, with John Knox thundering in their ears, and scattering firebrands, arrows and death. The stern policy of the Reformers were nothing less than tearing down, burning and destroying everything bearing the Catholic name. And the hyena-like disposition of the reforming party compared with the tiger-like ferocity of the adherents to the 'established faith,' was anything but favorable to the former, and was only an enlarged ex-

hibition of a not uncommon spectacle,—Beelzebub in chase of Lucifer. The views advanced by Mary, at this crisis, were altogether such as might have been expected from a person of a large, comprehensive and liberal mind that had drunk deep of that religion which grants to others what it claims for itself, and says to a turbulent and noisy world, 'Peace, be still.' Her words are, 'I am none of those who will change their opinions every year ; *but I mean to constrain none of my subjects, though I could wish that they were all as I am ; and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me.*' Such constancy and such liberal views would have done no dishonor to a later and more Protestant age. We ought to suppose, at least, that if a Catholic could utter such noble sentiments, at a time when all was selfishness, Protestants might have gone so far as to have respected them : and it is little credit to the heads and still less to the hearts of the early reformers that such was not the case. Nothing short of the rankest Calvinism would satisfy the demands of those times. Constancy was the vilest of sins when found in a Catholic, and the meekness and vital piety of a Fenelon would have been denounced by John Knox as 'unhallowed' and 'corrupt' if they had had to pass through the ordeal of the Scottish Reform. Mary, however, notwithstanding the prejudices of her age, never deviated from the path above marked out. She approved not of the corruptions of the mother church : nor did she embrace a religion which seemed to have little else besides exclusiveness to recommend it to the world. She had been thoroughly educated in the Catholic faith ; she knew that with all its corruptions, it still had redeeming qualities. Nor was she ignorant of Protestantism ; for she was not educated in a school of monks, who, as has been correctly observed, 'were better at teaching linnets to whistle, playing at dice, tippling, and gormandizing, than in doing good either to morality or religion ;' but in one established on liberal principles, where the German Protestant and Spanish Catholic were allowed to take their seats side by side ! She was undoubtedly partial to the Catholic faith ; but not so much so as to think that no good thing could come from any other source. Charity, broad and liberal, was hers ; moderation was in all her ways ; and tenderness was breathed throughout her whole life. But she possessed no trait more to be admired than that of moral firmness. There is a firmness bordering on obstinacy ; and this in a



female is truly odious and contemptible. But nothing of this kind developed itself in the character of the Scottish Queen. Hers was a firmness tempered with condescension. She knew that she had rights, but this knowledge did not cause her to forget that others had rights also. Conscious of the rectitude of her own intentions, she resolved to sacrifice nothing to that servile policy which consults might rather than right. She moved as others should move, understandingly. She had not been *driven* into Catholicism, nor was she to be *driven* out. That vacillating and temporizing course so much esteemed among a certain class that might be named, was by her despised. And rather than adopt, or yield up one principle of her faith, she magnanimously surrendered her life to her cruel persecutors. Knox preached his 'thundering sermons against idolatry,' blew his 'first (and last) blast of the trumpet' against the 'monstrous government of women,' and breathed forth threatenings and slaughter against the 'wicked Jesebel.' But Mary could only loathe and abominate a man, who seemed to be thus destitute of common decency. She had too much sense and understanding to be intimidated by threats or to respect rudeness.

Thus situated the sequel is better imagined than described. Rebellion, fired by bigotry, jealousy, envy and hate, now became general. A Queen, who had resolved to stand or fall by her own integrity, could not expect anything but death when vengeance reeled. Elizabeth had endeavored to extort from Mary her right to the British crown. Mary had refused; though with her usual generosity, she had offered to wave that right during the life time of Elizabeth. But nothing would pacify, save a total and everlasting relinquishment of her hereditary right. Exasperated and lost to all feeling Elizabeth sought only to fan the flame already raging. She encouraged factious nobles, sent spies into every part of her dominions and left undone nothing that would hasten the sacrifice of the hated victim. Murders, of the foulest kind, were perpetrated, and then Mary was charged with being accessory to the same. Among these were David Rizzio, Mary's secretary, and Darnby, her second husband. She was violently seized and forcibly retained by a person whom she afterwards married to escape a worse doom, (which was the worst *act* of her life) and for this she was accused any way but justly. Abused and maltreated at home, Mary so far confided in Elizabeth and her hollow-heart-

ed promises, that she fled to her realm for refuge. But too late she learned her fatal mistake. She had been charmed by a deadly enemy, and like the scared bird in escaping one enemy she had flown into the jaws of another, worse than the one from which she sought to escape. She was seized and imprisoned instead of succored, and for eighteen years she was detained a prisoner, while the best justification that could be offered for such cruelty was the wrong she had done Elizabeth in openly claiming what was her hereditary right, the crown of England. And even this Mary had long since disavowed so far as Elizabeth was concerned; for she had laid no claim to it after her return from France. Mary, while in prison, occasionally beguiled away the tedious hours with the charms of poetry. Her feelings while in prison are best expressed in her own peculiar and simple style.

'Alas! what am I?—What avails my life?  
Does not my body live without a soul?—  
A shadow vain—the spirit of anxious strife,  
That wishes but to die and end the whole.  
Why should harsh enmity pursue me more?  
The false world's greatness has no charms for me;  
Soon will the struggle and the grief be o'er;—  
Soon the oppressor gain the victory.  
Ye friends! to whose remembrance I am dear,  
No strength to aid you or your cause have I:  
Cease then to shed the unavailing tear—  
I have not feared to live, nor dread to die;  
Perchance the pain that I have suffered here,  
May win me more of bliss through God's eternal year.'

Mary was imprisoned, but not subdued. Her noble mind still retained its imperial powers. And that Roman firmness, for which she was so justly celebrated, never seemed more invincible than when she was suffering an unjust and cruel oppression. Her royal character was indelible, and she nobly resolved to die as she had been born,—a Queen. But the farce of all farces was yet to be acted. Mary must die. Nineteen years imprisonment without the shadow of a cause, would not suffice. She was now arraigned on an imaginary charge of treason. Elizabeth's life had been attempted, and as usual Mary was charged with being accessory to the foul attempt. She was tried for formality's sake, convicted by false witnesses and forged letters, and condemned to die a malefactor by subservient judges. The noble indignity with which she refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of England, will be given in her own words: 'I am no subject to Elizabeth, but am an independent Queen as well as she; and I will consent to nothing unbecoming the majesty of a crowned head. Worn out as my body is, my mind is not so enfeebled as to make me forget



what is due to myself, my ancestors and my country. Whatever the laws of England may be, I am not subject to them ; for I came into the realm only to ask assistance from a sister Queen, and I have been detained an unwilling prisoner.' Again, at her trial she was allowed 'no counselor—no friend—no adviser.' With all the learning, talent, craftiness, and forensic arts and frauds of England arrayed against her, she stood 'alone and undaunted,' says her biographer, 'evinced in the modest dignity of her bearing a mind conscious of its own integrity and superior to the malice of fortune'. . . . 'Her bodily infirmities,' continues he, 'imparted only a greater luster to her mental pre-eminence; and not in all the fascinating splendor of her youth and beauty—not on the morning of her first bridal day, when Paris rang with acclamation in her praise—was Mary Stuart so much to be admired, as when, weak and worn out, she stood calmly before the myrmidons of a rival Queen, to hear and refute their unjust accusations, her eye radiant once more with the brilliancy of earlier years and the placid benignity of a serene conscience lending to her countenance its undying grace.' The following is the concluding part of her defence. 'The prospect of a crown is not so inviting that I would ruin my soul in order to obtain it. Neither am I a stranger to the feelings of humanity, nor unacquainted with the duties of religion, and it is my nature to be more inclined to the devotion of Esther, than to the sword of Judith. If ever I have given consent by my words, or even by my thoughts, to any attempt against the life of the Queen of England, far from declining the judgment of men, I shall not even pray for the mercy of God.' After her condemnation she speaks, to an Episcopalian bishop who had been sent to point out her errors, thus: 'In despite of your subservient judges, I will die a Queen. My royal character is indelible, and I will surrender it with my spirit to Almighty God, from whom I received it, and to whom my honor and my innocence are fully known.' A Catholic priest was denied her, and she turned with disdain from all others who, she knew, were only sent to harass and torment her. Constant and faithful to herself, her religion and her God, to the last, she met her fate with a smile of triumph, and appeared beautiful even in death. On the morning of the 8th of February, 1587, her head was severed from her body *under the hand and seal of a sister Queen.*

Thus died Mary Queen of Scots. That she

had failings is not denied ; but even these Goldsmith, or her own country's bard would say, 'leaned to virtue's side.' Her faults consisted more in the excessive exuberance of her amiable qualities than in anything positively evil. Vivacity and sweetness of manners, openness, candor, generosity, wit polished and refined, extensive information, cultivated taste, easy affability and native dignity and grace were all hers in an eminent degree. Her miseries were not of her own making. Conscious of her own good intentions she was too confiding in those of others. This led her to form connections imprudent, indiscreet, and ruinous. She placed almost implicit confidence in her worst enemies. And this was the main cause of all her woes. Human nature in its *native* state may be won by mildness and love but human nature *depraved*, as in this case, must be caged before it can be trusted. Mary's fault in this respect was not the usual one, that of presuming too little in the excellency of human nature, but in presuming too much,—in having exalted opinions of its nice susceptibilities as to trust it even in the most extreme cases. She had too much condescension rather than not enough, and too much excellence to be overpowered by anything but turbulence, madness and merciless barbarity. Moral worth is of little avail when selfishness is sovereign and bigotry is priest. Mary was acknowledged to be one of the most talented and accomplished women of her age ; yet her history shows that even these do not always command the respect due them. Obstinacy, at times, is mistaken for firmness, and vanity and self-conceitedness are not unfrequently preferred to sound sense and unassuming worth. Mary is not the only instance where transcendent abilities have been sacrificed at the cruel shrine of a cold and unfeeling world. But Mary's sufferings served only to make her virtues more manifest, and it is believed by the writer that the Scottish Queen, as a captive and a prisoner, was more truly happy and great, than was her unjust and jealous oppressor, as Queen of England. The one sat enthroned in the majesty of her own perfections, and enjoyed the peace and quietude of conscious innocence ; the other enjoyed the pomp and pageantry of a crowned head, and brooded over the crimes by which she had consolidated her power : the one, walked in the excellency of her own nature ; the other, in the flowing robes of state : the one, was *born* a Queen ; the other, was *made* one : the one, had the *substance* without the name, the



other, the *name* without the substance. Mary was *good* ; Elizabeth was *proud* ; Mary *elevated* the throne and threw a grace and dignified regality around everything she 'saw' or 'was ;' Elizabeth *was* elevated to the throne, and was vain and obstinate, if not unfeeling and cruel whatever may be thought of her ability to rule, or her desire to be thought handsome. Elizabeth was far inferior, both in talents and accomplishments to her cousin, the Queen of Scots ; and had the former passed through the fiery ordeal of the latter, the world would have known it. When Mary was asked by the honest peasant woman if she was 'not, indeed an angel,' no bad compliment was paid to her beauty : and when she stood alone and undaunted, before the myrmidons of Elizabeth pleading in all the eloquence of sympathy for despised innocence, and triumphantly refuting all the charges which malice and envy could invent, she exhibited to the world that she had a MIND. But when we behold beauty, dignity, serenity and grace ascend the scaffold, with a steady step, and there listen unmoved to the reading of her death warrant—when we see her mildly turn away from the Dean of Peterboro, who had been sent to harass and torment her in her last hours—and when we behold her upon her knees fervently praying for her bitterest enemies, and even imploring forgiveness for her under whose seal she was about to die, we are led to admire the qualities of an angel possessed by Mary Queen of Scots, and to feel that the lines of the Scottish Bard are something more than an empty panegyric :

'Vain all the omnipotence of female charms,  
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad rebellion's arms :  
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,  
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :—  
A woman—'

Let the willows wave in pity over the melancholy fate of Mary Queen of Scots.

Andover, Mass.

W. H. G.

### THE GRAVE.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.  
Original.

AN entrance that leads to our beautiful home  
In an Eden of love, is thy rest, Oh tomb !  
The bright, the peaceful, though shadowy way  
That opens from darkness to Heaven's own day ;  
The gate at whose portals our hearts lay aside  
Their wearisome burdens of sorrow and pride ;  
And hastening on, where sin hath ne'er trod,  
Are guided through flowers to the bosom of God.

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Come look on the graves where the wearied ones sleep—  
It is night, yet so beautiful *must* we not weep ?  
Yet not with sad tears that their labors are done,  
Oh not that thus early their sleep hath been won !  
The night of the grave—is it solemn and dim,  
Unbroken by star-light, uncheered by the hymn  
Of the soft flowing waters that steal from the springs  
Which give the sweet hues to Life's beautiful things ?

Look calmly around thee ; the stars in the skies  
Are brighter and softer than Life's golden dyes ;  
The beams of the moon, with ethereal light,  
Make the beds of the sleepers all sacredly bright ;  
The flowers, too, are nestling around their repose,—  
There the violet sleeps at the foot of the rose,  
And the jessamine twines, in its soft starry bloom,  
Like a crown of bright gems o'er the head of the tomb.

There, low, like the sigh of a spirit we love,  
The wind with its music steals softly above ;  
'Tis the love-serenade of the angels that keep  
Their vigils around them—Oh *must* we not weep ?  
Ay, weep for the *beauty*, the *peace* of their graves,  
Subdued into tears, as when murmuring waves  
Steal home to our hearts with a sweetness so pure,  
Our joy is too full for mute throbs to endure.

Oh beautiful night, when the soul folds its wings,  
And wearied, falls sweetly asleep as it sings ;  
When sinful, and grief-worn, and wasted with care,  
It finds a calm refuge from pain and despair !  
One moment with death it descends to the tomb,  
To lay by the robes it may never resume,  
Then, its missions all sped, like some carrier-dove,  
It nestles and sleeps on the bosom of love.

Oh who, then, would shrink from this beautiful night,  
Where the smile of our God like the moon's hallowed  
light,  
And the star of our hope, with unfaltering ray,  
Shed a flood of soft glory along the still way ?  
Who, who would not rest in this low bed of peace,  
Where the fevers of life, and its anguish shall cease,  
Where sorrow ne'er treads with her harsh, tramping  
foot,  
And sin finds no thirst for its poisonous root ?

Here the flowers are all sweet, and the breezes all soft,  
And the moon hangs her curtains of beauty aloft ;  
Here the tired world looks in from a wayfaring view,  
And sighs to be quietly sleeping here too.  
Then who will not come, with a light, cheerful tread,  
To make his abode with the sanctified dead ?  
To lay himself down 'neath the soft verdant sod,  
And press his worn cheek to the bosom of God ?

Oh who will not come from this dark world away,  
From its manifold pains, from its tyrant-like sway,  
From its tears and its sorrows, and perilous love,  
To the glory, and beauty, and gladness above ?  
Oh there in the smile of our Father's soft eye,  
We shall dwell where our souls can ne'er falter, nor  
die—

Where the spirit is free, and affection is pure,  
Where sin cannot enter, and blessings are sure.

There living forever in wisdom and truth,  
Eternity adds not a day to our youth ;  
And beauty, and music, and love are all ours,  
In the home of the soul—the Eden of flowers.  
Our Father dwells there—'tis his own blissful home ;  
Oh who then will fear when he calls us to come ?  
Or who, with this guerdon before him on high,  
Can linger, and falter, and tremble to die ?



## THE YOUNG MINISTER.

Original.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

MINE is no tale of romance, gentle reader, but one of plain and simple truth. It is but one among the many examples which we may see around us, where the heart and soul of man are turned away from their true worship, because they loved too much the praise of men, and bowed too much to earthly idols.

The heart of man is a strange, mysterious thing. It has God-like powers, strong and deep affections, and we fancy we can gaze into its depths, and read therein the motives which influence its outward conduct. But there is no rule by which to judge the heart of man; but we know there is no one thing which will so turn that heart from its true worship, as the praise of the multitude. Adversity may come with a strong hand, and the heart of man may bend beneath the stroke, as the willow bends before the storm. And yet, when the storm is past, it will rise vigorous as ever; it has lost nothing by the trial, but it has gained inestimably. Man may be tried by sickness, by misfortune, or any other affliction, and yet from them all he may rise pure and unsullied. But when the breath of praise is round him, when he hears it from every lip, sees it in every eye, and feels it thrilling through his very frame,—when his heart grows giddy with its intoxicating draughts,—then is there much danger that he will turn from his former simplicity, that he will forget the high and holy motives which have hitherto actuated him, and that he will live and act merely that he may receive that praise, and that applause, which sounds so sweet and flattering in his ear.

George Atherton was fitting himself for the ministry. He had brought to the task a strong mind, high talents, and more than all, an ardent love for the gospel he professed. His life had been like a peaceful stream. His parents were both living, and in affluent circumstances; brothers, he had none, but he had one sister, and well would it be for our world if there were more of such sisters within it. Mary Atherton was a true woman; she had the heart, the soul, the feelings of a woman; and she had a mind, keen and searching, strong and vigorous,—a mind that could overcome all that obstructed its high aspirations,—a mind, which had it been possessed by a man, would have raised him to the exaltation of the great and gifted, and caused him to be like a

meteor, dazzling, brilliant and wonderful. But being possessed as it was by a woman, it was softened and refined, tempered down by her woman's heart and affections, and caused *her* to be, not a dazzling meteor, but a bright and beautiful star, which we can gaze on with admiration, and while we gaze we love, ay, almost adore. Such was Mary Atherton. She was two years the senior of her brother, and we need not say she was to him a counsellor and guide, as well as a most affectionate and loving sister. He knew that he was highly blessed in having such a sister, to cheer him in the path which he had chosen. There are many who have blessed a sister's love, many who have felt its cheering influence diffused around their path. And this love is not to be slighted; a sister's words of caution and admonition will and must sink into the heart, sneer at them as we may. There is a strong power in the words spoken by one whom we have played with in infancy, one who has shared the same parent's care, and who has grown up with us from childhood to mature years. There is a beauty and a holiness in the deep love of a sister to a younger brother. It is not the love of the mother, who gazes upon the child of her affections; it is not the undying love of the wife, who gazes upon the being of her choice, with all that love's deep confidence and trust. But like that mother she will watch over him, and like that wife will she love him, but not so deeply, so blindly, but that her quick eye can see his faults, and she will warn him of his danger ere it is too late.

It was a bright and beautiful summer morning, when George Atherton was to make his first appearance as a preacher. A thousand thoughts crowded into his mind as he proceeded to the church. He entered—he stood within the sacred desk. The faces of the congregation were all turned to the young and inexperienced preacher. His heart fluttered when he commenced, but he gradually gained courage as he proceeded. At length the services were ended, the congregation dismissed, and the young minister turned his steps homeward.

'What do you think of our young preacher?' said Mr. Jones to a gentleman at his side, as he turned to leave the church.

'He did very well, I thought, for the first time,' was the reply; 'his sermon was well written, though to be sure his manner of delivery is not equal to that of Mr. Gordon, but he is young, and will doubtless improve in that respect.'



'O, as for you, Mr. Smith, you would be satisfied with any minister, provided that at heart he professed the same doctrine with yourself. But as for this young Atherton, he was not in his school days considered any more of a genius than my son Thomas.'

'But your son's genius pointed in a very different direction,' was the calm and rather sarcastical reply of Mr. Smith; for the person in question was no less than a noted horse dealer. Mr. Jones bit his lip, and was silent, and Mr. Smith proceeded. 'We ought not to say anything to discourage a young preacher, even if his first attempt should not be successful.'

'I am sure, father, interrupted his daughter, who was walking by his side, I think Mr. Atherton succeeded very well. Some parts of his sermon were really sublime, and Mary, I know, was well pleased, for I saw her when she took his arm to go home, and I heard her say something about his "exceeding her expectations."'

'And she is a most infallible judge in your eyes, Miss Lucy,' said Mr. Jones, sneeringly. The fair girl colored as she replied, 'Mary Atherton is an excellent and high minded girl, and is as capable of judging of her brother's merits as any other person.'

'Unless it be Miss Lucy Smith,' said Mr. Jones, laughing, as he stopped at his own door. The girl blushed still deeper, but made no reply, and they proceeded.

In a short time George Atherton was settled as pastor over a small flock some distance from his native city. He applied himself to his duties with great assiduity. He knew that the path he had chosen called for great exertion, he knew that it involved high and holy duties, and he endeavored to discharge them aright. He instructed his people, he brake to them the bread of life, and in his pulpit he was faithful. Nor did he neglect the other duties of a preacher. He visited all, he was welcomed by all. The glad and joyous welcomed him to the social board, and kind feelings flowed from every heart. He visited the sick and dying, and to them he was truly welcome. They blessed him as he stood by and told them of that heavenly Father who loveth whom he chasteneth. And to the mourners who stood around the departed, was he also welcome. And as the rich words of consolation fell from his lips, as he prayed deeply and fervently, and his

whole soul seemed poured forth in that prayer, they felt that they could bow down and say, it was good that they had been afflicted. In the hut of poverty, and in the dwellings of the rich, he was alike the friend of all.

We need not say George Atherton improved in all the outward qualifications of a preacher. He had labored hard and earnestly, and he had been rewarded. His little flock loved him fervently; they knew that he had strong powers, they knew that he spoke to them in words of thrilling eloquence, and for *this* he received their praise. But they loved him for his kind heart, which was ever open to the distressed; they loved him, for he had been to them, young as he was, a teacher of good things; they loved him, for he had arrived to what he was, almost ~~under~~ their own eyes, and they considered him as one of themselves, and almost thought it an impossibility that he should ever leave them.

Four years of happiness had he passed with that little flock, and he now wished to visit his home; he therefore bade adieu to his people for a time.

It was a joyous day when George Atherton reached the home of his childhood. His mother's kiss was on his cheek; he felt the pressure of his father's hand; his sister's arms were round his neck, and she was gazing on her brother's features with all a sister's love glowing in her dark eye. And this was his welcome. Kind words and kinder looks, the tribute of loving hearts.

Mr. Gordon, the kind minister with whom George had studied, was very ill, and the first Sunday after he arrived, he was requested to supply his place.

The Sabbath arrived. It was a beautiful day, and reminded George of the first Sunday he entered the pulpit as a preacher. The deep-toned bells were ringing from the numerous churches; the sun was throwing his bright, golden beams upon the glittering spires and slated roofs. Every thing seemed to breathe of the Sabbath, even in the crowded city, and though people were walking in every direction, still it was not with the busy, bustling air of every day life. Old men walked leisurely to church. The man of business walked not with his quick and hurrying step, his wife was leaning on his arm, and he stepped slowly and leisurely to the house of worship. Even his brow wore a very different look,—it was



open and pleasant as the sky above him ; and in his heart he blessed the Sabbath. Young maidens tripped lightly along, and the lingering smile upon their lips, seemed chastened and softened by the holy influence of the day. One could have told it was the Sabbath by looking on the bright, happy children as they passed to their different places of worship. The pure minds of children ever love the Sabbath ; it is to them a holy day, a charm is round it, which makes their young hearts love it, they scarcely know why. The bells ceased ringing. It would be an instructive lesson now to look in upon the different churches to see what different sects are congregated within one city, yet all owning a common Father. We might doubtless gain much instruction from every preacher, but our tale is concerning only one,—we will therefore return to him.

The church in which George Atherton was to preach was beautiful and spacious, and the congregation numerous. He ascended the pulpit with a firm step, for he had learned to meet the gaze of men without fearing it. He read a portion of the Psalms, and his full, deep-toned, yet musical voice, commanded the instant attention of the audience. The hymn was read, the choir had sung, and the congregation arose to prayer. The prayer was heart-stirring and devout, and it seemed to come from the depths of a heart filled with the love of the gospel. The prayer was ended, and a deep silence reigned through the house as the minister named his text ; and throughout the whole of that discourse, hardly a breath seemed to disturb the stillness. It was sublime and touching. Tears filled the eyes of many as he proceeded—the very children listened in breathless attention—and as he grew earnest, as the deep words of thrilling eloquence came from his burning lips, the whole congregation seemed spell-bound, so fixed was every eye upon the preacher, so intent was every ear upon the glowing words.

The congregation was dismissed, and George Atherton could read his own praise in every speaking eye that followed his form as, with his sister, he left the church.

It was now Mr. Smith's turn to ask Mr. Jones how he liked the preacher ; and as he saw that gentleman coming out of the church, he accordingly put the question. 'O, he did very well,' was the reply ; 'quite probable he did his best now he has come to his native city.'

'Then you do not think him anything extraordinary as a preacher ?'

'Why, I don't know,' said Mr. Jones slowly ; 'I never think much of those ministers who create so much of a sensation at first ; I am always afraid they will not wear well ; they are not apt to be so deep as others who are not so brilliant.'

'Well, all I know about it,' said Mr. Smith, 'is that he has given perfect satisfaction to the society with whom he has remained four years ; but there are some persons,' he added, 'who would not be long satisfied with the best minister on earth.' Mr. Jones did not reply, and the conversation ended.

The close of a few months saw George Atherton settled as pastor over the society of the late Mr. Gordon in his native city. The death of their minister left a vacancy in the church, and by an almost unanimous vote of the society, an invitation was sent to George Atherton to become their pastor. He accepted, although he was grieved to part from his faithful flock ; but a thousand tender ties bound him to his early home, and although his society ardently wished his stay, still they did not blame him for his wish to depart. And the blessings of that little flock followed him on his way.

Now was the time of trial for George Atherton. Until now there had been no danger of his forgetting his duty ; for although his former society were conscious of his high powers, still there was so much of ardent love and brotherly affection mingled with their praise, that there was no danger of its making him unmindful of higher objects. But now he was in a vast city, and was pastor over a numerous society. Large audiences thronged to his church on every Sabbath ; he heard his praises from every lip, and it required very strong resolutions, and high moral principles, to hear so much of flattery and approbation without its having a bad effect upon his heart and feelings.

But time is the prover of all things ; we will therefore pass over a year, and see what effect the events of that year had wrought upon the heart and feelings of our young preacher. In his outward circumstances all was the same ; but in his heart there was, we grieve to say it, a sad change. Praise and flattery had had their usual effect upon his heart ; he had forgotten some of his highest and holiest motives. And though his tongue was still eloquent as ever, though he



spoke in thrilling words of power to his people—still, within his heart the praise which that people gave as the meed for his high eloquence, had wrought a sad change. Ay, he had grown proud! and what can be more sinful for a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus? He had been almost the idol of his people, but it was the rich and powerful alone whom he cared to please. In their mansions he was often seen, but with the poor and lowly he was almost a stranger. Ay, he *had* grown proud! proud of his own high powers, though he was but a child of the dust.

O, it was wrong, it was sinful, for him thus to forget the high and holy motives with which he had begun his career,—that were strong within him when he dedicated his powers to God, and promised to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. Yet, how had he now forgotten all this; how had he let his heart dwell on earthly idols, how had he feasted on the praise of the multitude and turned from the lowly; how had he let pride grow within his heart, and nourished and cherished it, as though he were in truth one to whom men *should* bow. Ay, he had gone astray, even as the feeblest and lowliest of the children of earth!

It was towards the close of the day, and the young minister was alone in his study. A frown was on his fine brow, and the red lip curled haughtily. It was evident something had disturbed him. Presently the door of his study opened, and his sister entered. She stood for a moment, as if hesitating to advance. Seeing that her brother had not heard her step, she ventured to inquire in a low voice, 'George, will you give me permission to speak with you a few moments?' He started, and rising offered her a chair. She seated herself by him, and looked inquiringly into his face. He could not bear the gaze of those soft eyes, and turned his face away. 'George,' said she, taking his hand, 'I have come to claim an elder sister's privilege; you have not been to me of late as you used to be—you have withdrawn your confidence from me; say, why is this, my brother? do you think me unworthy to be trusted?'

'No, Mary, no, but I feel unhappy; why did you come to reproach me?'

'I have not come to reproach you, but to comfort you. Nay, George, I know what makes you unhappy; but I fear it would pain you to have me tell it you, and yet I came here with the express purpose of doing so.'

The lip of the sister trembled, and a tear stood in her eye.

'Mary,' said George, 'rather sharply, 'you speak as if I were to blame; indeed I did not expect you to teach me my duty.'

'Nevertheless, George, I came here for that purpose. Do not blame me, you must forgive a sister, even should she speak unwelcome words. A woman's quick eye can see some things at a glance, which it would almost puzzle a philosopher to fathom. But George, will you give me permission to speak what is in my heart? believe me it is but for your welfare.'

He bowed assent, and she proceeded.

'Listen, and I will tell you a true tale. There was one who went forth from his father's home, young and inexperienced. He went forth as a preacher of glad tidings; it was a high and holy duty, and the young man loved it. Awhile he went on prosperously; there was nothing to try him, nothing to tempt his heart astray. He visited the sick and dying; he followed, as far as mortal might follow, in the steps of the lowly Jesus. But the time of trial came. That young man had powers to captivate his listeners. He came to the crowded city as a preacher, and vast numbers thronged to hear him. He spake to them the words of life, and he spoke in such glowing eloquence, that he gained great praise and fame. And I do not say that this was more than just; it was natural for man thus to praise one who possessed gifts so high. Nor do I say that it was wrong for him thus to improve and practise those high gifts, which God had given him for the noblest purposes. But the heart of that young man grew giddy with so much applause, and after a time he almost forgot to what a high and holy duty he was called, and he seemed only to think of the world and its deluding voice. Yes, he grew too proud for a minister of God—high thoughts, not of heaven, entered into his heart. He was not now the simple follower of the lowly Jesus; he walked more in the ways of men, than God! And was it not wrong, my brother, for him thus to turn from the right way? Was it not wrong for him thus to let pride enter into his heart? Was it not wrong for him thus to look with a high heart upon the lowly, as if to say, 'Stand back, for I am holier than thou'! and to go near the abode of poverty, and yet turn and pass by on the other side, to enter into the mansions of the rich and powerful? O, indeed it



was very wrong. And my brother, that young man was unhappy. Ay, though he had won much of fame, though he seemed to have all that earth could give, still in his heart he knew he had gone astray, and he was unhappy. Is it not a true tale, my brother ?

The cheek of George Atherton was pale as death. The burning tears were starting from his eyes ; he leaned his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud. Mary went to him, lifted his head and laid it upon her bosom, and kissed the tears from his eyes. 'Forgive me, George,' said she, 'if I have wounded your feelings ; forgive a sister, who wishes but your welfare. I knew you needed something to make you feel that you was in the wrong path, and I thought it better the admonition should come from me, than from a stranger.'

'Mary, my sweet sister, you have saved me from many evils, and may God reward you and make you happy as you deserve. I am happy in seeing you so, but you will not think me presumptuous in thus speaking to you. No, no, Mary! I thank you kindly for it. It was right I should be made to feel my error.'

For a long time the brother and sister remained in conversation. And now with such a sister to guide him, and with a willingness on his part to heed her wisdom, could George Atherton be anything but a virtuous man, and a faithful preacher of the gospel ?

Charlestown, Mass.

### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Original.

O THOU ! who hast the power to save,  
Who casts a sunbeam o'er the grave—  
Dispersing all its gloom ;  
Who, to the dying soul didst give  
A pledge it shall hereafter live,  
And flourish in immortal bloom.

We to thy care commend this dust,  
To mould and fashion, as we trust,  
A being to thy will ;  
From earthly passions thou'lt set free—  
And let the enfranchised spirit be—  
Worthy to serve and worship thee.

For what we've done no meed we claim,  
But look to Jesus who was slain,  
That we through him might live ;  
O may the promise still remain,  
That all, of whatsoever name,  
Shall bow and hail thee with acclaim.

Throughout thy works no partial hand  
On one bestows, another scans ;

Alike on all thy rain descends ;  
The sun alike its influence lends  
To him who bows the knee in prayer,  
Or worships trifles light as air.

The Pagan, who, with bended knee,  
To Juggernaut, instead of thee,  
His sacrifice doth bring,—  
Thou Lord wilt judge with lenient eye—  
And listen to his humble cry,  
When in distress he bows him down,—  
And with thy choicest blessings crown.

Before thy throne no eye can trace  
Nor sex, nor people, kindred, race,  
But in one blest communion bound,  
All shall unite thy praise to sound ;  
And, through eternity, shall swell  
The choir of those who with thee dwell.

ANON.

### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Original.

MR. EDITOR : Having been unable for some time past, by reason of much other writing, to say any thing to my respected friends, the readers of the Repository, and being desirous that I may not be accounted lost to them, I would ask permission to offer the following pungent effusion of the pen of Grant Thorburn of New York City. It is from the New York Mirror, and contains some 'capital hits,' which will suit in more places than one. Read it all ye dwellers in city or country, who are subject to the infirmities herein rebuked ! Read—take the hints—and be wise. J. G. A.

'It was nine P. M., a fine bed of hickory (not Lehigh coal) was glowing in the *Franklin*. Thinks I, how much better it is to pay twenty-five cents for such a comfortable fire, than to pay one dollar for a box ticket. This idea carried me back to 1794, when there was only one play-house in the city, and that was a small, shabby-looking article, held together by old nails and pine boards. It stood back in a yard, near No. 11, John street, where Flora now holds her court. There Hodgkinson used to act the *Devil to Pay*, to the astonishment of a hundred and fifty simple men and silly women ; for, in those days, the folks thought twice before they spent a dollar once. There was a shed, covered with boards, from John Street, leading to the play-house door. There were no hacks in those days ; and it was a rare sight, indeed, when a carriage of any sort approached its entrance. One play-night, a fire broke out in the neighborhood. The people rushed out, without waiting for checks. The fire was quickly put out. The people returned *en masse*. I was curious to see what they were about, having never seen a play. I had heard



that it was a school for morality. So I went in with the crowd. At the time I entered, there was a man on the stage, dressed like a Scotch ploughman, going to and fro, and whistling *Maggie Lowther*. He gave a smart crack with a whip; then there was such clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and shouting *encore*, till at last the thing settled down with a long and loud horse-laugh. I stared all round, to find out what they were laughing at, but could see nothing but the man and the whip. Thinks I to myself, I must either lack brains, or these people wits; for I saw nothing worth laughing at, when the uproar ceased. There next appeared a fine field of corn, with woods and waters, and every thing as natural as life. Presently a whole lot of singing men and dancing women came running out of the woods; they danced, sang, and cut all sorts of capers for near half an hour. This I thought was well enough, only the lasses wore their frocks shorter than the fashion; and the ladies had no shawls on their necks, although it was winter. When I came out, thinks I, this is no school for morality, and no place for young men to sit; so I never went back. At this time, (1794) I don't think there were six piano-fortes in the city: now, I suppose, there may be ten thousand. The lasses were *all better employed*; then they were true yoke fellows, always drawing equal, helping and cheering their good men as they trudged along with their cares and burthens of life. The mother and girls made all the clothes in the family. No merchant tailors and their five hundred dollar bills in those days: no notes lying over. In fact, for the first fifteen years I lived in New-York, I never heard of a protested note: hence I infer that the pressure in the money market is all owing to the increase of play-houses and piano-fortes; because the solitary little play-house at that time, I don't think, would hold over three hundred people; but now we have seven or eight play-houses, and those so large as probably to hold three thousand each. I have heard that thirty thousand dollars a week won't support the play-houses. Now, only to think how many butchers' and bakers' bills might be paid with this money! I heard of a man living in a five story house, who one day, while at dinner, had the baker's bill, amounting to *seven fifty*, brought up to him: he took out his pocket-book;—his wife looks across the table: 'See, my dear, that you leave money enough to buy the tickets;' ten dollars were wanted to buy the tickets—there were but fifteen in the book; so the baker had to call again, and the play got the ten dollars. Next morning they had nothing for their money but waking dreams. Now, how many thousand supernumerary door-keepers and stage-sweepers, men-singers and women-singers, lamp-lighters and fiddlers, are killing time in those concerns! If all the men were felling trees and hoeing corn, and all the women making cloth and knitting stockings, there would be no high pressure in

Wall street, and the baker would not need to call again for his bill.

When Washington was President, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mothers and daughters in New-York made all the dough-nuts and cakes between Christmas and New-Year's: now the married ladies are too proud to make dough-nuts: besides, they don't know how; so they e'en send to Madame Pompadour or some other French cake-maker, to buy sponge cake or lady fingers, for three dollars a pound. In those days New-York was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splendid misery; then there were no gray headed spinsters, (unless they were very ugly indeed) for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin housekeeping for twenty; and in washing his clothes and cooking his victuals, the wife saved him more money than it took to support her. Now I have known a minister lately to get five hundred dollars for buckling a couple: then wine, cake, and other *et ceteras*, five hundred more; wedding clothes and jewels, a thousand; six or seven hundred in driving to the Springs, or some desert mountain; then a house must be got for eight hundred per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand; and when all this is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got, at ten dollars per month; a chamber maid, laundress, and seamstress, at seven dollars each; and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme; and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlor, the servants are doing no better in the kitchen; thus, lighting the candle at both ends, it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door, and drives love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy bachelors from entering the state of blessedness;—hence you find more deaths than marriages in the papers. Forty-five years ago real wants were few, and easily supplied; our imaginary wants, none: now our real wants are just as few, but the world and all its stores can't supply our imaginary ones. In those days, men got married at night, and went forth to work in the morning, with all the sober realities of life on their backs; now they get married in the morning, and start off spending money as if the wedding day would last through life.'

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## THE REMOVAL.

### A REMINISCENCE.

Original.

EARLY events leave deep traces behind; and now that my head is sprinkled with the frost of many years, my mind is powerfully agitated when I look back at the disappointments of my youth.



They were indeed few, but they were peculiarly afflicting. I had found a companion to thread with me the labyrinthian mazes of this changing world—one that realized the most vivid fancies of my ardent imagination. Her gaiety of heart, tempered with the most perfect good nature, her extreme gentleness united to uncommon intelligence; and, in short, every truly feminine attribute that could bind the heart of man with a chain of roses, had won for her the high regard of all with whom she became associated. I may not undertake to describe the change wrought in my own feelings and prospects by a union with so much worth and loveliness. My life seemed to be renewed. The very earth seemed regenerated, and the rudest prospect in nature appeared to be covered with surpassing beauty. The skies were more glorious, the landscape grew brighter, and the waters murmured sweet music while I gazed upon them. Scarcely had I quaffed of the almost intoxicating cup of happiness when it was dashed from my lips. All the bright visions of futurity were dispelled; and the blackness of death was spread like a pall over my earthly elysium. I followed her to an early grave, and saw the green sods planted over her cold remains. I turned away from the spot, and mechanically hastened home to pour the story of my griefs in to the ear of—my wife! It was not until the empty rooms, the deserted and tuneless piano—the vacant chair and untrimmed fire, repeated the tale of my misfortune, that I fully awoke to the recollection that no sharer of my griefs was left to me, and that whatever sorrows should now assail me, I must bear them alone and without sympathy.

I retired as usual to my place of business; and while industriously and actively engaged in the duties of life, the memory of my loss was, for short periods, overlaid with new matter of interest. It was only when I retired home that the severest suffering awaited me. My worldly affairs were in a prospering condition, and I was enabled to take possession of a more imposing edifice. A store that had been lately erected offered many advantages; and I removed into it, after my wife had been dead some weeks. I well remember how this incident affected me. I began to strip the shelves and to remove my desks. I began to look upon the old stand as no longer my own. But now that I was about to leave it every thing reminded me of my lost treasure.

The aisle up which she had so often walked, the desk at which I had stood, and from which I had caught the first glimpse of my Maria as she entered the door; the very counter on which she had leaned—all these now seemed like sacred treasures, from which it was sacrilege to part. From my window I had a prospect of a few green things that grew in the little yard behind the store. A vine twisted over a broken shed which, in the warm season, had been covered with leaves and blossoms. Several dandelions, with weeds and burdock, varied the scene. I remembered that Maria had often smiled at this simple collection of 'natural scenery,' which she humorously termed 'the bachelor's garden.' I glanced at them now, and every leaf seemed to reprove my desertion of a place which had been sanctified by her presence. I was about to leave the various mementos which spoke continually of my departed Maria. She seemed to have descended to earth and to be present in spirit, as if taking her last farewell together with me of the scene that had been witness to our interchange of tender words and affectionate glances.

In removing several boxes of goods, I heard something fall with a tinkling noise to the floor. My shop-boy picked it up. It was a ring of peculiar construction which I had once presented to Maria, and the loss of which she had often mentioned with regret. I took it from the lad and fixed my eyes upon it for some moments. What a talisman was that simple trinket! Poor Maria had never recovered it, and now it was found when it could be of no farther benefit to her. Simple as the circumstance really was, it was sufficient to cloud my mind with sorrow and regret. The sight of that ring carried me back to the days of our earliest acquaintance. Again I saw her sweet smile; again her gay tones fell like heavenly music upon my ear; again she stood with me before the altar, and I heard her heart-thrilling promise to be mine forever! But again I saw her languishing on a bed of pain, and disguising with smiles the sufferings of expiring nature, like the rainbow rising over the dark chasm of Niagara.

I became settled in my new place of business. Every thing was adapted to my mind, and all things answered my expectations. But old associations were broken up, and I seemed to have lost my Maria a second time. I soon discovered that it is not the recollection of those who are



gone that wounds the soul, and fills it with pain ; but that the idea of forgetting them—the sense of desertion, the fading away of the beloved image from the memory, the gradual hardening of the heart against those tender regrets which, when new and lively, seem to retain the departed still a little while among us ; it is this which wounds us, for then we realize that they are indeed separated from us ; we feel that even what was left of them is departing—that even in imagination they will soon be no more to us.

Such is the doom of mortal men. We come into the world clinging with fondness to her that gave us life ; and when we have learned to estimate all her worth, all that she has suffered and done for us, the tie is snapped asunder, and we are flung upon the cold world to form new alliances, to thrust out the tendrils of our hearts and bind them about some new object. If our lives are prolonged those ties are sundered in their turn, and we cling to the memory of the lost one as long as we can do so. But that eludes our grasp, or slides from it by degrees ; and we find ourselves alone again. After repeated disappointments we cease to fasten our affections upon the living, and those who are gone rise up from their graves and throng our fancy. We live over again the days of our youth—we become once more children. The ever verdant soul cannot be satisfied with the weak and callous affections of our age—they cannot satisfy the mind which, young as ever, revolts from the barrenness of our after years, and calls on memory's magic wand to conjure from the tomb the love, the hopes, the fears, the delights of our prime. We can never be satisfied with weaker joys than those which we have one day known. We repine at our lot when less happy than it has been at any other season of our existence. But if the soul decayed with the body, such could not be the case. We should regret none of the more brilliant scenes through which we had passed. We should not in age sigh for the delights of our youth, but should rest contented with the dregs which remained in the cup of existence. But never are the recollections of youth so vivid as when we have reached the last age of manhood. As the setting sun looks back upon the east from which he first arose, so does old age look fondly upon the spring-time of life. It is then that the morning and the evening form the one day of our being—the helplessness of age with the memory of youth.

The last tie that is sundered is the attachment to these houses of clay. When bent with age and filled with pains, we still regard them as our all, and increase our care for their preservation. It is not until they are laid in ruins, until every portion of them is racked with pain, that we feel willing to exclaim in sincerity, 'Lord ! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

### THE STARS AND CHILDREN.

Original.

THE little twinkling golden stars,  
Far in the deep blue sky,  
To him are but as glittering mites  
Who looks with careless eye ;  
They are but little cheery things,  
As eyes of joy and light,  
That smile upon him when he sleeps,  
And chase the gloom of night.

But to the man by science taught,  
Of philosophic eye,—  
What glory bursts upon his mind  
When gazing on the sky !  
Each twinkling ray, and steady beam,  
He thoughtfully doth greet,  
Speaks to his mind of Him who made  
Creation's laws complete.  
No more are they the tiny gems,  
But worlds and suns of light,  
As wondrous parts of nature's whole,  
The round of power and might !  
And are not little children oft  
But as the playful star,  
To the great world of mind and thought,  
Unknowing and afar ?  
Their little forms, and gleesome sports,  
Give pleasure to the eye,  
But seek ye in their spotless hearts  
For worth and treasures high.

Not one of those bright beauteous stars  
To him who views with thought,  
But has within its golden line  
A wondrous world inwrought ;  
And he who opes the sacred book,  
By inspiration given,  
Will find each little mind a world—  
A beauteous type of heaven.

And listen, from their tender lips  
As fall the grateful lays,—  
O is it not from such as these  
God hath ordained his praise ?  
They are the mental 'morning stars,'  
That sing of joy and love,  
And bid us think of Him who reigns  
Enthroned in light above !

And ye who hold the steady glass,  
And seek with loving eyes  
To track their course,—the world of the't  
That in their young heart lies,—  
O teach them like the gentle stars,  
Which nature's laws obey,  
To move obedient to God's will,  
And heavenward be their way.

E. A. B.

Marblehead, Mass.



TRAITS AND SKETCHES OF THE  
AFFECTIONS. No. II.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

LILY DOUGLAS.

SWEET Lily Douglas! How would thy soft snowy cheek be crimsoned at the sight of thy gentle name in a book—thyself a heroine! Nay, Lily, far be it from me to make *thee* a heroine, for thy life has been as peaceful and silent, thyself as timid and as lowly as thy own sweet namesake by some valley-fountain; but thy very humility and gentleness have won for thee this tribute, and here shall thy name be registered as a memorial of goodness and beauty.

Ever when the church-bell sounded on a Sabbath morning, a little maiden might be seen gliding gracefully down the slope in front of an elegant little cottage, now and then pausing to pluck a wild geranium or purple foxglove from the pathway, and *always* stopping at the foot of the hill to break a twig of eglantine. She wore a close straw bonnet, braided by her own little hands, and enwreathed with a garland of small blush-roses, also wrought by her own taste and industry. Her cambric dress was *very* white, and her pink shawl always hung gracefully over her sloping shoulders, and about her slender form. She was a lovely little maiden, and her name was Lily Douglas.

In the village church of Elsinore, after the minister had read the hymn, and the viol had sounded, ever above the green curtain of the gallery was seen a sweet face rising, pale at first as a young snow-drop, but soon softly tinged with a blush of modesty to find itself the centre of a multitude of gazers. And in the melting blue eye was ever the light of love and truth, and around the rosy lips ever a quiet smile was resting, and from those lips stole sweet and thrilling tones that penetrated the hearts of the listeners, and subdued them to the worship of God. That face, that eye, that smile, those tones, belonged to Lily Douglas.

Lily was the only child of a widowed mother—her pride, and joy, and only hope in life. They enjoyed all the elegancies of wealth without any of its ostentation and vanities. They cultivated their minds and hearts, and availed themselves of all the refinements of taste and literature. But dress, and equipage, and pomp of every kind, was equally distasteful to both. It was

pleasant to step into their parlor on a summer morning, and witness their employments at an hour when the fashionable world is frizzing, and curling, and *rouging* at the toilet. Mrs. Douglas would be found in her rocking chair with her cotton knitting, and Lily on an ottoman at her side, reading the sciences, copying poetry, or sewing her mother's dress. Sometimes the sweet girl would be surrounded by a group of the village children, teaching them lessons of good, now from a flower, and now from a mineral—sometimes learning them simple hymns, and sometimes making them read poetry with feeling and emphasis. Often her pure brow would be shaded by wreaths of roses and pansies which the little creatures loved to twine for her, and often cherub arms would be found encircling her neck, and infantile caresses sealing themselves upon her lips.

Lily was loved every where and by every body. By the village maidens of her own age and condition, she was affectionately admired without being envied; by the young men her smiles were universally coveted; by the poor she was blessed and prayed for; by the ignorant, revered and consulted. Lily was kind and gentle to every thing—to man, and brute, and flower; to the young and the aged, the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, the gay and the sorrowing, the good and the evil. She sought after opportunities of conferring blessings; she penetrated the meanest huts, and with her pleasant smiles and tender voice conveyed a beam of hope and feeling to the most abandoned heart. She entered the circles of the gay, and diffused a spirit of purity and piety even there. She joined the worshipers at the sanctuary, and every soul was hallowed by her sweet, devotional sympathy, and the beauty of her sanctified spirit.

And with all the good that Lily performed, wrought she no mischief? I fear she did a little; I fear she caused some hearts to ache which she could not heal—some spirits to sigh which she could not soothe. She went one night to watch over a sick friend—a young girl whom she tenderly loved. The unyielding hand of consumption was upon her life-cords; they were soon to break, and their earthly music to depart forever. Like Lily she was the only daughter of a widowed mother; but that mother, unlike Lily's, had a son, and this night he was to share her vigils at his sister's bed.



For a few moments after the patient's mother had retired and left her alone with the brother and the sleeping girl, Lily felt herself painfully embarrassed. The idea of passing a long night in a situation so delicate, so unusual, brought a flush of crimson to her cheek, and her heart beat almost audibly. But the peculiar sanctity of the occasion, the faint, painful breathing of the young sufferer, the sacredness of the relation existing between brother and sister, the sorrow of that manly heart and her own tender grief, all brought their solemnity and reality upon her heart, and she forgot the restraints and timidity of feminine reserve, and spoke to her companion as calmly and frankly as though crowds had been around them.

'Caroline sleeps very painfully; were I not afraid of a relapse of those fearful agonies I would break her slumber. But you, James, must come away from her side; you are not accustomed as I am to scenes like this. Go sit by the window, and draw your thoughts away from sickness and death. Come, my friend, you are very pale—come with me to this window for a moment. There; is not all bright and beautiful above? Tears, and pain, and grief, are not there—sickness can never pass the stars, but Caroline can, and she will be at rest soon. The struggles of her spirit are nearly over—be patient, and we shall find her soon free.'

How soft and heavenly sounded that gentle voice to the heart of James Alston. Overpowered by contending emotions, by grief, and struggling faith, and all-conquering love, he leaned his head upon her shoulder and wept—bitterly, yet sweetly wept! She moved not, spoke not, for she felt that his grief was holy; but her frail form shook with the emotion of her heart, and she sobbed—sobbed convulsively, though there were no tears. For a few moments they stood together thus in their grief and unspoken love; but a groan from the sick one aroused them. 'Forgive me, Lily—love,' half-murmured Alston, as he turned back to the bedside of his sister. She had awaked, and was in violent agonies.

For hours the two watchers hung almost breathless over the dying girl, using every exertion to alleviate her sufferings; but in vain were all their cares, all their kindnesses. Ere morning came, she was in peace; for she slept in the sheltering arms of death. The mother came from her restless bed to imprint a farewell kiss—

James and Lily received a low-breathed blessing, and all was over with Caroline forever.

Months passed away, and James and Lily met not save at church, or when occasionally the sweet girl sought his humble home to carry consolation to his mother. He met her there, but it was as they had met in earlier days. He had called her 'love' once, but he dared not, or cared not to repeat it. Sometimes his heart beat quick and violently when he met her soft eye fixed tenderly upon his; and when he observed the faint blush steal over her cheek while he addressed her, a gleam of sunshine would pass far down into his soul, and he almost suffered a timid hope to plant itself within his love.

Meanwhile Lily was silently and slowly forming a resolution upon whose results were to depend the happiness and peace of her after life. She resolved upon an interview with James Alston—upon an explanation of feelings and of hopes which lay amid the very fountains of her being. Judge her not harshly, gentle reader; Lily acted always upon the pure impulses of a pure heart, and though she sometimes passed heedlessly by the rules and restrictions of female etiquette, yet never, on any occasion, did she cast a transient shadow upon the pure native delicacy which characterized all her thoughts and deeds.

She knew that she was beloved—she knew that she loved in return. She knew, also, that until that love was unequivocally revealed, James Alston would feel his own to be hopeless. Why, then, should she not cast aside that maidenly reserve which was the only interdict upon their happiness? Lily felt this to be her duty; and waited only for a favorable opportunity to execute it.

One day she tied on her bonnet with more than usual care, and directed her steps to Mrs. Alston's. The poor woman had been suffering from severe indisposition for several days, and having recovered sufficiently to leave her bed, had sent for Lily to come and sit with her. Lily was very grateful for the opportunity. It was a joy to her to be of comfort to others. James was absent, and did not return till evening; but the afternoon was pleasantly passed in reading and quiet conversation. Mrs. Alston's nerves were tranquilized by the soothing tones of Lily's voice, and the sentiments which it uttered were of peace and christian consolation.

'What a blessed friend you have been to me,



Lily, since my darling Caroline died,' said the invalid tenderly, to her gentle young nurse; you have been a sweet angel to watch over me, and to cheer me with pleasant words of hope. Heaven will bless you, and grant all your prayers.'

'Do you think so, Mrs. Alston?'

'Yes, dear, I am sure of it. One so good must be favored by Heaven.'

'Amen!' softly uttered a voice that went far into Lily's soul. She looked up and met the bright beams from a pair of soul-filled eyes—eyes that expressed the gladness which her presence instantly inspired.

'Good evening, James,' she said timidly, a soft blush stealing over her cheeks.

'Good evening, Lily,' he responded, a flood of joy and tenderness half bearing away his heart. 'So it seems you have been acting the guardian angel in my absence. And I have been fortunate enough to return in season to feel the inspiration of the heavenly presence.'

'You are complimentary to-night.'

'No, I am merely serious, and—frank.'

The conversation became less personal, and they gradually recovered from their mutual embarrassment. James was very entertaining—Lily very deeply interested—and Mrs. Alston quiet and thoughtful. Lily at length rose from her seat.

'I must return home, for mother is alone and will be watching for me.'

'Not so soon, Lily; pray not quite so soon.'

'Dear Mrs. Alston, it is past nine o'clock. But I will come again soon.'

'Do, dear girl, and God bless you.'

The evening was fine—the moon unwontedly radiant. James drew Lily's arm somewhat closely in his as they stepped from the door. They walked on a little distance in silence.

'It is a lovely evening,' said the maiden.

'Very.'

'And is that all? Have you nothing more to say?'

'Much, very much. But I must not speak.'

'Why?'

'Oh Lily! dear Lily. Would you could know what is in my heart.'

'I do know, James.'

'Do know! And speak so kindly? Dear girl, then you pity me, do you not?'

'Not at all.'

'Oh Lily, why, why will you not pity me?'

'Because you do not need pity.'

James stopped. 'I know not whether I may hope or not. Say one word, Lily. If you will not pity me, will you, can you love me?'

'I can, James; I do.'

'Then I am blest forever! Oh, my own Lily, heaven bless you for this love. How long, how hopelessly have I coveted it!'

'And yet would not ask for it! Indeed, James, I have half a mind to recall it now.'

'Do not, dearest, I beseech you, for I have asked it of God with tears, and long, long prayers. But I am poor, and humble, and all unworthy so priceless a gift. I feared you would but despise me were I to make known my love.'

'You should have understood me better, James. Love is not bought by gold, nor elevated by rank. It is the wealth and nobility of the soul, alone, that secures the homage of the affections. And may I say how peerless I deem my friend in this respect?'

'Say, nothing, dearest, but that you love me. I am satisfied—perfectly happy in knowing nothing more.'

And the reader need know nothing more; for with hearts so good and so gentle, and with spirits so perfectly attuned, could they be otherwise than richly blessed? They were blest, temporally and spiritually blest; and Lily Alston was as sincerely and universally loved and respected as ever Lily Douglas had been.

## ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 377.]

Matt. x. 1. *His twelve disciples.* Compare Mark iii. 14—19, and vi. 7, with Luke vi. 13—16, and ix. 1, and it will be seen that the apostles had been chosen before as the delegated teachers of the gospel. It is supposed that the number 12 had allusion to the number of the original tribes, as the choice of 70 had to the number of the Sanhedrim. To the 12, and afterwards to the 70, Luke x. 9—17, and after the resurrection to believers in general, Mark xvi. 17, 18, Jesus gave power to work miracles.

2. *Apostles.* This name signifies *sent*. It is applied to Christ once—Heb. iii. 1. Though significant in itself only as 'messenger,' or 'missionary,' it always in scripture implies the office of one sent forth on an important mission from high authority. In its highest sense, and peculiarly, it was applied to the twelve, and to Matthias, chosen in the place of Judas, and Paul and Barnabas, Acts xiv. 14, sent to the Gentiles. To these only is applied the name 'Apostle of Christ.' The name Apostle, or Mes-



senger, was, however, given to ministers of the word sent forth on a particular service—2 Cor. viii. 23; xi. 13. Rev. ii. 2. See, also, Rom. xvi. 7. It will be seen that Matthew gives the names of the chosen in couples, and the reason we find in Mark vi. 7. It will also be noticed that Matthew opens his list with '*The first, Simon, &c.*;' on this has been built an argument for the supremacy of the apostleship of Peter; but it is evidently but a phrase of introduction, as we often use it in conversation when enumerating several names. Weak indeed must be an argument that presumes this phrase to denote dignity. He was the first called—Matt. iv. 18. Had no superiority—xxiii. 8—12. Acts xv. 13. 2 Cor. xii. 11; Gal. ii. 11, et seq.

*Simon, who is called Peter.* The name was given to him by the Savior—Luke vi. 14; John i. 42. Its signification is *a stone*. It was common among the Jews to give a name to a child or person significant of some peculiarity connected with their birth or character. Names with them were never without meaning. Gen. xvi. 11. Ex. ii. 10; xviii. 3, 4. See, also, Matt. i. 21. Luke i. 13, 60, 63. In the latter verses the name in the original signifies 'the mercy or grace of Jehovah.' Clarke. Frequently as a person advanced in life his name was changed, or another given in addition. See a very significant example in Ruth i. 19, 20, wherein Naomi signifies *pleasant*; Mara, *bitter*. Mark iii. 17. Kings and princes frequently changed the names of those whom they raised to honor and power in their government—Gen xli. 45. 2 Kings xxiii. 34; xxiv. 17. There may have been some allusion to this custom when new names were given to Abram and Jacob by the Deity. The name Peter was given to Simon at the time he made confession that Jesus was the Christ, Matt. xvi. 15—18, and its signification—a rock or stone—alluded to the foundation of the christian church, which was that Jesus was Christ. This acknowledgment was and is the first element of christian faith. 1 John iv. 2, 3; iii. 23; v. 5. See also Acts ix. 36, 37.

*Andrew, his brother.* Matt. iv. 18—20. Mark i. 16—18, with which compare Luke v. 1—11. *James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother.* These were called at the same time as the preceding two—Matt. iv. 21, 22; Mark i. 29, 30. They were all fishermen, and dwelt near each other on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee. The first apostle that suffered martyrdom was this James—Acts xii. 2. John outlived all, and died a natural death. Mention is made of these in Mark x. 35, 41; xiii. 3. Luke v. 10. Acts i. 13.

3. *Philip and Bartholomew.* Of Philip little is known as to his history; that he was a townsman of Peter we learn from John i. 43, 44. He is several times mentioned in the gospels; John i. 45; xii. 21, 22; xiv. 9. The Philip mentioned in Acts viii. 5—13, 26—40; xxi. 8, was one of the seven deacons chosen. Acts vi. 5. *Bartholomew* signifies 'son of Tholomew,' as *bar* is the Hebrew for *son*, and is not therefore a proper name. This name does not occur in John, who speaks of Nathaniel in a manner that seems to intimate that he was an apostle, xxi. 2. And it is probable that the Nathaniel of whom we read in John i. 45—51, and Bartholomew were the same. He was of Cana in Galilee, John xxi. 2. Acts i. 13. There is an ancient tradition that he was the bridegroom at the marriage in Cana, when the first miracle was wrought.

*Thomas, and Matthew, the publican.* Of Thomas as it is said in John xx. 24; xxi. 2, that he was called Didymus, which is regarded as the Hebrew name rendered into Greek, as Peter and Cephas was the same name in different languages. He is mentioned in John xi. 16; xx. 24, 26; xxi. 2, 27. Mark and Luke speak of Matthew by the name of Levi, while he himself is willing to keep the despised office from which he was called distinctly in view.

*James, the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus.* James is called 'James the Less,' Mark xv. 40, probably in allusion to his age or size, and to distinguish him from James the brother of John. He is also called 'the Lord's brother,' Gal. i. 19, he having married the sister of Mary the mother of Jesus, John xix. 25. He is called Cleopas in Luke xxiv. 18. 'Alphaeus and Cleopas are the same name pronounced according to the Hebrew or the Greek tongue. He is mentioned in Matt. xiii. 55. Acts xii. 17; xv. 13; xxi. 18. Gal. ii. 9, 12. He is supposed to be the author of the general epistle of James. He is commonly called the first bishop of Jerusalem, and for his eminent piety was surnamed 'the Just.' *Lebbeus*—in Luke vi. 15, 16, he is called 'Judas, the brother of James.' See also Matt. xiii. 55. The epistle of Jude is believed to have been written by him. He is mentioned in John xiv. 22.

4. *Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.* In Luke vi. 15, and Acts i. 13, Simon is called *Zelotes*, signifying *zeal*; and some render the phrase 'Simon the zealot,' supposing it to allude to his being a member of the sect of *Zealots*, whose great purpose was ostensibly the vindication of the authority of religion. He was a kinsman of our Lord, Matt. xiii. 55, and a native of Cana, some suppose; but expositors in general do not take any decisive ground as to the meaning of Canaanite as here connected. *Judas Iscariot*—i. e. Judas, a man of Kerioth, a town in the tribe of Judah. Josh. xv. 25. This is considered the most probable meaning of *Iscariot*. He is mentioned Matt. xxvi. 14, 47; xxvii. 3. Mark iii. 19; xiv. 10, 43. Luke vi. 16; xxii. 3, 47. John vi. 71; xiii. 2, 26, 29; xiv. 22; xviii. 3, 5. Acts i. 16, 25.

5. *Go not into the way of the Gentiles, &c.* This was the first commission, and that even this did not utterly forbid them to have intercourse with Gentiles is evident from the word *rather* in the next verse, and the fact of two of the apostles going into the city of Sychar to buy provisions—John iv. 5, 8. Their great purpose was, as was his, to preach to the Jews—the house of Israel. After the resurrection they were commanded to go and teach all nations, Matt. xxviii. 19.

*Samaritans.* In 2 Kings xviii. we have an account of this people. They possessed the territory that lay between Judea and Galilee, bounded on the east by the river Jordan, and on the west by the Mediterranean sea. John iv. 3, 4. They were a mixed people, fostered a corrupt religion, and built a temple on Mount Gerizim. John iv. 20. This caused a deadly hatred to burn in the breasts of the Jews towards them, John iv. 9, and their name was used as a reproach, John viii. 48. It will be evident from this, that in order to put no stumbling block in the way of the Jews and prevent jealousy, the restriction made by our Lord was right, in giving the apostles the charge to make their own countrymen the subject of their mission till other-



wise instructed. To this favor towards the Jews the apostles, after the resurrection of Jesus, referred, Acts iii. 26; xiii. 26, 46.

6. *Lost sheep.* See note on Matt. ix. 36. The phrase is used as significant of those who had wandered from the true love and service of God; see parable Luke xv. 3—7. Psalm cxix. 176. Isa. liii. 6. 1 Peter ii. 25. *House of Israel.* In Luke i. 33, we found this term, house, used significant of posterity, or people.

7. *Kingdom of heaven is at hand.* See notes on Matt. iii. 2; vi. 33; vii. 12. For a valuable essay on the phrase '*Kingdom of heaven*,' see Universalist Expositor and Review, vol. 1, 3—23.

8. *Heal the sick, &c.* In this clause, *raise the dead* is regarded as a doubtful phrase—not genuine, and many new translations leave it out. It is evident that under *this* commission the apostles never did raise the dead, for had they, a record would certainly have been made. This power is not mentioned among the gifts bestowed on them according to the record in the first verse of this chapter; neither in Luke ix. 6, 10; x. 19, 20.

*Freely ye have received, freely give.* Some have tortured this into a presumption in favor of an absolutely free ministry of the word, and used it against what they call 'hirelings.' But, evidently, the instruction refers to the exercise of miraculous powers—the apostles were to demand no compensation therefor. Compare verse 9; Luke x. vii. 1 Cor. ix. 4, 5, 14. Gal. vi. 6. 2 Thess. iii. 8, 9. They who labor for the good of men's minds are as worthy of reward as the artizan who works for the body—the author of the book as well as its printer and binder, or any of the many occupations connected therewith.

9. *Provide neither gold, &c.* The Master gave the apostles to understand by this that they must give themselves unreservedly to the work of their mission, dismissing anxiety and undue care, and trust to providential provision by the way. That they realized all they needed is in beautiful simplicity recorded in Luke xxii. 35. The metals referred to were different kinds of money. *Purses*—girdles. The orientals wore, and wear, girdles round the waist made so as to be used for purses, while they confined their loose garments. Dr. Shaw when detailing the manner of dress among the Arabs in Barbary, says,—'The girdles of these people are usually of worsted, very artfully woven into a variety of figures, and made to wrap several times about their bodies. One end of them being doubled and sewed along the edges, serves them for a purse.'

10. *Nor scrip*; i. e. wallet for provisions—'a leathern pouch hung about the neck.' *Two coats*; i. e. tunics, resembling more a loose gown, girded about the waist than a coat; or it may be better likened to the shape of a farmer's frock with short sleeves. *Shoes*—Mark has it *sandals*, vi. 9., which were nothing more than a sole of wood or hide, fastened on the feet by thongs or straps. The direction undoubtedly was, that they should not provide any other covering for the feet than they then had. Shoes probably allude to the short boots worn on long journeys, where briars, sharp stones, and deep, hot sands were to be encountered; hence what Matthew records as '*Provide not shoes*,' Mark relates as '*Be shod with sandals*;' the *idea* is the same—as in the next particular, '*nor with staves*,' 'a staff only.' *The workman, &c.* See note on

verse 8. See, also, 1 Tim. v. 18, which is a good commentary, alluding to Deut. xxv. 4, while it is also a proof that the apostle had read either Matthew or Luke's gospel, as he quoted '*The workman*,' &c., as from scripture, while the phrase is only found in those two evangelists history of our Lord's ministry.

11. *Inquire who in it is worthy.* This appears to relate to persons who were favorable to Christ and truth; when the apostles came to a certain city or village, they were to inquire out those who were most likely to entertain and treat them kindly. *Worthy of me* in verse 37 of this chapter must mean—not entitled to be considered my disciples. *There abide*, i. e. in said house; *till ye go hence*, i. e. leave the city or village. Luke x. 7.

12. *When ye come into a house, salute it.* The eastern custom of saluting a friend or family was to say, 'Peace be unto you.' Judges xix. 20. 1 Sam. xxv. 6. Psalm cxxii. 7, 8. John xx. 19, 26. John xiv. 27, alludes to the same custom, implying that too often in the common intercourse of life this greeting or salutation was but sound upon the lip—no heart in it; but he gave it with a feeling and faithful soul.

13. *If the house be worthy, &c.* These are peculiar forms of speech arising from the custom alluded to, implying success or failure; Psalm xxxv. 13; Isa. lv. 11. The sentiment of the text is, If the house or family have sympathy with the objects of your mission, a blessing will come upon them through your visit, and the salutation will not be vain; if otherwise you cannot expect to bless; Luke x. 6.

14. *Shake off the dust of your feet.* The Jews, esteeming their own land as holy, regarded even the dust brought upon it by a traveler from his feet as defilement. It was a custom with them when entering their own country from a heathen land, to shake off the dust from their feet. Hence they would not permit herbs, it is said, to be brought from a heathen country, lest dust should be brought with them into the land of Israel. The direction of the text then must mean—Show by this significant action that you esteem them no better than the heathen. '*For a testimony against them.*' Mark vi. 11; Luke ix. 5. x. 10, 11. Acts xiii. 51; xviii. 6. Connect also John xiii. 20.

15. *It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that*—i. e. a rejecting—city. The wickedness of these cities, whose destruction we read of in Gen. xix. 24, 25, was proverbial. This text has been a cause of much controversy, because of the future tense of the verb *shall be*, and the seeming necessity of regarding the Savior as making a comparison of the past fate of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the then future doom of the offending cities. Many expositors who were believers in a general judgment, have rendered the original, '*in a day of judgment*,' explaining their understanding of it to be, that at the approaching judgment on the Jewish cities, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would be acknowledged to be preferable. Contrast Sam. iv. 6, with Matt. xxiv. 6—22. Bishop Pearce, as quoted in Universalist Expositor, vol. 3, page 28, says, '*The sense of this verse seems to be this: that which formerly befel Sodom and Gomorrah, was more tolerable than what shall befall that city. That the day of judgment here mentioned is to be thus*



understood, appears from what is said concerning Capernaum in chap. xi. 23, compared with verses 22 and 24 of the same chapter.' The future tense of the verb presented no great difficulty to them, doubtless from an acquaintance with the fact that the sacred writers do not use tenses with the precision that is required in our language. Bishop Lowth in his 'Lectures on Hebrew Poetry,' has some valuable remarks pertaining to this peculiarity—see pp. 125, 126, Andover ed. Herefers to several illustrations of the expression of the past by the future tense. See also Ezek. xvi. 46—56. In this passage it will be seen that the prophet speaking to Jerusalem says, 'their elder sister is Samaria, she and her daughters dwell at thy left hand;' yet afterwards we learn from the context that they were then carried away into captivity. See also in respect to Sodom and her daughters in the same verse, though Sodom and her daughters had not dwelt there for ages. Let it be particularly noticed that our Lord speaks of the 'land of Sodom and Gomorrah' in the text, and certainly the expression must refer to an earthly and political existence. 'Had he meant to allude to them as a class of individuals in the world of spirits, would it not be absurd, rather than natural, or striking, to call them the land of Sodom and Gomorrah?' 'To us there appears a very impressive figure in the transfer of the tense, representing the judgments on both the ancient and existing cities as inflicted at the same time, and thus rendering the comparison the more vivid and the contrast the more striking. But what propriety or force there would be in carrying the land of Sodom into the future world, we cannot conceive.' H. Ballou, 2nd. Universalist Expositor, vol. 3, 30.

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### THE BRIDAL.

Original.

AY, 'tis a joyous sight to see the youthful flower-decked bride,  
With her robes of snowy whiteness, and the bridegroom  
by her side;  
To look upon her placid brow, and read unwritten things,  
The deep, soul-breathing poetry of love's imaginings;  
To see the smiling bridegroom with his dark and lustrous eyes,  
In their dewy brightness gleaming with hope's high fantasies;  
And watch him gazing fondly on that youthful maiden fair,  
Whose glancing smiles and joyous words leave not an hour for care.

For aye his heart is throbbing now with over-burdened bliss,  
At this bright consummation of his hopes of happiness;  
And it is beautiful to see a youthful, happy pair,  
Yielding each garnered hope and trust to the other's faithful care.  
But it always makes me sad to see a gay and girlish heart,  
Laying aside her maiden joy, and from her home depart;  
Leaving affection's treasures, so fondly cherish'd long,  
And a mother's holy love still changeless, pure and strong.

Her father sadly smiling with a parent's tenderness;  
Brothers and sisters giving her a long farewell caress;  
Oh! who would dream that there could be aught that's  
so fair on earth,  
As to lure her from this blest abode of childhood's  
buoyant mirth!  
But there is beaming near her a tender, winning smile,  
Her youthful heart is yielding now to love's endearing  
wile;  
And with a trusting confidence, she gives her parting  
kiss,  
And to another yields her hopes, her chance of earthly  
bliss.

Then darker thoughts come flowing in—for 'tis a solemn sight,  
To see two youthful beings at the holy altar, plight  
Their vows of mutual love,—and think, that aught may  
come to mar  
That deep love's holy purity, that's now their guiding  
star;—  
That hearts now brightly gleaming with hope's blest  
radiant light,  
May from the chilling frost of time receive a withering  
blight;  
Or the cold, cold hand of death on one fair brow be  
laid,  
And cast around the other's path dark sorrow's cypress  
shade.

He, who should cherish fondly, may his youthful bride  
forsake;  
By coldness and neglect may cause her gentle heart to  
ache;—  
But thoughts like these must not intrude with their  
soul chilling power,  
To cast a shadow o'er my brow in this glad festal hour.  
May happiness attend them; may they walk in wisdom's ways,  
The star of peace e'er shed o'er them her mild, benignant  
rays;  
May their course be onward still, through blissful, ro-  
seate bowers,  
And deeds of gentle goodness be the measure of their  
hours.  
EVA.  
West Cambridge, Mass.

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### APRIL.

Original.

I KNOW a young girl—not so very young either,  
for she is past twenty—who is a perfect April  
character; as capricious, quite, as that month of  
showers and sunshine. Her temper is for the  
most part sunny, cheerful and warm, but it is  
continually subject to fits of sadness—short bursts  
of tears, and low, breeze-like sighs. And those  
very tears are like April showers; even while  
they fall the sunshine of joy and love breaks  
through. And they are to the heart what the  
warm rain-drops are to the soil of spring—the  
flowers spring up, 'the wild-flower wreath of  
feeling' sheds its sweetness and beauty upon her  
brow, and all is richer, and fresher, and lovelier,  
for the transient influence of the cloud.



Lirie is a child of passion—or, to use a term I better like, of ardent, enthusiastic sentiment. She loves with a generous, whole-souled fervor that doubts not and questions not, but confides heart and soul without a fear of treachery. Her perceptions are clear, and where she discerns a kindred spirit her heart is soon laid open, and her affections are readily yielded.

The great secret of Lirie's April-fits of sadness is discovered in the depth of her poetic susceptibilities. Emotions come upon her soul without any obvious cause. A tone of music, the murmur of a brook, the note of a summer bird, 'a sound, a scent, a wandering breeze,' will cause her to weep, and her heart will ache as though touched by the finger of grief. I have known her on a rich summer eve, when the sky was dewy and soft, and the low sounds of music were stealing through the air, sit down in a solitary place and be subdued into tears, even when joy and peace were in her heart, and friends were around to bless her.

Lirie is one who readily gains friends and never loses them. But they are chosen ones. She selects them with fastidious care; not for any adventitious attractions they possess, but for the goodness of their hearts, for their refinement and intelligence. She has not one intimate friend who is not an honor to her sex. And a peculiar faculty she possesses for winning their confidence. The most reserved and cautious among them find themselves laying open their hearts before her, and entrusting their most secret feelings to her charge. Her power lies in her ready and earnest sympathies. She has feelings in her soul that can respond to every joy and every sorrow of the human heart; and she answers to their confidence in such low and gentle tones that they are comforted and made happy.

Like April she has her gay and laughing hours, and then she is the life of a company. Her humor is rich and vivacious, her good-nature excessive, and the gentle playfulness of her manners quite bewitching. But her playfulness never luxuriates into mischief, or painful jests. She is never the author of any trick to involve another in mortification to gratify her own mirthfulness. Indeed she is fastidiously cautious upon this point. Even on 'All-Fool's-Day,' when everything in the shape of a joke is excused, she will not practice the most delicate and good-natured deception, even for a moment, though if

she be herself the victim of a trick, she is the first to enjoy the fun.

In person Lirie has no pretensions to more than ordinary comeliness; every one, however, allows that her countenance is pleasant and intelligent. 'She has a sweet smile, and a loving black eye,' was the description given of her by a friend. Her manners are quiet and simple—somewhat timid, and at times restrained. In conversations he is easy and natural. Her words are few and expressive, and spoken for truth's sake simply, and not for effect or display. In hours of deep feeling, however, and in communion with a beloved friend, her thoughts flow out freely and with a fervid eloquence.

Lirie's characteristics may be summed up in few words. She is benevolent and forbearing, sunny in temper and ardent in love, gentle as a lamb and sensitive as the most sensitive thing in nature. She has a great deal of taste, but very little order—quick perceptions but not profound reflections. To every month of sunny hope she has one day of deep despondency. But in all moods, and at all times, the light of her soul, the vigor of her being, is recognized and felt as the soft ministration of heaven.

S. C. E.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

Original.

LAFAYETTE, N. Y. JAN. 23, 1840.

SINCE I received your prospectus, I have tried to get some subscribers to your valuable paper. I had encouragement from two or three that they would send with me; but owing to the hard times, some of them think they cannot the present year. To others, the word *Universalist*, on the title page, has some terrors, which their bigotry and early prejudices will not allow them to overcome. Yes, I find many in our little village, who are astonished at my temerity in so openly avowing my belief in those sentiments which in these parts are almost 'everywhere spoken against,' by perusing your paper, which favors the holy and benevolent principles of love to all. Oh! bigotry, curse of mankind! and enemy to all happiness! when will your race be run, and the gloomy darkness in which you have for a long time enveloped the world, be dispelled! But although I have not had very good success, I do not despair



of at some future time obtaining some subscribers to your excellent periodical.

You see by the direction that I have changed my name, (or rather added another name to mine) and am soon to leave my native place. And let others do as they may, I cannot for the present do without my old friend, the *Repository*. It has indeed been a pleasant companion for me since I have taken it. I look for it each month, as I would for the arrival of a long tried, and faithful friend. And now when I am about to leave the pleasant home of my childhood, and a beloved circle of friends and acquaintances, to dwell among strangers, with him whom I have chosen for my future companion and friend, I think I must have the society and companionship of your paper to reconcile me to the change, and compensate me in some measure for the loss of so many loved and loving friends. I have indeed fallen in love with some of your excellent correspondents. Mrs. N. T. MONROE, who for purity of expression, and originality of ideas, and a deep fountain of love and sympathy, is seldom excelled if ever equalled. As it is not long since she changed her condition, I hope she has selected a friend who is worthy of such a treasure. May you and they, one and all, be prospered in the great and benevolent work of enlightening mankind, and freeing them from the bondage of sin and error. I have for several years been engaged in the important business of teaching, and have had a good opportunity to observe the power, which long established prejudices have over the minds of the young, as well as over those who are more advanced in life. It has sometimes made me sick of the world and weary of life, to see the ignorance which prevailed with regard to the most important religious subjects, and particularly the belief and real sentiments of those who are believers in the ultimate holiness and happiness of the whole human family.

Wishing you all success in all your endeavors to advance the cause of knowledge throughout our land, I am yours with much respect,

T. J.

TROY, (MO.) JAN. 29, 1840.

UNIVERSALISM in this region is comparatively new; the people generally do not even understand the first principles of the doctrine, but as fast as they are understood, they are ardently embraced. We have a church in this town of 33 members,

and there are as many more who believe the truth, but who have not as yet connected themselves with the church. There is a wide field open in this western country for the labors of Universalist preachers; the only obstacle is the incompetency of the support they could now obtain. For myself, I have the prospect of a living this year for ministerial services, which has not been the case before for the three years I have resided in the west. I found here, as in Illinois, that your paper was unknown till I introduced it; and the best way to induce people to take it I have found to be to lend the numbers I have on hand.\* They read them, and hence become acquainted with the superior excellency of the work. It is quite probable I shall send some more names for the present volume; but for the next I am satisfied that I shall be able to forward a tolerable *long* list. The money I send is the very best I can obtain here. In this place it is as current as silver. Wishing you all prosperity I subscribe myself yours in the common faith.

J. P. F.

\* We thank the author for his compliment. Ed.

### THE BUTTERFLY.

Original.

I LOVE the little butterfly,  
With light and gaudy wing,  
It flits about so merrily—  
The joyous, thoughtless thing!

I wonder if its little breast  
Ere felt the weight of care,  
Ere sighed in vain for courted rest,  
Or scenes more gay and rare.

It lights upon the fairest flowers,  
So delicate its touch,—  
And makes the sweet blue-bell its bower,  
And seems to love it much.

Who decked thee, little fairy bird,  
With feathers rich, though small?  
And in thy tiny bosom stirred  
The strength to rise and fall?

Hast thou a voice? It must be sweet  
From creature fair as thou,  
And low, or else it were not meet!  
Would I could hear it now!

But, ah! I would not share thy lot  
To be like thee so gay;  
So soon, alas! to be forgot—  
Frail creature of a day!

And then the hope that glows within,  
That points to worlds of light—



Where never sorrow enters in  
To breathe its withering blight.

Oh! nought beyond thy little hour  
To thee will e'er be given!  
To perish like the summer flower  
Whose breast to thee was heaven!

Boston, Mass.

IONE.

### FEMALE MODESTY.

Original.

MODESTY is a trait in the human character, and especially in that of a female, which is so important that all other gifts and attainments which it has ever fallen to the lot of woman to possess, cannot supply its place. It is unbecoming in men to exhibit, in conversation and conduct, a want of that modesty which has characterized the good and the great of our race, but a destitution of this principle among the sisterhood is vastly more intolerable; not because arrogance, in itself considered, is any more reprehensible in woman than in man, but because we are accustomed to expect a greater degree of refinement and purity of manners in woman than in men. And this from the difference in the natural constitution, and the sphere of action in which woman seems designed to move. While woman keeps within her appropriate sphere, she does not meet with those numerous and rude assaults of the half civilized world, to which man is exposed, and to enable him to repel which he possesses a firmer nerve, being composed perhaps of a coarser material, by which he is adapted to the station assigned him by the Creator.

And therefore when we behold a want of modesty in man, we are not so much disgusted as when the same want is apparent in the gentler sex; for what we are accustomed to, excites in us neither surprise nor disgust.

Modesty is equally removed from *boldness* on the one hand and *bashfulness* on the other; these are the wide extremes between which stand the whole family of the daughters of Eve. The natural constitution and endowments of individuals of the same family, may incline them to take almost an entirely different course in these respects; and while one daughter may be so extremely bashful that it is with great exertion and even with very distressing emotions, that she can appear in the company of strangers—another may be so very bold as to appear highly disgusting to all who are annoyed by her extreme for-

wardness. Now these defects, as they may be called, should have been remedied by education—by which the bashful should have been encouraged and brought forward, so that her natural timidity might have been measurably overcome; while the natural boldness of the other should have been suppressed by precept and example, till a commendable modesty had been acquired. Economy of time and labor, as well as *certainly* of success in this important branch of female education, requires that the work should be commenced in early life, even in the days of early childhood; for this is one of the branches of education which, if deferred till the daughter is of a suitable age to leave the maternal for a public school, all the labors of the conductors of the latter, will not supply the defects of the former. And here let me say that in too many instances, parents have fallen into a great mistake in supposing that the errors of childhood will be fully removed by a few months or years attendance at a fashionable 'Boarding-school.' It would be nearly as reasonable to expect the color of their daughter's eyes would be changed by the lectures at the Institution, as that those habits in which she has been accustomed to indulge would be permanently changed by such instruction. It is a lamentable fact, that many mothers act upon the principle that the most *important* part of their daughter's education, must be entrusted to those who are not so deeply interested, and therefore will not impart, if indeed they are capable of doing so, that *essential* knowledge appertaining to the duties and responsibilities of woman in the various offices which she is designed to fill; and on the proper discharge of which depends, in a great degree, the honor and happiness of those with whom she may be connected. Education has been, and still is, by too many confined to what may be learned at the 'schools,' and the information thus derived is regarded as '*an education*' which would fit its possessor for the right discharge of the high duties of life. But the day must come, for its light has already dawned on the world, when the 'education' of a young lady will consist of something more than the reading of books, hearing lectures, reciting lessons, painting, music, dancing, walking, riding, &c. &c.; these will be considered the embellishments of 'female education,' while the all-important part, the real body and soul of education, will consist of the information which the *mother*,



the 'instructress' whom God hath appointed, shall impart to the daughter by precept and example. Then will the foundation of female education be laid by those to whom the important work properly belongs, in early life, which will be productive of a great change for the better in this respect; especially when it shall come to be understood that education consists in calling out and giving a right direction to the faculties which God has given, suppressing some and encouraging others, as the early development of the native qualities of the mind shall require—and not, as is sometimes the case, to excite the natural forwardness of one till she becomes too bold, and neglect the natural timidity of the other till she becomes too bashful. These defects might have been remedied by education, which would have rendered both more agreeable and happy.

Hartford, Conn., March 1840.

J. M.

### HORRIBLE PENALTIES.

Original.

WHATEVER motives may govern the actions of other intelligences, we know that man is ruled by incentives—either pleasurable or painful. Under a sense of this, rulers and governors have instituted rewards and punishments. These, of course, appeal to the most coarse and selfish attributes of man. The fear of stripes, imprisonment and death, is called in as an aid to government—and, although a person may obey the law through fear, yet he deserves no praise for such obedience, since there is nothing noble in fear itself. It is not pretended, therefore, that these penalties will reform or purify the heart; but they are intended as guards to secure the safety of community against those whose hearts are bad enough to commit outrage upon the property and persons of their fellow-creatures. They enact the part of nails, or broken glass, placed on the top of a fence or wall, which do not convince the thief of righteousness, but wounds his body if he attempts to scale the premises.

Of course, then, the penalties of the law, or the threat of punishment in case of disobedience, can have no effect whatever to amend the heart and to encourage the growth of good affections. On the other hand, nothing can have a greater tendency to excite a feeling of resentment and hatred against those who offer opposition to the enterprises of the wicked than harsh threats and

severe penalties. It is the natural effect of vengeance to inspire vengeance; and hence the great difficulty which mankind find in forgiving those who hate them and despitefully use them.

But mankind are not wholly under the dominion of the base motive of fear. The parent will provide for his offspring, encountering great danger and suffering in doing so—and the feeble and timid mother will look fearlessly in the face of death when her beloved infant requires all her courage and fortitude for its protection. Here is a motive stronger than the fear of death, and this motive has operated with equal power where the safety of a friend was concerned. We have all read the story of Damon and Pythias; and there have been other friends who were prepared to lay down their lives for each other.

The scriptures tell us of 'a love which is stronger than death'—a love, indeed, which too few of us are in the possession of, but which is, nevertheless, as great a reality as the fear of death—aye, the only *reality* which the endless ages of eternity cannot destroy.

But as men are not willing to trust to the power of christian love for protection in this world, it is not strange that they are equally unwilling to preach it as a motive to well-doing in connection with our duties to God. It is even to be feared that some who endeavor to practise the duty of christian forgiveness in this world, reserve to themselves the *comfortable belief* that their enemies will be endlessly tormented and themselves revenged in the world to come. This is, of course, no forgiveness; as it would be more merciful, more charitable, and more christian-like, to inflict personal chastisement upon them here, than to desire their endless ruin hereafter.

Some governments in this world appear to be reared and founded on the supposition that the more sanguinary are the laws, the firmer will be the state, and the more moral will the subjects be. Yet in Great Britain, where a paltry theft is punished with death, robbery and murder, riot and arson, are much more frequent than in the United States. The severity of law has been proved by abundant experience to afford no security against crime; and where a tyrannical government has existed, revolution, rebellion and regicide have usually followed as naturally as thunder and lightning when the air has been charged with the electric fluid. From whence came all the bloodshed of the French Revolution? From



what source proceeded the rivers of blood which deluged that sunny clime but from tyranny on the part of the secular and ecclesiastical rulers? From whence proceed rebellions and revolutions in states, but from the severity of laws? It has been proven, in all ages, that no security can be obtained for the state or for individuals by the enactment and enforcement of severe and arbitrary laws.

Yet it is upon this principle that those act who strive to give force to the doctrines and precepts of the gospel by threatening the disobedient and the unbelieving with the endless tortures of hell-fire. They imagine that they can secure the obedience of mankind, and force them to believe, by a threat of the very heaviest penalty of which the human imagination can conceive.

What has been the effect? And even among professed christian believers, how many are ruled by a spirit of good will toward their fellow-creatures? How many noble and independent minds have stood aloof from their sanctuaries, scorning to be driven within the pale of the church from a mean principle of fear; and how many have embraced infidelity, having been chased away from the fold of Christ by the roaring flames that hedge it about.

The only sure motive of action is love—and this is plain; because the soul under the dominion of love, and acting from that principle, is *free*; while those who act from a principle of fear must, of course, cease to act when the mind becomes divested of its terror. The latter acts from compulsion, while the former acts from choice. However necessary law may be, and its enforcements, for the peace of society, the force principle can have nothing to do with the kingdom of Christ. Force and fear are contrary to love. 'No man can come to me,' says Jesus, 'unless the Father draw him;' and 'God is love.'

But, say the advocates of Divine vengeance, who have at length been driven out of their material hell, and have been obliged to provide a temporary substitute until something more durable can be provided for their accommodation—'but,' say they, 'hell is a state, and not a place, and the remorse and compunctious visitings of conscience, which are to last forever in the souls of the impenitent, will be as terrible as the elementary fire to which they are compared.'

This explanation is given by some persons in order to vindicate the justice and mercy of God,

and in order to show that, as the Creator does not undertake to control the free will of his intelligent creatures, therefore it is their own fault if they become endlessly miserable.

But this does not, in the least, interfere with the original objection, which is made on the ground that God is full of mercy and love toward his children. What matters it whether God creates a hell and plunges his creatures into it, or creates hell and places them on its brink, so that a majority of them cannot avoid tumbling in. What matter is it whether he puts them into a burning gulf of endless torment, or so constitutes them that mental pain—equal in all respects to the former—must be their doom for endless ages? What does it signify whether the pain is mental or corporeal, so that it is equal in degree?

But what is remorse? What is compunction, and what is horror of conscience? Is it not regret and pain that we have done wrong—that we have been under the influence of a spirit opposite to the spirit of love?

Now is the soul to suffer this regret forever—a regret that it has done wrong—a pang because it has departed from that which is altogether lovely in its eyes: for unless the *right* and the *truth* appear best and loveliest to the mind, there can be no natural and spontaneous regret at having violated it. Is the spirit to mourn forever with this repentant sorrow—this hungering and thirsting after righteousness—this grief that it cannot enjoy the delights of pure, disinterested love and spiritual holiness?

It is plain that unless the mind is in love with virtue and goodness, it can never be the author of its own regretful torments. When the mind is wholly imbued with the spirit of evil, and feels no more the strivings of God's love, it cannot be sensible of remorse until that remorse is inflicted by the extraneous and miraculous power of a vengeful Deity.

The question is therefore narrowed down to this—Does God inflict endless torments on the wicked, and are the wicked, therefore, obliged in justice to love him?

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CONTEMPLATION. Contemplation displays to us the past events of our lives, which, during their occurrence, we saw not; as a calm, clear day shows us the rocks and the wrecks of the sea, which we discovered not while tossed on the turbulent surface of the waters.



## APRIL.

Original.

*'Of all the months which fill the year,  
Give April's month to me;  
For earth and sky are then so filled  
With sweet variety.'* LONDON.

THE beautiful month of April hath appeared; the period of varied clouds and sunshine. Earth has again thrown off her sombre vesture, and put on the beautiful garments of gladness; praise is heard from her thousand temples, for the young spring advances, and awakens new activity into being. I love thee, April! for thou bearest upon thy wings, the remembrance of many fond associations, which have long since fled never more to return: I love thee for thy changefulness, for methinks thou art true emblem of man's earthly destiny. The sun may dawn brightly, and fair as an angel's smile upon thee, but ere its meridian height is gained, clouds o'er-shadow the bright vision, and the storm descends in mighty torrents: it is thus with man: the morn of his existence may pass on shadeless and sorrowless, but the noon of that existence may present a very different aspect; adversity may spread her sable mantle, and ere he is aware, the storm which has been gathering unseen, will burst with an overwhelming force upon him; but if he possess the true spirit of christianity, he can smile through the storm, and repeat in the language of resignation, 'Father, thy will, not mine, be done,' knowing that the Father chasteneth him for his profit, and whom he loveth he scourgeth; for he beholds in the far distance the beautiful rainbow, planting her mingled rays in the clear heavens; for as the April shower is succeeded by the bright token of sunshine, so the storm of life is followed by the calm life-giving bow of peace.

Reader, shall we not study the picture which this season presents, and derive a lesson therefrom? Our life is compared unto an April day; clouds and sunshine are its constituents; but if we possess the blessed religion, which our Savior taught, peace and joy will accompany all its variations: adversity may spread her dark wings, but still the same serenity will prevail as when the golden radiance of prosperity smiles; the same kind Father is ours, and the same bright heaven is in view, in seasons of sorrow as in gladness. Let us then seek this priceless gem, and having found it, bind it closely to our hearts, for it will aid us when all other friends shall fail.

Art thou in youth? hath care still left thee free, nor guile entered thy heart? then obtain this golden treasure; it will aid thee in keeping thy heart guileless. Art thou seeking the wreath of fame? this will implant on thy youthful brow, brighter and more lasting laurels than ever the flowers of fame can bestow. Art thou in manhood? doth the cares and trials of earth oppress thee? oh, then, this treasure is invaluable; when the day of toil is ended, and evening has spread her soft curtain around, how sweet is our lot, if we possess a friend to whom we can confide all our sorrows. Religion is a friend who is ever nigh; this is the comforter, who will apply a healing balm to the wounded heart; a communion with her will restore tranquility to thy perturbed spirit, thy rest will be calmer, and thou will rise on the morrow refreshed and with new energy to pursue thy various avocations, and encounter fresh trials. Hath time bowed thy form, and the frosts of many winters silvered thy temples? hath age furrowed thy cheek, and dimmed the lustre of thine eyes? O, if thou still art unacquainted with this friend, seek her, for she will guide thee in thy short passage to the tomb; she will strow fresh flowers around thy path, and point thee to the rich feast, and the living fountain, prepared for thee in company with the glorious multitude of a redeemed universe, in the everlasting kingdom of our God. PHILIA.

S. B. April 1840.

MELANCHOLY. There is a melancholy, no doubt, by which the intellect is expanded, while the heart is made better; a tempered sadness, a sober earnestness which by occasionally recalling us to the contemplation of an ideal world, softens and refreshes those feelings, and enlarges the sphere of our conceptions, it leaves us as active as ever in the exercise of our social duties, and thus preserves that mental equilibrium, that balance of the intellect, the feelings and the fancy, which is the characteristic of the highest order of genius. Excessive melancholy, like excessive levity, is a selfish feeling. Those social energies which should connect us with our fellow men grow indolent and dormant, the active duties of life are forgotten in the passive; gradually we lose our relish for the common and natural feeling the simple mirth and tears that make up the mass of human life, and learn to substitute glaring and distorted portraits, which are the reflection of our own morbid peculiarities, for simpler forms of universal truth and beauty, which all hearts acknowledge at once and admire.—Anon.



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

All communications for, or relating to, the *Repository*, should be directed to the publisher; and all letters to the senior editor should be directed to *Marblehead, Mass.*, instead of Haverhill.

**CHAPIN'S LECTURES.** The volume announced in our last is now out of press, embracing six lectures on the *Duties of Young Men*, and an anniversary address delivered before the Richmond, Va., Lyceum. This volume is decidedly, in our opinion, one of the best of the numerous works that have of late appeared, claiming the attention of young men. It is an eloquent volume—beautiful and stirring thought, fixing impressions in favor of the most important of our duties, and rewarding repeated perusals. We are aware that many are the standards for style in composition, but for ourself we must say, that these lectures present the most finished composition that has ever come from the Universalist press. It may be deemed too sparkling for the pulpit, but we know not why sparkling things should not come from the pulpit as well as from the forum. We commend these lectures most cordially to our friends and patrons. The volume is very neatly got up, in a style highly creditable to the publisher. Price 50 cents. This work can be had of the editor in Marblehead. It contains six lectures on Self Duties, Social Duties, Duties as Citizens, Intellectual Duties, Moral Duties, and a Concluding Lecture.

**DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN**, by E. H. Chapin. Our last number contains a notice of this work, penned by our brother editor. Since reading that we have had the pleasure of perusing the little volume in question. We anticipated a rich treat when we opened its lids; we have enjoyed it. Any one familiar with the writings of our denomination for the last three years, cannot but hail with gratification any new work from the pen of Br. Chapin. He is, without dispute, we believe, one of the most eloquent writers we have amongst us; strong, rich and deep in the flowing of his thoughts, and earnestly persuasive in the language through which he gives them to the minds and hearts of others. His style is his own, and has beauties and fascinations of its own, which will win him a popularity and an influence that will eventuate greatly to the advantage of our cause. It is poetical, richly, yet chastely so; and his images and figures are sometimes absolutely startling in their rare and exceeding beauty.

This little volume is deserving the same place among the young men of our country, that Miss Sedgwick's 'Means and Ends' should possess among those to

whom that excellent little work is dedicated. We would recommend it to the young men of our denomination particularly, with all the earnestness of a sister who has the interests of her holy faith most intimately at heart. Purchase it, my young brethren; read it, study it, and more than all, as you have the welfare of your religion, of your country, of humanity at large, closely interwoven with your affections, faithfully and perseveringly PRACTICE its holy precepts and principles. Do this, and the blessing of God will rest upon you through life, and through eternity. Abel Tompkins, publisher, 38 Cornhill, Boston. S. C. E.

'LETTERS TO REV. E. F. HATFIELD, in review of two lectures against Universalism; by B. B. Hallock.' We have received from the publisher—P. Price, New York—an 18mo. volume of 94 pages, bearing the above title. Mr. Hatfield is the pastor of the 7th Presbyterian church in New York city, occupying a situation that made his attack on Universalism worthy of attention and notice, and it has received all that was due. His arguments are here considered very calmly and fully, and the author has done himself credit in embodying a good deal of matter in a small compass. It can be had at this office, bound in boards or cloth—prices 25 and 37 cents.

'THE BIBLE CLASS ASSISTANT, or scriptural guide for Sunday schools; by Thomas B. Thayer. Boston. Thomas Whittemore, 1840.' Such is the title of a new work just issued from the press, 180 pages, 18mo. It contains 'Sketches of the antiquities, customs and manners of the Jews, in illustration of scripture.' Being designed as a standard class book, and for teachers, we must regard it as too concise and brief, not affording upon the subjects discussed sufficient information. Our bible classes, in many, if not most places, are made up of young gentlemen and ladies who want more than slight sketches of the subjects here discussed, and we cannot but believe that the author's plan was too hastily filled up. The book being designed for teachers and bible classes, should have been adapted to satisfy them—taking the place with us that the two excellent 18mo. volumes of the American Sunday School Union on 'Jewish Antiquities' hold in the bible classes of the orthodox churches. Let us be understood in reference to the character of the present work—we regard it as a good one, creditable to the author, and a valuable addition to our class books, although not so extensive as we want, and the state of inquiry and study in our order demands.

The work is very neatly printed, and is sold for \$2 50 per dozen. It can be had of A. Tompkins, Sabbath School Depository.

**NEW WORK BY I. D. WILLIAMSON.** Br. Price of New York has in press, and will immediately publish, a new work entitled 'AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENCE OF UNIVERSALISM,' by Br. I. D. Williamson of Baltimore, consisting of a series of lectures delivered by him in Baltimore, and which attracted, we are informed, considerable attention. Those who have read the author's last work—*An Argument for Christianity*—will, we are confident, be eager to obtain this, and may expect to find in it the same vigorous and clear exposition and defence of important truths. The work will be published in a neat 18mo. volume, and may be had at A. Tompkins's as soon as it is out of press. We trust that it will be eagerly sought for, and circulated very widely over our land.

'UNIVERSALIST BELIEF.' Such is the title of a sermon by T. P. Abell, delivered in the Universalist



church in Castine, Me., March 8, 1840, and is a pamphlet that will do good. It is written in a clear, dignified and unostentatious style, and fulfils what the author designed—the giving ‘a succinct statement’ of the Universalist doctrine; the author speaking for himself, but confident, and with justice, that his own views are in general accordance with those of the denomination. He deals in no anathemas, willing to give freely and frankly an exposition of the Universalist belief, and leave the statement to commend itself to the bible reading and the bible believing reader. It can be had of A. Tompkins—price 10 cents, and is very handsomely got up.

**WAY TO GET AND DO GOOD.** A. Tompkins has received from Br. Price, New York, a lot of pamphlets in bundles of 25 each, 62 1-2 cents per lot. They are all different, 18mo. size, varying from 16 to 48 pages. They are all on important subjects, and well suited for distribution among those who will read. Among them will be found sermons by Brs. Williamson, Le Fevre, Sawyer, Asher Moore, Thomas, Peck and Drew. An Essay on the Intellectual and Moral Power of Universalism, by C. Spear; several Prize Tales, and divers other pamphlets—all good and useful. Buy them, read them, and thus get good; distribute them, and thus do good.

**CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.** One more number closes the present volume, and we ask of our subscribers who have not as yet forwarded their subscriptions, to do so immediately. Thousands of dollars are owed us in small sums, and the expenses of the establishment require punctuality and honesty on the part of all our subscribers.


*Agents* whose accounts are unsettled will, we trust, see the necessity of a speedy settlement, that all things may move on right and easy.

**NEW VOLUME.** We can, in all sincerity, assure our patrons that arrangements are made to render the next the most interesting volume of the work. The present editors will continue to superintend the work, and if continual effort to make the publication one of interest and profit has succeeded, they leave the past to speak for the future, and ask of the reading public the countenance and support they may deserve.

‘**THE CHRISTIAN’S TRIUMPH**; including happy death scenes. By John G. Adams.’ This work we expect will be out of press by the time this number is issued, and having been privileged to examine it as it passed into the binder’s hands, we repeat our good opinion of its character—literary and devotional. It must, we think, be highly valued. It will be welcomed in the chamber of sickness and death, and silently become a minister of richest good to the afflicted and bereaved. It will, we doubt not, be widely circulated, and we trust another edition will soon be called for.

The work does not simply embrace accounts of death scenes where the power of gospel truth was mighty, but also treats on a variety of topics pertaining to afflictions, and the christian view of time, death, and eternity. Earnestly we commend it to our friends. The work is quite large, and the price very low—50 cents.

Persons holding subscription papers are requested to forward them to the publisher, A. Tompkins, immediately.

 **PROSPECTUSES FOR VOLUME IX.** Those who feel an interest in the prosperity of our work, are

requested to use their influence in obtaining subscribers. We shall strive to maintain the character of the work, and merit the good opinion heretofore so freely expressed, of our brethren of the press.

**UNIVERSALIST COMPANION AND REGISTER FOR 1841.** As the period is near at hand when statistics and other materials must be collected, and orders solicited, for this annual publication, it is proper to notice some changes in its plan rendered necessary by the times, and the alterations that have taken place in this office.

1. The editor will not attempt to give full and detailed statistics for 1841, except for such regions as were abridged last year, and then only, where they are furnished him without express solicitations. Many friends recommend that attempts to give such full and complete details should be made only at intervals—say, every fifth year. But be this as it may, I wish to give a full list of Conventions and Associations, dates of organization, times of meeting, and Standing Clerks’ names and addresses—Periodicals, their locations, terms, &c.—Preachers and Post Office addresses—Schools—and such other most necessary information as should be given *in full* annually. This, with the lists of new societies, churches, meeting-houses, &c. will render the Register complete as my increased duties this season will allow me to make it. Will our brethren whom I addressed last year, please to collect and furnish me with the above, and such other information as they deem necessary, *before* the first day of May next?

2. I shall be unable to procure the promised tables (exhibiting the passages of Scripture where *olem*, *aion*, and their derivatives occur in the originals,) for 1841; but am promised a valuable and interesting essay on the usage of *aion* by the Scripture and various profane Greek writers, in their stead, and the tables above named for the year 1842. Will the brethren whom I addressed last year, and such others as will so favor me, please forward me communications for the work on or before the *first of April* next? I will allow fifty cents for every page accepted and published in the work. The writers will please designate what disposal to make of their articles, if not wanted for the U. C. and R.—as, in case they do not, I may use them for the Magazine and Advocate.

3. The Universalist Companion and Register will be edited as heretofore, and published for O. Hutchinson, Bookseller, Utica. It will contain 1st, an Almanac for 1841, calculated for Portland, Boston and New York, (or New York, Utica and Cincinnati, according to the section where ordered)—2d. Choice doctrinal and practical articles in proof and illustration of Universalism—and, 3d. Statistics of the denomination in the United States and British Provinces. The entire work will make a pamphlet of 72 pages, neatly stitched, and pasted in a printed cover. Prices, 12 cts. single—\$1.00 per dozen, and \$7.00 per hundred.

4. As many desire that a work should still be published lower in price, the Almanac and Statistics of the foregoing will be published by themselves, in a separate pamphlet of 36 pages, (filled out with as many articles of the former as can be got into it,) to be entitled ‘The Universalist Almanac for 1841,’ and will be afforded at 6 cts. single, 50 cts. per dozen, and \$3.50 per hundred. But the Companion will not be printed separate from the Register. A. B. GROSH.

\*.\* Orders for either or both the above works, should be sent in *before the first of May next*. The publisher cannot afford to print many more than are ordered, and run the risk of selling them as times now are; it is therefore hoped, that all who want, will ascertain



the number probably needed in their section, and order the full number before the above date.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.** The reader will be kind enough to correct with his pencil the following errata in the first article: first page, second column, line 12, read, *then, is one*. Sixth page, second column, 13th line from bottom, for *passiveless* read *passive*.

We welcome *Ione* among our correspondents, and trust that she will favor us in the future with the gifts of her chaste muse. Several articles were crowded out from this number. We have been hurried and troubled this month, and if some notices that should have appeared have been forgotten, we trust our forgetfulness will be excused, as we have been *a moving*. What a theme *the poetry of moving!* would be for some of our correspondents!

We were unfortunate enough not to get the *Music* intended for this number ready in time. We will give sufficient in our next to make up the deficiency.

## Monthly Record.

Our Record must necessarily be incomplete this month, as we have been busy in moving from Haverhill to Marblehead, and have not been able to keep the run of events.

**NEW CHURCHES.** We learn from the Trumpet, that new churches are being built in Newburyport, Lexington, Concord, Stoneham, and preparations are making for one in Welfleet, and another in Truro, all in Mass. We also learn that a beautiful house will soon be dedicated in Barre, Mass.

*The Rockingham Quarterly Conference*, was held in Chester, N. H. Feb. 19th. The Old Colony Quarterly Conference was held at Fall River, and continued in session two days. We are happy to learn that the friends enjoyed a rich meeting and were blest. The Unitarian Church was open for their accommodation.

**NEW SOCIETY.** A new Society has lately been formed in Cheshire, Mass.

**ORDINATION.**—Br. Nathl. Holder, was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in Lynn, Mass. March 15. He has removed to Washington, N. H.

**SALEM, Mass.** We copy the following from the Trumpet for March 28th.

We have received a letter from a correspondent stating, that on Sunday last the Rev. M. H. Smith, of Salem, Mass. made a communication to the members of his congregation, stating, in substance, as follows: that he could not associate with the Universalists any longer as such—that he had no sympathy with them as a denomination, and that he could preach no longer to that Society as a Universalist Society. The question therefore arose, whether the Society would abandon their profession of Universalism, and they voted unanimously that they could not. It is supposed therefore, that Mr. Smith's connection with them will be dissolved.

We have received no official communication, and under the circumstances forbear any remarks of our own.

**MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION.**—Copy of a letter from Rev. D. D. Smith of Gloucester, to Rev. L. R. Paige, Standing Clerk of Massachusetts Convention of Universalists.

Gloucester, Feb. 10th, 1840.

Br. PAIGE,—To you as Standing Clerk of the Massa-

chusetts Convention of Universalists, I tender my resignation of membership. From this date, I cease to be a member of the Massachusetts State Convention of Universalists, and also of all bodies or associations in its fellowship. The reasons which have induced me to adopt this course, I am not disposed to state at present, though I may give them to you, personally, at some future time.

Fraternally thine,

DANIEL D. SMITH.

**WITHDRAWAL.**—To whom it may concern:—I hereby certify that Rev. Daniel D. Smith, of Gloucester, Mass. is no longer a member of the Massachusetts Convention of Universalists: he having resigned his membership thereof.

LUCIUS R. PAIGE,

Standing Clerk of the Mass. Con. of Universalists.

Lancaster, March 13, 1840.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. Abram Page has removed to West Brattleboro, Vt. and wishes all communications for him to be directed to that place.

Br. J. C. Baldwin has removed from Sharon, Vt. to Berkshire, Vt. and his correspondents will address him accordingly.

Dr. N. W. Chevalier has removed from Lynn to North Bridgewater, Mass. and will thank his correspondents to address him at that place.

Br. H. G. Smith, of Dudley, Mass. has removed to Berlin, Conn. to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in that place. Correspondents and publishers who send papers to him, will govern themselves accordingly.

Br. George Hastings has removed to Swanzey Village, Mass. Publishers and correspondents will please address him at that place. He will preach there next Sunday.

Br. John Boyden, jr. has removed from Dudley, Mass. to Woonsocket Falls, R. I. and wishes his papers and letters directed to that place.

**INSTALLED.**—Br. Asher Moore, late of Roxbury, Mass. was installed to the pastoral charge of the First Universalist Church (Lombard-street) in Philadelphia, Sunday, April 5th.

**ORDINATION.**—Br. H. G. Smith, will be ordained as pastor of the Universalist Society in Berlin, Conn. on Wednesday, 22d inst. Sermon by Br. John Boyden. Ministering brethren and friends generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

**REV. A. C. L. ARNOLD.** The connection of this gentleman with the Universalist Society at Essex, Mass. has been dissolved. He has accepted the pastoral care of the Unitarian Society at Fall River, Mass. We feel authorized by remarks written by Mr. Arnold, which we have seen, to state that he has for some years stood aloof from the Universalists as a denomination, that his sympathies have not been, and are not with us.

### List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending March 4, 1840.

A. H. P., North Ridgeway, \$2; S. M., Sutton, \$2; L. T., Thomaston, \$2; M. B., Buffalo, \$6; B. F. N., Erie, \$2; M. C., East Bloomfield, \$2; A. U., Homersville, \$5; W. T. H., McComb, \$5; R. McK., Hudson, \$2; P. M., Henderson, \$2; R. B., Columbia, (all received,) \$26; T. B., Prospect, \$2; W. D. C., Dudley, \$4.



THE  
**Universalist and Ladies' Repository.**

Vol. 8.

For May 1840.

No. 12.

**JUSTICE AND SALVATION.**

Original.

THERE is no existing opinion more directly opposed to the revealed doctrine of the perfection of God, than the opinion that divine justice requires the Deity to pursue a course of conduct different from what his mercy would incline him to. Perhaps no christian professor will directly acknowledge a belief that the justice and mercy of God are opposed to each other, but still there are many who cherish doctrines that lead obviously to this same conclusion. Hence we have often heard the love, goodness, and mercy of our heavenly Father declared with much eloquence and beauty—a pathetic picture has been drawn, and the Deity represented as possessing all the tenderness and compassion of the kindest parent. And this we are told makes him favorable toward redeeming all—all may be saved, his mercy is sufficient, and his power adequate. But soon as the hearer is ready to burst out in songs of thanksgiving to God for his universal and parental goodness—soon as his heart is warmed with the fire of filial love, and ready to yield itself to the sway of the divine commands,—then the preacher throws ice upon all the warmth of his feelings by expatiating on the demands of divine justice; God is declared to be a just God, and the most terrible picture of human nature—of its depravity, and exposure to eternal torments, is presented, and the heart is made cold again—for who can love such a God, and cherish gratitude toward him?

Thus the holy attributes of the divine nature, Justice and Mercy, are made to oppose each other; and it is too commonly imagined that it is justice that punishes, and mercy that redeems, each acting in a separate capacity. Not so is the doctrine of truth; for we are taught that mercy is blended with all the divine chastisements, and that God's punishments are just be-

cause they are merciful. We hold it as a self-evident truth, that no punishment can be *just* that is *unmerciful*, and therefore justice and mercy must be blended together; hence the great poet says,—

'And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.'

There is one passage in the Psalms that here deserves to be considered, and which shows that David devoutly believed that God was merciful in that he punished justly the sins of men. Says he, 'Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his works.' Here the act of punishing man is declared to be an act of mercy—to God belongs mercy, for he visits the sins of men with a just retribution, and unless that retribution is merciful it cannot be just.

Our subject, then, is a most important one. We are led to inquire, 'Is the doctrine of universal salvation consistent with divine justice? There is great force in the question—it leads to important consequences; as we are willing to acknowledge that if the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all is inconsistent with the justice of God, it cannot be true—it must fall. But we devoutly believe that as certain as God is a just God, so certain it is that he is the Savior of all with an eternal salvation.

Assertion is not proof, nor does it deserve implicit belief; of this we are conscious, and therefore will proceed to show the why and wherefore of our doctrine, in accordance with the sentiment—'Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' Our theme is—Is the doctrine of universal salvation consistent with the justice of God? 'He is a just God, and a Savior.'

Our subject leads us to consider first, the harmony of the divine perfections. A perfect being—and God is declared to be perfect—can possess no attribute that clashes against another; and



we may add, that a perfect good being cannot possess an attribute inconsistent with perfect goodness; therefore if an attribute be evil, it certainly cannot belong to God; and the attribute, whatever it be, which inflicts endless misery on any being, is evil. It is not affirmed merely that the attribute is evil which inflicts endless misery on the great majority of men, but that attribute is so which inflicts it even upon one single individual; and the proof is obvious. Misery considered in itself is evil; and is only consistent with goodness when it has the power to bring good ultimately; and as misery inflicted through endless ages cannot produce this ulterior effect, it is, then, positive, real, essential evil, and cannot be the product of a perfectly good being. Hence we learn that all the divine attributes are consistent with each other, and all harmonize in goodness. Justice cannot lead one way, and mercy another; but they both must walk hand in hand, as they have been rightly termed '*twin sisters*.' Hence the Psalmist wrote, 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' Thus by a beautiful figure he showed that all the divine attributes harmoniously operate together to do good.

As we thus consider the perfect harmony of all the attributes of the divine nature, we are forcibly convinced of the absurdity of the common notion, that the justice of God required the condemnation of all to endless woe, but his mercy devised a plan to save some thus exposed to utter wrath. This makes the perfections of God to oppose each other, and any theory which tends to such a conclusion must be erroneous. This leads us to consider, What are we to understand by the phrase, God is just; or, he is a just God? This is answered by a standard orthodox writer thus,—'The justice of God is the ardent inclination of his will to prescribe equal laws as the supreme Governor, and to dispense equal rewards and punishments as the supreme Judge.' This we consider a correct definition of the phrase—Justice of God; but how will it apply to the doctrine of eternal punishment? Is that proportionate to the sins of men? or on what ground is it declared just?

No man will pretend that endless misery is a proportionate punishment for the sins of man—even the vilest sinner; and it helps not the case to say that God has sovereign power, and has a

right to do what he sees fit. Mere power is not justice, nor is an act just because the doer had the power to perform it. Else the dark outrages which of late have blackened the scroll of our nation's fame, should be declared to be not in the least shameful or wrong; power is justice! Lynch law and mob law are righteous laws! The simplest capacity can perceive that all this is absurd—that because God has sovereign power it is not just for him to exert it to the utter misery of a portion of his creatures. Because a judge has power to inflict on a criminal a punishment greatly disproportioned to his crime, it does not follow that it would be just in him to inflict such a penalty. No, every good heart would declare it to be unjust, because unmerciful. And on the broad ground that endless misery inflicted on a single soul would be both unjust and unmerciful, we reject it. It moreover implies a real change in God's moral government, for it is allowed that in this state of existence all the divine chastisements are designed to reform the subject, to change the sinful disposition of his heart, and reconcile him to God; but the punishment of the future world has none of these ends in view—we are told it is inflicted to avenge God's injured justice, and to maintain the honor of his government.

The end of just punishment is two-fold—the reformation of the criminal, and the detention of others from crime. Endless punishment looks not to the amendment of the sufferer, but it is declared that the intensity of his agony will cause him eternally to curse God, and nourish the most ferocious passions; hence instead of aiding the reformation of the subject, its direct and only tendency is to sink him deeper and deeper in iniquity and wrath. And none will pretend that the favored in heaven will be deterred from crime by the sufferings of the condemned, for what shall be there to tempt to transgression? and what is heaven but the possession of a soul renovated and pure, affections fixed on God, and desires all to his praise?

In verity, then, eternal punishment in unmerciful, unjust, and unnecessary, and therefore cannot be inflicted by the Deity on a single soul. Universal salvation from sin is consistent with divine justice, because that justice requires universal conformity to the will of God, and all the attributes of God are pledged to bring to pass this end. God is love—his justice is love—his



law is love—his chastisements are in love, and the result of all his dealings shall be universal subjugation to love divine. Hence he is a just God, and a Savior; the one necessarily follows from the other; and his justice will be displayed toward all by the salvation of all, and it can be in no other way. The demands of immutable justice can never be satisfied until all are made just, and transgressions are at an end.

It is the height of folly to declare that divine justice will demand, and must be satisfied with the endless torment of millions. Revenge in an infinite evil being might call for this, but it is dishonorable to attribute such a desire to a benevolent and righteous God. What! shall we say that the Almighty gave man existence, endowed him with wonderful faculties, forever to be misemployed and perverted? Shall the soul made capable by its Creator to progress on, and forever on, in knowledge and virtue,—to enlarge its acquaintance with its Author and its own powers,—shall the capacities to love God, to adore his perfections, to admire his Son, to sing the praise of redeeming love and sanctifying truth,—shall all these be doomed to utter desolation and iniquity? Shall one part of God's creation be forever under the sway of ignoble passions, and degrading desires? or shall the time come when the world of mind shall present a spectacle of sublime and unutterable grandeur—freed from the dominion of sin, enfranchised from the slavery of error and the bondage of passion—when every created child of the universal Father shall walk forth in the beauty of holiness, in the light of love, and clad with the ever pure robes of immortality.

That time of universal purity and rejoicing will come—the bars of the grave shall be broken, and man become as the angels, pure and happy, true children of God, being children of the resurrection. There is no power to oppose this victory—a just God shall be the Savior of the universe of mind, and the adored of every human soul. And thus do we learn that his justice is the justice of love; for it is not said that 'God is justice,' but it is declared that 'God is love,'—love is his nature, and the all-pervading spirit of his operations.

'Mercy is the becoming smile of justice;  
This makes her lovely as her rigor dreadful;  
Either, alone, defective; but when joined,  
Like clay and water in the potter's hands,  
They mingle influence, and together rise,  
In forms which neither, separate, could bestow.'

Thus it is seen that we rely on the justice of God as much as on any other attribute of the divine nature. Men have too often separated this perfection from the others, and made it to have a terrible import in the ears of many; while they dwell on the goodness of the Supreme they are cautioned to remember his justice, and not build on false hopes. But it ever becomes us to retain the truth, that he is a just God, and a Savior—he punishes, rewards, and saves; and as extensive as he is to man a just God, even so extensive to man is he a Savior. Considered as a Judge and as a Parent, he is impartial, he is no respecter of persons; he visits the transgressions of all sinners with a just retribution, and extends his loving kindness even to the weakest child of his creation. Beautifully says Jeremiah, 'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. For the Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.'

Yet in bold defiance of this declaration that God will not utterly cast off, but afflict his creatures for their good, it is asserted with confidence that God will cast off forever, and that the divine punishments will be for the misery and not for the good of the subject. And yet the advocates of this notion charge us with perverting and contradicting scripture! Verily, they miss their mark, and, like the boy shooting at the stars, their arrows fall down in their own faces. Let the reader judge which is best, to heed the word of God, or to listen to the schemes of men; and if men would only cling to the Scriptures, there would be no more maniacs caused by fears that God would cast off forever—have no mercy and doom to utter woe.

The blessed Jesus did not favor such unholy ideas. Ah, no; he strove to fill the heart with pure desire by unfolding the loving kindness of the Father; and severely did he rebuke the austere religionists of his day who spurned the sinner from them, while oft-time their own hearts were more sinful. He told of a son returned home; awakened by the misery of want, he had come back to the plenty of his father's house; his soul was made glad to see home once more, to taste of the streams that refreshed him in childhood, and linger around the scenes of happy



and innocent hours. But there was one—a brother, too, who smiled not at his return, neither was made glad by the knowledge of his reformation. He was angry, and would not enter the house where such a sinner was admitted; he remained without, and murmured in his heart against the good father of them both. There he stood, the picture of vindictive, unmerciful justice. His form is as the oak that lightnings could not bend—his hands are clenched in anger—his eyes shoot the fire of vengeance, and a dark frown of unforgiving malice contracts his brow. And what is the sentence he would pronounce upon that child of his father—that brother in whose veins is kindred blood—that creature of like passions, affections, and aspirations with himself? He would cry—he has been once in iniquity, let him eternally remain in its pollution! Justice knows not mercy!

Thanks be to God that such revengeful demons cannot have their will obeyed; and blessings on the Son of God that he made the parent in his story to retain the prodigal, and still show him a father's tenderness. The hall rang with the shouts of gladness, and 'the lost one is found' ran from lip to lip, till all rejoiced in the happy news; music, mirth and festivity, blended their influences to celebrate the joyous event. One only remained unmoved, and that was malice—miserable malice, that would dash the cup to atoms rather than another should taste of its sweet contents.

But the good mind is far differently disposed towards the erring; Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance—the whole need not a physician, but those who are sick; and Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost. All power in heaven and in earth is given him to fulfil perfectly the divine work of redeeming the world; under the Supreme he is the Savior of the world, and he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied. His rest shall be glorious.

'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends begone;  
Though joys be withered all, and dead;  
Though every comfort be withdrawn;  
Steadfast on this my soul relies,—  
Father! thy mercy never dies.  
Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.'

Our subject is suggestive of many useful re-

flections and practical inferences. It teaches us not to be terrified by our adversaries, but remember that our faith is built on the immutable justice—the eternal rectitude of the divine nature. As all God's dealings are just, they must issue in love, for mercy is blended with all his operations; yea, we may call all his acts the workings of peace bringing love, designing the redemption of all from sin and wo. This is a dear truth—a blessed assurance to the benevolent heart that mourns over the wretchedness of man, and viewing the iniquities of earth asks, Why is it so? As God is a just God, and a Savior, absolute evil cannot exist; there may be much in the world that to our short sight seems inconsistent with perfect rectitude, and we may be tempted to murmur at God, and permit the shadowing doubt to creep over our mind. But we should remember the littleness of our minds compared with the vast scheme we would clearly comprehend. We now look through a glass, darkly; dimness and shadows must, while mortality lasts, be around us; but yet, with the christian's confidence in our hearts, we shall be enabled to cry—'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?'

Yes, holy Father! thou art just and good; thy sceptre sways the world, and from seeming evil thou bringest forth good. Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. This truth shall be our comfort and our solace through life, enabling us to bear up under afflictions, and illuming the valley of the shadow of death. And by the loveliness of perfect love, of immutable rectitude and undying tenderness, the Father of our spirits invites us to put our trust in him for time and eternity; and the records of truth assure us, that the more we love and obey him, the more and more shall the visions of the better life become blessed realities to our believing souls—the more confidence shall we have that all things are tending to promote our good, and bring to pass the redemption of the intelligent universe.

B.

### DO YOU KNOW THEM?

Original.

Do you know my pretty grape-vine  
That groweth by the brook?  
About the tree its branches twine  
In many a graceful crook;



It groweth, it bloweth,  
It beareth many a grape,  
And curls with many a sunny look  
In many a gentle shape.

Do you know my little brook-flowers  
That spring so gaily up,  
Through all the pleasant summer hours?—  
The rose and buttercup,  
The celandine and pea-vine,  
The orchis with its fringe,  
The fragrant little mint-drop  
That wears a purple tinge.

And do you know my blue-jays,  
And all my singing birds,  
That sing so many happy lays,  
And talk such pretty words?  
O they sing, and they spring  
From tree-top and from vine,  
And run about in merry herds  
Where'er the sun-beams shine.

And do you know my darling brook,  
That singeth all day long,  
And steals to every flowery nook  
With its delicious song?  
It singeth, it ringeth,  
Like a bell amid the flowers,  
And windeth all the vales among—  
A sunbeam with its showers.

My darling brook you *must* know—  
The beautiful and bright :  
You must have heard its gentle flow  
In some still summer night ;  
For it tattleth, and prattleth  
A low and plaintive tune,  
When sparkling in the gentle light  
Soft beaming from the moon.

Oh dearly do I love them all—  
The brook-flowers and the vines,  
The birds that sing from spring till fall  
Among their verdant shrines—  
And the dashing and flashing  
And laughing little stream—  
These make the beauty of my life,  
The glory of its dream.

CARO.

### TRAITS AND SKETCHES OF THE AFFECTIONS. No. III.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Original.

#### WHAT IS WEALTH?

*'If happiness has not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest ;  
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
Could make us happy lang ;  
The heart's ay, the part ay,  
That makes us right or wrang.'*

BURNS.

'WELL, Elisabeth, the time has come at last  
when we must give up our cherished hopes of  
comfort and competence, and content ourselves  
with what fate leaves us—our hands and hearts.'

'The best riches in the wide world, John ; we  
will not despair while these are left. But there  
is one thing else—our baby, John. Is not he  
the greatest of all treasures? See him now—  
how well and happy he seems, biting his little  
soft, white fingers! The precious rogue! If he  
were a prince he would not be merrier.'

'Poor little fellow, he will know life early.  
Poverty, toil and ignorance, these are his inher-  
itance.'

'Why so? Toil, to be sure—that must be his,  
and it is well that it should be ; but it is the sure  
enemy of poverty and ignorance. What but toil  
makes our countrymen wealthy and wise? Few  
of them are heirs to anything but liberty, and  
the right of education granted by our national  
institutions ; which, priceless inheritance as it  
is, belongs to our little Charlie as much as to the  
wealthiest in the land. Be it our task, dear  
husband, to make him early aware of the value  
of this right ; and let us teach him to count his  
own personal energies the surest fund of wealth  
and of knowledge that could possibly be afforded  
him.'

'You are a blessed wife,' said the husband,  
patting her shoulder affectionately. 'No matter  
how dark and heavy the clouds are, you *will*  
draw the sunshine through them. You are the  
sweetest little philosopher I ever knew, and the  
most consistent one too, for you *act* what you  
*teach*. But it is hard, Elisabeth, to give up our  
own nice little farm, which we have been toiling  
for so long, and go to work for hire again, almost  
before we have known what it is to be our own  
task-masters.'

'A little hard, to be sure, it seems for *you* ;  
*my* lot will be about as it has been—a happy one  
—to toil for you.' She looked up affectionately  
into his face, and he could not but smile and ca-  
ress her.

'Oh I can't complain, Elisabeth, when you  
are so gentle, and patient, and trustful. Your  
temper is all sunbeams ; whatever storms may  
come, you are sure to gild them with rainbows.  
Heaven bless you, for you are one of its own  
elect.'

Elisabeth deserved her husband's praise, for  
she had indeed been the sunshine and gladness  
of his life. They had grown up together in love.  
At an early age they married, and by persever-  
ing industry and economy had gained the little  
farm upon which they now resided. Here they



hoped to pass their days in peace and comfort, blessed and blessing. They had laid one little flower of their bosoms in the grave, but another as precious had come into its place, and re-awakened all their love.

But misfortunes overtake the most prudent and the most excellent, sometimes. John May endorsed notes to a considerable amount for a friend whom he trusted. That friend was imprudent, and lost his means of satisfying the demands of his creditors. Mortgages were laid on May's farm, and as he had no hope of being at any time able to redeem it, he placed it in the hands of his creditors for sale, resolving to be free of incumbrances even if he had but a penny in his purse for a residue. His wife approved his course, and, as every faithful and tender wife should do, encouraged and soothed him through his trials. She held his heart up; it could not sink while resting upon so firm a support as her affection.

For a while his spirit was heavy when he returned from his toils at night, and felt that he had no pleasant tale to tell Elisabeth of the fine stock and rich products of *their* farm; but her cheerful smiles, and low, sweet tones went softly into his bosom, and quickened all its pulses to joy. She would show him the fruits of her own industry, the hats she had braided, and the provisions and apparel she had received in exchange. Charlie, too, as if desirous to show how his baby energies could resist adversity, learned daily some new and wonderful feat to astonish and delight his admiring parents.

'Well, after all, Elisabeth, I do think circumstances have little to do with our happiness,' said her husband, after listening to her animated description of the pleasures and comforts which daily encouraged her in her labors; 'I believe if the heart be right, the fluctuations of fortune have little control over the enjoyments of life. It isn't what we have, it is what we are that makes us rich. For instance, there is Sam Hazleton—rich, you know, in gold and silver, and houses and land; but is he happy? No, for what is he in himself? Ignorant and illiterate as any boor; he cares nothing at all for reading, and has not a book in his house except the 'Farmer's Almanac,' and an arithmetic in which he has studied the rules of addition and interest to perfection. Of religion he knows and feels nothing. He never opens a Bible, nor attends

church, nor thinks of his Maker or of his future home. He does not possess half the affection for his wife that he does for his oxen, and cares less for his children than for his pigs and potatoes. For the wealth of the Rothschilds I would not possess that man's mind and heart!'

'No, John, I am sure of that. Now let us count *your* treasures—riches that have no wings save the pinions of the spirit. Faith, my love—the best and holiest faith that ever man possessed, is yours in an exceeding measure. With this alone you were amply rich, for does it not support and console when every thing else has failed? and will it not live in brightness and beauty when all else within the human heart has perished? Yes, you have faith, religious faith, my husband, and religious love, too, the richest and purest of all human affections. You have intellect, and a love for science and literature; and here is a source of the most imperishable wealth—the wealth of the mind, of the soul, of that within us which cannot die. You have a love of nature, ardent and deep, and more than all, you have domestic affections whose worth to you is past all words. Your heart is happy in blessing others, and it has stores of blessings all its own. Indeed, John, I do not know a richer man than you, nor a happier woman than myself.'

One evening John came up the pathway to his home with a brisker step than was his wont. Elisabeth flew to meet him, with Charlie clinging to her neck.

'You look happy, John,' was her salutation, discerning with the keen eye of love the glow of joy that lit up his intelligent countenance; 'what new blessing has come to us?'

'Books, Lizzy, books! That little gentle, angel-hearted Mary Carlisle has made us each a present of a book. Here is the 'Rich Poor Man and Poor Rich Man' for you, and for me, 'Mudie's Guide to the Observation of Nature.' From notices I have read of them, they are just the works we shall be most delighted to possess. Now are we not rich?'

'Oh, are we not indeed? Mary Carlisle, a blessing on her benevolent heart! is always making folks happy and good. I wish she might ever be as happy as she has made me this moment. Books! why, John, our evenings will be so many little hours of heaven, now that you have something new and useful to read to me.



How handsome they look! I don't know any thing that has such a fascinating beauty as a new book. Every association connected with reading is so delightful, so dear to me. The title of this makes me think of what we were talking the other night. Sam Hazleton is the "Poor Rich Man," and you, my love, you are the rich, the very "Rich Poor Man." Do, now, come in and have your supper, and afterward we will have a long evening all to ourselves.'

John took his little boy to his heart, and made the pretty fellow laugh merrily, and clap his rosy hands with joy. 'Oh, my precious Charlie, what has all this proud world to boast of, in its riches and its greatness, that can compare with the unspeakable bliss I find in you? Elisabeth, was there ever such a beautiful and sweet-tempered little boy as ours?'

Elisabeth laughed. 'Of course we think not. Why should we? It is a parent's privilege to think his own child the most loveable creation of God. I claim this privilege, and am willing to yield it to others. Still we must not let affection blind us to his faults. It is often said that love is blind; I do not think so; love perceives, but will not acknowledge, unless it be to one who loves as well. I could speak of one of Charlie's faults to you, but not to one who loved him less than you do.'

John followed his wife into the house. Why should not a man be happy to enter so pleasant a home? The little room had none of the decorations of wealth;—there was no carpet, no mirror, no sofa, nor mahogany of any kind or in any form. Yet there were evidences of taste which might be vainly sought in many of the parlors of the rich and fashionable. In one corner stood a little stand on which lay a flute, a small accordion, and a 'singing-book'; these were the *luxuries* of their dwelling. A few neatly painted and very clean chairs stood in orderly arrangement about the room, and the floor also was painted and nicely polished by the labor of Lizzy's ever useful hands.

Flowers were blooming in little moss-covered vases upon the mantel-piece, and pots of geraniums and roses stood in the window seats. A shelf of books hung between the windows—precious volumes they were, and dearly loved. Next to their food and their bed, these would have been the last things sacrificed to poverty. In the centre of the room was spread the supper

table. Elisabeth bestowed her nicest care upon her simple yet excellent food. They were yet able to keep a cow, and of course to have good new butter, and fresh milk. Elisabeth procured almost everything for their table by the sale of her braid. They always had sugar, and cream, and tea if they chose; and always new wheat bread of the rarest quality. What needed they more? Yet they had more—they had gingerbread and many kinds of plain cake, and sometimes custards and simple sweetmeats.

Why should not John May be a happy and a rich man with such a home? He *was*, and he felt it; which is more than many do who have thousands and hundreds of thousands. Truly,

The heart's ay, the part ay,  
That makes us right or wrang.'

What was it to Mr. and Mrs. May that, at the close of the year, when their expenses were all paid, they had remaining but a hundred dollars to be laid aside for the day of need? They had health, and comfort, and contented hearts—O would that the last were the 'wealth of nations!'

Seven years passed on, and they received the reward of their economy and persevering industry. They had recovered their farm, and were in the enjoyment of all its benefits. Beside Charlie, two little girls sat at their fireside, and with every new member came a new source of happiness. Charlie now was a fine lad of eight years, and could read to his mother all the afternoons, and teach his little sisters many things which his mother could not find time to teach them, and which made them good and happy.

One evening—evenings are nearly all the time that farmers can spend in the social circle—Mr. May was sitting in a grave mood with his family, the younger members of which were chatting merrily about their kittens and dovelings, and making as little noise as could be reasonably expected from happy and healthy children.

'Well, Elisabeth, we are now nicely established upon our own farm—live in our own house, raise our own provisions, and are our own masters and servants. How, think you, could we endure a second reverse of fortune?'

'As we did before, John—and we should now have more treasures spared to us than then; our little girls, John—they have been added to our wealth, and death only can take them from us.'

'But with our additional family we should have a smaller chance of regaining our property.'



'Not so, John; they are not burthens, one of them. They would help us to recover what we had lost.'

'Pa,' said Charlie, lifting his bright eyes to his fathers, 'I can earn a ninepence every day in the summer, dropping corn and weeding gardens, and doing lots of things; and in the winter I can braid the sides of hats for mother—she has learnt me how; and in the fall I can husk—why father! I could earn a lot of money if you was poor.'

'So you could, my son. I was wrong in thinking you would any of you be burthensome. But what led me to speak of these things now, Elisabeth, was because I have just been endorsing notes again. Richard Haskell has been buying one of Sam Hazleton's farms, and given him a note to be paid in three years. I put my name to it, for Richard could find no one else to befriend him, and Hazleton would not take his note unless it were endorsed by a responsible person. Of course, Elisabeth, I did not like to refuse.'

'Oh, I am very glad you did not. I am very glad, John, that one misfortune has not sealed your heart to the necessities of others, and made you selfish. I had rather lose all my worldly possessions, than to have you lose your spirit of uncalculating benevolence. With a selfish temper no wealth could make you happy; with a conscience which tells you that you have done your duty to others, no poverty could make you wretched.'

'It is just so, Elisabeth. You and I have no two minds about anything.'

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#### CHARACTERISTICS AND NECESSITY OF GOSPEL HOPE.

Original.

How many and valuable are the blessings of hope. From earliest time men have paid her homage, and sought to find names that should bespeak their admiration and gratitude. She has been called 'the sister of Sleep,' as alike friendly to the distracted and fearful mind; and they who have made gods of all that blesseth man, have not forgotten to make her a divinity among the objects of their adorations, and at her shrine have offered the most costly sacrifices to court her favor.

But though we would not deify Hope, yet we

acknowledge to its influence we owe much of the enjoyment and encouragement of life. When men cease to hope, the mind languishes and the heart sickens; a cloud is over the sunshine of day, and enwraps the glowing stars of night, the dearest enjoyments lose their relish, and man asks himself, why he should wish to live? Well is it asked—

'What can we not endure,  
When pains are lessened by the hope of cure?'

Yes, many of earth's hopes are as frail as the dew-drops of the summer's morn, soon vanishing to leave the flower exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. All hopes are not so. There is one that is as an anchor of the soul, not slight and easily borne away, but sure and steadfast; for it hath God for its maker, and it takes strong hold on eternity.

Of this hope we would treat; describe its characteristics—how it is excited and made firm in the mind—what it promises, and the fullness of its expectations, and how needful it is to nerve the soul, and comfort the despairing.

We are then first to describe the characteristics of this hope which is as an anchor of the soul. It is the expectation of good things to come, even the life, joys, and holiness, of immortality; hence the apostle hath said—'The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope; because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

There are but few, if any, whatever may be their creed, who do not foster the hope of partaking in this deliverance; it seems to be wrought in the very constitution of our natures, and if fear bids us shrink at the approach of death, hope is ever near to cheer us with the expectation of life and good to come.

Another characteristic of the gospel hope is, that it is sure and steadfast. We have the promise and oath of the Almighty, given that we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us.

It is a purifying hope; hence said the beloved John: 'Now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man



that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.' For the firm and constant expectation of the ennobling gifts of immortality lifts the believing soul up above the vices that corrupt the inner man, and retard his spiritual progress; his affections are not all centred on earth, but he remembers he has a portion in heaven, worthy of daily remembrance and constant gratitude to God.

This gospel hope makes men bold in the profession of it. No doubts are mingled with its acknowledgment; neither is it timidly declared, as though it were a shame to cherish it. It is not built on works and merit, for it were a shame to claim of the Almighty the glories of eternity as due us for our deeds on earth; but our hope is founded on the free grace of God, and what is too good or too great for a God of love to bestow? Who would not be bold in professing it? Who would not wish for the pealing trumpet's tone to proclaim it afar, and call the world to bless the God of hope? Well may we exclaim with Peter: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven.'

It is a joyful hope; hence the apostle amid the many and grievous trials of his situation rejoiced in hope, yea, was saved by hope, and filled with joy unspeakable. That must be a spurious gospel hope that fills the mind with terror, and will not permit the believer to rejoice in the full assurance of faith. It must be a hope fashioned by the wicked art of man, and not formed by the indwelling power of the religion of Jesus. Speaking of the trembling fear that will creep sometimes into the heart of the christian, a powerful writer hath said,—'The blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope. But when I look around on the creation, and see there the marks of an omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped; when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring; when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of

everlasting improvement, and especially when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone as the forerunner of mankind into the mansions of light and purity, I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth and felicity of the human soul.'

Such then are the characteristics of gospel hope—it is the promiser of eternal good; it is sure and steadfast; it is purifying in its influence; it is joyful and full of glory. We pass to consider,

2. How is this hope excited and made firm in the mind. It is excited by careful study of the character of God, the history of Jesus, and the doctrine he proclaimed. They who cherish only a fearful, trembling hope—a hope that is often overwhelmed by despondency and doubt, have not yet acquainted themselves with God, and therefore are not at peace. Neither have they looked with a clear eye upon the beauties of the Beloved's character—they have turned from the sweet strains of seraph music that hailed his birth, to listen to the wild denunciations of men. He came to proclaim a message, the hope of which was glad tidings of great joy to all people, and declared the settled purpose of his soul, having all power to do, that he would draw all men to him and to his Father, God.

The proofs of the divine origin of christianity are abundant and satisfactory. All that goes to prove christianity, at the same time strengthens the christian's hope; for as christianity is the truth of God, even so is the hope of immortal life firm and sure; the more we look into the gospel history of doctrine, the stronger will be our confirmation of the reality of what Christ hath promised, and what we delight to anticipate. And it should ever be held in remembrance, that the more we obey the purifying inculcations of this hope, the more will its hallowed influence be enjoyed, and the brighter and clearer will be the prospect before us. And what an incitement to obey the teachings of christian hope is there in considering the fullness of the promise of this hope. O who can paint one half the beauties of the promise of this hope, or what tongue can tell the joys it unfolds to the vision of the mind!

'For the eye hath not seen, nor the ear hath heard,  
Nor the heart in its inmost depth been stirred  
With the thought of those wonders by angels told  
In the temple on high to their harps of gold.  
The mind's noblest visions are shaded here,  
And her happiest dreams have a taint of fear;



But all this shall vanish—earth's spell shall break,  
And the soul of all glorious sounds awake,  
Touched into birth by Him whose love  
Shall win its eternal song above.'

But let us venture to show a little of the fullness of our hope. It heralds an immortal life where shall reign no fears of death; we may know partly the joy of this assurance when we think of the amount of sorrow the fear of death hath occasioned; but in the world of our hope the pale king of death will never pass before our vision—we shall know God's word is accomplished which saith, 'the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed.' Again—'death shall be swallowed up in victory,' and God, who inhabiteth eternity, shall be all in all.

Death will not only be removed, but we shall also have given to us a constitution not subject to infirmities and diseases; the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick—the mother shall not weep over the moans of her babe, the friend over the debility of friend, nor will our sympathies be wounded by the sufferings of the poor—there will be no poor, for all shall be rich in the love of our Father and our God.

Hope tells us of other joys. Our nature will be free from proneness to error and sin; no betraying influences will exist in the clime hope points us to, and we shall not there mourn as we here lament that the good we would do, we do not; and the evil we would not do, that we do; no longer will there be a law of the flesh warring against the law of the mind, and bringing us into captivity to the tyrant and foe of man—sin. We shall not only be holy, but shall possess nobler powers than we can attain here; our means of becoming acquainted with God and his dealings, will be multiplied, and we shall rejoice in the fulfilment of the promise—'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' Then the mysteries that now envelope the doings of the great Spirit will be removed; no murmurs will break from our lips as we behold the truth made manifest, that the ills of mortality have been overruled for good. God is stronger than evil, and as he is essentially good, evil must eventually be destroyed, and the great redemption made complete. And not the least among the blessed joys that christian hope promises as the bliss of the eternal world, is the society of our loves without dread fears of parting. For this promise alone christian hope should be cherished; and how rapturous is the promise of this re-union,

when we consider that there will exist no jealousies, no moments of coldness of heart, no differences to alienate the affections, but soul will answer to soul in the true language of tenderness and undying love. From the far-off land, from the deep sea, and from their graves near the haunts of our childhood's gaieties, our friends will be called to the home of heaven. Parent shall gaze on child and child on parent—sister shall greet the long absent, but not forgotten, features of the brother, and the brother shall bless God that he has still sisters left; and beautiful shall be the spectacle of parted friends united, errors forgotten, and love filling every heart.

It is a beautiful commentary on the worth of christian hope to listen to the acknowledgments of many who spurn christianity from them as a fable, for many such have admitted that to believe the christian hope, to nourish it in the warm soil of the believing heart, is to have something more happifying than any doctrine of men, or system of philosophy can give. And we see from this the necessity of the gospel hope. O is it not needful, placed as we are in this changing world, exposed every moment to the tyranny of death, with fears and dangers all around us; to day in health, ready to promise much, active to perform, and relying on future days to finish; but the morrow comes, and perhaps sees us helpless, sick, and dependent on the kindness of others. Day after day rolls away on sluggish feet, and the sufferer feels that his days on earth are few—the shroud and the narrow bed he can imagine ready for his emaciated form, and he must vanish from all that knew, loved and valued him. O how would my soul shrink from the icy grasp of the stern destroyer were it not for the christian's hope! Can man, intellectual, reasoning man, throw from him that hope which speaks of immortality, of eternal communion with the good, of joys everlasting, and love returned by love undying and pure? Can he be content to lay down like the brute to perish, with no hope, but all blackness and death before him?

Not ours, reader, be the thoughts of such a mind; but may the gospel hope be ever dear to our hearts. It is needful to cheer and comfort us not only when sickness is upon us, but when the cheeks of our friends grow pale, and the eye loses its lustre, and the heart beats faint. And it is needful when at the still hour of night thoughts of the departed steal over us, and we



remember how sweet were the days when they were near—when their voices of gladness made our hearts stir to mirth as we gathered around the parent hearth, and made the walls of our home echo with the sound of our joy. But those days passed away too swiftly; it was hard, but we bore them to the tomb, and if we wrote no eloquent eulogy over their grave, we left our tears there while we looked up to heaven to keep us from the despair of the broken-heart. When we think of them sorrow is robbed of its sting and death of its bitterness, by the influence of the christian's glorious hope. Again; this hope is needful when we contemplate the vast amount of crime, persecution and misery, that exists in our world;—hope tells us that all that is opposed to the nature of God cannot be eternal, and must end—universal peace and purity shall in due time prevail—all are embraced in her expectations, for christian hope cannot be satisfied with anything short of a redeemed and purified world.

How shall we value or cherish this hope enough? How shall we manifest our gratitude to him who has kindly given us the expectations, the anticipations of the promise of the gospel of life and immortality? O it is indeed a hope that may well be called the anchor of the soul; let the storm come, let the winds of disease shatter our frail bark, and the waters of death open to receive us; the eye shall be lifted up to him that sits above the storm, and no fear shall make us quail, while we hold fast to the anchor of the soul, and believe that Jesus hath entered heaven as our forerunner.

Blessed be the Supreme for Hope—cheering and strengthening Hope! It is the companion of our youth, the bosom friend of manhood, and the nurse of old age. Despondency may for a while darken the prospect and make the heart languid, but hope can bid us arouse, and new life is infused into the soul.

'To live without hope! The tall oak may have felt  
The force of the flame which its bosom has riven,  
And the flash of the lightning the iceberg may melt,  
And nature shrink back from the thunder of heaven;  
But who could live on, and not feel the tear start  
When hope smiles no more, but abandons the heart?  
Then leave me not, Hope! God has given to me  
To believe in his word, and rest there through thee.'

B.

The wise in heart will receive commandments.

## THE SPIRIT VIGIL.

Original.

HER spirit hath been here—  
I feel her kiss upon my weary brow;  
I knew her not on earth, but she is dear  
In the sweet spirit-form she weareth now—  
O very, very dear.

She hath been here in love—  
She breathed upon my heart and it is still;  
Her gentle ministries most sweetly prove  
There are divinities that move the will,  
For mine is moved by her.

Sweet Linie, thou hast taught  
My fainting spirit to find strength in God;  
Thy gentle lessons are forever fraught  
With love and faith; and firmer have I trod  
Since thou wert with me here.

Why is thy care on me  
Bestowed so richly, and with love so true?  
I was not known, thou beautiful, to thee,  
Among thy favored ones—the chosen few  
Who shared thy mortal love.

Oh, Linie, am I loved  
For the dear sake of that pure heart which dwelt  
All tenderly with thine when thou wert proved  
By pain's fierce trial? I have sometimes felt  
It might, perhaps, be so.

Still, Linie, love me thus;  
Still come to me with sanctifying love—  
Come in thy beauty and watch over us—  
We will rejoin thee in that home above,  
And bless thee for thy cares.

S. C. E.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Original.

THE Almighty Maker has, in his wisdom, seen fit to make many arbitrary divisions in the human race. Owing to the size of the globe, the consequent distance of one country from another, the separation by water and mountains, and the variety of languages, there is a necessary dissimilitude in their customs and tastes. But these differences are trifling when compared with the great points of resemblance between the various portions of the human race. That 'God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth,' is attested not only by Holy Writ, but also by those leading traits of character and feeling possessed by every rational being. We find that we can trade with our antipodes, and their opinions of honor, justice and truth differ nothing from ours. But, above all, we discover that the sentiment of good will is responded to in breasts the most savage, and, as I showed in a previous paper, the peaceful principles and conduct of William Penn shut the lions' mouths, and rep-



dered the revengeful Indian as mild as the lambs of the shepherd's flock. To use the impressive language of Mr. Bancroft, the able author of the History of the United States, 'The Indians never shed the blood of a Quaker.'

Would to God that we could say as much of the first settlers of Massachusetts and other colonies, which are now represented by stars on the national banner. But the great fault has been with mankind that they have run into sectarianism. They have sedulously kept out of sight the fact that all men are brethren—and they have denied that God is the Savior of all men. We are sometimes told that partialism can do no harm. I aver that partialism has done much harm; and the belief that God has condemned the heathen, and those who do not hold the faith as professed by ourselves, to endless torments, has caused a great proportion of the bloodshed with which professing christians are chargeable. We are told that people who believe in Universalism will not do right—that when the fear of punishment is taken away, they will no longer hesitate to sin. Experience has shown that men who entertained a firm belief in an endless hell could commit the greatest sins, and sweep off whole nations, believing that it was perfectly right to extirminate those whom heaven had given over to reprobation. If a belief in the universal brotherhood of mankind will not induce rational creatures to deal kindly one with another, we are very certain that a belief in an endless hell will fail of the effect.

Another foe to the great principle of universal love, is that *spurious patriotism* which leads men to show their love of country by hating or despising all other nations. Our first duty is to those who are immediately connected with us; because if we neglect them to go in search of other objects of regard, we lose time and labor. If every man loved his immediate neighbor, general peace would be the consequence. But the love of our neighbors does not include enmity to those at a distance; and that is false patriotism which cherishes a proscriptive and uncharitable spirit toward those who are not of our own country. By drawing broad distinctions and praising our own countrymen to the exclusion of others, we are guilty of a sort of civil sectarianism which cannot but be attended with the most injurious effects. Napoleon nearly succeeded in enslaving the world by denying all the generous virtues to any but

*Frenchmen*. He thus kept alive the national pride of his countrymen, and generated a prejudice against all other nations. His soldiers became accustomed to look on other nations with contempt, and to regard them as proper subjects for their usurpation. But this has been the way with all ambitious men. There is a principle of justice in all minds that induces them to refrain from injuring others until they are first convicted of unworthiness. The plan of tyrants is first to condemn, and then to destroy; and if some imaginary guilt can be proved against their victims, their myrmidons go forth more willingly to put in execution the cruel mandates of their superiors.

But this feeling—this proscriptive principle, is unnatural. We find none of it in unsophisticated nations. The aborigines of this country and of the Pacific Isles received the white man kindly. They spread their mats for them to sleep on, and generously and freely gave them of the products of their soil. They took them by the hand and called them brothers—they acknowledged the universal brotherhood of man. They had not been taught the soul-hardening doctrine that a great proportion of the inhabitants of the earth are abhorred by their Creator; they had not learned to say, 'Stand back, for I am holier than thou.' Had not these ruinous doctrines been held and taught by their christian visitors, we should have heard nothing of the bloody wars between the savage and the white man. These unhappy and most unfortunate dissensions grew out of sectional hatred and sectarian bigotry—and, to this day, our country, which as a christian nation ought to have set an example of peace and of kindness to the untaught natives, is plunged in border wars, that threaten to continue until our red neighbors are swept from the face of the earth. The unhallowed feelings which have given rise to these cruel and sanguinary wars are dignified by the name of patriotism—and a zeal for christian institutions. Ay, christianity, whose first lesson is that all men are brethren, and that we have one common Father, has been appealed to in our wars with the *unbelieving heathen*. That gospel which was ushered in by the songs of angels, who chanted 'Glory to God in the highest—peace on earth and good will to men,' has been prostituted to the purpose of defending cruelty to our fellow-creatures and aggressions on those whose religious faith chanced to differ from our own.



We do not deny that there are nations whose customs are, in our opinion, reprehensible on many accounts ; but shall we hate them for that reason—shall we condemn them and appoint them to destruction because they do not, in every particular, see eye to eye with ourselves ? What then is the gospel worth ? What have we to do ? What purpose are the principles of christianity to answer ? Where is their ameliorating effect upon our conduct, and upon the family of man ? It is not to be expected that we will hate those who love us, and whose sentiments do, in every point, answer to ours. Then was the coming of Jesus Christ vain, and the gospel was preached for nought, if we are required to do no more than the inclinations of the most abandoned will lead them to do. I believe that the gospel is to have a saving effect upon mankind—that Jesus was indeed a reformer, and that his gospel will purify the heart. I believe in that love which thinketh no evil, and which renders good for evil. Without this what is christianity worth ? Jesus says, ‘ ye have heard that it hath been said of old time, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth ; but I say unto you resist not evil.’ He has also declared, that except our righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees we are none of his. But how can our righteousness exceed the righteousness of the selfish and worldly pharisees when we love none but ourselves, when we hate or despise all who do not show themselves our particular friends, or who merely differ from us in principles, customs or habits derived from education.

National prejudices are not confined to any one country. We find them common to every portion of mankind ; and they are, probably, as reasonable when indulged by the Briton as when indulged by the Swede, the Russian, the American, or the Chinese. Yet in all they are wrong. We know that they cannot all be right. Let us decide for ourselves that we are wrong when we despise our brethren. Let us cultivate for all men—however dissimilar their practices, their customs or their creeds from ours—that charity which thinketh no evil. Let us pity their errors, but pray for their happiness. Let us endeavor to enlighten their minds, not from a vain spirit of proselytism, but in order that they may become better and happier ; and, above all, let us bear in mind that we give the lie to our professions of Universalism, when by word or deed we violate

the testimony of the gospel and of Jesus Christ to the universal brotherhood of mankind. Destroy this principle, and you strike out the leading sentiment of christianity.

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*A HYMN OF AFFECTION.*

Original.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Ay, thou, my love, must die ;  
Mortality is written on thy brow ;  
*Must die!* Oh, gracious Heaven, and how,  
How shall my fragile spirit bear the broken tie  
That sets thine free ?  
Yet I must school my heart  
To the dread burden of life's lonely years ;  
Must temper it to storms of grief and tears,  
Must teach it to bear solitude—for we must part ;  
Ay, love, e'en we.

We, who have bound our souls  
To the sweet worship of love's holy truth ;  
Who by the fountain of perpetual youth  
Have knelt, and, where its silvery tide in music rolls,  
Baptized that love ;  
We, gentle friend, must part ;  
Hast thou not felt it, when by some pale rose,  
Fading and dying, thou hast found repose,  
And there its holy lessons with thy trembling heart  
Deeply inwove ?

Hast thou not felt it, too,  
When by some lonely tomb thy steps have strayed,  
And dreams came o'er thee of the dust inlaid,  
Dearest, hast thou not felt the solemn warning true,  
That I must sleep ?  
When the autumnal wind  
Has swept the golden sun-beams from the hills,  
When the late wild-flowers, blighted by its chills,  
Sink down and meekly die, hast thou not felt, loved  
friend,  
How we must weep ?

And feeling this, do tears,  
Those silent witnesses of love and wo,  
Do tears from thy mild eyes, beloved, flow ?  
Oh, true and gentle spirit, bless thee for thy fears ;  
Bless thee, dear love !  
Ay, all must part—*we must!*  
But Oh, not long shall that sad parting be !  
Death shall not keep my heart away from thee,  
Nor hold from thee my thoughts, nor long my weary  
dust ;  
We'll meet above !

S. C. E.

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*TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.*

Original.

CHAPTER I.

‘*Too young to love!*’

The little creature who uttered these words, started from her seat, and went and stood in the shadow of the heavy crimson curtains that softened the light which entered through the large,



arched windows of the apartment she alone occupied. Her form was exquisitely slight and graceful, and on her sweet, pale face, rested the sunbeams of less than fourteen summers. She gazed out, for a few moments, upon the beautiful elms and sunny slopes of the 'Common'; but her thoughts were not there.

“Too young to love!” I should like very much to know at what particular period of life, the affections may be permitted their freedom. Because I am yet wanting a very few years of womanhood, I must shut up my heart to all the sweet influences of goodness, and intellect, and kindred taste, and let it doze away a cat-like existence till it is supposed to be strong enough to support the chains of matrimony; and then it will be bartered away for a fine establishment, I suppose! Will be? No indeed, it shall have a nobler destiny, or, like Viola’s, its history shall be “a blank, my lord.” “Too young to love!” Shame on the author of that expression! There is no such time in human life.)

The little maiden tossed her pretty head somewhat proudly, then again stood silent, and mused. The door soon opened, and a young man entered. ‘Ah Rose! you are just the one I was wishing to find. I have got some news. Do you remember that handsome fellow that came home with me from college last year—Alfred Burton?’

‘Yes,’ replied Rose, blushing scarlet. ‘Why?’

‘Oh I have received a letter from him. He is coming to spend a few weeks with me, this winter.’

‘Is he?’ said Rose, her heart beating rapidly with joy. ‘How soon?’

‘Here, read the letter.’

Rose took the neatly written epistle, but her hand shook so violently, she could scarcely read it. But there was one sentence which she read and re-read many times.

‘Tell my little Rose I am anticipating great pleasure in our renewed frolics. I hope the grace-hoops are in repair. If she has grown a little taller, I shall crown her more readily, and she cannot hide from me under the piano.’

‘He writes as though I were a mere plaything,’ thought Rose, checking a sigh that half rose to her lips. ‘I will let him see that I am no longer a romping child—that I have a woman’s feelings.’

‘Now if you were only a little older, I should

predict a trial of Cupid’s archery between you and Alfred,’ said her brother, laughingly.

‘Fie, Fred, you are a silly fellow,’ said she; but her voice faltered, and had he remained a moment longer, he would have seen the tears that started out upon her cheeks.

‘They all think, then, that I am “too young to love!” I wish I were, indeed,’ she murmured, as she stole away to her chamber, to brood over her sweet dreams of the future, and think of Alfred Burton.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

‘Come, Rose,’ said Mrs. Elwyn, her step-mother, ‘will you sit with me this evening?’

‘If you wish, mother,’ was her reply, though she looked somewhat reluctant.)

‘I do wish it, my dear, for I am lonely, and it is a long while since I have had as much of your company as I could desire. What keeps you so much away from me lately?’

Rose blushed, and was silent.

‘Come, my little Rose, I am going to be your confessor to-night; so you must cast aside all reserve, and be very frank with me. Sit down on this low seat, so I can look into your face, and know when you are telling me all the truth.’

‘Oh mamma, don’t!’ said the little girl, entreatingly. ‘I have n’t anything to confess.’ Mrs. Elwyn smiled, a little sadly, and drew Rose tenderly to her bosom. ‘Then why do you tremble and blush so, my child? Ah Rose, I know you, all through your heart. You must not hope to hide yourself from the keen eye of love. I am your mother, your guardian, your friend—and every look, and tone, and expression of yours, is noted and pondered in my heart.’

Rose lay upon her mother’s bosom, and wept unrestrainedly. Mrs. Elwyn smoothed the rich curls from her young brow, and kissed her gently. ‘You must not think me unkind, my sweet child; for nothing but the most affectionate anxiety for your happiness, could induce me to pain your sensitive feelings for a moment. Tell me, now, my precious Rose, and fear not to tell me truly—do you love Alfred Burton?’

Rose sobbed convulsively, but made no effort to speak. Mrs. Elwyn held her to her bosom for a long time in silence. When she became a little calmer, and her heart beat more steadily, her friend again addressed her. Her voice was so low, and soft, and tender, Rose held her breath



to hear it. 'I have no thought of chiding you, my dear girl, for this young and ardent passion of yours. You are not to be reproved for the indulgence of affections which your Creator has formed within you. They are right and pure—as proper for the young as those advanced in life. (You are not too young to love,) and I am not surprised that Alfred has touched some of the softest cords of your spirit. His manners are very winning, and his mind highly cultivated; his heart, too, is noble and kind, I do not wonder you love him, Rose.'

With a thrill of intense joy at her heart, the sweet girl slid from her mother's arms, and sinking upon the velvet cushion at her feet, looked up into her face with a most beautiful and ingenuous smile. Mrs. Elwyn continued. 'This love may live as long as you live; and it may die ere three years, ay, even three months are gone by. Early romance is strangely affected by circumstances. (You think, undoubtedly, that your feelings will never change.) It is possible they may not. But Rose, it will be many years before your character is matured fully, and your sentiments and tastes may materially alter. I speak from experience here, for I loved a young person at your age, whom in less than three years I regarded with feelings less ardent than friendship. Your case is somewhat different. Alfred is one to be always admired and respected. But, my sweet girl, I suspect you have no assurance that Alfred thinks of you in any other light than as an interesting little girl who will some day make an accomplished and elegant woman. Have you, dear?'

Rose turned very pale and answered with a faltering voice, (No, mamma.)

'Well, my child, no woman but one of highly cultivated intellect will be likely to gain the heart of so gifted a person as he; and if you would eventually secure his affections, you must lay aside these premature dreams, and devote the early years of your life to the improvement of your mind. Your studies have not progressed so much as they should have done for the past year, Rose; and I am well aware of the cause. You have indulged your mind in dreams, and in building, not air-castles, but love-cottages. Let these stand unoccupied till your studies are completed, and then if they seem to you as delightful as now, go in and make them your life-long dwelling-place.'

(Oh mamma, all that you say is right and good; but I fear I cannot draw away my heart and mind from the spell of these sweet fancies. But after Alfred is gone, I will try to do better. Will you help me control my thoughts, mother, and give them almost exclusively to my studies? I think if you will aid me, I shall do much better than to struggle all alone.)

'Then you are not sorry to have me acquainted with your feelings, are you, Rose?'

(No, dear mamma, because you have not said I am "too young to love.")

### CHAPTER III.

Seven years added height and fullness to Rose Elwyn's form, and strengthened and improved her mind. How operated they upon her heart? We will look in once more upon her in the maturity of her beauty, and the full development of her rare intellect. She was sitting alone in her father's library, with an open letter in her hand, and her thoughtful eye fixed upon the delicate flowers that peeped in at the window. Her countenance was not sad, neither was it cheerful; it was rather serene and pensive.

The door opened and her mother entered. 'Oh, I am glad you have come, mother,' said Rose, offering her a seat at her side; 'I have many things to say to you. I wish you to read this letter first.'

It was from Alfred Burton, and contained a declaration of long cherished hopes and ardent affection. 'Well, my dear girl, the dreams of your early love are about being realized, it seems. For your sake, I rejoice. Alfred is all you can wish—good, gifted and accomplished. His love, too, has been constant and faithful. He deserves you, Rose, and I have no words to say in my own behalf. I shall be lonely when you are gone, but if you are but happy, I will not repine.'

(Mother, you jump at conclusions. My reply to Mr. Burton will be a refusal. You are surprised—I knew you would be, but do you not remember what you said to me many years ago, when first I knew and did really love Alfred Burton? Early romance, you said, is strangely affected by circumstances; and my tastes, sentiments and opinions might materially alter. I have found these words all true. I do not think myself fickle in attachments, mother; but I do feel now, and have felt for the last four years, that there is nothing in that early love of mine to sat-



isfy the deep wants that have been revealed in my heart. I have just as much respect, esteem, admiration for Alfred Burton, as I had at the age of fourteen, but the romance, the fervor of my affection, soon passed away.)

'But what has effected this change, Rose? I should not marvel at it were not Alfred a very superior person, and one altogether likely to retain the love he had once gained. I fancy another object must have come into his place.'

'I suppose your fancy is not very far from the truth,' replied Rose, laughing a little, and blushing a great deal; 'but that was not till very recently, and is in no way the cause of my altered sentiments toward Alfred. I have long felt that the peculiar sensibilities of my nature would find no sympathy in his heart. He would be ever kind, fond, faithful; but, mother, if there were certain strong pulses within my being to which his could not respond, could I be ever truly happy? He has none of my deep emotions—he could not partake of my enthusiasm, of my religious fervor, or my dreamy romance. His mind grasps great principles, and his heart loves good things, but in all the little fancies and impulses of my nature he could take no part, and I feel that I could not be happy, nor utterly faithful toward him. In the one friend of my bosom I must find sympathies for every feeling of my soul. I must feel free to utter every thought with a perfect assurance that it will be understood and answered. I know that it could not be so with the object of my early romance.'

'Then you think now, do you not, that you were at that time "too young to love?"'

'No, mother, because it was unavoidable. My natural "strong necessity of loving," must have been gratified; but I do not think an early affection should be at all relied upon for its permanency, notwithstanding all that poets and novelists have said about a "first love." I think no vows breathed in the recklessness of a first fond fancy, should be made a fetter upon the spirit in its struggles for a loftier flight. But I have never made any confession of attachment to Alfred, nor did I know till now that he cared for me, save as an "old, familiar" friend.'

'But will you not tell me, Rose, whom you do love?'

'No matter for his name, dear mamma; I can only tell you that in heart and soul, in thought and feeling, in taste, and sentiment, and temper, we are indivisibly one.'

'That is enough, dear Rose; if he be thus like you, I know he must be all my earnest affection could ask for you. May heaven bless your love.'

S. C. E.

### LINES WRITTEN BY A FATHER

IN AN ALBUM HE PRESENTED TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Original.

THIS Album now so pure and white,  
Is like thy spotless mind,  
Unsullied by a stain or blight;  
As sparkling fountains, clear and bright,  
May future time still find  
No page a father's tears would blot,  
No line his child would wish forgot.

If other bards should sweep the lyre  
And sing a bolder strain,  
No heart shall burn with purer fire,  
Where love, unmixed with wild desire,  
Would shield from ev'ry pain,—  
Each care would cradle on his breast,  
To make his child supremely blest.

The budding flowers that round us blow  
And court the falling dew,  
The pure descending flakes of snow,  
The softened hues of Iris' bow,  
Resemble, Mary—you;  
In virtue's temple, worship there,  
And angels will record each prayer.

These sheets are like thy op'ning mind,—  
The impress to be given;  
If modesty with truth be joined,  
Religion, wisdom—all combined,—  
A temper kind and even;  
The power that speeds the flying hours  
Will spread thy way with sweetest flowers.

O Thou who guides the boundless sphere  
In harmony and love,  
Who wipes away affliction's tear,  
Who registers each smile and care,  
Who can each ill remove,—  
Protect the child thy bounty gave,  
Support—sustain—in mercy save.

Charleston, S. C.

W. L. J.

### BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

THERE is such loveliness in the way of God, notwithstanding some discouragements in approaching it, that whoever is tempted once to lift the veil, and see what is behind it; to remove the sackcloth and ashes, and see what is beneath; to open the iron gate, and view the golden treasures that are within; to unlock the cabinet, and see the jewels there; he would, beyond a doubt, be ravished at the sight, and not stay an hour longer in the chambers of death.

I always suspect the religion which leads peo-



ple too often from home. There must necessarily be in it a deficiency of reason or of feeling, or a superabundance of pretence and forms. I mean not to disparage the institutions of public and social religion. I delight to see a village pointed out by its church spire. I delight to hear the voice of praise filling the house of God. I delight to behold those who enjoy the blessings of christianity, endeavoring to diffuse them by every suitable means in every possible place.

But I hate to see a man leave his business or trade, to be instructed in the doctrine of total depravity, or to talk solemn fustian himself; and I hate to see a woman take all her religion to church or conventicle, and let her own house burn up, if it will, with every thing in it, while she is dissolving in tears at some shocking story about the Hindoo widows who burn themselves. Oh! why will we not make religion the unreserved and smiling companion of our hearts and our homes and our duties, instead of formal and mysterious and lifeless ceremony.

### ANNOTATIONS.

Original.

[Continued from page 431.]

MATT. x. 16. *As sheep in the midst of wolves.* A more expressive figure to set forth the dangers to which the apostles would be exposed in the faithful discharge of their duties, could not have been chosen. It may be regarded as a text to the discourse following, and an apt one it is indeed. *Wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.* The word *wise* is used variously in the scripture. It is applicable, as a qualifying term, to a good or evil purpose or work. Luke x. 21. Rom. xvi. 19. Consider particularly Luke xvi. 8, where *wisely* and *wiser* must be regarded as relative terms denoting more thoughtful and sagacious—more attentive to the ends had in view, and more artful and steady in pursuing them. Great subtilty and craft are attributed to the serpent in scripture; Gen. iii. 1; xlix. 17. The peculiar trait in the wisdom of the serpent, designed by the Savior to be copied by his apostles, was his carefulness to keep from danger—needless exposure. Serpents were among the ancients' emblems of prudence. The apostles were to pursue devotedly their duty, and keep from exposure that was useless, or provocations that were vain. *Harmless—innocent—as doves*; i. e. as gentle, pure and inoffensive as these creatures were proverbially regarded to be. Song of Solomon, i. 15; v. 12. Matt. iii. 16. 'Wisdom, without simplicity, degenerates into cunning—simplicity, without wisdom, into silliness; united, the one corrects the excess or supplies the defects of the other, and both become the objects of praise; but separated, neither the wisdom of the serpent, nor the simplicity of the dove, obtains in this passage the Savior's commendation.'

17. *Beware of men.* 'Beware of these men,' is the rendering of others; as the allusion is evidently to the enemies who would be as wolves. *Councils*; i. e. the Sanhedrim and other inferior councils among the Jews. *Scourge you in synagogues.* See notes on Matt. iv. 24; ix. 18.

18. *Governors and kings.* The Roman magistrates and men in authority, under different titles, who had the jurisdiction of the Judean provinces. *For my sake*; i. e. as my disciple, or because of your attachment to me. *For a testimony, &c.*; i. e. to bear witness of the truth to Jew and Gentile. By consulting the Acts of the Apostles it will be seen how the eagerness of enemies to procure their condemnation, gave to the christians opportunities to proclaim and advocate the truth they could not otherwise have had.

19. *When they deliver you up, &c.* He who is a thorough reformer in any righteous work will be ever ready to answer opponents and explain his doctrine. In this verse, the Savior taught the Apostles that they should not be anxiously solicitous what or how they should answer for themselves and their cause when delivered up to the ecclesiastical or civil authorities; for such a state of mind would confuse and oppress them, and their doctrine was plain and needed only that the heart of the believer should speak out. Luke xii. 11. Col. iv. 6. 1 Peter iii. 15. *For it will be given you.* Have perfect confidence and you will never want for answers and defences. Compare Ex. iv. 2. 2 Sam. xxiii. 2.

20. *For it is not ye that speak, &c.* The divine spirit within you will be the dictator. The peculiar form of speech in the text is common in the Scriptures, whereby great force is given to a comparison by a positive and negative. See note on Matt. ix. 13. Compare John xii. 44. Jesus would have his apostles to remember they were supernaturally endowed, and therefore they should fear not—never dread to become apologists for the truth. Acts v. 41.

21. *Brother shall deliver up brother to death, &c.* The pure and broad principles of the gospel coming in contact with the selfish interests and strong prejudices of men, would and did excite divisions and cruelties even in families. The apostles were to be prepared to see the most unnatural opposition to their labors, and to meet cruelty from relatives, as must also the believers.

22. *Hated of all, &c.* 1 Peter iv. 16, is a good commentary on this verse. *Hated of all*, must be considered with limitation.

*He that endureth to the end, shall be saved*, i. e. endures to the end of these persecutions by their countrymen, should be delivered, or preserved. See Matt. xxiv. 13, compared with verse 14 of same chapter, and Mark xiii. 13, and the following context, where directions are given to secure this deliverance. See how Luke xxi. 18, expresses this deliverance—'there shall not a hair of your head perish,' a figure not appropriate to any other than a deliverance from earthly calamity. See also the connection of this last quotation. Eusebius, as quoted in Universalist Expositor, vol. 5, p. 229, says,—'The people of the church at Jerusalem, by the command of a divine revelation given to their principal men before the war, removed from the city, and dwelt at a certain town beyond the Jordan, called Pella; so that those who believed in Christ forsook Jerusalem, and holy men abandoned the royal city itself, and the whole land of Judea.'



Thus they were *saved*; and after the dispersion of their bitter persecutors, the Jews, a period of relief and prosperity awaited them: as Christ told them to *look up*, when they should see the end of the Jewish nation, and *lift up your heads*; for your redemption draweth nigh. Luke xxi. 28.

23. *Persecute in one city, flee into another.* This probably must be regarded as a caution against needlessly braving persecution by continuing in a city where opposition ran high against them; they had no time to waste, but should improve the best opportunities to advance the kingdom. Acts ix. 30; xvii. 10.

*Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man come.* The Son of man, Christ the Lord, was, then, to come before the apostles should have gone over all the cities of Israel. Matt. xvi. 28. The expression in the text—*gone over the cities of Israel*, has occasioned considerable remark, as before the destruction of Jerusalem the gospel was preached not only throughout Judea, but throughout a great part of the Roman empire. Matt. xxiv.

14. The marginal reading, as in most cases, is preferable—*'Ye shall not have ended or finished the cities of Israel,'* i. e. ye shall not have completely revolutionized, or reformed, as is your mission, all the cities before the end shall come. The Apostles, it would seem, might have desired to tarry in one city a great length of time, rather than brave persecution, and labor in hope to produce in time a thorough reform; but the Savior enjoins upon them a different course—a more prudent diligence, giving them to understand that however great might be their efforts, they would not be able to produce a universal reform before the impending destruction should come upon the sinful nation.

24. *The disciple is not above his master, &c.* John xv. 20, is a good, yea, the Savior's comment on this verse. See, also, Luke vi. 40. John xiii. 16.

25. *Master of the house*; i. e. Jesus; Matt. xii. 24. Mark iii. 22. *Beelzebub.* In all the instances of the use of this name in the New Testament, it is made to signify the 'prince of the devils,' or demons. In 2 Kings i. 2, 16, we read of Baalzebub, the god of Ekron. There the meaning is—'lord of the fly,' or 'the god of the flies,' as the worshipers of the god of Ekron deemed him their deliverer from the flies that abounded in that country. Some suppose it to have been given by the Jews as a term of contempt applied to the heathen's god. *Beelzebub* in the New Testament is considered as a corruption of this name, and applied to Jesus, meaning, that he deserved to wear only a name odious to the ear of a worshiper of the true God.

26. *Fear not them, therefore.* The Savior had very explicitly acquainted them with the dangers and trials to which they were exposed, and he now proceeds to implant in them the true principle of courage and fortitude. *There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, &c.* In Luke xii. 1, we are told that previous to and in connection with this assurance, the Savior said—Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, *which is hypocrisy.* Hypocrisy arises from conduct being governed more by a reference to the good opinion of men, than to the approbation of God. Such a feeling or passion the apostles were to keep afar from, as a great foe to duty. The expression in the text, *There is, &c.*, was doubtless a proverbial saying, implying the final triumph of honesty and devotedness to duty, and

the discovery of fraud and deception; similar to our sayings, 'Truth will prevail.' 'Murder will out.' 'Honesty is the best policy.' 1 Cor. iv. 5.

27. *What I tell you in darkness that speak ye in light*; i. e. what ye are taught privately, that preach openly. *What ye hear in the ear.* Clarke, giving Lightfoot as his authority, says on this expression, 'The doctor who explained the law in Hebrew had an interpreter always by him, in whose ears he softly whispered what he said; this interpreter spoke aloud what had been thus whispered to him. To this custom our Lord evidently alludes. The spirit of his direction appears to be this: What I speak to you is for the benefit of mankind.' Some think Ex. iv. 16, is to be explained by this custom. *Preach ye upon the house tops.* 'Lightfoot,' says Clarke, 'thinks that this may be an allusion to the custom, when the minister of the synagogue, on the Sabbath eve, sounded with a trumpet, six times upon the roof of a very high house, that from thence all might have notice of the coming in of the Sabbath.' From the roofs of houses the most important matters were proclaimed. The houses of the Jews were flat-roofed, and were used for a variety of purposes. Note on Matt. ix. 2. See for the various uses of the house-tops, Deut. xxii. 8. Josh. ii. 6. 1 Sam. ix. 25. 2 Kings xxiii. 12. Neh. viii. 16. Isa. xv. iii. Jer. xxxii. 29. Acts x. 9.

28. *And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.* This has been, among Universalists, especially, a much controverted text. The parallel passage is Luke xii. 4, 5. Some have supposed that *him—rather fear him, &c.*—alludes to the Roman power; if so, why the expression *him* where there is no need of personation, and no proof that a personation is used? To make this reference some think they are forced, because, as they think, if by *him* we understand God, we make God worse than wolves, &c. To this it may be answered, and with force too, that with such views as in the context Christ gave of the Father's character, it was impossible for the disciples to fear him in like manner as they feared the power that could scourge. There is no gloomy terror in a revelation of mighty power, when there are associations of co-equal goodness also given. It is plain that the apostles were commanded to fear two kinds of power; this is proved by the word *rather*, denoting preference or choice; the one was finite, the other infinite; and the disciples needed to be in the strongest manner warned to cherish a right fear toward God, because the present and visible are apt to cause men to forget what is future and invisible. Let us take a careful view of the whole connection, for only thus can we gain the right understanding of any passage. I. Charge to the twelve apostles. II. Full warning of what they must expect. III. The most unbounded confidence in God enjoined. IV. They were not to have fear of those who could deliver them up to be scourged, and to the councils, &c. V. Yet they should maintain a careful prudence in avoiding the malice of such,—*'Beware of these men.'* VI. They were to be most bold and open in declaring the truth; give to the world, without fear or reserve, what had been communicated to them by the Savior. Now let us pause a moment here, and notice the last three particulars, and see if there was not a necessity of alluding to the Deity, in order



to give them the proper principles of action. They were not to fear their enemies—yet were to be cautious of exposing themselves to their malice, and yet were to be bold and open in preaching the truth. Here was a very difficult course to be pursued; and while they knew the preaching of the truth would bring out towards them the most violent and cruel passions, was there not a necessity of a reference being made to the God of wisdom and strength? Then look at the text, VII. *Fear not them which kill the body*, act not in reference to them as proper objects of fear, for they are not able to kill the soul, to effect a punishment that can reach beyond the body; they cannot make the soul suffer; but rather, i. e. prefer or choose to, fear, or act with reference to, him who is able to destroy both soul and body in Gehenna; to kill the body, produce inward suffering, and involve you in an infamous doom; and, consequently is able to support your spirit under whatever affliction may be brought upon the outer man. (For exposition of Scripture doctrine of Gehenna, see pp. 140, 141.) That *him* refers to God, is evident to my mind from the immediate reference to God in the next verse, and from the whole context. VIII. Minuteness of God's providence—same power declared in order to assure the disciples of his kind care over them. What could be more eloquent than the figures used—29, 30. IX. Warning against apostacy, and the natural results of his doctrine being faithfully preached set forth. X. Necessity of a fixed principle of mind and purpose of heart to be for God and his truth. XI. Obedience to the gentle offices of mutual kindness. To be cast into Gehenna was a metaphor for more than the mere death of the body, for it involved degradation, infamy, and the worst manner of death. Jerusalem was to become as Tophet, or Gehenna; the judgment was impending, and if through fear of what man could do, the apostles should shrink from duty to God, they would become involved in that terrible doom; and when it came what horror of conscience would add to the awfulness of the outward evil! and whereas they might have had a name of honor, they would thus become as the wicked whose 'name shall rot.' Consider in this connection Héb. x. 39, and ask the question, What is the meaning of *saving the soul*? comparing it with verses 36, 37. See also James i. 21. Life is repeatedly put for happiness in the scriptures; see particularly 1 Thess. iii. 8, where spiritual enjoyment is put for life. We believe the distinction between the power on the one hand and on the other, in the text, should be traced to the utter inability of man to cause a suffering like that which an apostate must experience from the righteous judgment of God. The text does intimate the destruction of the spirit—1 Thess. v. 23. God is the 'Former of the body,' the 'Fountain of life,' and the Father of the spirit. He will not utterly destroy his own child.

Other expositions of this text make it declare the ability of God to annihilate man, but maintain that an ability does not imply a will or purpose to do so. A parallel passage with them is Matt. iii. 9. See Universalist Expositor, vol. iv. p. 164. Rev. J. B. Dods has published a somewhat different exposition in the Trumpet for Nov. 2, 1839, in which an ingenious effort is made to show that 'soul and body,' like 'root and branch,' was a proverbial phrase. A quotation from Isa. x. 16—18, is much to the point. We make the following extract:—

'The destruction of soul and body, or consuming the soul and body, or killing them, our Savior only used as a COMMON PROVERB of that day, with which his disciples were evidently well acquainted, and by which they understood the total destruction of any nation to which it was applied. It was a proverb used in reference to nations, or kingdoms, as bodies political, or religious, and not to individual beings.

Our Savior had just called the disciples into his service. They were entirely ignorant of his doctrine. They had merely heard his sermon on the Mount, and did not know that his religion would differ any farther from that of Moses than his sermon had pointed out. They finally believed that Christ was about to set up a temporal kingdom; and hence the doctrine of a crucified and risen Redeemer, reigning on a mediatorial throne, was as far from their thoughts as the orthodox day of judgment is from common sense and scripture. Still they understood what he meant by the destruction 'of soul and body in hell.' This is evident—because when they did not comprehend his meaning on other occasions, we hear them making all the necessary inquiries; but here they made none. From this single circumstance it is evident that they did not learn the meaning of this passage from Jesus, but that it was a common proverb of that day—that, as such, it was used by our Lord to his disciples, and that he did not intend that the words 'soul and body' should be interpreted literally or spiritually. He merely meant to impress upon their minds that if they for fear of men apostatized, God was not only able, but would destroy them with the Jews, as a nation, in such a manner as men were not able to destroy them, as a church or body of believers under the care of their heavenly Father. In the former case, their destruction would be final and irretrievable. They would never again be restored to national life in their own land, nor enjoy the religion of Moses in their temple worship. But in the latter case, though men could put them to death with severest tortures, yet they could never exterminate his church, or that kingdom which it was his 'Father's good pleasure to give them.' It was built upon a rock, and the gates of hell could not prevail against it. To use the proverb, they could not destroy it 'soul and body,' or 'root and branch.' It was sustained by the power of God, and no persecutions or deaths could shake it. It should outlive every storm of opposition—tower above ruin and decay, and stand as immutable as the throne of eternity, till all beings should be subdued to God—till God should be all in all. And thus far these words of Daniel in relation to it have been fulfilled,—“And in the days of these things shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed.” And we add,—but it shall break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms, become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth.'

He quotes Isa. xi. 16—18, and adds,—‘On this passage Dr. A. Clarke says, “The fire of God's wrath shall destroy them both great and small, it shall consume them from the soul to the flesh, a proverbial expression; soul and body, as we say; it shall consume them entirely and altogether, and the few that escape shall be looked upon as having escaped from the most imminent danger.” Here Dr. Clarke says that to destroy or consume them soul and body is a proverbial expression, and that in the Hebrew it means from the soul to the flesh; yet



he grants that it did not even mean the natural death of all of that people against whom it was spoken. Scott says that to destroy them soul and body, means absolutely and finally.

This proverb originated among the Hebrews, and hence we see why our Lord's disciples perfectly understood him. The expression, destroying soul and body, is equivalent to destroying a nation root and branch. The latter is, in fact, the same proverb in different phraseology. In proof of this I will produce an instance. Malachi iv. 1. 'For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, and it shall leave them neither root nor branch.' Now all commentators, so far as I am acquainted, apply the above passage to that very destruction of the Jews to which we believe the language of Jesus now under consideration applies. And is there not a striking coincidence between the words of Malachi and Jesus? "Burning them up root and branch," and "destroying them soul and body in Gehenna fire," I consider as parallel passages. They both refer to the same people, and to the same long-predicted and final destruction which God brought upon them when their national sun went down in blood. On the passage in Malachi, (destroying them root and branch,) Scott says, it is a proverbial expression for extirpating desolation. Dr. Clarke, after stating that it refers to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, says—the day that cometh shall burn them up. "Either by famine, by sword, or by captivity, all those rebels shall be destroyed." It shall leave them neither root nor branch. "A proverbial expression for total destruction."

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### TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER.

Original.

I saw a cloud in majesty  
Sweep over heaven's blue arch,  
Then sink in bold sublimity,  
Spent with its stately march!

I saw a mountain lift its form,  
Unmindful of the blast,  
And scorning lightning, hail and storm,  
By earthquake rent at last!

I saw the forest king outride,  
With leafy honors drest,  
The storm that shook its robes of pride—  
Seek its low bed of rest.

I saw, there's anguish in the word,  
The head with honors crown'd,  
Go where ambition never stirred,  
And humbly seek the ground!

And tears, which nature's ruin ne'er  
Could draw from founts like ours,  
Fell freely as the strong, the fair,  
Drooped like the autumn flowers. TONE.

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THE law of the wise is a fountain of life.

### LETTERS TO ANNIE. No. VII.

Original.

#### WORDSWORTH'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Glen-Viola, April 1.

DEAR ANNIE,—When I took up my volume of Wordsworth's Poems this morning with a view to write you my opinion of its contents, I was so utterly bewildered by the excess of my own admiration, and the multitude of contending beauties that crowded themselves even into the inner temple of my soul, that I laid it aside with the feeling that I could utter nothing, since I could not utter all, and copy all, and drive all my own thoughts and deep emotions far down—down—down into that place of your being where feeling finds itself infinite, and is lost in that illimitable world where even thought cannot follow.

But I have thought again, and have discovered that I *can* look upon one ray of light, though the whole confluence might dazzle and overpower me; and so I will merely look with you now on our poet's sweet and most life-like sketches of female character. In this department he is his own master—or rather, *nature* is his teacher. Shakspeare, or Scott have not a more marked individuality of characters than has Wordsworth. They are all sweet miniatures; we can mark their features, we can recognize their airs, and attitudes, and varying expressions, we can distinguish them amid crowds of strangers. Here is an example,—one oft quoted, but never worn threadbare, for its whole texture is gold.

She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
*A dancing shape, an image gay*  
*To haunt, to startle, and waylay.*

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
*Her household motions light and free,*  
*And steps of virgin liberty;*  
*A countenance in which did meet*  
*Sweet records; promises as sweet;*  
A creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;



The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;  
*A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.*

Do you not think every line perfect ? Yet how simple, how *apparently* unstudied, how evidently copied from a *living* picture—'the simple produce of a common day !' Here is another, not less perfect :

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then nature said, 'a lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
*A lady of my own.*

Myself will to my darling be,  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
*Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.*

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
*And her's the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.*

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend :  
Nor shall she fail to see  
*Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
*Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.'*

He pictures not only the *form*, but also the '*life of things*'—the spirit, the soul, the out-beaming intellect. It is this that makes the peculiar charm of everything he writes. He has a *soul* for all things. In one place, speaking of flowers, he says :

'It is my faith that every flower  
*Enjoys the air it breathes ;'*

and in another he has these *beautiful* words :

'For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
*The still, sad music of humanity.'*

'And I have felt  
A *presence* that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime,  
Of *something far more deeply interfused*,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air

And the blue sky and in the mind of man :  
*A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.'*

This spiritual perception of his—'the vision and the faculty divine,' pervades all his observations. His descriptions are not the mere color, and form, and assemblage of objects ; they are informed with the living light of feeling and of thought. His characters are not wax figures—they have life and intellect and individuality. His 'Highland Girl'—read it, Annie, for I have not space to quote it here—but it is a most sweet and life-like sketch, and we feel, *I feel* as the poet did—

'Thy elder sister I would be,  
Thy mother, anything to thee !'

Besides those already mentioned, there is 'The Reaper,' 'The Gleaner,' 'The Three Cottage Girls,' 'The Matron of Jedborough,' and many others which you and I will read together and admire in coming days. But I must more particularly allude to the character of Margaret in the first book of 'The Excursion.' For touching simplicity I know nothing which excels it. So sweetly benevolent, so patient and enduring, so cheerful and full of the sunshine of religious faith, and through all her tedious, and solitary, and heart-wasting trials, so constant in her love, so meek and persevering in her hope !

'She was a woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy  
Of her own thoughts : by some especial care  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A being who, by adding love to peace,  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.'

A beautiful lesson is her life, Annie, for you or I to learn. Let us imitate her patience, her cheerfulness, her industry, and her long-tried, but never faltering fidelity. With a few lines which were written after reading her simple history by the fireside where those young women were my only auditors, I close this hasty and meagre letter—No, *not* meagre—its extracts richly redeem it.

The tears are in our eyes—  
The tale was simple, yet a spell of power  
Was in its gentle words. The poet's dower—  
The mystery of his influence lies  
In the strong interest which his soul can fling  
Over the simplest and minutest thing.

'Poor Margaret !' we exclaim—  
Our hearts cling to her as the wanderer's did ;  
The sadness of humanity, so sweetly hid



In the small compass of her fame,  
Nestles and flutters in our heart of hearts,  
Nor idly thence, nor readily departs.

Poor Margaret ! Woman's lot  
In its deep grief, its melancholy tasks,  
Was richly thine ;—a love that never asks  
For treasures other than are brought  
From the warm feeling and the quiet bliss  
Of those she loves—these make her happiness.

To sit alone and weep,  
To watch thro' weary days and long, dark nights,  
To wander thro' the glens and o'er the heights,  
Foregoing rest and needed sleep  
In the vain search for what could not be found—  
To this sad lot, poor Margaret, wert thou bound.

Over thy simple tale  
Thou faithful-hearted, many a tear we'll shed ;  
Thy story in dark moments shall be read ;  
And when our timid heart would fail,  
We will draw strength from lessons taught by thee,  
Of trust, and quiet faith, and meek fidelity.

EVELEEN.

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### *EARTH'S CHANGES.*

Original.

A BLOOMING boy stood at an open garden gate, listening to the fond adieu of his widowed mother. He was neatly dressed in the attire of a seaman, with the loose black cravat and wide collar, while in his hand was a small bundle of dainties prepared for him by her who now sighed at his departure. It was evident from his fair cheek and bright eye that he had never yet undergone the hardships of a sailor's life ; and none can doubt that a mere love of change and adventure had sent him forth to dare the perils of the ocean. His fond mother urged him to be good, to obey his captain, and read the little pink covered Bible which she had given him ; and as he gaily broke away from her last embrace, he cried in the tones of unfettered boyhood, 'Never mind, mother, for I shall be back in only five months. Kiss Jane for me, and tell Susan I will bring home some beautiful shells. So, good bye to you, mother !'

And were those anticipations so confidently pronounced, realized ? Did that blooming and affectionate lad return to the home of his boyhood at the expiration of five months ? Alas ! the dim future is unexplored, and we know not even what a day may bring forth. In the pride of her heart, that mother imagined that her boy was the most affectionate, and most constant of sons—that he would return with rapture to her arms,

and that during his absence, his heart would never wander from the home of his loving and indulgent relatives.

But time and circumstances 'dissolve the gay frost-work of bliss,' and the course of time is marked by the constant changes in his path, the overturning of cherished hopes, and the destruction of those idols which we have permitted to usurp the place of the Eternal.

Forty years have passed away since that farewell was spoken, and that kind mother is in her grave. Susan and Jane are mothers on the down-hill side of life ; but the bright eyed boy was never more heard of by his mother or his sisters. Yet he lives : time has altered him indeed, both in mind and in person. A wretched man, prematurely old, may be seen occasionally lingering about the door of some boarding house for seamen, and delaying as long as possible the time when his exhausted finances will require his return to labor and the dangers of the sea.

For several weeks after his departure from his home, he did indeed think of those whom he had left behind ; but new scenes and new thoughts, new companions and new pleasures, came in for a share of his affections, and before he had been two months away from his native land, he had learned to regard his homely attachments as childish, and unworthy of one who aspired to mingle with men. His old attachments were transferred to less worthy objects, and he remained abroad for several years. Since then he has been a wretched wanderer upon the earth, and scarcely cares whether his relatives are living or not.

Behold yon delightful vale, in which the long grass waves, and the yellow flowers peep from the sod, shaded by tall elms, and watered by a limpid stream. In that vale there often walked a youthful and deeply enamored couple, and talked of glory, of love, and of the legends of romance. The youth was wild and enthusiastic, and his dark eye kindled as he spoke. The maiden was hardly less romantic than he, and while her auburn tresses waved in the breeze that came down the glen, she listened with rapt attention to the chivalrous declamation of her beloved. They dreamed not of sorrow, but as of a cloud to add interest to the sky of their destiny—even death was to them an object of romance as it was connected with drooping willows, true love's tears, and moonlight contemplation on the grave of the



departed. Brief indeed was the gay morning of youth, and the gilded dream vanished with years. They married, and the romance of life was over. Care and anxiety and wearisome toil dispelled that illusion. The youth is now the husband and the father—the mere drudge who toils to supply his dependants with bread. The high-hearted damsel has quenched her heart's light in the dust of the earth—and both find no happiness this side the grave. They may look upon the pleasant vale again, but it can never yield pleasure to them. They may listen to the murmur of the waters, but their music cannot dissipate the anguish of their hearts. The brightness of existence is dimmed forever, and they cannot bend to earth-born sway. Their home is in heaven.

Beside yon soft flowing river, are the ruins of a mansion. The remains give evidence that it was a dwelling of no ordinary stamp. There lived a wealthy squire, and there gathered around his hearth as lovely a circle of daughters as ever charmed the heart of manhood. Often did the mariner, as he passed down that river, lean over the side of his vessel to catch the strains of dulcet music which proceeded from the open windows of that proud mansion; and oft from the adjacent groves arose the merry and musical laugh of the joyous child of fortune—the petted possessor of angelic beauty. Where now are those lovely girls? Alas! the youngest is the despised and neglected occupant of a work-house; another raves in a mad-house, or sings by the wayside the plaintive airs which she learned in other days to sing for the amusement of her friends; but which now accord so well with the tone of her feelings.

Another, persuaded from her home before the ruin and bankruptcy of her father, followed the fortunes of a desperate adventurer, and now struggles to support herself and three orphan grandchildren, by washing the clothes of soldiers and sailors.

The other two lie in the village church-yard—far happier than the rest—having been plucked like blooming blossoms from the tree, before the lightning had withered the parent trunk.

One of them departed mysteriously from the paternal roof, shortly after her father's ruin was promulgated, and has not been heard of since. Strange and various have been the reports respecting her; but what will not village gossip set on foot. Some have asserted that she eloped

with a young officer, who, becoming weary of her society, murdered her, and covered over the body with leaves. This report probably arose from the fact that a skeleton was found in the woods. Others have supposed that she drowned herself in the river, upon discovering that she must alter her style of living; while some, still more romantic, declare that she buried herself in a convent, in imitation of disappointed damsels in olden time.

Such are the changes of earth. How unwise are those who act as if the joys they experience will be perpetual, or as if they had a lease of the good things of this world from Him who only can render them perpetual. But it is in youth particularly, that we forget the autumn and the winter of our existence. Although nothing so soon vanishes, yet we are as much delighted with the gilded moments of youth, as if they were to be perpetual. 'They glitter for a moment, and where are they?' Something higher than earth, and more enduring and changeless than her delights, is necessary to our comfort even here.

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### INSTALLATION HYMNS.

Original.

*The following hymns by the Editor were sung at his Installation in Marblehead, April 8, 1840.*

O FATHER! thou can'st make a worm  
A minister of good,  
And placest in a seed the germ  
Of a whole nation's food,—  
And with the care that bade the sun  
The source of light to be,  
Wilt guard the humblest work that's done  
For truth and purity.

We come with gladness, songs, and praise,  
With deep and hallowed thought,  
And offer thanks for all thy ways,  
For what thy love hath wrought,—  
And seek to kindle now a fire  
Of holier zeal and love,  
That all our souls may more aspire  
Thy strengthening grace to prove.

O make us feel thy truth is light—  
Light for the world within,  
To make e'en death's dark valley bright  
And save from snares of sin;  
And feeling in our souls that thou  
Hath never ceased to bless,  
May we in deep contrition bow,  
Strive more for holiness.

God of the seraphim who laid  
On prophet lips the mystic fire!  
O let the bidding word be said,  
Our souls with kindred truth inspire;



For 'tis thy love alone can make  
Of mortal man a holy priest,  
So he that living bread may break,  
On which the human heart can feast.

Be with thy servant who this day  
Renews his vows before thy throne ;  
May he the gospel rules obey,  
So that the Master him shall own ;  
And may he be the sinner's friend,  
Delight to lead the youthful on,  
In pity o'er the sick ones bend,  
And mourners soothe with comfort's tone.

Lord ! bless us, each and all, we pray !  
And consecrate this union hour !  
And may the memory of this day  
Have in our hearts a holy power,—  
A power to make us feel thy love,  
The worth of gospel truth confest,  
So that a steadier zeal shall prove  
We feel how richly we are blest.

### SELF-DECEPTION.

Original.

*Thou know'st that thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong,  
And listening to their witching voice  
Hath often led me wrong.*

BURNS.

It would have been worth one's while to have asked the author of the above stanza, whether he ever tried to resist the influence of those passions which he acknowledges did often lead him wrong. We have little reason to believe that he ever struggled very violently against them. On the other hand, his life appears to have been of a decidedly loose cast ; and at times, he seems even to have gloried in the excesses to which his inclinations led him. Why should such a man throw the blame of his actions upon the Creator, and address him as if he had so ordered it, that it was impossible for him to escape the commission of immoral deeds. We may judge whether this extenuated his offences or not. We may judge whether it would not have been better for him to have acknowledged the wrong and the guilt all his own, than to have laid the fault of it upon his Maker. It is thus that men deceive themselves, and after having led an impious life, suppose that they have been tempted above measures, and that they have acted just as circumstances compelled them to act. Doubtless Burns was flattered so much on account of his genius, that he supposed his foibles could be excused on account of it : but will such be the judgment of that Being who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with any degree of allowance ? I think not. He was not compelled to yield to temptation, and if his temp-

tations were of a peculiar character, so are the temptations of others. Each one has his peculiar temptations, and his peculiar vices ; and it is these which he is expected to resist and avoid. It is not expected of the miserly man that he should be extravagant, nor of the rake and spendthrift that he should be penurious. Each of these characters must combat his own particular weaknesses ; and not lay it to the charge of the Creator, because his vicious propensities run in some peculiar channel. The man who knew so well, as did the writer of the above stanza, what were his own failings, had sufficient strength bestowed upon him to have avoided the errors to which he was subject, had he been disposed to do so.

But it may be doubted that the poet really intended to address his prayer to the Supreme Being. It is more probable that it was intended solely for the world, and for the admiration of mankind. That individual is truly to be pitied, who imagines that vice of any description is a subject of interest. Yet it would appear that our poet fancied there were some interesting frailties ; and that by laying his own besetting sins to the charge of constitutional infirmity, he should make himself an object of compassion more than censure. Such is, indeed, the depraved sentiment of some poets and novelists—depraved indeed when it attires itself in a seducing garb, in order to make void the express commands of the moral law. We may doubt the purity of our own hearts when vice of any description may be made interesting to us, and when we feel inclined to favor with our sympathy those who can sin with elegance and with the flourish of sentimentality.

If the scriptures do insist on any thing they insist on freedom from vice, and on the immaculate purity of the great Captain of our salvation. He is represented as attired in robes of spotless white, with his hair as wool, while a flaming sword proceeds from his mouth, which betokens his antipathy to everything which can offend his celestial purity, and his indignation against all that do evil. Let us not, therefore, be deceived, for that which a man soweth that shall he reap. Gospel liberty, and the freedom which we have in Christ, is not liberty to commit sin, and freedom from the laws of God which can never be broken with impunity.

The stanza at the head of this piece betokens neither contrition nor regret at having violated



the rule of duty ; but rather a boastful spirit, vain of its mock penitence, full of ingratitude to the Supreme Being, and rebellion against him ; blind to its own depravity, and even disposed to claim the admiration of others on account of its great failings. Whatever may be a man's genius—whatever may be the power of his intellect, or the depth of his love for mere creatures, he is unworthy the regard of the pure if stained with vice, or wedded to the sterile enjoyments of sense.

### LAMENT OF THE POLISH EXILE.

Original.

My country, O my country ! None  
May love thee as thine exiled son !  
My heart's loved shrine, my spirit's home—  
The altar of each pure affection  
That this wrong bosom e'er hath known ;  
The land which ne'er denied protection  
To earth's poor homeless, wandering child  
Of christian race or savage, wild.  
Land of the patriot and the sage !  
Land of the heroes who have bled  
For freedom, in their youth and age,  
For freedom their best life-blood shed !  
Though exiled by a tyrant's will,  
My country, O I love thee still !

Nor love I thee that thou'rt more fair  
Than other lands, 'neath other skies ;  
Ay, sunny climes there are, and rare,  
That kindlier greet the *stranger's* eyes ;  
Yet, wheresoe'er my feet have roved,  
No other land as *thee* so loved,  
Hath met my wandering, ardent gaze,—  
Home of my heart in childhood's days !

In Eastern climes, the glorious sun  
May rise where golden rivers run ;  
And the soft moon may shed her beams  
Of liquid light on crystal streams.  
The sparkling fount may ever flow—  
The fountain loved by Asia's daughters,  
They who delight in its clear waters  
To bathe the sunny cheek and brow.

The Persian Satrap, in the swell  
Of haughty pride, may view his dell  
With lofty palms all studded o'er,  
And forests, whose grim monsters' roar  
Gives him proud joy, as on he moves  
To join the hunter's sports he loves.  
And he may deem no other land  
So blessed by nature's bounteous hand.

And Tartary, the once proud land  
Of Tamerlane and Genghis Khann ;  
May boast her hardy race of men,  
Who tame the wild horse in its flight,—  
Who thunder through the mountain-glen,  
And deem their land an Eden bright.  
And China may her wisdom tell,  
And the pagoda's silver bell  
May send upon the breeze around,  
In evening's shade, a clear, sweet sound.

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Such sounds as these may never move  
My heart as Poland's songs I love.

And ye may gaze on the dark eye  
Of Araby's unrivalled daughter,  
And almost think, in her light laughter,  
That she was never born to die !  
Yet deem I Poland's maids are fairer  
Than the gay daughters of El Hairer.  
And Spain may boast her Guadalquivir,  
And Egypt her dark mystic river ;  
Brighter to me the murmuring rills  
That flow from my dear native hills !  
And Oh, Italia's skies, they say,  
Are pure and bright as poet's dreams ;  
A land where soft, sweet breezes play  
O'er fragrant groves and glistening streams.  
The glorious land where once stood Rome,  
Proud city of immortal fame ;  
Glittering with gold each lofty dome ;  
No land a rivalship may claim  
With her in architect or laws ;  
Where lived the noblest of the earth—  
Defenders of their country's cause,  
Though haply of plebeian birth.  
Yet my own land is dearer far to me,  
Than thou, with all thy wealth, thou sun-bright Italie.

I love thee not that braver blood,  
Poland, is thine ; or richer flood  
Than ever flowed in other veins  
Was shed upon thy tented plains.  
No, other lands may boast as great  
On battle-field, or men whom fate  
Ordained to bless their country's cause  
By framing wise and virtuous laws.  
But that *my own loved home* thou art,  
'Tis *that* which binds thee to my heart !

Land of Sobeiska ! at that name  
How rises in my breast the flame  
Lit up by hope of freedom yet ;  
Freedom ! for which thy sons have bled,  
And Fame her brightest garland set  
Upon the dauntless patriot's head.

Oh ! would my country's braves arise,  
Her beacon lights should stream on high,  
Brighter than glow those comet-fires  
That flash and burn along the sky.  
And her proud watch-word to the skies,  
*Freedom or death*, should wildly rise,  
And many a sword leap from its sheath  
Eager for victory or death !  
And once again should Poland be  
A land of happiness, and free !

Poland ! my prayers shall e'er ascend  
To God, that He thy wrongs redress,  
And rescue thee from thy distress,  
And prove thy mighty, conquering Friend.  
My country, rise ! shake off the bands  
Imposed on thee by tyrants' hands !  
Strike for thy children and thy laws,  
And God shall aid thy glorious cause !

L. A. P.

Shirley Village, April 10, 1840.

UNDERSTANDING is a well-spring of life unto  
him that hath it.

He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul.



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

Original.

BY MISS H. J. STONE.

WHICHEVER way I turn my eyes I behold evidence of His love which is new every morning and fresh every evening. In the open volume of nature we can read, yea, the fool need not err therein, so plain and legible is it written, as with the finger of the Almighty. The sun, that glorious benefactor of man, who sheds his kind and cheering rays alike on all the vast inhabitable globe, speaks with a language which cannot be misunderstood. He tells us of the same unerring hand which propels him on through yon beautiful sky from day to day—of a God whose love is eternally the same through every changing season and varying year—of a Father who delighteth to bless and happify his children. The gentle rain as it falls lightly on the parched earth, causing it to bring forth its variegated productions, speaks to the reflecting mind the mild and impartial love of God. The beauteous flowers, as they raise their blushing heads to sip the evening dew, and shed their sweet fragrance in the mild zephyrs that blow, imparting pleasure to the sight, rapture to the heart of man, proclaim our God is love. Every sound harmonious to the ear, every object which charms the eye, every delicacy which satisfies the most fastidious taste, every odor which is sweet to the smell, is but an additional token of a Father's love. The love of God!—what an inexhaustible theme! How incomprehensible! O, how boundless! I am lost in wonder—I know not where to begin, or where to end. My soul shrinks back into nothingness while attempting to fathom it. Love unchanging: There is glory in the thought! Are we the creatures of his love—we, frail, dying creatures, the recipients of such an infinite fullness of love, and this love *eternal, unchanging*! Blessed, blessed assurance! Well might those bright seraphs leave the glories of the upper world, to announce the birth of that Savior who was to proclaim that love to a lost and perishing world, even to his expiring breath. Well might they shout 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to man.' 'Twas just what the wants of a world lying in wickedness, and covered with gross darkness, required to arouse them from the sleep of death,—to open their eyes to the glories of Nature, there to read the love and goodness of their Ma-

ker—God. It was to impart a knowledge of the true character of him, whom to know is life eternal. It was to give man the hope, the blissful hope of another and a holier, happier state of existence, where that love should become a sea of glory in which to bathe the beatified spirit, even in the ocean of eternity.

In those days there were unbelievers, those that could not so read the goodness and love of God in his handiworks; and therefore were not saved from fear and distrust. They believed not the sure word of prophecy, they credited not what Jehovah had sworn to accomplish through the mediation of his Son. They clung to the old rites of the ceremonial law, utterly rejecting the gospel of Christ which was good news to all people—still groping their way on in bondage and fear. It would seem that no one could study the works of God in all their grandeur and beauty, in all their adaptation to the convenience and happiness of man, and yet remain ignorant of the love which prompted him thus to do. But as in ancient time, so in the present, there are those to whom nature is a sealed book, from which they derive no instruction or advantage. The views they entertain with respect to God are limited and dishonoring. Like those of old they do not view him as the Father of the Gentiles or the sinful, but of the righteous only. His love is precarious, changing according to the good or evil deeds of the creature. O, who could be happy while indulging such contracted, imperfect views of the Father of all spirits? Who that could lie down on his pillow and take rest while such a God was supposed to rule in heaven and among the inhabitants of earth; the morning might find his soul in the forlorn prison-house of misery! Nothing could be sure, nothing certain, with such a being as this. All, all hangs on the brittle thread of life. To-day he may be our friend, to-morrow our eternal foe. O, my brothers and sisters, of whatever name, come and let us reason together for a few moments. Let us examine the sacred word, and there learn more fully the glorious character of 'Our Heavenly Father.' Here we are informed that his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands; for God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, not to condemn it, but to save it. And the apostle has testified that '*God is love.*' His word abounds with testimony abundant to establish this glorious truth. Now in this we all agree, that God does *now* love



every creature whom he hath made. Will he ever cease, then, to love them? Will that Being who possesses infinite and adorable attributes in all their perfections ever change? No, methinks I hear you exclaim, certainly not. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever—in him there is no variableness neither a shadow of turning. Very good. So far then we agree. Where, then, is there room for doubts or unholy fears? Why are the promises of God then not credited? Has he not sworn by himself, because he could not swear by one greater, that unto him *every knee shall bow*, every tongue confess that in the Lord they have righteousness and strength? Hath he not declared that his councils shall stand, and that he will do all his pleasure? Is it not his pleasure 'to gather together in Christ all things, both which are in heaven, on the earth or in the sea, even in him?' And will not Christ reign in his kingdom till the last enemy is destroyed? Will he not then deliver up that kingdom to God, that he may be all in all? O, let us weigh well these things, and let the spirit of God lead us into all truth!

Cabot, VI.

### TRUE GREATNESS.

CHAPIN'S ADDRESS.

LANGUAGE can but ill express the deep and pervading sorrow which the mispublication of the Address in our last number has caused us. The manuscript was prepared for the author's eye only, and he was willing to re-write it if it could not be deciphered. We could not read it, and showed it to our printer, who has evinced great skill in deciphering like difficult penmanship and abbreviations, and he at once declared it plain to him. We charged him not to attempt the printing of it unless he could without difficulty decipher it. He undertook the task, and when four pages of the matter were set up, we called into the office, and found he was in trouble. We offered to pay half, or, if need be, the whole, of the worth of what he had set up, if he would abandon the work and go ahead on plain manuscripts at hand. This he promised to do, providing a lady who was seen to take the address, when delivered, down in short-hand, could not furnish an explanation in the author's own language, of the difficult parts. We were ne-

cessitated to leave the city, sick and wearied; and the next time we came in, the Address, or rather the pretensions to an Address, was printed and pressed, ready for the binder. Regret, deep and bitter, was in us, but as we had just come from the sick chamber, we dare not make any comments, lest we should get unduly excited, and resolved to wait patiently to hear from the author. We have heard from him, and may our readers find fun enough in his remarks to pay them for the trouble of taking a pencil and correcting the publication. One of Br. Chapin's best friends consented to our printer's urgent requests to attempt to decipher the MS., and labored hard to recall the address as he heard it; and aimed, from the best motives, to help our printer out of trouble. Br. C. we hope will look as kindly as possible on the whole matter, and endeavor to find an excuse for us in the peculiar situation in which we were placed at the time—away from the city, sick, and confiding in the promise to abandon the work made us by the printer.

Richmond, Va., April 17, 1840.

Most bitterly do I lament my 'cramped penmanship.' I have had cause to do so this morning. I have just received the 'Repository' containing my Address before the Charlestown Lyceum. As that was offered to the public—however humble its claims may be—as a *literary* Address, and as the same number of the 'Repository' contains two flattering notices of my book, and as I should be sorry to have a stranger form an idea of my 'style' from said address as now printed, will you be good enough in some way to give publicity to the following *errata*? In requesting you to do so, you will understand me as censuring myself for my poor chirography, while I cannot but regret that you should have published it from *that* manuscript.

Let the individual, then, who may see fit to read this address, glance his eye along the first column of the page 402, ten lines from the bottom, and he will find *money* described as 'dogging' a man's 'vision with its *hades*'!! Now this is a most *profound* metaphor—but I prefer the more explicable figure *really* contained in my manuscript, which was—'dazzling his vision with its *hoards*.' The word 'eyed,' found on the second column of the same page, fourteenth line from the bottom, should give place to the word 'regarded.' On the 403 page, first column, ninth line from the bottom, as the printed copy reads, 'ranks of *household* heroes' are mentioned; 'laurelled,' I presume, is the manuscript word; it appears to me a much better epithet,



as heroes do not bear a very domestic character. 'Sea-gilded Tyre,'—vide same page and column, fifth line from bottom—is a very dazzling phrase, but I think not so correct as 'sea-girdled Tyre,' which was the term I used. On the same page, second column, eleventh and twelfth lines from bottom, we have a land rising 'above the cloud of its orient glory.' Now this metaphor fairly soars—it is lofty, misty, grand, perhaps—but I prefer that it should read as I wrote it, viz. 'rise above the standard of its ancient glory.' Page 404, first column, third line from top, for 'renowned' read 'revered,'—the mistake is, however, unimportant. But, as our eyes glance down the page, I do think that we discover a mistake that is only to be equalled by 'dogging with its hades.' In the same column, third line from bottom, we find the gallant Richard marching off with the old chivalric barons of the crusade, with 'mail-clothed hats!! and fluttering banners.' Our romantic visions of knight errantry are perfectly broken and confused by this figure. We know not what to make of it. But, dear reader, we assure you we had it 'mail-clad hosts and flaunting banners.' 'Flush,' on the 405 page, second column, twenty-fourth line from bottom, should read 'flash.' On the 406 page, first column, first line, we are introduced to something no less strange than the 'heart-strings of the soul.' 'Harp-strings' was our phrase. On the same page, second column, twentieth line from bottom, for 'flowing' read 'flowering;' and for the word 'honors,' fourteenth line, same page, same column, read 'names.' page 407, first column, twenty second line from top, for 'only' read 'always;' and in line twenty-six leave out the word 'you,' and for 'every' read 'each;' twelfth line from bottom, for 'despair' read 'desperation;' ninth line from bottom, for 'stern-set' read 'rusty;' second column, same page, seventeenth line from top, for 'fearful' read 'physical;' and in the twentieth line from the bottom, for 'light' read 'bright.' But we come now to page 408, and find the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth lines from the top of the first column, reading as follows, —'And you may stand like disconsolate ruins! cut off from every hope, [poor, melancholy ruins!] and detesting the calling which you have obscured! forever,' says the patient, plodding reader, who has managed to dodge round or jump over these other errors, but now finds himself completely stopped, swamped we may say. 'Why,' says he, 'what does all this mean?' I am sure, dear reader, I do not know. There is something there about ruins, and rueful looking ruins to me they are, for they look like the ruins of some idea which I had in the manuscript, but which, in the process of printing, has 'perished in the using.' But I assure you, whatever nonsense I may have written in lieu thereof, I never wrote the above-quoted sentence—O, no! Now just

look down the same column, nine lines further, and for 'tones,' read 'times,' and I will release you from the consideration of these errata.

E. H. CHAPIN.

### SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Original.

I know not when I have taken more delight in any performance of the kind, than in the recent Sabbath School Exhibition at the Warren Street Universalist Church, Boston. While I attempt to write about it, I have a strong desire that the same measure of inspiration may now be present with me that I realized during the time of the exercises. This, however, is not to be expected.

Pleasant indeed must it have been to that numerous listening audience, composed of parents, brothers, sisters, teachers, and scholars,—to realize that so much of the power of the youthful mind could here be applied to moral progress and pleasure combined; to see that in these interesting exercises which lead the soul to delight in goodness and truth, children could feel themselves at home, and become preachers of righteousness to many on whose hearts their words would fall with an awakening, holy influence. The ministers present, too, must have been—they were, unspeakably gratified and happy. God was perfecting praise from infant lips before them. They were listening to preaching that warmed their hearts, and caused them to glorify the Father of mercies for his rich and abundant blessings. The reflection would force itself into the mind, if the influence of gospel truth shall always be like this on these young minds, what must be the consequences to the world wherever they shall hereafter move in it? And then, if all our Sabbath Schools would seek like this one, to be true to its own strength, what spiritual awakenings, arisings, conversions and revolutions, might we not witness in all the departments of our denomination?

When I witness a good exhibition of this kind, where each speaker is true to the theme, and all is pleasantness and delight, I am always led to wish, to pray, that the speakers may never take any steps in future life that shall reflect dishonor on their characters as represented in this exhibition scene; that all life's efforts and actions with them may be as pure, as successful as this. He only who watches over all, can preserve them



from falling, and keep their feet in his testimonies.

It seems rather invidious to mention some of the exercises in the exhibition referred to, aside from the whole; yet it is unavoidable. All need not be mentioned;—a few may be, as specimens of the whole.

The singing was good, as could be expected where many of the children were stationed so far from the leader. Some single voices were excellent. The opening address was appropriately spoken. The dialogue, 'The little Moralists,' was very well done; and so was the one on 'Profane Swearing.' 'Sweet Auburn' was made interesting, not because the composition was excellent, but because it was understood and pronounced with feeling and effect. I cannot soon forget that. The 'Address to the Christian's Aid Society' was well spoken, although rather too long—which saying will apply to some other pieces. If there had not been such an ample 'bill of fare,' I might not have said this. But this *fullness* will happen in most of our Sabbath School Exhibitions. It is no sin, however, although a mistake. The 'Burning of the Lexington' was admirably spoken, with full enough of *energy*. And the original dialogue by the masters Richardson—I shall not undertake to describe its effect on me. I learned that a faithful mother had taught them at home. This accounted in a great measure for the impression made on the audience by the well timed words spoken by her little sons. May her influence on them never be less holy and pure! The dialogue was a cut direct at modern foppery. A friend at my elbow wished that many fop-sick ones whom he knew, could have been there. I thought of divers forms of humanity who perambulate Tremont and Washington Streets in the *bear-like* extremes of fashion, carrying their brains in their hair, capes, and tight boots, who might have been signally blessed with a repetition of this dialogue in their 'ears polite.' They might have deemed it personal, however.

Once more I must name—that dialogue, 'Offering to Flora'—where all the months brought their tribute of flowers, saying,

'Graciously take, O Flora divine,

The gift which thy suppliant lays on thy shrine;—  
where all the rare offerings were deposited above the neat white arch erected on the pulpit, and revealing in twelve letters, one by one, as each

flower was placed upon it, that pure, enlivening, gospel name, UNIVERSALISM. That was well conceived—well done.

The exertions made by the teachers and friends of this school, are worthy all praise and imitation. They are not only interested in exhibitions, but in the weekly concerns of the school. And it is a cause of much joy that the Sabbath School interest in our denomination is daily increasing. So be it. Let us not be weary in well doing.

In closing, I cannot omit saying that although I desire our Sabbath School exhibitions to avoid as much as possible the modern theatrical appearance—and seek to blend the sober moral with the pleasant and attractive,—yet the more I see of these exhibitions, the more do I wish that our theatres might in heaven's time, be turned into such schools of moral instruction as our Sabbath School exhibitions are made. Then I think christians of all denominations might, without sin, become a theatre-going people. Such theatres would not be pests, but blessings. J. G. A.

Malden, Mass.

## BEAUTY.

Original.

BEAUTY consists not in the sparkling eye,  
The damask cheek, and lip or forehead high;  
Not in the graceful form, or glistening hair,  
Or melody of voice! Oh no! not there.  
But in the soul which every glance displays  
Basking forever in affection's rays,—  
Speaking in love's soft tones, with sunlight smile,  
Which can an aching heart from wo beguile!  
It dwelleth there in majesty supreme,  
Sweeter than music's voice, or seraph's dream!

IONE.

Boston, Mass.

## 'CHAPIN'S LECTURES.'

WE have thought our readers would be glad to greet some selections from these popular lectures, and we therefore enrich the present number with a few of the many excellent and beautiful things in the work.

In the first lecture, on 'Self-Duties,' speaking of health he says:—

'This may be thought, by some, a singular topic to introduce in a course of lectures from the pulpit, and upon the Sabbath; but I regard the preservation of health as an important and binding duty. God has made us denizens of this



earth. He has clothed our better and immortal nature in a material vesture, and linked us, by physical bonds, to the animal creation. And wonderful is the mechanism by which he has adapted us to this sphere—intimately is the soul connected with it! Wonderful are the existences which he has created upon the relations of action and reaction, of cause and effect! Has he filled this vast nature—this universe of ocean, earth, and air—with music, making it, as it were, one great organ, with its stops and valves of varied melody, and all its living and harmonious voices? So has he tuned the *ear* to hear it all, moulding it in perfect shape, and giving it chords to thrill and vibrate with delight. Untune these chords or clog these delicate avenues of sound, and are you not going counter to a manifest design of God?—are you not breaking an express *law*, and therefore sinning?

'See how true it is that God has made the world not only useful, but beautiful. He has not only made the sky, but he has given it the softest, fairest color of the prism. He has not only hung the stars there, but he has made them to sparkle all across that high blue dome, like gems in the crowns of angels. He not only condenses the mists and vapors into clouds, but they brighten in gorgeous hues around the sun, or darken in grandeur beneath the storm. He has not only given the springs to 'run among the hills,' but he sprinkles their water-drops on high and abroad, until they throw an arc athwart the dark abyss, and glitter before his lofty throne in the unutterable beauty of the rainbow. And see the earth all strown with greenness, and dew-drops, and flowers—and the mountains, how stand up their piny banners and their icy spears, like war-hosts arrested in all their pomp, and frozen. O! look abroad, above, below, and see how *beauty* blends with usefulness in the multitude of created things. And what is there in man adapted to all this? That tender and expressive organ, the *eye*. Sunder its delicate nerves, quench its light, seal up its veiling lids, and all this enchantment, this field of glorious vision, disappears. Is it not a duty, then, to nourish and preserve this portion of the human frame?

'Look at the *hand*. A little organ, but how curiously wrought! How manifold and necessary are its functions! What an agent has it been for the wants and the designs of man! The *hand*; what, in this world, would be the mind

without it? How has it moulded and made palpable its conceptions, removed its obstacles, and gone before it to pioneer its glorious and triumphant progress! The *hand*! It wrought the statue of Memnon, and hung the brazen gates of Thebes; it fixed the mariner's trembling needle upon its axis, and first heaved back the bar of the tremendous printing-press. It opened the tubes of Galileo, until world after world swept largely before his vision; and it reefed the high top-sail that rustled over Columbus in the morning breezes of Bahama. And it has held the sword with which freedom has fought her battles; it has poised the axe of the dauntless woodman, as he opened the paths of civilization; it turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and Shakspeare inscribed their burning thoughts; and it secured firmly the pen that signed the Declaration of Independence. Would you weaken the *hand*, then?—would you make it nerveless, or useless? If so, would you not break a great physical law of the Creator's own ordaining?

'You see, by this time, the importance of preserving the body in health in *all* its organs and functions. For if these important portions are to be cherished, so are the minor powers. They are necessary to carry out the designs of our existence; they are necessary to the *doing* of good; they are necessary to effect the ideas of the mind; as is their condition, so, often is the condition of this higher and nobler principle.

'I repeat, then, young men, that a careful preservation of health is a duty binding upon you. Use all the gifts which God has bestowed upon you, aright. Use them, and do not abuse them. So live that you may not in any way weaken your ability to do good to yourselves or to others. Yours is peculiarly a vigorous and healthful organization; to you, peculiarly, then, the exhortation to preserve health is applicable. I use, in regard to this matter, the language of the text: 'See that ye walk circumspectly.'

From his lecture on 'Social Duties' we take the following:—

'Self, being to us the source and centre of all action, by which we are affected—the immediate and intimate principle—it was but following the natural order of things to adopt, as the subject of our first lecture, the topic of self-duties. But let any young man reflect for a moment, and he will perceive that there are two classes of duties which devolve upon him, viz.: *personal* and *rel-*



ative duties. He can scarcely take a step and not interfere with *somebody else*; nay, the actions by which *he* is specially affected, and which bear the most intimate relation to himself, may also hold connection with others, and are likewise to be considered in the effects which they have upon them. This we might illustrate, by taking the very duties which we presented in the last lecture, and showing you, in your conduct respecting them, how much is involved the principle of relative duties. But this, we think, is not necessary; for the truth must be apparent to all.

'We open our eyes upon this bright and beautiful world, and we find that we are not alone. Its fullness of beauty and its means of subsistence have been created not merely for us. We look around upon innumerable forms and faculties of existence, living also in the smile of God, and enjoying the bounty which he has spread out for them. And not one of these, from the mightiest to the meanest, is without its fellow. Together the flocks feed upon the hills; together the fish sport among the glittering waters. The insect that lives in the sunshine for but a day, has partners in its bliss; and the eagle cleaves the cloud homeward to his mate that screams to him from the chasm of the rock. This spirit of sympathy seems to exist even in inanimate nature. The flowers, all varied in fragrance and hue as they are, smile in unison in the summer day, and weep with each other through the hours of darkness. The countless and illimitable stars glide forth together on the arch of night, and hymn in sweet harmony through the season of their bright watching. The rain-drops come down in companies, and shout among the leaves, or blend and glow in a bright pavilion before the sun. Even the wild and tumultuous ocean heaves its mighty billows as though they were one, and the eternal anthem of its surges peals up like an accordance of music! And, among all these sympathies and relationships, is man an isolated being? No! the first consciousness which he has is of one whose mild, soft eye is ever bent in kindness upon him, and who whispers to him the name 'mother;' and of another, who smiles at his infant glee and lays his hand gently upon his head, and whom he calls 'father.' And he discovers, also, perhaps, that there are companions who go with him through his early years, who prattle with him around the hearth, or sport upon the lawn, or kneel by his side around the family

altar. And to each of these he gives the name 'brother,' or 'sister.' And as he goes on in life, and his mind becomes enlarged, he discovers other and yet other relationships; he perceives society to be a complicated mechanism, joining together innumerable interests and reciprocal duties; that it has golden wheels circling within golden wheels, linked by a thousand bands, and all revolving upon this one great social principle; and as he takes in the comprehensive view, he finds, although these ties have different degrees of strength, that he is connected with a family, a community, a nation, a world.

'Such, then, is the position of every young man, as he stands upon the threshold of active existence, and looks around him for the purpose of adopting guiding and governing principles. He is old enough to perceive that he has not only personal, but relative duties to perform; he is old enough to know right from wrong, and to be accountable for the consequences; and the question arises, with thrilling importance,—'How shall I discharge my duties as a social being?' We answer, that the best general principle of action with which we are acquainted, is the universally admired precept of Jesus—'The Golden Rule'—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Carry this principle out into every transaction between yourself and your fellow-men; test it in every perplexing or doubtful case; and you will have a ray upon your path, wherever you may tread, which will not fail to guide you aright. In the dubious and knotty questions which will often arise—in going by the delicate lines of '*meum* and *tuum*'—you may seek assistance from treatise after treatise upon moral obligation, from thick and ponderous volumes of social law, and yet all that is safe in them, and all that is pure, may be resolved into this one simple rule, which He gave who spake as never man spake. Let this, then, be your great controlling principle in discharging your social duties.'

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HE that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

The heart of the righteous studieth to answer; but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul; but he that beareth reproof getteth understanding.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife.



## Notices.

**ADVANCE PAY.** It has become absolutely necessary for us to observe in future the following rule: All new subscribers must pay one year in advance, unless their names are sent by some agent, who will see to the settlement of the same. The Universalist and Ladies Repository is a permanently established work, and subscribers run no risk in paying one year in advance; whereas many persons who subscribe, are utterly unknown to us. All persons, therefore, who are unknown to us, will see the propriety of paying one year in advance.

**BACK NUMBERS.** All persons who subscribe during the volume, must take the back Nos. of the volume. No subscription can be taken for less than one volume. 25 cts. will be added to every three months unnecessary delay in the payment of each year's subscription. To these terms the publisher feels that he must adhere.

**CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.** Another—the fourth—year of editorial labor is ended, and we send forth our grateful acknowledgments to all who have aided and encouraged us in the discharge of our duties. We have felt continuously the responsibility of our station pressing upon us, and have chosen to yield personal labor, when otherwise we might be free from it, rather than lessen the religious influence of the work. We trust that while we have endeavored to maintain the literary character of the work, our publication will show that we have never been unmindful of the tendency of each article, and that we have wrought diligently to preserve the interest of each number. Whatever may be the judgment of others upon our labors, this much we know—we have aimed to present our patrons a work which the good and the devout might receive with pleasure, and on the influence of which we could rationally and heartily ask the blessing of God to rest. The past must speak for the future—although we are confident that we shall have more abundant means than heretofore to render the work valuable to the friends of religious literature and moral reading, in sympathy with the great and heavenly truths of Universalism. To the promulgation of those truths we pledge ourselves—heart, soul, and spirit. May the friends of universal grace and salvation strengthen our hands, and encourage our hearts, by a liberal patronage which we will aim to deserve. We are happy to state that Miss EDGARTON will continue as co-editor, and we are proud to have thus associated with us one of the most gifted minds and truly excellent writers in the denomination.

**PROSPECTUSES.** We sent in the last number a neat little prospectus for the next volume, done up by our printer in a style that we thought would please our lady patrons especially—as the ladies must always have the preference on the score of taste. Have they done anything for us with it? Have they endeavored to do anything for us with it? We hope that we shall receive many returns that shall speak eloquently, and to us pleasantly, answer the first question, leaving no necessity for asking the second. Let each one who feels friendly to the work make an effort to enlarge our list of true patrons, and thus give us the encouragement we need.

**MINISTERS.** We cannot understand why we should send, or be expected to send, our work to many ministers without the least return on their part therefor. Why should they not expect like acts from the baker

and butcher, the hatter, clothier, and cordwainer? Our work costs us money, and labor, physical and mental labor, and though we should be willing, if we were able, to scatter our numbers broadcast over the land, yet we are not rich enough to do it; the paper does not yield a return that would incline any one into the belief that it is a very profitable concern. We love ministers as co-workers in the great cause of a world's sanctification and redemption, but we must not do injustice to ourselves, and our own, in order to be benevolent. We trust that the past course of the publisher will prove that we are not inclined to be parsimonious, and all we ask is the manifestation of zeal, true interest in the circulation of the work. This we had much rather have than the subscription price.

**AGENTS.** Will our agents who have not made their returns, do us the favor to hand in their accounts immediately? There is great importance to us in this request. We need, and should have, all the moneys collected by agents from subscribers. Some are strangely, very strangely backward about treading up to the mark of duty and friendship, and we call on them earnestly to do the honorable thing for us without delay.

**'PRACTICAL HINTS TO BELIEVERS** in the Gospel of Universal Grace and Salvation; by John G. Adams. T. Whittemore; Boston, pp. 271 duodecimo. Here is a book to do good—real, substantial, abiding good. We hail its appearance with pleasure, and if our commendation can have any weight with any one, we give it free and fully. There are works now in abundance to define and defend Universalism theoretically; here is one to teach us how we may, how we should, and why we should, adorn the doctrine, clothe ourselves in its beautiful garments, that our characters may present the true example. We have given in a former number an outline of the work—see Notices for February—and therefore need not add anything more than to say, the outline is well filled up, and the plan well carried out. We do hope and pray that this work may be extensively circulated, and that the blessing of heaven may rest on the author and his labors. The publisher has our thanks for a copy—and we add that the mechanical execution is very good, presenting a very pretty, as well as good book. It may be had of A. Tompkins.

**'THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH,** including Happy Death Scenes, illustrative of the power of the Gospel. Drawn from facts. By J. G. Adams. Boston; A. Tompkins. Eighteen mo. pp. 216. This is the work of which we have said much, and now that we have it in our hands to examine, we find no cause to recall aught of commendation hitherto expressed. It is an excellent work, and does credit to the author's head and heart. It will bear a blessing to many afflicted souls, quicken the power to meet and bear trial patiently, and by its soothing views of God, death, and eternity, wake the pulse of christian hope to healthier throbs, and the spiritual heart to more powerful action. The work is published in a very neat style—as are all the publisher issues. It contains a great mass of matter, as the print is quite small, and is put at a very low price. The table of contents is thus:—Chapter I. Death, 9—16. The Future Life, 16—25. Gospel Hope, 25—36. The Believer's Comfort, 36—46. Happy Death Scenes, 46—134. The Triumph, 134—173. Selections in Poetry, 173—216.

**WILLIAMSON'S NEW WORK.** Since our last notice this work has been issued—and a good work it is. It



is very neatly got up, same size of the 'Argument for Christianity' by same author, and contains nearly the same amount of matter. It is entitled, 'AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENCE OF UNIVERSALISM,' in a series of sermons delivered in the Universalist church, Baltimore, Md. By Rev. J. D. Williamson. Published by P. Price, New York city. The volume contains fifteen discourses—Introductory, Unity of God, Atonement, Death of Christ, Punishment, Forgiveness of Sins, Duration of Punishment, Judgment, The Resurrection, Destruction of Death, Nature of Salvation, Repentance, Faith, Influence of Universalism, Decision of Character, a religious duty.

**MILLERISM EXAMINED.** If any of our friends want a little work that does the matter of examining Miller's theory of the end of the world right up in a few pages, we would commend them to a pamphlet published by Br. A. C. Thomas, Lowell, Mass. It can be had of A. Tompkins.

**POCKET MANUAL BY REV. S. R. SMITH.** We have received a neat little publication of 59 small 18mo. pages, entitled, 'Pocket Manual, containing selections from the scriptures in proof of the salvation of all mankind; together with those passages supposed to favor the doctrine of endless misery. To which is added a brief explanation of several scripture terms.' This must certainly be regarded as a useful and much needed work; and the well known and high reputation of the author is sufficient to entitle the volume to considerate attention. Here in a small compass will be found a great deal of worth-knowing matter, and as the work is got up for a 'Pocket Manual,' and is well designed for the purpose, we hope it will be extensively circulated. Price 12 1-2 cents. It contains brief remarks on the phrase, 'Kingdom of heaven,' and on the words—everlasting, eternal, forever, punishment, forgiveness, saved, salvation, devil, satan, hell, and others, all important to be understood in the scriptural sense.

**'UNIVERSALISM VS. PARTIALISM;** in a course of lectures delivered in Newburyport, Mass. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Boston: B. B. Mussey, 1840.' Our thanks are due the publisher for a copy of the above work—another among the many issued this season from the Universalist press, and takes no obscure place among the best. The author is evidently one of those who think and reflect deeply and cautiously, and speak out the convictions of the understanding without evasion or fear. The title is expressive, indeed, the author assuring his readers that he means no disrespect by the term *partialism*, as applied to doctrines antagonist to Universalism. We must have names for things, and the briefer the name the better, if it does but embody the idea. Those who possess themselves of this work will have one rife with strong thought and vigorous reasoning, and will find every position clearly stated and defended. These lectures make a volume of 270 18mo. pages.

**THE UNIVERSALIST PREACHER AND EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.** A new—the second—volume of this work having commenced, we feel bound to express our good opinion of its claims to public patronage. It is certainly a valuable periodical, as it is designed to gather together the best articles, or treatises, on all the important points of theology and religion, and thus give in one volume a mass of reading that could not be obtained but by the possession of many books, and even then would have to be collated and arranged.

The *Preacher and Repository*, is published in Dayton, Ohio, in monthly numbers of 82 pages, stitched, with covers, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum. Geo. C. M'Cune editor and proprietor.

**UNIVERSALIST PULPIT.** Such is the title of a new periodical, proposals for the publication of which have been issued by A. B. and C. C. P. Grosh, Utica, N. Y. It is to be printed on good paper, with new type, in large 12mo. form, and will be neatly folded and stitched in handsome, printed covers. Each volume will contain at least 26 original sermons, and will make a book of 312 pages. It will be afforded at one dollar per annum; six copies to one address in one package, five dollars; thirteen copies for ten dollars.

**CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.** The first number of the second volume of Br. Cobb's paper appeared on May 1. None, we presume will question the correctness of the remark, when we say that the general tone of all the articles has been mild and courteous; and we must say that we think the editor has pursued a very candid and fair course. We wish him success. The 'Freeman' is still published at Waltham and Boston, Mass. J. N. Bang, agent, 40 Cornhill, Boston.

**SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTOR.** This publication, devoted to the interests of Sabbath Schools and the profit of children, has passed into the hands of Abel Tompkins as proprietor, and will hereafter be published by him in Boston. It will be edited by Br. O. A. Skinner, who, to our mind, is the best person within our knowledge for the task. May the work be good and successfully sustained. The prospectus for the new volume will be sent our patrons in this number. And most certainly the prospects of the good to be done by the work, are sufficient inducement to cause our friends, to exert themselves to obtain subscribers—good subscribers, who will be patrons indeed.

**JUVENILE BOOKS.** A. Tompkins has, in his new store, a very large and excellent assortment of Juvenile books, suitable for Sabbath School libraries, and those of our friends who are making arrangements to replenish the libraries of their respective Sabbath schools, will do well to call. We are confident they can do as well with him as any where in this city or out of it.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** Our new correspondent, L. A. P., of Shirley village, will, we trust, receive our desire as sincerely expressed, that she would continue her favors. We hope our associate will speak the good word in our readers' behalf to her.

We have on hand quite a number of articles. Those which may be regarded as acceptable and useful to our readers, will be forthcoming; and we must be excused if we decline some and leave them to vanish. We do not wish always to make mention of rejected articles, and prefer to let our pages tell what disposition we make of articles sent. We appreciate, we trust, the kindness of all who send us communications, but to publish all sent us would require vastly more space than we have to fill.

## Monthly Record.

**REMOVALS.** Br. N. Gunnison has removed from Provincetown, Mass., to Amoskeag, N. H. Br. J. N. Parker has removed from Yarmouth, Mass., to Providence, R. I. E. Vose, late of Orleans, Mass., has removed to Livermore, Me.



Br. Cyrus H. Fay has accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society at Woodstock, Vt., and has entered upon the duties of his office.

Br. S. Laws has removed from Felchville to Springfield, Vt., and requests all communications designed for him to be directed to that place. He will preach three fourths of the time in Springfield, and one fourth in Weathersfield.

Br. J. K. Ingalls, of Providence, R. I., has accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society at Southold, L. I.

**NEW PREACHER.** Br. George Proctor, who has been preparing for the ministry under the direction of Br. Pope, has commenced the work of a gospel preacher.

**ORDINATION.** Br. Horace G. Smith was ordained as pastor of the Universalist Society in Berlin, Ct., April 22d. Sermon by Br. Boyden.

**CEREMONY AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.** On Tuesday, the 31st of March, the corner stone of the meeting-house, now being erected by the Universalists of Newburyport, was laid with appropriate services. A very appropriate and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. H. Ballou, of this city; and the whole ceremony was impressive and happy.

**DEDICATION AT BARRE, MASS.** On Wednesday, the 22d ult., the Universalist meeting-house recently erected in Barre, Mass., was dedicated with appropriate religious services. Sermon by Br. H. Ballou, of this city, from Matt. iv. 10:—*'It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'* We are not able to give the rest of the services, as we have received no communication from any person present.

The meeting-house stands on the beautiful common in the middle of the town, and is an ornament to the place. Much praise is due to those who have contributed to the erection of this temple, in which the name of the true God shall be known. 'Peace be within thy walls.'

**DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT WOONSOCKET.** The meeting-house recently erected by the believers in Universalism at Woonsocket Falls, R. I., was dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday, the 8th inst. Sermon by Br. J. Boyden, pastor of the society at Woonsocket, from Rev. xxii. 9. This service was attended by an overwhelming congregation, many being obliged to stand through the whole.

On Thursday, 9th, Br. John Boyden, jr., was installed as pastor of the society. Sermon by Br. Balch, from 1 Tim. iii. 1.

The meeting of the Rhode Island Convention of Universalists was holden at the same time and place. Br. W. S. Balch, *moderator*; Br. W. Fishbough, *clerk*.

Meetings were held on Tuesday evening, twice on Wednesday, and three times on Thursday. The meeting on Tuesday evening was a Conference. Wednesday evening Br. Cobb preached; Br. Bugbee preached Thursday afternoon, and in the evening the brethren held another Conference. All these services were attended by large assemblies.

**INSTALLATION AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS.** The installation of Br. Henry Bacon, as pastor of the first Universalist Society in Marblehead, took place on the afternoon of the 8th inst. The services commenced with a voluntary from the choir. 2. Reading of Scrip-

tures, by Br. E. G. Brooks. 3. Introductory prayer by the same. 4. Original Hymn. 5. Sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner, from Prov. xi. 30: *'He that winneth souls is wise.'* 6. Original Hymn. 7. Installing prayer, Br. S. Streeter. 8. Charge, Br. L. Willis. 9. Fellowship, Br. S. Brimblecom. 10. Address to the Society, Br. J. M. Austin. 11. Concluding prayer, Br. E. N. Harris. 12. Anthem. 13. Benediction.

All these services were of an interesting character, as was witnessed by the patience and attention with which, though somewhat protracted, they were listened to by the large congregation with which the house was filled. The sermon was one of Br. Skinner's happiest efforts, and was a clear and eloquent exhibition of the only effectual method of bringing souls to God and to duty. He showed that God requires the heart—that no service but that of the heart is or can be accepted with him; and then that the heart, if engaged at all, must be won, and not driven—wrought upon by the force of love and not of fear, and affected and melted through the better and nobler nature, rather than the baser passions. And the more conclusively to show his grounds correct, he gave us not only argument but facts. It was a most excellent sermon, and must have sown much good seed. The singing throughout the whole exercises was in good taste, deserving and receiving much praise.

A Conference meeting was holden, and very fully attended in the evening, and though much disappointment was experienced because of the leaving of so many of the ministers—only three of all that were there remained—it was a very pleasant, and, we would trust, profitable interview.

**SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.** The Superintendents and Teachers of the several Sabbath Schools belonging to the Universalist Sabbath School Association, are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said association will be holden in Boston, the last Wednesday in May, (27).

The fourth Article of the Constitution says,—*'This Association shall be composed of regularly ordained Universalist ministers, and lay Delegates, two from each Sabbath School, which shall, at least two weeks previous to the annual meeting, make report of its condition to the Secretary of this Association.'*

It will be perceived from this, that no school can be represented in the Association, unless a report of its condition be returned to the Secretary by the 13th of May. Let this be remembered.

The Reports from the Sabbath Schools may be left with Abel Tompkins, No. 38 Cornhill, Boston, before the 13th inst., directed to the subscriber.

J. G. ADAMS, *Secretary*.

**ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.** This body held its last meeting in Beverly, Mass., Wednesday, the 19th inst. Br. Hildreth was called to the chair, and Br. Bacon appointed clerk. After uniting with Br. Cobb in prayer, all brethren present were invited to give in accounts of the state of the cause of gospel truth in their several vicinities. We had none other than encouraging accounts from Brs. Grant and Calla of Salem, Brimblecom of Danvers, Johnson of Lynn, Brown of Marblehead, G. Smith of Sandy Bay, and Miner of Methuen. Br. Cobb was requested to give an expression of the appearance to his view of religious character and action in our borders, as he has visited the various parts. We were happy to learn that he was impressed with the fact of a general improvement, not only theoretically but practically—not only in building up of the cause outwardly, but inwardly, in the promotion of the spirit-power of our faith



over the heart, affecting for good all the springs of action. This he attributed in a great degree to the happy influence of social meetings, observing that 'men are always most interested in those things in which they can take part, so that they are not mere lookers on.' He remarked that he found that these meetings were held very generally in the Societies of our faith in Massachusetts. Br. Miner said much to encourage the establishment and perseverance in sustaining these meetings, showing how in his society small beginnings had produced great and good results. The news from Salem was heart-cheering to all of us, as we learned that 'the Society is neither ashamed of the name, or of the principles of Universalists;' and is united, and strengthened by a better zeal and the return of many good and true disciples of the faith of illimitable love. Indeed all we heard from the various places could but cause us to 'thank God and take courage.'

*Voted*, That all persons present be requested to take part in the discussion to be held in the church this morning, on the question—what does the apostle mean by 1 Cor. xv. 53? Br. Bacon, by appointment, opened the discussion, and Br. Cobb succeeded him, sustaining the same ground. This question and the other, on discipline, were handed over to the next meeting—Br. Brimblecom being appointed to lead on the first at the next meeting, with power to appoint a substitute if not able to be personally present. The same power granted to Br. Austin, in reference to the second question. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Br. Gibson Smith, and another by Br. Bacon. Prayers by Brs. Austin and Brimblecom.

*Voted*, That the thanks of this Conference be tendered to the members of the Unitarian Society of this place, for their timely christian-liberality and kindness in granting the use of their meeting house for the present occasion.

*Voted*, That the thanks of this Conference be tendered to the friends of our cause in this place, and the citizens who have participated in the interest of the occasion, for their hospitality and attentions this day.

*Voted*, That the thanks of this Conference be tendered to Br. Brimblecom for the faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of Standing Clerk, he having resigned that office.

Br. Bacon was chosen Standing Clerk, and accepted because 'they all began to make excuse.'

Adjourned to meet in West Newbury, July 1840.

Immediately after the adjournment a Conference meeting was held in the hall in which the Universalist Society meet on the Sabbath—large and well suited for the purpose. The place was densely crowded, and though the people were much crowded and the atmosphere very warm, yet the utmost attention was given to the services. Brs. Cobb, Brimblecom, E. Thompson, Miner and Bacon, addressed the meeting, and great was the power of hallowed thought, feeling, and joy. The people lingered as unwilling to go when the services were ended, and all felt it was good to be there. We enjoyed the sunshine, and spring's first warmth through the day, and a lovelier night never gladdened the lover of nature's beauties. God be praised for the beauty of nature and revelation, the joy of the heart and the spirit, and for all his mercies. Amen.

HENRY BACON, Scribe.

**VALUE OF OUR FAITH.** The following, from the pen of Br. Grosb, should be felt by every Universalist.

I am fully satisfied, my Universalist brethren and sisters,

that we do not sufficiently value—that we do not adequately appreciate the faith we profess—that we lose sight of its great advantages, its superior enjoyments, and of the incalculable privileges it confers on us every moment of our lives. Like the pure healthy air we breathe every minute, and which refreshes our lungs, reddens our vital blood, and sends it coursing anew through our frames, filling them with warmth, and life, and sweet enjoyment—so is our freedom from the spirit of fear and bondage, a blessing so constant and so common that we forget to thank God for it—yet, we even forget that we possess it. Hence it is, that so many Universalists, educated in that faith, or by long continuance in it, forgetful of the early joys it yielded, have become joyless, indifferent, cold and careless respecting its teachings, its sanctuary services, and its spread among others. But the true, the lively believer, in God's impartial grace and salvation cannot be thus cold and cheerless. He must see the Giver in all the gifts he receives, and recognize that Giver as the all-affectionate and lovely Father of all spirits.

You all know what it is to value a gift for the giver's sake. Let but the departing parent bequeath a ring, a portrait, or a mere ribbon as a token of his love to a child, and oh, how will that dear, dear gift be regarded and cherished. Though in itself a trifle scarcely worth the trouble of picking up in the streets, yet as the gift, the sacred memento of a dear parent's love and goodness, it will be invaluable and sacred to the child—it will be looked on in privacy with a swelling heart and a moistened eye, and kissed with a trembling lip whenever it brings up the dear giver before the mind. Thus should—thus frequently will the true Universalist see God in his gifts—gifts most precious in themselves, but oh, how incalculably dear to the soul when recognized as mementos of a heavenly Father's wisdom, providence and love!

Take your faith of endless and universal goodness, then—take your cheering views of your Father's character and government, and, as a visual medium, look at creation through them—see God in all his works and providences—and do they not appear to you touchingly and inexpressibly great, and grand, and bright, and beautiful, and good? Every where you hear benign and loving sounds—every where pleasing harmonies and agreeable contrasts in colors meet your eyes—every where the beamings of love touch your hearts with warmth—and every where displayed wisdom wakes your understanding to lively exercise in accordance with the purest emotions of your souls. Seeing the Giver in the gifts, the air becomes more balmy, the sunshine more glorious, the waters more bright, the earth more fair, and the heavens more majestic and beautiful. All that is harsh and grating is resolved into the general harmony as a mere occasional discord—all that is glaring is blended in with the general softness of the bright and beautiful—and all that is evil is seen but as the produce or the heightener of the succeeding good to which it must ultimately give place.

And thus, as seasons roll round, and years follow years, God is seen, in all works and events, 'from seeming evil still educating good;' until the full heart, gushing with love and gladness and praise, feels that indeed 'the rolling year,' the swelling tide of events, the vast universe itself, is full of God.

#### *List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending May 1, 1840.*

C. W. M., Royalston, (omitted last month,) \$10; J. D., Amesbury, \$7; W. K., Waddington, \$7; T. L., Provincetown, \$10; L. S. P., St. Louis, \$3; J. B., Jaffrey, \$4; M. B., Buffalo, \$8; Post Master, Springfield, \$4; S. L., Springfield, \$10; W. W., Leicester, (pays up to June, 1841,) \$4; I. F. P., Gainesville, \$5; M. B. N., Phillipston, \$3.

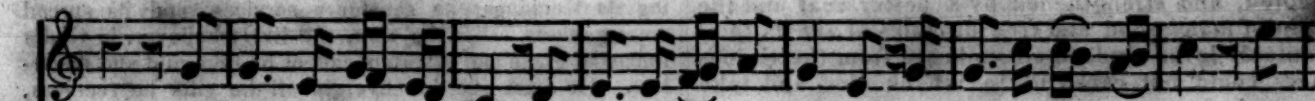


AS

# If thou hast crush'd a flower.

A BALLAD—WRITTEN BY MRS. HEMANS—THE MUSIC BY J. LODGE.

ANDANTINO.



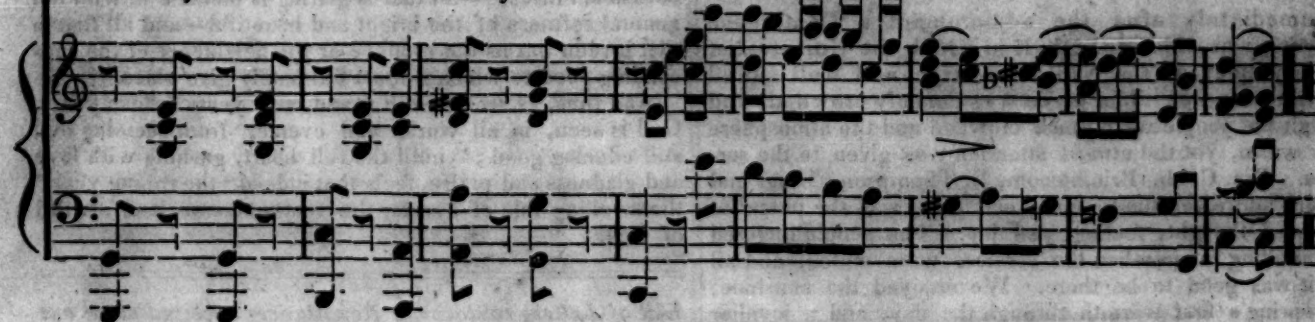
1. If thou hast crush'd a flow'r, The root may not be blight-ed; If thou hast quench'd a lamp, Once



more it may be light-ed; But on thy harp, or on thy lute, The string which thou hast broken, Shall never in sweet sound again,



Give to thy touch a to-ken— Give to thy touch a to-ken.



2. If thou hast loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;  
Still, still he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee!  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou 'st thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
The treasure back, when needed.

3. If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing—  
And its clusters yet may grow  
Through the leaves, their bloom revealing:  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown  
With a bright draught fill'd—oh! never  
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth,  
To cool thy parch'd lips' fever!

4. The heart is like that cup,  
If thou waste the love it bore thee;  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And like that strain of harp or lute,  
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd;  
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,  
So soon for ever shatter'd!

Edw. Lodge



